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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1897, TO SEPTEMBER, 1897

Volume XXV.—New Series, Volume XVI.

Dr. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor

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KING GEORGE I. OF GREECE.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

PARIS THE MAGNIFICENT.*

BY H. H. RAGAN.

I.

IT would be difficult to conceive of two cities within a day's ride of each other more thoroughly unlike than London and Paris. You take breakfast in London; you may take late dinner the same day in Paris (provided of course you have sufficiently recovered from the effects of the channel passage). But you would think you had traveled into another world. London, built of bricks, originally dingy yellow or mud color, which the smoky atmosphere has turned to black, is somber and funereal. Paris, built of marble, or a yellowish white limestone resembling marble, is bright, gay, and sparkling. London impresses you as solid, substantial, immense, and intensely interesting, but perhaps the wildest imagination would scarcely call it beautiful. Paris is much more than beautiful. It is magnificent. In London the chief interest centers in the past. You linger about the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple Church, because they carry you back many centuries along the path of history. In Paris you live wholly in the present. Somehow we never think that the gay metropolis which furnishes us with the latest fashion-plates is an ancient city. The few remaining relics of antiquity still to be discovered here seem strangely out of place, and it is difficult to believe in them. Everything speaks of the living present.

BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

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* The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

It was about the beginning of the fifteenth century that Clovis, the first of the Frankish kings, finally succeeded in driving out the Romans and making Paris the capital city of the Frankish monarchy. By the year 1789 it had grown to be a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. In the century which has since elapsed Paris as a part of France has turned more political somersaults, I venture to say, than any other important city on the globe. First a Bourbon monarchy, then a republic, then a directorate, then a consulate, then an empire, then the old Bourbon despotism restored, again an empire, and still again a republic. If you add to the list the two "Reigns of Terror" you will certainly be overwhelmed with admiration for a people who could manufacture such an enormous amount of history in so short a time.

You have read, perhaps, of the Englishman who, on taking apartments in Paris for a brief stay, stipulated with his landlord that a servant should knock at his door at an early hour every morning, informing him first what the state of the weather was, that he might know how to dress, and secondly what the form of government was, that he might know how to conduct himself.

And yet, in spite of the frequent changes

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

THE RUE ROYALE AND THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

in the government and the consequent wear and tear upon the human system, the six hundred thousand people of 1789 have grown to more than two millions at the present day.

The most important public square in Paris, and one of the handsomest in the whole world, is the Place de la Concorde. In the center rises the Obelisk of Luxor, presented by the pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe. It is flanked on either side by a large fountain. The Place de la Concorde seems somewhat wrongly called, in view of the history of the spot. One hundred and fifty years ago it was an open field. But in 1748 the city accepted the gracious permission of Louis XV. to erect a statue to him here. The place then took his name and retained it till the new *régime*, in 1789, melted down the statue and converted it into two-cent pieces. On the 30th of May, 1770, during an exhibition of fireworks here, a panic took place and twelve hundred people were trampled to death and two thousand more were severely injured. The occasion was the attempt of the people to express, by a grand celebration, their unbounded joy at the recent marriage of the young dauphin with the Austrian princess Marie Antoinette. On the 21st of January, 1793, they gathered here again in immense numbers to see the head of the same dauphin, now Louis XVI., chopped off by the sharp guillotine. During the next two years the spot well earned its title "Place of the Revolution," for the guillotine had not ceased its work until Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Élisabeth (the king's sister), Robespierre, and more than twenty-eight hundred persons had here perished by its deadly stroke.

The view in every direction from this point is imposing. To the westward rises the broad and handsome Champs-Elysées. On the north we look up the short Rue Royale to the front of the Madeleine. To

AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS-ELYSÉES VIEWED FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

the eastward lie the extensive and beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries, laid out originally by Louis XIV. as a playground for the royal princes, afterward thrown open to the whole people, and quite recently extended eastward from the portion on the farther side of the Palais des Tuileries. And to the southward, just across the Seine, is the Greek front of the Corps Législatif, otherwise known as the Palais Bourbon from the fact that it was built, or at least begun, by the dowager Duchess of Bourbon in 1722. Here the famous Council of Five Hundred sat in 1795, and here the Chamber of Deputies now holds its sessions. From its portico we may enjoy a grand view backward over the whole superb Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk, and its splashing fountains striving to do what Chateaubriand declared not all the water in the world could do—wash out the blood-stains of this fearful spot.

But starting now from the base of that Obelisk of Luxor, and walking straight northward by that short Rue Royale, we find ourselves in a moment standing just in front of the Madeleine, which to a stranger would seem rather a Greek temple than a Christian church. Louis XV. began the building in 1764; but the Revolution put a stop to it. Napoleon, in 1806, proposed to convert it into a "temple of glory," to be dedicated in his name to the soldiers of the Great Army. But before the design could be carried out he met the Duke of Wellington one day at Waterloo, and *Napoleon* was no longer a name to conjure with. Then Louis XVIII. took up the matter, restored the design of the church, and proceeded to complete it as an expiatory offering to the royal victims of 1793. Another revolution intervened; but the work was finally completed in 1842. Four revolutions therefore occurred between the beginning and the completion of this edifice. And yet the finished building has stood here long enough to pass through two more.

If we step over the threshold we find ourselves in a large rectangular hall having a row of little chapels on either end and a round choir. The church is of massive stone, and there is not a window in it, the light being admitted solely through little spaces in the three great domes which make up the roof. The walls and ceilings are covered with fine paintings, and the whole interior is fairly aglow with color.

From the space just in front of the Madeleine we may look down the broad Boulevard of the Madeleine and its continuation, the Boulevard Capuchine, which form a portion of the old or only boulevards erected upon the line of the old walls, destroyed in the time of Louis XIV. This magnificent boulevard, extending in a grand sweep from the Madeleine away round to the Place of the Bastile, a distance of some three miles, is nowhere less than one hundred feet wide, including the broad pavements, and is paved with asphalt, so that, in spite of the enormous tides of traffic continually surging through, it is comparatively noiseless. It is lined with trees, and as you walk or ride through it in the evening you pass between two rows of the handsomest, the richest, the most brilliantly illuminated, and altogether the most tempting shops or stores to be found anywhere in the world.

One of the most remarkable features of Paris is the *café*. There is nothing just like it in England or America, nor, for that matter, anywhere else in the world. The peculiarity of the Parisian *café* is that the guests sit and do their eating and drinking, not within the building, but out upon the sidewalk. During the day, when the patrons are few, they keep close to the building, in the shade of the awning; but at night the chairs greatly increase in number, and push far out upon the flags and often beyond the curbstone into the roadway, and the pedestrian, as he passes along the boulevards, which for miles are thickly lined with these shades, is continually threading his way between and among the chairs and

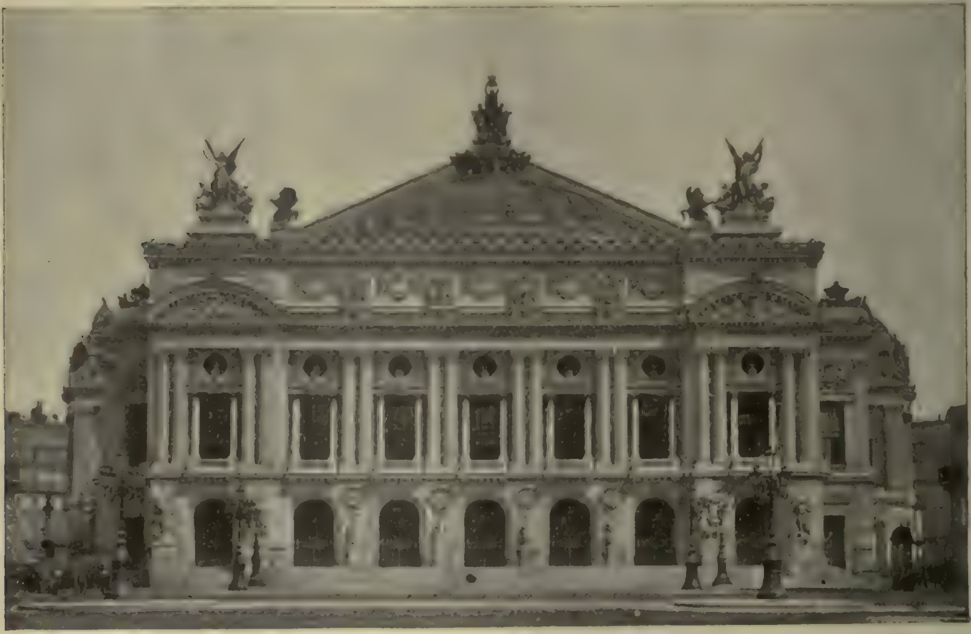
PALACE OF THE TROCADÉRO.

tables where the Parisians, with their wives and sweethearts, are eating, sipping their light drinks, and enjoying life as apparently no other people in the world enjoy it.

Perhaps about a mile from the Madeleine we reach the New Opera House, as it is commonly called, though it bears on its front the inscription, "Académie Nationale de Musique." Of the twenty or more principal theaters of Paris, not to mention the scores of inferior places of amusement, the Opera House stands at the head. It occupies the center of an open space entirely surrounded by broad streets. The grand lane occupied by the building and this little square above it cost two million dollars, while the building itself, materials for which were brought from every corner of the globe, cost about eight millions more, making the entire expense of this place of amusement something more than ten millions of dollars. Then to properly set off the building two broad, handsome avenues were cut straight through the heart of the city, at a cost of ten millions more. The building, as you may suppose, presents a majestic and imposing appearance whenever and however you may view it.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

The Opera House receives a subsidy of about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year; that is to say, about five hundred dollars a day, from the government,



THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

and several other theaters and opera-houses in Paris are liberally aided from the public purse. You see, therefore, that every French citizen who has anything to pay taxes on is obliged to contribute to the support of the theater and the opera, even though he may have conscientious scruples against them. I am not aware, however, that any Frenchman has ever raised that objection.

Although the building is the largest opera-house building in the world, the auditorium is surpassed in seating capacity not only by several theaters in the old world but by several also in the new. It will seat about two thousand one hundred and fifty persons. But the auditors have, as a rule, more elbow-room than with us, for the house is made up very largely of boxes. Indeed it is all boxes, except the orchestra and pit and the extreme upper gallery, and each of these boxes has an antechamber nearly, if not quite, as large as the box itself. But the stage is undoubtedly the largest in the world, for it is one hundred and ninety-six feet high, one hundred and seventy-eight feet broad, and seventy-four feet deep.

From the little balconies at the back of the grand staircase, doorways pass into the *grand foyer*,[1] as it is called. It is about one hundred and eighty feet long by sixty in width and the same in height. Great mirrors at each end render the apartment interminable. The walls and ceilings are covered with fine paintings by the best modern French artists, and the whole interior is fairly ablaze with gilding and color.

Some of you perhaps may be inquiring in your minds as to the special use made of this grand apartment. It is simply the place where the audience recreates itself by promenading up and down between the acts. In Paris the entire audience deserts the theater between the acts, and goes out to take a walk. Sometimes, when there is no suitable place within the building, they go out into the street, and not upon the sidewalk but in the middle of the roadway, over the smooth asphalt pavement and under the brilliant electric lights, walking up and down till it is time to return to the theater. Here at the Opera House the moment the curtain falls the entire audience pours into the *foyer*, and here they walk backward and forward, admiring each other, and themselves, until it is time for the curtain to rise again. If, however, there are any persons present who have failed to provide themselves with the very latest in evening dress, and who therefore do not so much enjoy the brilliant gaslight of this apartment, they will perhaps step through one of the doors on the right into what is called the *loggia*,[2] a covered balcony or gallery extending across the entire front of the building, where you may walk up and down before the play, or between the acts, enjoying the magnificent panorama in the street below. For one of those broad, handsome avenues which I mentioned as having been constructed to set off the Opera House — the Avenue de l'Opéra — fronts immediately before the Opera House and runs straight down through the heart of the city to the Louvre. It is one of the broadest streets in Paris, is most handsomely built, and at night is most brilliantly illuminated.

Here, as on all the streets, one of the features most noticeable to a foreigner, perhaps, is the little omnibus stations so characteristic of Paris. The Parisian omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits. In time you discover that the vehicles stop regularly at little stations, where those who understand the system obtain bits of pasteboard bearing numbers in the precise order of their application for them, entitling them in the same order to the vacant seats in the busses as they arrive. These little stations being not far apart, it is a matter of no difficulty to obtain these numbers, and when that is done the system secures, as you see, a perfect application of the rule "First come, first served." For when the bus stops, just opposite the little station, an official comes out and, standing behind it, calls off the numbers in their order, and the would-be-passengers, as their numbers are called, take the vacant places. When all the vacancies are filled the bus drives on, and those whose numbers come next in order have, of course, the first chance at the vacancies on the filling bus.

And now let me mention another feature of this omnibus system which I think is worthy of our notice. Each omnibus and each street-car in Paris—for the street-car system is practically the same—is built to seat—not to carry, mind you, but to seat—a certain number of persons. That number is indicated upon the exterior of the vehicle, and when it is complete no more are permitted to enter under any circumstances. Our glorious American system, therefore, of riding on a strap, or of getting one foot on the back platform of the street-car and clinging to the unfortunate individual who has preceded us and has both feet on, is wholly unknown in Paris.

The Rue de Rivoli[8] is one of the grandest streets in the world. For nearly half a mile it is bordered on one side by the magnificent continuous façade of the Louvre and the Tuileries, which then gives way for half a mile more to the Tuileries Gardens, while on the further side stands a line, unbroken except by the coming in of the side streets, of magnificent buildings precisely alike, whose stories above the ground floor hang completely over the pavements and form the stores of the arcades, of immense length, lined with the most brilliant shops in Paris.

Another magnificent avenue is the Champs-Elysées. It was laid out about two hundred years ago and planted with trees, whose refreshing shade soon gave it the name it bears to-day—Elysian Fields. For about half a mile in one place the broad roadway is bordered on either hand by a park five or six hundred feet wide. In this park are many little booths for the sale of light eatables, drinkables, and trifles of all sorts. There are also great numbers of little iron chairs set out for rent at the moderate rate of two cents each, and there are a score of singing *cafés*, as they are called, which at night are brilliantly illuminated with thousands of variously colored lights. Strolling through the entrance, lured perhaps by the seduction of the gaslight, you see the announcement, "Admission free," and find a variety concert or a theatrical or circus performance going on in the open air, constituting a thoroughly characteristic Parisian scene. Indeed no visit to Paris would be complete without at least a glance at these singing *cafés* of the Champs-Elysées.

Beyond this park-bordered avenue the houses draw in from the street, though still leaving a broad macadamized roadway lined with broad flagged walks, and always throbbing with the happy, gay life of Paris. But away at the end of this avenue rises a magnificent triumphal arch, called the Triumphal Arch of the Star from its position at a point where twelve broad avenues come together. The first Napoleon, who was perhaps less distinguished for modesty than for military skill, proposed to perpetuate his glory by means of four triumphal arches to be erected in different quarters of Paris; but two of these were ever completed — one in the Place du Carrousel, by the emperor himself, and this one by Louis Philippe.

This Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile is the largest and most imposing triumphal arch in the world, being one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty-six feet broad, and seventy-two feet deep. Yet it is difficult to say which is the more to be admired, the arch itself or its magnificent situation. As you stand upon its summit, by simply turning around your eye sweeps the entire extent of twelve beautiful avenues, which radiate from the arch toward every corner of Paris. You can point out every important building, and your vision is limited only by the low hills dotted with suburban villages which surround the capital like a line of bulwarks. During the dark days of 1871 the Communists, who then held possession of the city, lifted heavy cannon to the top of this arch by steam power and from that point bombarded the city with fearful effect.

There is of course a good deal of fine

sculpture upon the arch—the finest no doubt to be found in four colossal groups, at least one of which, that shown on the first page of our article, will repay close inspection. It represents the triumph of Napoleon after the Russian campaign, and in effect sums up the whole meaning of this triumphal arch—the glorification of Napoleon. The nations of the earth are kneeling at his feet; Victory crowns him with laurel; Fame, with her trumpet, proclaims his deeds abroad; and History records them for the edification of posterity.

One of the most prominent objects in every general view of Paris is the enormous gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides,[4] the hospital and refuge which Napoleon used for the faithful old soldiers who had made him what he was. And under the center of that dome the great captain lies, in accordance with his latest request—that his ashes might lie on the banks of the Seine and among the French people he had loved so well. Twelve colossal figures of Victory in mourning attitudes stand about the tomb. Here also are displayed numerous battle-flags captured in his campaigns, and on the mosaic pavement of the crypt are recorded the names of his chief victories.

THE THREE CARNOTS.

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THE lives of the three Carnots have an unusual interest because of their connection with the history of France for more than a century. The period of their public activity extends from the entrance of Lazare into the Legislative Assembly in 1791 to the death of Sadi in 1894. In France such a family is unique; in any country it is unusual. Our own Harrisons have been compared to the Carnots, but the comparison is hardly apposite, because the three Harrisons have not been so closely and continuously connected with the history of the United States as the three Carnots with that of France.

The French family had its origin in Burgundy. Its members did not belong to the nobility, but were of the upper middle class. We can get an excellent view of the family as a whole from the words which Lazare wrote of his father: "He watched over us all unremittingly, at home and out of doors, and even in our amusements he found an opportunity to instruct us. He made us realize the happiness arising from rectitude of conscience. He showed the advantages of labor, necessary for every one, but especially for a large family like ours, of narrow means." These same words might have been applied to Lazare himself, to his son, or to his grandson, the president, and give us, I think, the key to an understanding of the singular position of the Carnots in French history. They became prominent through their constant labor in the service of their country, and were renowned for the rectitude of conscience which their ancestors had inculcated.

Lazare Nicholas Marguerite, "the great Carnot," was born in 1753 at Nolay. In his early school-days he showed a great aptitude for mathematics, and his father, wisely following the bent of the boy's genius, sent him to Paris to study engineering. He was then sixteen years old. Two years later he passed a brilliant examination and entered the military school at Mézières. When he was twenty he was made first lieutenant; at thirty he was a captain.

Besides giving close attention to his work as a military engineer he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits. In 1784 he took the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for a eulogy of Vauban. Between 1787 and 1790 he wrote poetry and essays for the *Almanach des Muses*. His eulogy of Vauban and a work on machinery obtained for him such fame that he was offered a position in the army of Frederick the Great; but he was a patriot and preferred to await in his own country the issue of the events which were already looming upon the horizon.

In his literary activity he fell under the displeasure of his immediate superiors, because of the great independence with which he attacked their views on military matters. They were unable to answer his arguments, but, taking as a pretext a duel which he fought about a love affair, succeeded in silencing him by imprisonment. For this purpose they obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and he remained in prison until his services were needed by the minister of war, who was entirely ignorant of his arrest.

In 1791 he was elected a deputy to the Legislative Assembly. He took part only occasionally in the debates; generally he was simply an able, silent worker on the committees to which he belonged. When military matters were discussed he spoke, as on those subjects he was an acknowledged authority. He and his brother, Carnot-Feulins, who was also a member of the Assembly, connected themselves with no party but preserved their independence of action throughout their public career. But Carnot did not think of himself as an Independent, but as a servant of the people, whose command he must obey in every emergency. For him, the fact that the people wished it was a sufficient reason for every action. In other words, he was, possibly better than any other man, the incarnation of the Revolution. His one object was the emancipation of the people. Like most of his countrymen he believed at first that it was possible to accomplish this without violence; later he thought it necessary to use force, and voted and acted generally with the Mountain. When the Terror had done its work he again became a Moderate, and made every effort to unite all parties for the accomplishment of the work which the Revolution had begun. If we keep his purpose in mind his acts are easily explained.

He gave his vote for the death of Louis XVI. in the following words: "In my opinion justice and public policy demand that Louis shall die. I confess that no duty has ever weighed upon my heart more heavily than that which is now imposed upon me." On another occasion he said: "The opinions which I have brought to this Assembly are above all the love of liberty and hatred of tyrants."

When he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety he was entrusted with the charge of military affairs, and for almost twenty months he was the "organizer of victory." His energy was prodigious. He spent sixteen hours a day at his work, not taking time even to dine with his dearly beloved family. The number of letters written with his own hand which have been preserved is almost incredible. He was directing the operations of fourteen armies at once. In these armies everything was lacking: food, weapons, clothing, men, and, above all, trustworthy generals. Carnot labored to supply all the material needs, planned the marches and operations, devised new tactics, encouraged a greater use of the bayonet, advised and directed the generals. As these last and the officers as a whole were distrusted, his and their tasks were extremely difficult; he did not dare to leave much to their initiative; they did not dare to act on their own responsibility, as a defeat often meant for them condemnation to imprisonment and death.

Carnot could not keep in touch with the needs of the moment, although couriers were constantly passing between him and the various armies. So we find him advising impossible marches, and suspecting the good faith of the generals when they indicated the impossibility. Successes were not followed up, as the generals would not take the responsibility and Carnot was too far away to command. In spite of all these difficulties the campaign of 1794 was wonderfully successful, and the credit for this was due to Carnot and his assistants. For Carnot had another qualification of the able organizer—skill in selecting his subordinates.

The Assembly trusted him, and in spite

of occasional accusations he survived the fate of Robespierre, whom he had disliked, and continued to possess the confidence of his associates. This was due to his honesty and to his lovable character. Although he was concerned more or less directly in many bloody deeds ordered by the committee, and although he was associated with the Mountain, his nature was really lovable. It was the depth of his convictions and his devotion to the cause of the Revolution which led him to extreme measures. His share of the guilt has been variously estimated. H. Morse Stephens thinks that he "deserved neither more credit nor less blame than his colleagues," but to this may be opposed the common opinion that he had "saved more victims than Robespierre killed." Carnot, in his courageous defense of his associates who were accused of complicity with Robespierre, said that he had himself signed many papers unread, because of the mere physical impossibility of reading all. He asked that the members of the committee should be judged by the whole of their work, which had been successful, not by the details, which had in some cases seemed brutal.

His own share in the actions of the committee did not pass unchallenged, and on one occasion he was in imminent danger. He was saved by the cry of a member: "Will you dare to lay your hands on the man who has organized victory in the French armies?"

It is worthy of note that he retained the confidence of the Assembly better than any of his associates and was the only member of the Committee of Public Safety elected to the Directory. Here he still had charge of the military affairs, but Napoleon was now the general and Carnot's position had lost its importance. He differed constantly from Napoleon and the latter disregarded his advice. He lost ground rapidly in the Directory, as, owing to his moderation, he was suspected of reactionary principles. After the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor[1] (September 4, 1797), he was forced to flee. He remained in exile until 1800, when he was recalled by Napoleon to be minister of war. But he soon found his position untenable and resigned. He was too sincere a Republican to approve of Napoleon's course. He retired to the country and gave himself up to literary pursuits. In 1802 he was elected to the Tribunate[2] and he served in this position until the suppression of the office. During this time he voted against the creation of the Legion of Honor, against the consulship for life, and against the Empire.

For the next ten years he was engaged in scientific studies and took no part in public affairs; but when his country was again in danger, in 1814, he hastened to offer his services to Napoleon. As governor of Antwerp he made an heroic defense of the city. After Napoleon was exiled to Elba he went to Paris, but was coldly received by Louis XVIII. and again retired to private life.

During Napoleon's "Hundred Days" he was made minister of the interior. He had always believed that "the education of the people is the first duty of every government," and during this last period of public service he established the Society for Elementary Instruction, which is still flourishing. Napoleon had now learned to admire him and said: "I have known Carnot too late." He did not, however, take the advice of Carnot, who tried to dissuade him from the campaign which ended with Waterloo. After the fall of Napoleon Carnot became a member of the provisional government, but retired after a fortnight's services, to be proscribed almost immediately and denounced as a regicide. He fled in disguise from one place to another until he found a refuge in Magdeburg, where he died in 1823. He spent the last years of his life quietly, instructing his son. His literary activity was continuous, and some of his writings had great influence.

In summing up his character it is well to remember what Napoleon said: "Carnot is so easily deceived." Dean Stanley made the same remark of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and for the same reason. Both had a sincere love for their fellow men; both carried their indulgence of human frailty to an extreme while maintaining the highest standard for their own actions. On the tomb of the "organizer of victory" the single word "Carnot" was inscribed, and it was enough. No one in that generation needed to be told that that single word described a man who had always been true to his convictions, had loved his country better than aught else, had saved it from invasion, and had done as much as any man to make the Revolution a success. But it was nôt generally known that he had educated a son who would devote all the years of his long life to the service of his country, and who would in turn bequeath to it a son to serve it, after he was in the grave.

Hippolyte, this son, was born in 1801, and spent his youth in exile with his father. The latter taught him to know foreign countries, and by learning their languages to enter into the lives of the natives, to study history, and to judge men and measures dispassionately. He became a scholar, a Hellenist, and an idealist. In his "Memoirs" of his father he urged his own sons to dream of great progress for humanity, and, in the sphere which should be open to them, to accomplish what they could. He advised them to engage in private professions, but added, "If your country claims you always obey its commands." This was the motto of all the Carnots. After his father's death he returned to the home of his ancestors at Nolay and began the study of law. This he soon renounced as he was unwilling to take the oath to the king which was required of all lawyers. He turned to journalism and attached himself to the followers of Saint-Simon. This was natural, as his father had held socialistic views. But the socialism of the Carnots was of the purest type, and Hippolyte broke with the Saint-Simonians when the doctrine of free love was introduced into their creed.

Besides his journalistic work he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies for several years before the Revolution of 1848. In this he took an active part, and became minister of public instruction under the new government. When Napoleon III. became emperor he retired, and although twice elected to the legislative body refused to serve because of the necessity of taking an oath to the emperor. Finally, in 1864, he consented to overcome his scruples. In the Revolution of 1870 he was again active, and from that time until his death was constantly in the harness. In 1875 he became a senator for life, and ten years later, through seniority, became dean of the Senate.

He was an ardent believer in the French Revolution and when speaking of it he always appeared young. In his works on the subject he was very impartial, doing full justice even to the enemies of his father. His greatest service to history was in founding the society which publishes as its periodical the *Révolution Française*. After living to see his son president, he died in 1888. He was denied the happiness of seeing his father's ashes brought back to France in 1889. What he said of his father may be repeated of him: "He was able to die a septuagenarian" (in the case of Hippolyte himself, almost a nonagenarian) "without having grown old."

Sadi, the son of Hippolyte, was born in 1837. He distinguished himself early in his career by his ability as an engineer, but it was not until the Franco-Prussian War that he became prominent. In 1871 while defending the lower Seine he used all his influence against peace with Germany. Later, as a deputy to the National Assembly, he voted against the peace of Frankfort, and was one of the hundred and seven who refused to consent to the dismemberment of France. From this time Sadi's career is involved in the history of the Assembly. He was moderate in his opinions and inclined to vote with the ministry, but he preserved his independence. He served twice as minister of public works, and once as minister of finance. In this office he was noted for his rigid honesty, especially in contrast with the scandals which darkened the latter period of the Grévy administration.

When Grévy resigned in 1887 there were four prominent candidates for the presidency; no one was strong enough to command a majority of votes. Carnot seemed an available "dark horse." He was consulted, and true to his family motto he said he was willing to be a candidate but was not willing to take one step to secure his election. There were many arguments in his favor: his moderate principles, his marked integrity, the reputation of his father, the remembrance of his grandfather. The centennial of the Revolution was to be celebrated in 1889; who could preside better than a Carnot? On the second ballot he was elected by a large majority. No party was entirely satisfied, but almost immediately every one recognized the fitness of the action, and Europe hailed it as a harbinger of peace.

After the election of Sadi, as the Senate had elected no regular officers Hippolyte, as dean, read the program of the government. In this he spoke not only for himself and the Senate, but also for his son, the president. No one doubted that he was stating the very ideas of his son. It was an impressive scene. Hippolyte was then in his eighty-seventh year, and as he spoke he looked scarcely older than his son. He died three months later, of a chill, and in him Sadi lost the strongest support of his administration.

Possibly Sadi was not a great man, but at all events he did his duty. He was noted for his rigorous honesty, his love of work, and his quiet obstinacy in the execution of his designs. He made no radical changes, but he endeavored to bind all Republicans closely together in the service of France. He made frequent journeys throughout the country, observing its needs and endearing himself to its people. They learned with a thrill of horror that he had been struck down at Lyons by the hand of an anarchist.

In writing of the Carnots it is difficult to avoid repetitions, the three were so similar in many points. If we select the most important traits in the character of one we find these traits in the other two. The "great Carnot" was distinguished by his military skill, and by the vicissitudes of his fortunes. All three were scholars, honest gentlemen, and sincere Republicans. Each was a salutary example for his countrymen; and possibly the greatest service Sadi performed was by rising to the highest position in France by hard work and inflexible honesty.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord. —*Ps. cxliv., 15.*

[*April 4.*]

THERE is in this psalm the outline sketch of an ideal people. The tuneful seer pictures a nation whose every citizen is animated by the love of God, a community in which each separate soul is governed and guided by the wisdom which is from above. Redeemed by divine grace, every man lives to the full the manifold life that is in him. There is no discord between a man's duties and his desires, no disproportion and no inequity between the functions of the flesh and those of the mind and spirit. Every man achieves and sustains a large and harmonious life. Recognizing the fatherhood of God, every man realizes and ministers to the brotherhood of man. Freedom is unrestrained by law because conditioned by love. Selfishness is banished under the gracious constraint of truth and charity. Righteousness is wedded to peace. The sunshine of plenty is unsullied by shadows of want. Progress leaves in its train no accumulation of poverty. Law is no longer an imposed coercion but an indwelling and spontaneous rule. Culture is sweetened by piety. Power yields to the loving dominance of gentleness. Religion is crowned with humanity. And upon this happy nation bountiful nature, as the minister of God, showers the blessings of abundance and content. The scene is one of piety, security, felicity—a perfect community, founded upon the faith and fear of God, crowned with the freedom and happiness of man.

It was a bold and brilliant conception which the psalmist thus saw and sang, yet it was the simple and necessary outcome of the religion he believed. That old Hebrew religion was not the mean and shriveled faith which men mistake for it. Mean enough and cramped enough did its unworthy disciples cause it to appear in endless routine and small formalities. But at its heart the faith of Abraham and Moses and Isaiah was lofty and broad, no mere tribal prejudice, a message and a motive with recognized elements of universality.

It was a religion of central truths and ideal principles, a religion creative, suggestive, impulsive, as radical in its analysis as it was inspiring in its visions. And out of it came this conception of a divine kingdom with liberty as the handmaid of order, with redeemed individualism as the secret of social wealth and progress, with piety as the soul of peace and prosperity. Through centuries of darkness the Hebrew faith held before men the vision of this kingdom of God upon earth. By poet and sage it kept alive the dream of a renewed humanity, and sang of the new time when through peace with God men should be at peace among themselves. Noble indeed, and inspiring was that old religion; but in the same proportion was it beyond easy or swift accomplishment. Its splendid conception has never yet been realized. In no favored age or clime has this city of God emerged a veritable realized fact, luminous among the nations. But the next best thing has surely been attained: the thought of it has lived and still lives as an impulsive force in humanity. In it lies the secret of all past achievement. Out of it issues the potency of all progress to come.

[*April 11.*]

This splendid ideal, lifted up by Hebrew bard and preacher, given them by inspiration of God, naturally found its clearest expression, its most attractive unfolding, in God's Messiah. It was the declared purpose of our Lord Jesus Christ to inaugurate upon earth this kingdom of heaven. With suggestive repetition he spoke of this kingdom, this new society or body politic. He ever looked beyond, while he looked redemptively at, the individuals who gathered around him. There is some danger of our forgetting these wider aspects of our Lord's mission, and of our degenerating his world message into a small specific and a select cult. We should properly regard it as an inadequate account of Christ to lay all emphasis on what he came to save man from, and to say nothing of what he came to save man for. But it is an equally meager statement of Christ's splendid purpose which speaks only of his relation to the individual soul, and is silent upon his relation to society and the race. It is true that Christ came to save lost men, to save each lost man singly; and inexpressibly sacred are our experiences of the personal love and lead of the Savior. But Christ came for an end beyond this. He came to constitute out of these saved men the agents of a new society, a new nation, a new humanity. His Gospel is not fulfilled in the creation of a loose aggregate of saved men, not in the birth and maintenance of a few self-contained societies of saved men.

He aims at all while he works through each. Making new men, he makes new citizens. Making new citizens, he makes new states. And out of regenerated states he achieves that new brotherhood of man which is the kingdom of God. This is the second and more glorious paradise—Jerusalem descended out of heaven—which shines radiant and beautiful in the apocalypse of John. It is the old Hebrew conception of a divine kingdom translated into the sphere of practical religion. Christ has simplified and made realizable the dream of the psalmist. It comes to us now bearing the sign-manual of the King of kings to whom all power is given. It is ours to keep before us, on which to stay our hopes, by which to guide our efforts. And no gospel is an adequate presentment of Christ which rests on a narrower basis or aims at a smaller result.

"A dream! A mere dream!" says our

practical man of the world, your clever statistician and borough-monger. Well, dream let it be called. One thing is historically demonstrated: dreams have wrought with more potency than figures in the achievements of the past. Time was when the idea of a free people governing themselves in a free community was laughed to scorn as a madman's frenzy. To-day that frenzied vision lives and breathes in our own fair land, in the growing and prosperous republic to the west of us and in more than one green isle of the sea. Is it a much bolder flight to prophesy the time when these self-governing peoples shall, in their units and so in their totals, rise above the narrow and debasing maxims of selfishness into the healthier instincts of piety and Christian brotherhood?

He came to make a new earth and a new heaven. Such, at any rate, was Christ's ideal of a new kingdom. He knew at least as accurately as some of our modern pessimists the forces of evil against which his Gospel had to contend, yet with unfaltering step he moved forward to its inauguration. He believed in the conquering efficacy of truth and goodness. He foresaw the ultimate and universal dominion of grace. He did not believe in the necessity and permanence of evil, nor accept it cynically as a matter of course. Neither did he mistake the relative might of God and the devil. He saw as from a mountain top the distant beauty of a new heaven and a new earth, and he saw that the path to it lay through the slow achievement of individual conversion. But the end was clear to him and certain. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. And that is our dream because it is Christ's. Here and now it is our faith and hope for England to win her to piety, to convert her citizens of every rank and class, to people her throughout with men born from above, to recast her manifold life after the pattern shown to us in the mount. The vision is lofty but the duty is plain, and to its obedience every Christian man is called as well by his patriotism as by his piety.

[*April 18.*]

HERE, then, we emerge into the broader outlooks and ideals of a truly national movement in religion. It is a movement to win England for Christ through the regeneration of every Englishman by the Spirit. That statement of aim and method defines exactly the significance and the scope of our free evangelical churches. It has become necessary to throw some fresh emphasis upon that point, partly as a rebuke of some among us who are more mindful of the luxury than of the responsibility of church life, and partly to correct some current fallacies as to our attitude and purpose in relation to the community.

Considered as to the final aspects of our work, we exist for the establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth; for nothing narrower or smaller do we work. As one important and immediate stage in this movement we pray and work for the nation into whose citizenship God has graciously called us. We bow before Christ as the King of kings and the Lord of nations, and first among our enthusiasms and ministries is the endeavor to present at his feet a regenerated and Christian England, the home of piety, the agent of peace. We are not, therefore, a series of self-contained communities, inclosed in sacred isolation, complacent in the sense of our separation from the interests and destiny of mankind, intent upon saving our own souls and those of our dear relations and without large faith or purpose as to the crowds outside. The hoariness of that venerable caricature does not constitute it a veracious picture. It cannot be denied that under the sway of a once powerful theology certain men and certain churches estimated themselves and their situation in a manner as irrational and self-complacent as the one just described.

Nor is it less painfully evident that within our modern religious life we meet with certain select people, claiming a special degree of spiritual superiority, and boasting of their emancipation from all ecclesiastical association, who openly deride the conception of a religious nation, who claim that Christ's people will always be few, who acquiesce with remarkable equanimity in the alleged reprobation of the majority, and who await the return of the Lord with undisguised satisfaction at the merciful arrangement which affords them a safe place from which to view the general catastrophe. Such people always have been found within the sphere of religious profession, and it is too much to expect that in an age of numerous religious vagaries these curious people should find no place. But their attitude is happily peculiar to a few, and to men who are the avowed antagonists of all orders of church life. Our doctrine of separation from the world, our belief that the church is an association of gathered persons who can testify to the regeneration of grace, involves us neither in complacency nor in exclusiveness. It constitutes, indeed, a new and inextinguishable sense of obligation toward the unregenerate world. If we jealously guard the separate character of the church, and insist upon the maintenance of spiritual conditions of membership, it is only because Christ has taught us to find in such an institution the most effective agency for conquering and saving the world.

[*April 25.*]

Our very claim, therefore, that the church is spiritually separate from the world discovers its urgency in our zeal to bring all mankind to Christ. We believe that in spiritual independence, rather than in formal association, the church of Christ will effect the conquest of the nation.

But for the nation it must work and pray; no smaller enthusiasm is counted worthy of the Lord's disciples. A church which exists for less is an inadequate church. A church-member who seeks fellowship wholly for reasons of personal culture, and not at all for purposes of organized and aggressive effort, has not yet yielded to the full incoming of Christ's spirit. It is a beautiful figure under which we speak of the church when we call it a home, and full of charm is the idea of a family living together in love and for purposes of mutual protection and discipline. But that figure only suggests one aspect, though a most important one, of church life. A church is a regiment in the army of the living God. Christ's men are called to be soldiers. The New Testament is steeped in military symbolism, the whole purport of which is to set forth the church and the Christian as elect agencies for the conquest of the world. A church is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end lying beyond. Its very care of its members is with a view not merely of making them personally secure, but of making them instrumentally efficient as coworkers with Christ for men. A church which has Christ in the midst cannot but extend its operations to the furthest limit of Christ's sympathy and purpose. It must, in a word, set itself to winning the nation and through the nation the kingdoms of the world.

But the very character of our ideal determines for us the method of its accomplishment. If the nation is to be won for Christ it must be through the conversion of each and every citizen. A nation is not made religious by the mere constitutional recognition of religion, any more than it is made moral by act of Parliament. It is a fit and significant thing that our beloved queen should publicly recognize, in her style and title, that she is what she is by the grace of God. It is every way becoming in itself—one could wish it were always becomingly observed—that our High Courts of Parliament and of justice should open their sittings with prayer for God's wisdom and blessing. It is a dutiful and beautiful thing to witness the nation in its corporate character praying with one voice in time of need, or joining in a united thanksgiving for some signal mercy. But these recognitions and exercises do not constitute us, except in a purely formal and general way, a religious nation. Nor does even the closer identification of ecclesiastical and national affairs result in the effective sanctification of our people and their life. The Hebrew nation, in spite of all these provisions, was repeatedly denounced and punished as a community of evil-doers.

A nation is religious only when the citizens composing it are so governed by God's spirit as to regulate all their conduct, personal and collective, according to the mind of Christ. A nation can never be more than, or other than, the sum of its units. Let our people be given up to ignorance and lust, to indifference and godlessness, and the organized corporate society they form will be the embodiment of their character. Especially will this be so in a democratic country where the governed make the governors. England will be religious only when Englishmen are converted. The road to national Christianity lies through personal regeneration. We may get, we ought to toil for, more Christian laws, fairer conditions, and better prospects for the people. We may, through the social elevation of men, and through the cleansing of their environment, help to advance them to a higher stage of life. By the organization and impact of Christian opinion we may prevent national iniquity and promote public righteousness. All these instruments of battle and victory are within the Christian armory. But only through new men can new nations emerge, and only through the patient evangelization of our people can our country become a truly Christian land.—*Rev. Charles A. Berry.*

THE COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

II.

It would be interesting to trace the influence of Europe's mountains and plateaus upon the development of her activities. South of the capital of Russia is the low and small Valdai Plateau. It rises only a few hundred feet above the lowlands of that country and yet it has profoundly affected the distribution of waters over those wide-spreading plains. The fountainheads of one of Europe's greatest rivers and of other important streams are found there and the humble elevation really marked out the hydrographic character of the larger part of Russia. We might name Europe's plateaus, one by one, small, low, and scattered as they are, and show how impressively they have stamped themselves upon the lower lands both in their hydrographic and other phases of influence; and yet none of these plateaus can be classed even in the second rank except that which forms the larger part of Spain.

So with the mountains also. The Alpine ranges are the mother of waters flowing to northern and southern seas. About all the navigable rivers of Italy are those that come from the Alps. Their perennial snows feed the rivers and give their upper courses impetus. Their waters provide power to drive machinery where no coal is found; and with their tunnels and tremendous highways they no longer are a barrier between North and South.

Then come the lowest elevations, the plains rising only a few scores or hundreds of feet above the sea: the plains of Russia and Hungary, the great granaries of Europe; the plains of Roumania, from which more Indian corn is exported than from any other country except the United States; the smaller plains and river valleys in all the countries, teeming with diversified industry. It has been said that climate makes character and character makes a country. Observe the striking contrasts which human character produces upon the face of nature. On the one hand are Turkey's rich plains and hill-lands near the sea, from whose abounding fruitfulness nations might be fed were not nature thwarted by bad government and a lethargic people. Population is sparse, nature's riches lie idle, and the empire stagnates. On the other hand is the great plain of northern Germany, by no means fertile, but turned to the very best account by unwearying care and ingenuity.

China and India have proved that regions almost purely agricultural may be very densely peopled; but this is not the rule in Europe. South of Germany's northern plains manufactures are, in large districts, of greater importance than agriculture, and the population is much more dense; yet where climate and soil are favorable in a marked degree, as in Italy and in the river valleys of other countries, a comparatively dense population may depend entirely on agriculture. Dairy farmers, the main source of Denmark's wealth, are among the most prosperous landholders in the world. With a ready market for all their superior products, no wonder the population is fairly dense. It is the exceptional fertility of most of her farm lands that makes Holland, mainly agricultural and commercial as she is, one of the most densely peopled countries.

The highest density of population is found, however, where advanced agriculture is combined with great manufacturing and commercial development, as in England and Belgium. In the latter country, one of the most densely peopled states of the Caucasian race, the farmholdings supporting a family average only an acre and a quarter in size. Contrast the Iberian Peninsula with Great Britain. The vast plateau of Spain is half a desert because only scanty rainclouds ascend over most of the lofty tableland, and tillage is possible, in large areas, only by means of irrigation. With twice the area of the British Isles, the peninsula has only three fifths as great a population. Yet if Spain had better government and greater energy her people might be far more prosperous. With large mineral resources, she has few manufactures. More Spanish iron is consumed in Great Britain than in Spain.

Outside the great cities the densest population is usually grouped around the coal and iron-producing regions. Great Britain and Belgium are among the fortunate countries where the coal need only be removed next door to smelt the iron. The population of France is much more evenly distributed than that of Great Britain because France is comparatively poor in coal and iron; and her factories are more thickly grouped in the North because they are nearer there to some of these supplies. Population is more dense in the west half of the Austro-Hungarian Empire than in the east half because the West is more largely manufacturing and the East agricultural.

The mountain regions, except in such districts as a part of southern Germany, where rich valleys, with coal and iron in the hills, at once encourage agriculture, mining, and manufactures, and also except in Switzerland, are sparsely peopled. Most of Scotland's population is grouped in the lowlands, where both her farming and her mineral resources are found. Less than a fourth of Scotland is under crops or grass. Only a twenty-fifth of Norway and an eighth of Sweden are under cultivation and both import a large part of their ordinary supplies of all sorts in exchange for their timber, fish, and a few other things.

Switzerland is one of the most densely peopled portions of Europe, partly because the Alps are a magnet drawing hundreds of thousands of tourists every year, through whom a large number of the natives gain a livelihood; partly because many of the valleys and hillsides are most carefully cultivated, while the rapid streams give power to drive machinery; partly also because, lacking coal, an unusual proportion of manufactures is still the product of hand labor, giving support to a great many people. An interesting discovery illustrating Swiss thrift and industry has just been made. In 1667 M. Gyger completed his map of the Zürich Canton, a large-scale work of remarkable merit for that time. That map has now been very carefully compared with the Swiss survey map. It is found that of the one hundred and forty-nine lakes shown by M. Gyger not less than seventy-three are missing from the maps of to-day. The causes of their disappearance have been ascertained, thus far, in fifty-four cases, in many of which it is found that the lakes were long ago drained artificially and their bottoms converted into hay-fields and meadows.

The products of the soil throughout Europe are, of course, largely determined, just as the nature of manufactures is, by local conditions. Thus wine-culture is rigidly limited by climate and greatly affected by differences in soil. The most celebrated of the clarets of France are grown only in the basin of the Gironde, and the grape that ripens on the chalk hills of Champagne Province produces the wine of that name. Another famous wine is never at its best unless grown on the slopes of the Côte d'Or. A celebrated wine of Hungary is produced only from grapes grown on a particular range of hills. Most of the Hungarian wines are grown only on volcanic soil. Silkworm rearing requires not only a special climate but also much labor, care, and delicacy on the part of those employed, and the silk product is therefore largely confined, in Europe, to France and Italy, where the laboring class will take infinite pains and devote large time for small compensation.

The quality of wool is greatly affected by even slight climatic differences. It is remarkable that the quality of the wool of the famous Leicester and Lincoln breeds of sheep can be maintained only in two counties in England outside those in which they originated. So every part of Europe that breeds sheep has given the closest attention to the problem of producing breeds, if wool is the object, that will yield the best qualities in each particular district. When we, with our forty-two million sheep, give as much attention to breeding in relation to climate and soil as Europe and Australia have done, the best dressed among us will wear home-made cloth from home-grown wool.

Just as government may stifle natural advantages by bad laws, it may also stimulate them to unhealthful activity. Some European states have done this by the heavy bounty they pay on every pound of beet sugar their people export. The result has been too much capital invested in the industry and overproduction; and now that the mistake is seen and some governments are trying to withdraw or reduce the bounty the farmers cry that they will be ruined if the bounty is touched; and recently the German Reichstag defeated the proposal to withdraw the bounty. Thus the sugar bounty has become a very serious economic problem.

Great cities are seldom preeminent for any particular line of manufactures. Their industries are too large and diversified for any one of them to show marked superiority over all the rest. Now and then a great industry of some city is taken from it. When ships were made of wood London was the greatest ship-building center of the world. Then iron ships came into use and London has lost her ship-building trade, which has been transferred to the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Wear, right at the sources of iron and coal supplies.

The great vessels in which most ocean commerce is now carried have severely affected the interests of some ports. Cities that once were seaports are now inland as far as any great amount of ocean traffic is concerned. The largest ships of commerce could once sail up the Avon to Bristol and the Severn to Gloucester. The far larger ships that now carry commerce cannot reach these places but are compelled to stop at Avonmouth and Cardiff. Cargoes were formerly landed as far up the Thames as London Bridge, but steamers now have to stop at the docks some miles below that point. Bremen was once one of the world's greatest commercial cities, but her waterfront is now too shallow for deep-sea vessels and her port is at Bremerhaven several miles below. Hamburg, accessible to all classes of vessels, though sixty miles from the sea, has reaped the benefit of Bremen's misfortune, which, however, has not deprived the latter city of a large carrying trade.

The making of a town or city may sometimes depend upon what seems at first a trivial circumstance. Silk-weaving is confined to towns where the streams are particularly free from impurities. Some waters are better than others for silk dyeing and this fact gives Leek, England, its preeminence, for its waters are among the best for dyeing purposes in Europe. Burton-on-Trent is famous for its ales. Its superior water for brewing purposes is its sole advantage. Science and common sense saved the woolen industry of Verviers, Belgium. The inhabitants found that they could not satisfactorily scour their wool, because the water from limestone rocks, which they were using, contains so much lime in solution. They diverted to their town a stream flowing through slate and sandstone and thus obtained plenty of excellent water. Social conditions may also be profoundly affected. As the brewing industry gives work chiefly to men and boys, the male greatly outnumbers the female sex among the people of Burton-on-Trent. The reverse occurs where women have most of the opportunities in a large industrial center.

Various considerations, geographical or otherwise, have fixed the position of Europe's great cities. Those that date back to turbulent feudal days often owed their sites to the fact that they were easy of defense. Edinburgh is an example. London owes its start to the fact that long before trade was important a number of roads or paths from the north and south, circumventing the marshes, naturally converged there for the crossing of the Thames; and when trade grew, the deep tidal waters of the river, extending to London, made it a natural port and it became the chief trading station. Large towns or cities are almost always found at the head of navigation on the rivers because these are points of trans-shipment between land and water carriage. Rome on the Tiber, Florence on the Arno, and Prague on the Moldau are examples of many such places.

Cities like Berlin and Madrid owe their position to the fact that electors or kings desired a central position in their domains as the seat of their political and military power. All roads naturally led to the place of government and as trade arose they became leading centers of commerce. It was not till commerce first and then manufacturing received the enormous impetus the past one hundred and fifty years have given them that most of the natural harbors and places easily accessible to iron and coal became great centers of population. Southampton is trying hard to reap advantage from the fact that a sand-bar obstructs the entrance of large vessels into the Mersey at Liverpool, when the tide is low; and Manchester is also seeking to enrich herself at the expense of Liverpool by means of her ship canal. Marseilles is far from the northern seats of industry in France but she is great because she is the port of the rich Rhone valley which leads to Switzerland and, by means of canals, to the Rhine. The best harbor in Italy is Genoa and it commands the largest part of the total foreign trade. Even the worst government in Europe cannot blight Constantinople, for her excellent geographical position makes her the gateway between Europe and Asia.

Within the past century a new factor has been determining the sites of great cities. This is the development of coal and iron mines and the advantage their neighborhood offers for manufacturing enterprises. It is this that in a hundred years has raised almost insignificant towns like Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and many places on the Continent to foremost positions in point of population and activity. Gold, diamonds, or silver are always most powerful in drawing a large population to new countries; but in Europe, in recent years, coal and iron have determined the new centers of large population. The special advantage of Great Britain and Belgium is that they not only have abundant coal and iron, but the supply is not far from the seaports.

It is interesting to observe the geographical reasons for the distribution of manufacturing industries. Cotton-spinning and weaving are confined in Great Britain to a few places in the West because there is the district of cheapest coal and also a specially moist atmosphere owing to the effect of high ground upon the moisture-bearing winds fresh from the sea; and for spinning and weaving cotton a moist climate is very important. The French coal fields are so widely dispersed and comparatively unimportant that the mills and factories are distributed, not with regard to them but with a view to the convenience of obtaining local and foreign supplies of raw material. The woolen mills, for instance, are in the North where most of the sheep are grown and where it is easiest to bring in the large amount of Argentine wool that France consumes.

Another factor which affects the quality and the quantity of products is the cost of labor. We all know that as a whole the maps that come from the German geographical establishments are the finest in the world. An English geographer, speaking of this matter, recently said: "Our cartographers are just as accomplished and skilful as those of Germany, and we can turn out maps of equal excellence. But our workers in all lines are better paid than those of Germany. It costs us more to produce maps of the same quality and our public will not pay the increased cost."

Americans are glad that we do not compete with European countries in cheapness of labor, for our higher scale of wages means more comfort and happiness to the masses of our people. Hand-weaving has been the rule until recently in Germany's textile industries and the gradual transference of this work from the home to the factory is still going on at the expense of great suffering to scores of thousands of hand-weavers; and yet these poor people have never earned from it more than the merest pittance.

England long distanced her sister nations in manufacturing because she was the first to utilize coal and iron on a large scale and to invent machinery that greatly lessened the cost and increased the quantity of manufactured products. Other nations have been drawing up in line with her in these respects and have won some advantages over her, particularly in their scientific study of the export trade.

Europe needs markets for her immense output of manufactured goods. That is the reason for the scramble among the powers for all the African and other unappropriated territory they can get. The people will suffer for food unless they can export. None of those great manufacturing nations raise all the food they need. They must buy food with the goods they make and so they are looking everywhere for markets.

The most melancholy reflection suggested by a survey of European industrial activity is that the vast increase in her productivity has very little improved the condition of the masses. They are little if any better off than they were a hundred years ago, before coal, iron, and machinery had many fold increased the results of industry. This is a large subject upon which we cannot enter here. But the depths of poverty into which millions are plunged is in spite of the natural blessings which have been very briefly summarized here. Statecraft, swayed as it is by selfishness, jealousy, and fear, with faith in no peace that is not maintained by millions of armed men supported in idleness, is still preventing the nations from reaping the full benefit of their superior geographical position and ample natural resources.

MIRABEAU BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

BY A. M. WHEELER, LL.D.

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MIRABEAU came of a peculiar race—a race so peculiar that, unless we have some knowledge of it, he himself becomes inexplicable. He is so rooted and grounded in the ancestral soil that he cannot be taken out of it.

The family, long before he joined it, had a reputation of its own. The saying went: "Those Mirabeaus—oh, they are all regular devils." The sons, and the daughters also, were of a very pronounced type, and there was a marked family resemblance among them. As a rule the men were strong, self-reliant, untamable natures, passionate, morbidly sensitive as to points of honor, utterly without fear of God or man. All of them were trained for the public service, especially for the army, and all of them took a prominent part in the struggles of their time.

Two or three stand out above the rest. One of these, the grandfather of the great Mirabeau, a famous soldier in his day, the favorite of Vendôme, was a man of striking personal appearance, of ready tongue, and of immense vitality. Of his seven children he lost four, and was never seen to shed a tear.

The remaining three—the marquis, the bailiff, and the count—were abundantly able to maintain the reputation of the family. Though very different from each other, they all had certain traits in common. Together they represent most of what is worst, as well as most of what is best, in the Mirabeaus. In shaping them nature seems to have been training her hand for the final effort of creating the last and greatest of the race.

Whatever else may be said of the marquis, he was certainly one of the strangest of mortals. If his own account of himself is to be believed he must have been a terrible fellow in his youth. Much of it he spent in Paris in one of the schools which prepared young men of good family for service at court, in the army, and in the world. Here he sowed his wild oats, and here he acquired, in ways unknown to us, the enormous fund of heterogeneous information on which he drew so abundantly in his later years.

At twenty-eight, having come into possession of his ancestral estates, he left the army and married. Two motives prompted this step: he wanted an heir and he hoped by a wealthy marriage to retrieve his somewhat shattered fortune. The lady of his choice, who was neither beautiful nor good, was the daughter of a marquis of doubtful pedigree, reputed to be immensely rich. As a mere child she had been married to a man many times her own age, and now she was again disposed of as a matter of bargain and sale. Her *fiancé* never saw her until the day the marriage contract was drawn.

The marriage, then, was a speculation—chiefly a financial one—and a bad one from every point of view. Out of it grew the bitter quarrels which brought disgrace and ruin upon the marquis and which contributed so much toward molding the character and the destiny of the young heir.

Unquestionably the marquis was a man of great intellectual ability. In fact there was something about his talent which was akin to genius. But he was queer. His head was so crammed with fads and fancies that there was no room left for common sense, and he was so self-opinionated as to think himself infallible.

He aspired to become an author so that he might spread abroad his ideas and confer happiness on the whole human race. After one or two efforts he produced a work which at once made him famous, and justly so. He called it "L' Ami des Hommes."[1] The style was all his own, rugged, trenchant, involved; he himself said it was so overlaid and surcharged with ideas as to require a new system of punctuation to bring out the meaning. Portions of the book were insufferably dull; but with all the rubbish there was much that was luminous, prophetic. One is fairly startled to find here, forty years before the meeting of the States-General, many of the much-vaunted "ideas and principles of '89."

A few months later the marquis became a convert to the so-called physiocratic theory, which its advocates thought was destined to revolutionize the world. Two ideas were at the bottom of it: (1) that land and agriculture were the only source of national wealth, (2) that a land tax was the only form of revenue due from the subject to the sovereign. Into this the marquis plunged headlong as usual, and began a series of experiments on his estates which had not a little to do with the development of the heir. Next came a book on the theory of taxation, embodying the new ideas, and so antagonistic to the prevailing system that it was sure to bring the author into trouble. A *lettre de cachet*, one of the characteristic weapons of the old *régime*, was launched against him. He was thrown into the tower of Vincennes, the same state prison in which he later kept his son shut up for four long years. Released after a week, he was banished to one of his country-seats some twenty leagues from Paris, with instructions not to leave it without the order of the king. He was a martyr to his principles and he gloried in the distinction which it brought. Troops of friends came out from the gay capital to greet him. He was lionized almost as much as the English Wilkes[2] who was shut up about the same time in a London jail. He was at the height of his fame.

It was in 1749 that the long-expected heir appeared. Four girls had preceded him and other children were to follow—thirteen in all. If we must ever keep in mind that this boy was born into the Mirabeau household it is quite as necessary to remember that he was also born into the unclean France of Louis XV. The Pompadours and Du Barrys were doing their work. The moral poison of the court spreading through the nation; the royal authority degraded in the person of the king; fierce outbreaks among the toiling millions; the country on the verge of bankruptcy; the terrible verdict of 1763 only a few years ahead—France was already swirling toward the maelstrom of the Revolution.

All sorts of legends have gathered round the cradle of the boy. We are told that even in infancy he fought his nurse and that he was ever ready to show his teeth at the "old man." Certain it is that he early gave evidence of being a genuine Mirabeau, with all the vices and all the virtues of all his ancestors rolled up within him. He was at the start a tempestuous little soul in a very unattractive body. He evidently needed the most careful handling. One can readily imagine that if he had dropped down into a real home, where there was harmony, where the moral atmosphere was sweet and pure, and where he would have been under intelligent and sympathetic guidance, all might possibly have been well. It was his misfortune to come into a household where the indispensable conditions of peace and happiness were lacking. Moreover there was not much hope for him in the educational system, if one may dignify it by that name, which then prevailed.

During the boy's early years the father was too much engrossed in his books and in his physiocratic experiments to give much personal attention to the training of his son. Nevertheless he felt a genuine interest in him, as is evidenced by the succession of teachers he provided for him, and by the constant allusions to him in his letters to his brother, the bailiff. The extravagant expressions of praise or blame which recur so often in these letters and which seem so brutal now are not to be taken too literally. We must remember that the marquis had a trenchant style, and in this confidential correspondence he would naturally display his passion for the *sanglante* phrase. The difficulty was that he failed to comprehend the nature of the boy. He had from time to time a confused impression that a mind of extraordinary quality and compass was unfolding before him; but he was too much of a doctrinaire to realize that any unusual treatment was either necessary or possible. His only idea was to run the boy through the regular machine, making such slight readjustments of it as might be necessary in order to bring him out a "physiocrat." To make the boy what he himself had become was the height of his ambition, and his egotism was so colossal that he could not imagine anything higher.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon the fifteen years of training under the parental roof. The general result was failure. Not that the boy did not have enough of Greek and Latin and various other things; perhaps he had too much of these; but he did not get what he most needed—judicious guidance. No doubt he was a tough specimen to manage, and the best treatment might have failed. At any rate he beat out all his teachers and ultimately got the upper hand of his father.

The latter, thinking he had erred on the side of clemency, decided to subject the boy to more rigorous treatment. He was sent to Paris and entered, under the name of M. Pierre-Buffières, the school of the *abbé* Choquard, an institution established for the benefit of the black sheep and lame ducks of aristocratic families. Here for two years, under a sort of strait-jacket system, the work of development went on; and then the worthy *abbé* requested the father to withdraw the boy. He too was beaten. With this experiment the school period ends; the pedagogues had done their best. The young count now enters the third stage of his career and comes into direct contact with the outer world. As second lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of the Marquis de Lambert he spends a year in the little garrison town of Saintes, nearly half the time in the regimental prison; drinking, gambling, and a liaison leading to a bitter quarrel with his colonel fill up the rest, and at the end a grand explosion and flight —"all the deliriums at once," wrote the marquis.

An order solicited by the father from the minister of war sent the young lieutenant to the fortress of Ré,[4] where he was to be put under a *régime* which would reduce his appetites and modify his passions. "He is now," wrote the marquis to the bailiff, "I think, safely caged. I have recommended him right warmly to the governor, D'Aulan. I have told him that he is a crank, a madman, and a habitual liar." The healing process begun at Saintes was to be continued; but it did not last long. In a few months the governor wanted to be rid of his terrible protégé and procured for him a commission in a regiment which the government was sending out to put down an insurrection in the island of Corsica. This was Mirabeau's first and last campaign; it gave him what he craved, an opportunity for action, and he closed his military career with distinguished credit.

On his return a sort of reconciliation took place with the father. The storm which had been slowly gathering in the Mirabeau household had broken at last. The marquis had separated from his wife and established another woman in her place; the wife's mother was at the point of death; a great fortune was to be divided, and the heirs were gathered like jackals round their prey. In the disgraceful family brawl which followed, the young count, enlisted at first on his father's side, shifting later from side to side, vilifying in turn both his parents, showed a lack of affection, of filial duty, of moral principle, that was simply shocking. Here too, and still more in the management of the starving and rebellious peasantry on his father's estates, he exhibited the quality which became his chief characteristic—the wonderful influence he could exert over others. We can already discern the future tribune.

His marriage, which was now at hand, was in more senses than one the turning point in his life. Out of it came the horrible complications of the next few years. The eighteen-year-old daughter of the Marquis de Marignane was a famous beauty, much sought after as the richest heiress in all Provence. She was already pledged to another, but Mirabeau, against the wishes of his father, plunged in with characteristic audacity and won the prize. It proved to be a Pyrrhic victory.[5] The wife had no qualities which would enable her to gain any permanent influence over her husband and steady him down to the responsibilities of life. He took it into his head to play the grand *seigneur*, and she aided and abetted him. In fifteen months they had squandered not only the liberal allowance which had come from his father but had rolled up a colossal debt. Thus the chain was forged which caused him so much misery and clogged his every step in later years. Soon creditors by the score were in pursuit of him, and he owed his escape from them to his father, who, with his consent, procured a *lettre de cachet* which placed him under the hand of the king and sheltered him in the fortress of Manosque.[6] Two months later a decree of one of the highest courts declared him incompetent—dead in law—and so afforded him still more complete immunity. It is a very significant fact that though he often protested against this humiliating decree he never made the slightest effort to escape from it, and it remained as an effectual barrier between him and his creditors to the end of his life.

From this point on the drama unfolds with astonishing rapidity: a disgraceful fracas resulting in a charge of assault with intent to kill; another *lettre de cachet*, procured by the father, which transfers him to the Château d'If[7] and again saves him from the hand of justice; the infidelity of his wife; his own repeated violations of the marriage vow; a particularly vile scandal which necessitates his removal to the fortress of Joux,[8] at the other extremity of France; as a culmination, the well-known liaison with the Marquise de Monnier and all the misery which grew out of it both for him and her; the death of his boy; the flight of the guilty pair; his trial and condemnation; the death sentence, and the hanging in effigy. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Mirabeau was now doubly and trebly a criminal and could be justly punished; but the punishment which was meted out to him through the wretched judicial machinery in vogue and by the vindictive hatred of the father was out of all proportion to his guilt, and a travesty of justice: a death sentence, another interposition of the king's hand, and four years of solitary confinement in the dungeon of Vincennes. Yet it was this imprisonment that saved him. If he had been free during those four years the mighty forces working blindly within him would, in all probability, have destroyed him. The tower of Vincennes was his best school, and Lenoir, its jailer, his best teacher. Here for the first time he was forced to take counsel with himself and with the deeper causes of his misery and misfortunes.

In one respect—and a most important one—the dungeon of Vincennes did thorough work. When his prison doors opened Mirabeau's political development was complete. Within those gloomy walls during those four years the old monarchy had trained up its most reckless and most vindictive foe.

With release came the task of freeing himself from the network of complications in which he was involved. He was overwhelmed with debt, in abject poverty, and still under sentence of death. By the trials at Pontarlier[9] and Aix he hoped to "put his head again on his shoulders." The immediate object of the first trial was to compel the injured husband to take back his erring wife, and to make suitable provisions for her support; and in this, strangely enough, he succeeded, although the evidence was overwhelmingly against him. The other suit was brought to force his own wife to return to him; and in order to gain his point he, a convict under capital sentence, reads in court his wife's confession of guilt signed by her own hand! What a commentary upon the prevailing system! He lost this case before the jury, but won it before the public, and that was evidently what he wanted. In both trials his efforts were directed not so much toward the issues immediately involved as against the outrageous system of which he was the victim. His fierce and eloquent denunciations of the wrongs and of the wrong-doers made him the idol of the masses. At the close of these trials he was the most notorious, if not the most famous, man in France, and one of the best-known men in Europe.

Six years followed before the actual opening of his political career. They are filled with gropings, struggles with debt and poverty, desperate attempts to get a firmer foothold, and especially to secure some sort of recognition from men in power. Here belong the two journeys to London and Berlin, both undertaken chiefly for the sake of broadening his political horizon by personal observation. In England he saw the practical workings of a free government, presided over by a youthful statesman just from the university. He heard the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, and learned that success in politics had no special connection with either the major or the minor morals. His visit to Berlin produced the famous history of the Prussian Monarchy which he worked out in collaboration with others, and the "Secret Memoirs of the Prussian Court" which, driven by stress of poverty, he published under circumstances that could not fail to place a stigma on his name. At Potsdam he twice met Frederic II., who was just at the close of his career. One would like to know much more than has been reported of what passed between those two —the hero of the outgoing, and the Titan of the incoming, era.

It was the gloaming of the tempest which was slowly rising over France, and whose approach he had long foreseen, that called him home from the Prussian capital. The end of the fifteen years of experiments was near. Mirabeau had felt little interest in the squabbles between the parliaments and the court; they did not touch the root of the difficulty. But when Minister Necker announced the meeting of the States-General his exultation knew no bounds. "Now," he shouted, "my day has come—the day when brains have become a power."

Turning from the men of his own order, who had practically rejected him, he offered himself as a candidate for the Assembly to the men of the Third Estate. In the electoral campaign which followed he took a leading part, by his speeches and by a liberal use of the press making his influence felt far beyond his immediate neighborhood; and he was chosen, amid great excitement, as the first representative of the constituency of Aix.

What is he, as he stands there now, facing the problems which he has already set himself to solve? One is apt to think of him merely as a flaming popular orator, a reckless agitator, a born iconoclast. He was in fact a statesman. As has been said, his political platform was already framed. The basis of it was a national monarchy for France, with suitable guaranties and limitations. He fully realized that the old *régime* must be destroyed and he was determined to destroy it; but he saw just as clearly that a democratic republic was impossible. To reorganize the old France from top to bottom, to lead the French nation by easy grades through the transition period, to reconcile the old reigning dynasty with the new France—such was the work which he proposed to do, and he had unbounded confidence in his ability to do it.

But what guaranty was there of success? Did he not already occupy an untenable position? Might not the specter of his terrible past rise up and wreck his hopes? Was he anchored firmly enough in any direction to enable him to withstand the onrushing tide?

THE CAUSES OF INCREASED JUVENILE CRIMINALITY IN FRANCE.

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TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

As the progress of juvenile crime became greater during the very period in which compulsory education was spreading among the people, some have attributed the increase of demoralization to the schools. On the other hand, as the principal result of general instruction has been the universal diffusion of journals and romances, it is clear that the press must have also its share of responsibility in this question.

Since 1881, when compulsory instruction began, the number of accused persons tried by courts of correction has risen from 210,000 to 240,000. Since 1889 the murders have passed from 156 to 189; assassinations from 195 to 218; rapes and attempts on children from 539 to 651. These latter crimes represent to-day six tenths of the cases of conviction of men, while in 1830 they only represented one tenth. The average of these crimes in France is 700 per year, while in Italy, the most noted for general criminality, it pendulates between 250 and 300. The average of infanticides in France is 180 per year;

in Italy 80. When a writer speaks of the army of crime he sometimes causes a smile; but consider the figures: 516,671 inmates of prisons per year is a veritable army.

The most lamentable side of criminal statistics is that which concerns children and young people. From 1826 to 1880, while common legal offenses had tripled among adults, the criminality of young people from sixteen to twenty-one years old had quadrupled. As to the children prosecuted, the number had doubled. In the second period, from 1880 to 1893, criminality increased much more rapidly. In ten years we see the number of criminal children increase one fourth while that of criminal adults increases only one ninth. To-day the criminality of childhood is almost double that of adults, and yet minors from seven to sixteen years old only represent 7,000,000 souls, while the adults count more than 20,000,000. In Paris more than half of the individuals arrested are under twenty-one years old and almost all have committed grave offenses.

Such are the facts. To measure their bearing we must seek to find whether the increase of criminality of all ages in France is to be explained by the natural development of civilization or whether it presents an abnormal and morbid character.

While moralists and jurists deplore the increasing number of offenses, some sociologists find in it a symptom of social progress. In our opinion this is confounding two sorts of increase of crime: first, that which is due to the public conscience becoming more delicate and considering as an offense that which before seemed indifferent, and again that which is due to universally criminal acts becoming more and more numerous. In the first case there is real progress, in the second decadence. Is it from the increasing delicacy of public conscience that murderers are punished to-day? If this sort of crimes, universally considered such, is increasing, by what subtlety will any one be able to find therein a fact of progress?

Again, men have claimed to see in the increase of criminality a sign of increasing genius. Yet among the ancestors of criminals have been found debauchery, indolence, alcoholism, insanity, and even ignorance much more than among the ancestors of honest men; but more of genius is not found.

The more the criminality of a nation belongs to the modern stage the more do social causes predominate over climate, race, and temperament. After having studied the distribution of criminality in the five great nations of Western Europe, M. Alimena has formulated the following laws: (1) in proportion as society is more civilized, the reflective motives, such as cupidity, tend to replace as factors of crime the impulsive passions, such as anger, jealousy, love, vengeance; (2) the regions which offer the largest number of civil suits are also the ones presenting the most crimes; (3) the more a country is centralized, the more it has of urban criminality. Such are the normal laws of the evolution of criminality. But in France these laws are not sufficient to explain the present condition, especially that of juvenile crime. In the first place, instead of seeing the decrease of those crimes that are due to motives of low civilization, such as wrath, jealousy, love, and vengeance, we see the crimes of the barbarous impulses increasing, and the attempts upon persons almost equal to the attempts against property. In the second place we see criminality spreading even in the country, and this increase is not due to born criminals, it is due to criminals from profession, from opportunity, or from passion. The causes of the evil in this case are before all moral and social, and our nation may say to herself, "Thou hast willed it."

If the richest and most civilized countries are in general more fruitful in crime, as well as in cases of insanity, some exceptions have been pointed out of great significance. In Geneva and in Switzerland in proportion as civilization advances criminality diminishes to the point of becoming the smallest in Europe. A similar result is found in Belgium, due perhaps to a better government of the penitentiaries. If we are to believe the official statistics, in all England for ten years crime has diminished twelve per cent in all its forms, and especially among children. In the last twenty years in England six prisons have been closed for lack of prisoners. No doubt this decrease is not so great as it appears. It is due first of all to the number of young delinquents confined in reformatories or industrial schools, and thus made temporarily incapable of crime. In the second place it is due to the increasing indulgence of judges. A deduction must be made from English statistics also because they are as careful to conceal their bad cases as we are to parade them before the world.

For our juvenile criminality we must search for the special causes and for appropriate remedies.

According to the statistics, the check on crime attains its culminating point from the ages of twenty-one to thirty years. It falls a little from thirty to forty years and falls rapidly from forty to fifty. It is therefore youth which is the critical age, and everything depends on good direction at the beginning. Children have been defined as little savages and also as little criminals, wilful liars, cruel, and selfish. It has been said that the child reproduces in its developments all the phases of the human race passing from barbarism to civilization. Certainly the instincts that are bad and even criminal are frequently found in children. But a good education almost always gets the better of these instincts with considerable facility. The good sentiments acquired at that age rapidly become instinctive and lasting, only no mistake must be made as to the choice of means.

John Stuart Mill tells us that his father, James, believed everything would be safe if the world knew how to read. In our day the current of ideas is changing. As the period of increasing criminality and that of compulsory education coincide, people are asking whether the school has not favored crime. To say that this is a coincidence would not be of itself a sufficient explanation. Children punished for theft or for vagabondage of course do not owe their vices to a too earnest attendance at school. To the pure statisticians who base their argument on the coincidence between increasing criminality and compulsory education it may be answered by citing another coincidence, much more significant. The law of 1880 established freedom to retail intoxicating liquors. Since the passing of that disastrous law the consumption of alcohols has tripled, so that France has passed from the seventh rank to the first. Are we to accuse the school or the dramshop? If in 1887 the annual number of crimes by blows and wounds had already increased one third, statistics attributed that increase to the progress of alcoholism, not to education. Criminalists recognize also libertinism as the principal source of crimes and offenses in civilized nations. The increase of infanticides, of rapes and adulteries has an exact meaning. Add therefore to alcoholism debauchery, and you will have two great sources of increasing crime. Is it the school then that we must make directly responsible, or the government which tolerates the two most dangerous of vices?

According to M. Morrison, an eminent criminologist who has passed his life as a chaplain in prisons, the young criminal is in the greater number of cases, from a physical point of view, a degenerate. In most cases he is wholly or partially an orphan, and this fact proves that he has inherited a tendency to weakness from his parents, who died before their time. The blunting of the moral sense is often hereditary. Most young criminals are either children of criminals or children abandoned by immoral parents. In short, in eighty-five per cent of cases the moral conditions on the side of the parents are deplorable. Add to this the influence of economic conditions no less unfavorable. How can children without parents and without home procure regular work? The employers are little disposed to engage such laborers. And yet, with such an ancestry and in such circumstances, people accuse the schools!

In fact we do not admit that compulsory education is directly responsible for the rising tide of juvenile crime. It remains for us to seek for the indirect effects. And first of all, if the school has not created the increasing criminality of childhood it must be granted that it has not prevented it, while in England it seems to have done so. There is, therefore, with us a defect somewhere. It is probably the predominance of the intellectual and rationalistic conception which attributes to knowledge an exaggerated rôle in moral conduct. You say, "That man has stolen because he is ignorant." No, he has stolen because his disinherited or degenerate condition has furnished him a motive, and he is ignorant because in that same condition he has not the means of education. You are confusing simultaneousness with causality. Now instruct the disinherited or degenerate children; will you have found by that means the remedy for all ills? Sometimes you will obtain happy results, sometimes not. "Science without conscience," said Rabelais, "is only the ruin of the soul." Goethe said more profoundly, "Pernicious is all that which liberalizes our mind without giving us the mastery over our character." It must be admitted that we have greatly liberalized the minds even of children; but have we sought to procure for them the mastery of which Goethe speaks? It seems not, since on all hands the strongest partisans of education after so many bright hopes are now giving signs of discouragement.

The instructor should form not memories but consciences. Instruction moralizes when it is made appropriate to the situation that the child in all probability will occupy later. But if it disgusts him with a modest occupation to excite in him ambitions that are unattainable, it increases the number of discontented and unsettled people who will become the revolutionists of to-morrow. It is moral education that must be made complete and universal, not intellectual education. All have a right to the highest morality, and as Kant said, "even to sainthood," and all have the duty of approaching toward it. But there are in the sciences, in art, in literature, regions into which we can neither hope nor desire that all should penetrate, if there is to result therefrom a lack of adaptation of the mind to its occupation.

Whatever opinion may be held of religious dogma, we must still recognize that elementary fact of sociology that religions are a moral check of the first importance, and still more they are a spring of morality. Christianity in particular has been defined as a complete system of repression for all bad tendencies. Christianity has this particular merit by which it is contrasted with ancient religions, that it prevents the bad action of the will by opposing it in its first germ, in the desire and even in the idea.

Moral skepticism has been among children and young people the ordinary result of religious skepticism. Here again we have thought too much of intellectual instruction and not sought for social foundations for moral education at the very moment when we are emancipating and liberalizing people's minds. Descartes, wishing to doubt everything and to reconstruct the whole edifice of science, took care to make first of all a provisional morality for himself which he compared to a temporary shelter. Do you think that a shelter of this kind is useless to a people? Is there nothing to be feared from those who have been deprived of their heaven without being given anything of this earth? Anti-religious intolerance is as dire for a nation as religious intolerance. Philosophy and religion have a common ground, part of which is formed from the essential verities of all morality. Harmony is possible, it is real, upon the fundamental points; and it is the reconciliation, not the mental antagonism of the two, that the state must seek for in education.

But we do not hesitate to say that whatever the school, even at its best, shall have done for the education of children, will be barren if the press with its present liberty continues its labor of dissolution. To-day journals by the million are scattered as far as the smallest communities, and children who have learned to read will finish their education from these.

Besides its indirect suggestion the press exerts a direct one on minds that are weak or ill balanced. Maudsley has said, "Thanks to the recitals of the newspaper the example of crime becomes contagious." The idea takes possession of a weak mind like a sort of fate against which all struggle is impossible. A very great number of criminals have declared that they owed to novels and newspapers the idea of their crime and the means of carrying it out. In 1833 M. Radcliffe had the columns of the *Morning Herald* completely closed to recitals of crime and insanity. The International Congress against Immoral Literature held at Lausanne in 1893 demanded the prohibition of circumstantial accounts of crimes and executions, and of the photographs of criminals. It demanded that the court gazette should have the sole right to publish certain discussions. The same conclusion was reached by the Congress of Criminals at Geneva and by the Congress of Scholars and Philanthropists at Paris. Let us add the necessity of suppressing the spectacle of public executions to which we have owed so many crimes by suggestion, and of closing to young people the doors of the courts of assize where they become familiar with crime.

The obscene or blood-curdling newspaper story is moreover in the country, as in Paris, one of the principal agents of the demoralization of the people. Criminologists are agreed in maintaining that impure literature acts with special violence upon the degenerate and thus becomes a cause of crime. But who is to blame if it is not the government that fails to prosecute regularly and persistently, and leaves the law a dead letter? Forgetting that literature forms little by little the ideal of a people, our government is the only one in the world which, under the pretext of liberty, refrains from attacking immoral publications. The free countries of America do not tolerate these written outrages of public modesty. It has been pointed out many times that it is government alone which can act in this matter effectively.

Let the education of the people, first by the school, then by the press, become better, and the general level of morality will be raised.

FRENCH COOKS AND COOKING.

BY THOMAS B. PRESTON.

IN France cooking is an art, in other countries it is a business. The French have turned the kitchen into a scientific laboratory whose professors display as great technical skill in their line as do the world-famed astronomers or masters of the higher mathematics. True to its principles of fostering everything that can conduce to the healthful life of the nation, physically as well as intellectually, the French Republic encourages the votaries of the culinary art by the patronage of their syndicates and societies as it does those of painting and sculpture, and to be a *chef* or a *cordon bleu*[1] is as much sought after by her cooks as is the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor by her politicians. The Syndicate of Cooks is one of the most numerous and influential of the semi-official trade-unions into which the industrial world of Paris is divided.

People may sneer at judging a nation by the amount of attention it pays to its stomach; but the stomach is after all a very important part of human anatomy, and those who surround the physical necessities of our animal nature with agreeable charms that make them less coarse and brutal certainly have a claim to being considered in some degree promoters of civilization. It is a libel both upon nature and nature's God to hold that everything pleasant is wrong and that the refinements of life have no place in that great evolution that is gradually raising mankind to a higher plane, even though such refinements descend to the accessories of the table. It is in this respect that French cooking is superior to all other cooking; it is more refined. The English feed, the Americans devour; only the French really know how to eat. Their meals, as a rule, are less heavy and solid than those of other nations, yet quite sufficient in quantity, while the great fact that distinguishes their cooking is their perfect comprehension of the part played by seasoning. Like the Gallic wit which flavors their literature, their thorough knowledge of seasoning gives zest to their cooking.

Yet it must not be supposed that French cooking is complex. The best cooking is the simplest; by which I do not mean that it is always the most easily done. It really takes more art and more study to do good simple cooking than it does to create elaborate dishes. Poor cooks often disguise their ignorance by a great display and a profusion of incongruous substances put into their dishes. The most masterful *chefs* are those who devote themselves to simplicity and avoid all attempt at culinary gymnastics. These men always have an assistant to prepare the *fond de cuisine*[1] and help them generally.

Historically there was a gradual development in French cooking and a corresponding improvement in table manners from the dawn of the Middle Ages, when knights and ladies used to eat with their fingers half-cooked food dumped into a hollow in the center of the table, down to the first quarter of the present century, when all the refinements of the arts were called in to grace the banquets of the rich and powerful. In these days of democracy the equalizing tendency wrought by modern mechanics and education has perhaps caused a decline in some of the more exquisite and delicate methods employed by the famous *chefs* of the Revolution and the Napoleonic eras, but it has considerably raised the average level of French cooking. Thus the nation is better nourished, but the unique feasts of the heads of state and of the farmers-general[3] of the last century are no longer possible.

To the single dish hollowed out in the middle of the table from which the entire household helped themselves with their fingers succeeded individual dishes scooped out in the thick wooden board for the different members of the family, and old tables thus fashioned may be seen in Normandy to this day. The development and the cheapening of the manufacture of earthenware, china, porcelain, and glassware gradually transformed and beautified the table. Forks and spoons were imported from Italy in the Middle Ages. Table-cloths and napkins were introduced later. The attractions of flowers were added in the seventeenth century and menu cards in the eighteenth. To-day the refinements of decoration are carried to the furniture, the lights, the wood-work, the wall-paper, and every accessory of the dining-room, which must not only be in harmony with each other but as far as possible with the livery of the servants and the toilets of the ladies. Sometimes these details are ridiculously exaggerated, so that they become no longer attractive; but this is more apt to be the case with imitators abroad and with foreign residents in Paris than with the French themselves. In respect of artistic decoration the climax has not yet been quite reached, but in the matter of the cooking itself the best judges are agreed that there has been some decline in the past half century.

Really fine cookery began about the middle of the seventeenth century, in the reign of Louis XIV., when the extravagances of the *Grand Monarque* and his mistresses and courtiers in administering to their own luxuries developed an entire commerce in everything conducive to the pleasures of the table and made it one of the most important industries of the kingdom. The grand *seigneurs* of the realm did not despise the mysteries of the kitchen and became amateur cooks, amusing themselves by inventing new and delicate dishes. Masters of the art arose, who, like the masters always in all other branches, took an interest in their profession far above pecuniary considerations, and have left names that will be handed down in history as long as those of the warriors who slaughtered their fellow beings or the saints who prayed for them.

Then lived Vattel, whose sensitiveness and love for his art were so great that he committed suicide out of chagrin because some fresh fish did not arrive in time for a banquet to Louis XIV. given at Chantilly by the Prince de Condé. Vattel was the latter's *maître d'hôtel*,[4] and had already been disappointed on the night before his death because some roasts were not satisfactory. The next day, when the fish failed to come, he went to his room and, placing his sword against the door, repeatedly threw himself upon it, skewering himself on the third attempt. Just then the fish arrived, too late to save Vattel's life, but giving point to an interesting anecdote. In the next century Louis XV. himself was an amateur cook of no mean pretensions. The wealthy farmers-general of the realm became patrons of the art and gave entertainments such as had not been seen since the days of Lucullus.[5]

Then came the great Revolution, stirring to the depths French political, social, and religious life, and even effecting a new departure in French cookery. The nobles who had lived on the fat of the land were guillotined or emigrated to other countries. Their cooks, thus thrown out of employment and unadapted to new walks of life, preserved their profession by devoting themselves to their new masters—the people. Thus the era of the famous French restaurants began, and the Revolution, which opened to all the people the intellectual blessings of education and greater freedom, made more accessible to them the science of making and eating healthful food.

Beauvilliers was one of the pioneers of these *chefs* of the ruined nobility, establishing as early as 1782 a restaurant which for fifteen years was the most famous and at the same time the most expensive in Paris. It should be remembered that the Reign of Terror and the guillotine proved to be by no means incompatible with feasting and good cheer. As to the expense of such banquets, public and private, in those days the people were better able to bear it than ever before or since, for, as Carlyle picturesquely puts it, the guillotine was coining money. The vast treasures hoarded for centuries by the nobles and the clergy were confiscated and put in circulation, becoming gradually distributed throughout the nation.

Beauvilliers' example was quickly followed by many others. The names of Leda, Naudet, Robert, Edon, Méot, Véry, Roze, and Legacque occur to me out of a score of celebrated Parisian *restaurateurs*[6] of the *cuisine classique*, which lasted well down into the first quarter of the present century. It was they who made popular the flavoring of dishes cooked in their own essential juices, whether of meat, fish, or fowl. Part of the food, or a similar portion, would be used to extract the essence, making a decoction containing the inherent perfume and flavor with which to serve the dish. This is the theory of "classical sauces" which is occasionally applied to-day in the best Paris restaurants, especially in the serving of shell-fish and fowl.

About this period lived a man who was one of the most remarkable epicures of modern times and who has preserved for us in his book, "Physiologie du Goût,"[7] hints and recipes for making many famous dishes. Brillat-Savarin[8]—who was born at Belley—found himself in 1793, at the age of thirty-eight, mayor of his native town. Proscribed by the Revolution, he fled first to Switzerland and then to America, where he earned a living for two years by teaching French and playing in the orchestra of a New York theater. He returned to France in 1796, practised law, and on the fall of the Republic became a member of the *Cour de Cassation*.[9] He died of pneumonia in 1826, leaving behind a reputation which will last as long as men eat and a very useful book containing not only the theory of cooking and practical directions for the kitchen, adapted to those of moderate means as well as the wealthy, but also many suggestions about healthful living which are profitable to the general reader.

He was a philosoper in his own line and left behind many maxims known even to those who are ignorant of his name; such, for instance, as "The destiny of nations depends on the manner in which they nourish themselves," or "The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a star." His work is far more than an ordinary cook-book, giving reasons for the use of certain foods or for the proper style in which they should be prepared which are sound, hygienic, and conducive to a long life. Living at a time when elaborate feasting was still the rule, he did not forget that the true basis of healthful cooking is simplicity. He relates with gusto a plain dinner which he enjoyed at the house of a friend near Hartford, Connecticut, the principal components of which were old cider and a wild turkey which he himself had shot while hunting in the morning.

After the days of Brillat-Savarin French cooking suffered a sensible decline. Still there were great masters of the art like Loyer and Drouhat, Léchard and Bernard, Tortez and Carême, Magny, who founded the restaurant that bore his name in the Rue Contrescarpe, whose cooking is so much praised by George Sand, Got, the chief *pâtissier*[10] of Napoleon III., Amédée Bain, Queen Christina's *chef de bouche*,[11] Charles and Léon Canivet, Charles and Alexandre Lavigne, and the brothers Gouffé, one of whom, Jules, wrote the best standard cook-book in France to-day—"Le Livre de Cuisine." His brother Alphonse was *chef de bouche* to Queen Victoria and his brother Hippolyte performed the same duties for Count André Schouvaloff for about a quarter of a century. Jules Gouffé's book is divided into two parts, the first for ordinary households and the second for *la grande cuisine* of the very wealthy or for some great banquet.

Nearly all the great *restaurateurs* of Paris to-day are the direct successors of the celebrated cooks whose names I have recorded. Some restaurants are very expensive, like the Grand Véfour at the Palais Royal or Cubat's on the Champs-Elysées. The Maison Chevet at the Palais Royal is one of the best caterer's shops in Paris, but is not a restaurant. One of the best restaurants, where French cooking can be tasted in its perfection without paying a king's ransom for the privilege, is the Boeuf à la Mode in the Rue de Valois. Further up on the boulevards between the Madeleine and the Place de la République are a number of excellent restaurants, but rather noisy, especially at night. The more fashionable *cafés* enter into this category, and are moreover very expensive. A quiet and select restaurant is Marguery's on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; it is famous for its fried soles. Among other places where good cooking is to be found are Bignon's on the Avenue de l'Opéra, Vian's in the Rue Daunou, Voisin's in the Rue St. Honoré, Le Doyen in the Champs-Elysées, the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, the Café Foyot near the Luxembourg, and Mignon's on the Boulevard St. Germain.

The tendency in all the French restaurants of the present day is to prepare meals for their chance customers who may happen in at any time of the day. Meals are eaten in a greater hurry than formerly, even in France, where it used to be the habit during the fiercest revolutionary and communistic struggles when the time of *déjeuner*[12] came for each side to stop fighting for an hour or so and devote themselves to the midday meal. The hurry and anxiety of modern life is slowly destroying whatever was distinctive in French cooking, which cannot be properly done in haste or when food is required in very large quantities. The development of club life is partly responsible for this, and the latter is only another sign of the deep-lying social problems which confront modern existence at every step. Men in fashionable society dine more frequently at the club than they do at their own homes. Fewer people marry than formerly, home life is decreasing, and club life increasing. Hence the last refuge of the Parisian *chef* is at the fashionable clubhouses, which are now counted by the score and most of which set very good tables.

There is a *commission de la table* in most of the clubs, charged with the duty of looking after the kitchen and its details of expenses. To induce the clubmen to serve on these committees their members are allowed free meals as a perquisite. Some of the clubs spend immense amounts on their tables. The Jockey Club's table, for instance, costs five million francs a year over and above the dues of its members. The price of a dinner here to regular members is only six francs. The only club in Paris that makes anything out of its table is said to be the Cercle de l'Union Artistique et Littéraire. Another club where there is a very good table is the Cercle de la Rue Royale. The Cercle Militaire often gives elaborate banquets to distinguished foreign visitors. The habit of having ladies dine at clubs has not found much favor in Paris. It was tried once by the Marquis de Massa but proved a failure. The Cercle Agricole,[13] more commonly known as the "Pommes de Terre," has the best reputation for good cooking outside the private families. The best cooking in France is still to be found in some of the old families, like that of the Marquis de Jaucourt. Madame Bischoffsheim also has an excellent table.

Another sign of decadence in French cooking is the increasing absence of menu cards. Formerly no repast was without them. They served a very useful purpose, founded in reason, the idea being that the guest should not be taken by surprise at the unexpected arrival of a dish to which he would have liked to pay greater attention had he not already satisfied his hunger with something that had been served previously. It enables him to distribute his gastronomic forces properly over the meal. There should therefore be at least one menu card for every two guests. These cards were formerly very elaborate, decorated with etchings and water colors, and many Parisian artists of talent, such as Henri Boulet, Gray, Mesplès, and Henri Guérard devoted themselves to their preparation. Now these cards are replaced in most restaurants by the *carte du jour*,[14] and in private dinners are almost always lacking.

Like most other professions in Paris the cooks have their trade-unions or syndicates for mutual protection and benefit. They have a number of societies, organized for the same objects, in each special branch of cooking. The Société des Chefs de Cuisine has a membership of eighteen hundred to two thousand. The Chambre Syndicale des Pâtissiers and the Société de Secours Mutuels des Cuisiniers de Paris,[15] which was founded in 1840, have about two thousand members. The Société des Ouvriers-Pâtissiers-Cuisiniers de Paris finds situations gratis for all cooks, pastry-cooks, confectioners of ice-cream and fancy cake, and for girls to tend shop and take orders. In addition it sells molds, tins, cooking utensils, and apparatus for the kitchen. These societies are all confined to males. The wages of a *chef* vary from five hundred or even one thousand francs a month to one hundred and fifty or two hundred.

Many well-informed persons, who really know what their palates and stomachs deserve to be treated to, prefer women cooks—the traditional *cuisinières du curé*,[16] who rightly abhor all such things as prepared sauces. These female cooks strive to become experts in their profession and are then known as *cordons bleus*, a somewhat indefinite title which does not imply any decoration or diploma but simply that the possessors are first-rate *cuisinières*. A free cooking school for young women exists in the Galerie d'Orleans at the Palais Royal and a weekly journal is published called *La Cuisiniere Cordon Bleu*. The women cooks, however, are not organized into syndicates and societies as the men are. Every year an "*exposition du concours culinaire*"[17] is given under government auspices.

The literature on the subject is extensive but not of a very high grade. French cook-books abound but their quality is poor, and of histories of French cooking there are none. After all, hints rather than recipes are most needed, for a good cook must be his or her own teacher, and, as Louis XV. said: "The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting."

(End of Required Reading for April.)

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S.D.

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

DURING a visit to Europe last summer I was interested in ascertaining what progress had been made in the perfection of motor carriages. It was a common sight in Paris to see such carriages running apparently with great ease over the smooth pavements; in Geneva too and in the suburbs of London I saw motor carriages carrying two passengers ascend moderate hills without difficulty.

In France during the summer there were numerous competitive trials of the different types of automobile carriages, and there was an exhibition of such carriages at the Crystal Palace in London. One saw there motor carriages propelled by steam-engines burning coal, coke, or liquid fuel. There were kerosene engines and naphtha engines, similar in general plan to the engines we have become accustomed to on naphtha launches; and these engines were suitably coupled to the axles of the carriages, which were of many forms, some resembling low phaetons and others like the large bath carriages one sees at English watering places. In the petroleum and naphtha engines the power is derived from the explosion of the hydrocarbon vapor in suitable cylinders. This exploding vapor takes the place of steam in such cylinders and drives the piston. There were also storage battery motor carriages. In the latter a number of storage batteries having been charged by a dynamo machine provide an electric current which drives an electric motor geared properly to the axles of the carriage.

The carriages together with the motors vary in weight from six hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds. An ordinary one-horse *coupé* weighs about nine hundred pounds, and a one-horse light buggy weighs about four hundred pounds. The cost of the motor carriages varies, but in general one must spend fifteen hundred dollars on one—and make up his mind to encounter expensive repairs.

The subject of motor carriages appeared to interest Europeans much more than Americans, and I noticed with surprise a certain apathy of American capitalists who were interested in the bicycle manufacture and who were examining the subject of motor carriages. It was shown conclusively that various types of motors could be made which could develop abundant power to propel an ordinary carriage over fairly good roads, and one would suppose that the prominent bicycle manufacturers would quickly adapt their manufactories for the production of this much-desired rival of the bicycle. It would seem as if American inventors and business men especially would not be slow to produce a machine for which there is such a popular desire.

This apathy must be due to a lack of confidence in the success of motor carriages. It has been shown conclusively that it is not difficult to propel an ordinary carriage over fairly good roads without the aid of horses, either by the aid of steam or by the use of the vapor of kerosene or by electricity. The machinery too is durable and the motors are not difficult to manage after a little experience. Certainly if the time taken to obtain skill in riding a bicycle were devoted to understanding and obtaining control of the mechanism of an automobile carriage a person of average intelligence could become an adept in the management of such a carriage.

There are at present important practical objections to every form of automobile carriage. In the case of the motor in which steam is employed the cloud of condensed steam, especially in cold weather, is very objectionable. There is also the smoke, which however can be lessened by the use of coke. Above all there is the noise of the engine;

and in order to obtain efficiency there is need of a large condensing surface for the engine. When we turn to the kerosene and petroleum engines in general we find that they emit a very bad odor, and there seems to be no way at present of disposing of these bad-smelling products of combustion. It would be perfectly intolerable to have our city streets filled with automobile carriages run by petroleum motors. Moreover these petroleum engines must be kept running all the time that the carriage is in service, for the engine must be ready to start the carriage on the instant. In the case of naphtha launches this is not the case. The boat gets under way gradually.

The odors we have referred to would be very offensive on hot summer days, and would make our heated towns still more unbearable. The electrical motor carriage, however, emits no steam or bad-smelling products of combustion. It is perfectly safe for there is nothing to explode. Why should it not come into general use? One remembers the luxurious electric launches at the World's Fair in Chicago and the imagination readily pictures the extension of this method of propelling motors to the case of automobile carriages.

The chief objections to the electrical motor carriage are its expense and its weight. The storage cells occupy a large space in the carriage and deteriorate fast under the delivery of the strong current which is necessary for running the motor. A company has been formed in London to run the omnibuses by means of storage batteries, and great hopes are entertained of ultimate success. On level, well-made roads and with vehicles provided with rubber tires it is possible that the electric motor carriage may come into prominence. The consense of the best engineering opinion, however, is against the extension of this method of propelling carriages on the ordinary street.

When we reflect, however, that the bicycle has been made a practical horseless carriage by the invention of ball bearings and rubber tires we look with great hope to the invention of an automobile carriage in which the man engine will be replaced by a small steam-engine run by some species of liquid fuel. A friend, an ardent bicyclist, to whom I communicated my researches on motor carriages shortly after my return from Europe said that what he looked for was a motor which could be attached to an ordinary bicycle and which might serve to help one in ascending steep hills. I told him that in France I saw an automobile carriage so arranged that two men could pedal the carriage up hills and thus help the motor.

Few of us reflect how important good roads are for the successful employment of motor carriages. It is estimated that it requires eight times more power to propel a carriage on a smooth macadam road than on rails, and the electric railroads have shown that there is a great saving in having solid and well-laid rails. In the case of a light vehicle like the bicycle we are painfully conscious of rough roads after the first month of enthusiasm is past. It has been found by connecting an ordinary spring balance to the handle bar of one bicycle with a rider and drawing the bicycle after another that the draw-bar pull, so called, is four pounds on a smooth road and as high as six pounds on mud roads. On ordinary hills this pull is increased to twelve or sixteen pounds, and in traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour the bicyclist exerts a pressure of forty-seven pounds on the treadle on smooth roads and seventy-one pounds on mud roads, and he exerts about one tenth of a horse-power per minute in the latter case.

The economy of power, therefore, on good roads is very great; and it is no wonder that there are leagues of bicyclists formed to urge upon the proper authorities the improvement of roads. It has even been suggested that the gift of bicycles to the board of aldermen in many cities would be a worthy charity and productive of real good. A bicyclist immediately becomes interested in road-making.

The problem of good roads assumes still greater importance when one considers the practicability of motor carriages; and I firmly believe that the moment that a really practical motor carriage is put on the market we shall see a great improvement in our roads. The bicycle has had an influence in this direction, but the motor carriage will be far more influential for it will be used to transport merchandise as well as for purposes of pleasure. With good level roads we learn from our experience with the bicycle that a motor of less than a horse-power is sufficient to propel a light carriage. Now steam-engines weighing less than a man have been made which will develop a horse-power. An additional weight, however, must be carried in the shape of boilers, condensers, and fuel.

I have said that the principal objection to the steam motor carriage arises from the clouds of steam in cool weather, and from the cinders, sparks, and smoke. There is little danger, however, from explosion in this form of motor carriage, for the engineer's experience in the use of steam is very large, and its idiosyncrasies are better understood than any other source of power. In the case of petroleum and naphtha engines our experience is not so large. The latter form of engines are similar in general plan to what is known as the gas engine. In the latter the power is derived from the explosion of a mixture of gas and air which drives the pistons in the cylinders to and fro and performs the same function as the expansion of steam in the steam-engine. The mixture of gas and air, of the vapor of kerosene or naphtha with air, is exploded automatically by an electric spark from a battery. In the case of a steam motor carriage the boiler might explode, and in the petroleum motor or spirit motor carriage there might be an explosion of the liquid fuel. The danger from explosion, however, has been reduced to a minimum.

The chief objection to the petroleum motor carriage arises from the waste products of the combustion and from the odors which result from these waste products. If compressed air is used as a source of power we should get rid of bad odors, but we should have a disagreeable noise arising from the hissing of the air. With the storage battery motor carriage we find ourselves perfectly contented until we estimate the cost. There are no odors and very little noise. It is not necessary to keep the motor running while the carriage is at rest as it is with the petroleum motor. The carriage is started or stopped by simply moving a switch and any one can learn to use the mechanism.

The larger number of motor carriages are at present run by petroleum or naphtha, and if the future lies in the employment of such motor carriages we must look forward to seeing a certain amount of mechanical engineering taught even in schools for young ladies. The use of the bicycle has already developed a certain knowledge of mechanics among women. Before its introduction few women could use a wrench or knew the mysteries of cog-wheels, washers, and lubricants; now it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman taking her bicycle to pieces and putting it together with the skill which once belonged only to man. The objection that is sometimes urged against motor carriages that they will require the services of a skilled engineer instead of a coachman is not a very strong one when one considers what a change in practical education has been wrought by the introduction of the bicycle.

The automobile carriage has more promoters in France than in England. Perhaps a new source of income is foreseen in the popular use of such carriages, for the French economist is very sagacious. It is estimated that three hundred and twenty-two thousand bicycles were used in France in 1896, and the government tax on them amounted to the sum of $650,000. The use of the motor carriage would undoubtedly swell the income of the republic. In England, however, the motor carriage has to struggle against strong conservatism. A new burden on the common roads is very much feared; and the Englishman is not ready to contemplate the disappearance of horses and the substitution of machines for them.

The taxes imposed on motor carriages in England are relatively high, and amount to £2, 2 s. a year on a motor carriage of less than a ton in weight and to £4, 4 s. on motor carriages exceeding two tons in weight. These rates are high in comparison with the taxes on ordinary vehicles; for instance, a one-horse carriage is taxed 15 s. a year and a two-horse carriage £2, 2 s. a year. In America I believe that the assessors have not had the task of estimating what tax a motor carriage should pay. The bicycle has thus far escaped a taxation which could be readily levied without danger of being evaded, and the motor carriage would be still more in evidence, and the assessors are evidently joining mentally in the popular desire for the appearance of a really practical motor carriage.

It has been proposed in France by a true follower of Jules Verne that the sun should be made to drive a motor carriage. His plan is another example of the modern ways of regarding the sun. In the early days of the world's history men worshiped that luminary; now they not only have ceased to worship him but have dethroned him and have endeavored to make him their slave. It is the dream of inventors to compel the sun to do all the work of the world, not only by means of the energy he has stored up in the shape of coal, but also by means of the rays which emanate daily from his dazzling orb. This Frenchman has proposed a form of motor carriage in which water is converted into steam by means of the sun's rays, which are to be focused by suitable burning-glasses upon a boiler. On a hot day the spectacle would then be presented of the sudden appearance of numbers of motor carriages driven by the sun and cooling the passengers by their rapid motion through the air. The chief practical objection to this imaginative form of motor carriage is in regard to the size of it. The arrangement of mirrors or lenses to concentrate the rays of the sun on the boiler would be enormous, and the resistance it would offer to the air would effectually prevent its movement.

The opinion at the present time of those best fitted to judge of the future of the motor carriage is as follows: Steam will probably be used and it will be generated by means of liquid fuel. It will be necessary to invent suitable air-condensers to obviate the clouds of steam, and to provide means of disposing of the smoke and cinders. This opinion is based upon the soundness of our knowledge of the properties of steam and upon its steadiness of action under definite conditions. It is not believed by the chief authorities that the practical motor carriage can be made very light; and it is not thought, for instance, that a light motor can be made which would be a serviceable attachment for an ordinary bicycle to assist the rider to mount hills or even to take part in the propulsion over level, smooth roads. Such motors undoubtedly can be made, but they are not fitted for every-day use. In the first days of the popularity of the bicycle hundreds of ingenious inventions were made for increasing the range of the machine. The tendency was to make all the parts as light as possible. Longer experience has shown that complicated mechanism does not stand the wear and tear of daily use. The modern machine has been shorn of many so-called improvements, and its weight has begun to increase, for it has been found that machines weighing less than twenty pounds are not serviceable on common roads. The motor carriage of the future will probably imitate the bicycle in its rubber tires and ball bearings; it will have a very respectable weight, and it will require a smooth road.

THE SON OF A TORY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF WILTON AUBREY IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND ELSEWHERE, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1777, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED FROM PRIVATE PAPERS.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE ADVANCE.

LATE in the afternoon of the 26th of July my father's body was laid to rest under the shade of the great linden tree. St. Leger read the burial service from the church prayer-book, and a military salute was fired in honor of the dead. My father's old comrade remained behind with me after the others had withdrawn, and then, when we had stood some time in silence, he put his arm through mine and led me gently away.

My father's death seemed to touch St. Leger deeply, and his consideration for me quite won my heart. How one appreciates a little kindness at such a time!

A place was provided for me within the fort, and all my effects brought thither, so that I did not again return to the scene of the previous night's agony and loss.

As I was retiring St. Leger came to my room.

"I know this spot will have nothing but bitter memories for you," he said, "and it has occurred to me that perhaps you would be glad to turn your back upon it at the earliest opportunity. I am sure it would be well for you if you are willing to do so."

Wondering what he had in mind, I answered that I would leave that very instant were such a thing possible.

"I am sending Lieutenant Bird forward with a detachment of the King's Regiment and a number of Indians, as a reconnoitering party, on the morrow," St. Leger went on. "You have already been over the route they are to traverse, and might be of assistance to the lieutenant. What say you, will you go?"

"How can I thank you for giving me the chance?" I cried.

"Don't think of that," said he. "I am serving myself as well as you. One of your former companions shall accompany you; then if Lieutenant Bird wishes to communicate with me there will be trustworthy messengers. Whom do you prefer?"

"A Dutchman named Schroepel, who is in Captain McDonald's company of the 'Greens.' He knows the country as a priest his breviary."

"Good! He shall be seen at once. The expedition will start at seven"; and with a warm pressure of the hand he left me.

Action—something that would take me out of myself, would cause me to forget a little my troubles and sorrows—this was what I longed for, and this providentially had been offered me. So resolutely had I banished from my mind the possibility of serving the patriot cause, it did not occur to me that night, nor indeed until some time afterward, that there was now no sacred duty that bound me to the side of the king.

When I strode down to the river-landing the next morning, after a mournful revery at my father's grave, I found thirty soldiers and twice as many Indians in readiness to embark. St. Leger and Sir John Johnson were superintending in person the departure of the force. One *bateau* and several small boats had been assigned to the troops, while the Indians were to follow in their canoes. Lieutenant Bird, who had command of the expedition, proved to be an agreeable, wide-awake young officer, but little older than myself, for whom I at once conceived a liking. The lieutenant, Schroepel, and myself were to lead in one of the small boats, and we got under way with military promptness.

St. Leger evinced at parting the same kindness he had shown me on the previous day, and assured me that when I rejoined the main force the position he had promised me should be mine.

Schroepel was our pilot and guide. He and Lieutenant Bird speedily fell into an animated conversation, so that most of the morning I was left to my own sad thoughts, though occasionally the warm-hearted Dutchman would endeavor to divert and cheer me. After we had accomplished the portage at Oswego Falls the Indians began to be troublesome. Some of the chiefs wished to pitch camp for the night, although there were several hours of daylight left, and it required a deal of persuasion to prevail upon them to move forward. This was the first of many trying experiences with our savage allies. On the following morning all efforts to hasten them were vain, and we pushed on as far as Three Rivers without them. When, after much delay, they finally joined us, we discovered the reason of their dilatoriness. While we had been in camp several of their number, under the cover of darkness, had returned toward Oswego, and, meeting a commissary division that had been sent forward to the lower landing at the Oswego Falls portage, had stolen six quarters of beef from the army stores. Now feast they would, in spite of all Lieutenant Bird could say. A party of Senecas appeared at this juncture, and they proved as obdurate as the Mississagas, so we left them to gorge themselves, and turned up the Oneida River toward Oneida Lake.

Schroepel had worked himself into a violent passion over the behavior of the savages, and sputtered and stormed in Dutch, much to the lieutenant's amusement, though the latter was no less angry at their obstinacy. We followed the serpentine windings of the river until toward sunset, when we paused for the night among some large willows. At six in the morning no Indians had appeared, accordingly we continued on our way unescorted. By ten o'clock the heat was intense. Not a breath of air moved, a burning haze hung over the water, and the men had to change oars frequently to avoid sunstroke. Nor was there shade to afford temporary relief. The river-banks were low, and wooded near the stream only with willow and elder thickets.

I was sitting at the stern of the boat, talking with Schroepel, shading my face from the sun with a large lily-pad I had plucked from the water.

"Look!" he said suddenly, gripping my arm, "but don't turn your head—there to the right where there's an opening in the thicket. Don't you see that tall grass move? There's a redskin hidden in it. I saw his scalp-lock a second ago."

I did as he bade me, and presently, just before we drew abreast of the spot, I beheld the face of an Indian cautiously raised above the grass. The eyes of all the others in the boat were fixed upon a bend in the river which we were approaching. We were in mid-stream, yet by Schroepel and myself the Indian's features were readily distinguished.

"I know that fellow," the Dutchman said; "he's an Oneida half-breed named Spencer, a Whig spy I'll wager a wig!"

With that he caught up a musket that was resting against the seat in front of us, jerked it to his shoulder, and fired. The movement was one of incredible rapidity, yet the concealed redskin was quicker, for just before Schroepel pulled the trigger there was a wavering of the long grass and a bending of the adjacent bushes.

"I gave him a scare, anyhow," laughed my companion.

Scarcely had he spoken when a tongue of flame leaped from the thicket not ten feet from the spot where we had seen the savage, and the man just in front of us dropped his oar with a cry of pain. He had been shot through the forearm.

"That bullet was meant for me," said Schroepel coolly.

Half a dozen soldiers seized their guns and poured a volley into the thicket.

Suddenly Schroepel stood up and ran his eye along the shore.

"The redskin's on an island!" he exclaimed. "Pull, and we may catch him! There's no danger from his gun, for he's taken to his heels."

Lieutenant Bird shouted to the sergeant in the next boat, bidding him watch the main channel, while our oarsmen for the first time that morning made our craft cut swiftly through the water. Rounding a marshy point, we swept into a stagnant arm of the stream, half choked by lily-pads.

"Faster! faster!" shouted Schroepel, who was standing, gun in hand, in the stern.

The men bent to their work, the sweat streaming in great drops from their faces; yet our progress was slow, for the pads and eel-grass grew thicker.

"There he is!" cried the man at the bow, as we passed a projection in the island shore. And sure enough there the Indian was, within fifteen feet of the bank of the mainland, holding his gun above his head as he swam. He saw us and realized his danger just in time, for as he sank beneath the water Schroepel's bullet threw up a shower of spray a few inches beyond the spot where he disappeared. We watched for his reappearance in vain.

"He's caught in the eel-grass and will drown," said I.

"No such good luck, I fear," laughed Schroepel. "There is little grass over yonder where he sank. The fellow can dive like a duck, and by this he's safe as a weasel under the bank somewhere."

Lieutenant Bird was scanning the shore. There were certainly places of concealment in abundance beneath the overhanging sod and roots.

"It's futile to search for such a slippery rascal," he said; "we may as well seek the main stream again."

This was the first occurrence since our departure from Oswego that really roused me from my apathy, and after we had regained the river proper I found myself cherishing a feeling of relief, nay, even one of pleasure, that the Oneida had escaped. I was sorry for the wounded soldier, however, and there being no one in the boat who could more skilfully care for him, I did what I could to make his wound comfortable.

So oppressive had the heat now become that when we discovered an inlet half girdled by a group of willows we pulled into it, though not without some misgivings, and, finding no traces of the presence of an enemy, here rested until the afternoon had well worn away. We were now quite near Fort Brewerton. On consultation with Schroepel and myself, however, Lieutenant Bird decided to advance during the night as far as Nine Mile Point. Here, before we struck camp the following morning, a part of the Indians overtook us, and accompanied us to the mouth of Wood Creek. But it was not until the dawn of another day, the 1st of August, that all of our troublesome allies appeared.

That night Lieutenant Bird called a council of the chiefs, at which Schroepel and myself were present.

"Brothers," the lieutenant said to them, "I am commanded by the white chief to advance upon Fort Stanwix. In order that the fort may be fully surrounded, and our enemies receive no aid from without after our arrival, it is my wish that we march forward together. We have already delayed too long. We have loitered by the way, but now we must be swift to move. You have not forgotten the promises the Great Father beyond the sea has made to you. These promises will be kept, but the Great Father and the white chief who commands us all expect that you will keep your promises as well."

This speech was received by most of the savages with nods and grunts of approval, and a number of them signified their willingness to start forward on the morrow.

Finally a fierce old Seneca, who went by the name of Commodore Bradley, rose and said:

"Brothers, when we left Oswego the young white chief agreed to give ear to our advice. It is not bravery to march out from a secure shelter into an open space, and up to the mouth of great guns. It is the act of a fool. Moreover night is the time for the trail. No enemy can aim true in the dark."

"The ugly old idiot!" said Schroepel in an undertone. "Does he think we want him to storm Fort Stanwix in broad daylight?"

The words of the Seneca produced a marked impression on the other chiefs, and it required much explanation before the lieutenant could satisfy them that he wished to proceed only as far as the edge of the wood that surrounded the fort. At last most of them agreed that they would cooperate with the troops and march at dawn.

As I lay upon my army blanket, with no roof save the rustling leaves, for the first time it came to me that my position was different from what it had been when my father was living. It may appear strange that this had not occurred to me before, but looking back to this period, now that years have elapsed, I realize that the shock of my father's death must have dulled and blurred my power of thought.

Whom had I to consider save myself and Margaret?—this was the question I asked myself now. St. Leger? He had indeed been kind to me, but was it not solely for my father's sake? How long would his present attitude continue? Had not Sir John Johnson, in my absence, already prejudiced him against me? If the baronet had not yet done so would he not seize upon the first opportunity? and then, with St. Leger's favor withdrawn, what had I to hope for? Clearly my only chance of perfect security lay in escaping into the Continental lines—in joining the cause with which my heart had been from the outset. But how was my escape to be effected? The solution to this query baffled me.

I lay long, pondering upon the matter, gazing with wide-open eyes at the sparkling points of light visible through the rifts in the swaying branches; but the stars gave me no inspiration. On all other subjects I should have consulted Schroepel unhesitatingly, and no doubt profited by his rough but shrewd advice. To approach him concerning what I had in mind would, however, as I well realized, be the sheerest folly, for he had the reputation of being one of the stanchest Tories in the Mohawk Valley.

It would perhaps have been madness to risk finding my way overland to Fort Stanwix by paths wholly unknown, yet had I had a companion willing to venture it with me how gladly would I have made the attempt!

The night wore on. I heard the murmur of the sentries' voices as they relieved one another, and at last fell into a light slumber from which I was frequently roused by the stir of some one of the soldiers about me. At dawn the Indians again failed us. Commodore Bradley had, for some reason, played upon their fears, and not more than half a dozen were willing to accompany the troops. Schroepel swore fiercely, but previous experience had turned Lieutenant Bird into something of a stoic, and he bore this crowning disappointment admirably.

"I must send word to Colonel St. Leger," he said. "I fear I should have done so before. Brant and Claus and Sir John are the only ones who can manage these cursed savages. Aubrey, I shall have to ask you and Schroepel to carry my message for me."

I went with Schroepel to the creek, where he selected a canoe. Presently the lieutenant joined us, and gave his hastily written missive into my keeping.

"We shall make for Nine Mile Point," said Schroepel, taking up the paddle. "The army should have reached there by this time."

He gave the light craft a vigorous shove from the bank, dipped the blade deep, and we went swiftly skimming down the stream toward the lake.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORT IS ENCOMPASSED.

I HAD become familiar with canoeing during my residence at the settlement, but never before had I seen such a display of skill as was shown by Schroepel that morning. Our little boat seemed a thing of life, and darted forward as if it had wings.

As we approached Nine Mile Point the sunlight glinted on something white.

"They are there," I said to Schroepel. "I can see their tents."

"Umph!" growled he, "they're halting long enough to get the tents out, are they?"

"Probably only for a few of the officers," I answered, as we soon discovered to be the case.

Several soldiers and Indians came to the beach to greet us.

"Take me to the colonel," I said to a sergeant who, as I saw by his uniform, belonged to St. Leger's regiment.

The commander was just rising, and came to the door of his tent half dressed. He greeted me a trifle brusquely, as though he was vexed at being disturbed before he had made his toilet. I noticed that his hand shook when he took Lieutenant Bird's letter, and his eyes were bloodshot as though he had been free with his liquor the night before. He cursed roundly when he had scanned the written page, and told the sergeant to send Captain Brant to him at once.

"And, sergeant," he called after the soldier, who had turned to go, "give Mr. Aubrey and the man who came with him some breakfast. Most of the officers have breakfasted," he said in explanation to me, "and Sir John and I are to discuss plans over our coffee."

It mattered little to me how, or with whom, I ate, so long as there was some sort of a meal forthcoming. I had had opportunity for only a hasty bite at Wood Creek, and the canoe ride in the fresh morning air had made me ravenously hungry. While Schroepel and I were devouring what the sergeant provided, an orderly appeared and handed Schroepel a letter.

"You are to bear this to Lieutenant Bird as soon as possible," he said, and then, addressing me, "The colonel desires you to remain, Mr. Aubrey."

I would much have preferred to accompany Schroepel, for I had not been greatly pleased with the reception given me by St. Leger. There was, however, no other way but to accede to his wishes with the best grace I could summon. I saw my companion depart, and presently witnessed the embarkation of a large number of Indians under Brant's command.

It was ten o'clock before I again had word with St. Leger. I was talking with Colonel Claus when he observed me.

"Ah! Aubrey," he said, "I wondered where you were. We shall all be moving within an hour. If you had been on hand last night I should have let you try your skill at your new duties. Come with me, and you shall see the proclamation Lieutenant Hamilton has drawn up under my direction."

I followed him to his tent, which two soldiers were engaged in taking down.

"This," he said, taking a paper from a leather case, "will, I flatter myself, bring the garrison at Fort Stanwix to terms."

I ran my eye down the long, closely written sheet in which the uprising of the colonies was characterized as an "unnatural rebellion," and those engaged in it were accused of "persecution and torture unprecedented in the inquisitions of the Romish Church." It was St. Leger's intention, so the manifesto stated, to "hold forth security, not depredation, to the country." In case, however, "the frenzy of hostility" remained, it was his declared purpose to execute "the vengeance of the state against the wilful outcasts."

Though his manner toward me was now kindly, my estimate of the man was vastly lessened after reading the pompous proclamation. The statement that he intended to "hold forth security, not depredation, to the country," with Brant and his savage horde as allies, struck me as being a sublime travesty on fact.

Could I, at St. Leger's dictation, pen such a document? I doubted my patience and composure were I put to so trying a test.

"I fear I shall prove but a poor substitute for your present secretary," I said. "I could never, save with your assistance, produce so telling a manifesto as this."

"My assistance you shall have," he replied, evidently pleased at the implied compliment to his powers of expression.

I was honored with a place in the *bateau* with St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, and Colonel Claus. The baronet rarely addressed me, yet there was nothing in his treatment of me, nor had there been since my father's death, to indicate that he cherished any resentment toward me, or that he deemed me an object of suspicion. I knew the nature of the man too well, however, to be lulled by his unruffled exterior into a feeling of false security.

We reached the mouth of Wood Creek by the middle of the afternoon. Lieutenant Bird and his troop, together with the Indians under Brant, had gone on ahead to invest the fort that evening. It was decided that the main force should hasten forward as soon as practicable, so that a grand display might be made before the fortifications the next morning. Wood Creek had been rendered impassable. The channel must be cleared and a temporary road cut for transporting the artillery, but it seemed best to delay these operations until after the army was permanently encamped.

Wearisome indeed was that night's march. Stumbling over roots and into bog holes, tripping in the tough wire-grass, footsore, lame, we at last threw ourselves down wherever the ground was firm, near the Wood Creek extremity of the carrying-place.

Every one was glad to be stirring at dawn. There was no grumbling at the cold breakfast, so excited were all over the prospect of encompassing the enemy. It was a perfect Sabbath morning, cloudless and cool. Did it seem to any one, I wondered, that it was God's work we were bent upon?

As early as practicable the line of march was formed. The regulars donned for the occasion their bright new uniforms, which had not been taken from the packs since they left Buck Island. Five Indian columns constituted the advance, then came a detachment of the "Greens," then the main body of the army, with Indians on both flanks, and finally the rear-guard, which was made up of the "Greens" and the Rangers.

The command "Forward!" was passed along the line. The flags were unfurled, the bugles sounded, the drums struck up, and amid wild shouts from the Indians we moved toward the fort, following the route of the carrying-place.

I had been given an officer's coat for the occasion, and assigned a position in the ranks beside Lieutenant Hamilton, who appeared to resent my presence. He treated me with the superior, supercilious air adopted by some army men toward civilians. It occurred to me that possibly he might be disturbed because St. Leger had made me his secretary, so I remarked that the position was not one of my own seeking, and that it was not my wish to supplant any one. I received so rude a reply that I regretted my effort to be friendly, and thereafter was wholly silent.

As we emerged into the cleared space on the west of the fort we saw that the whole garrison had assembled on the ramparts to view our approach.

"A brave set they look!" cried Lieutenant Hamilton with a sneer, and indeed the air of the Continentals did appear to be that of stupefaction and wonder. I learned later that they were merely intent upon counting our numbers.

An emissary bearing a flag of truce and a copy of St. Leger's proclamation was at once dispatched to the fort. No reply whatever being vouchsafed, active preparations for a siege were immediately begun. St. Leger selected the Wood Creek extremity of the carrying-place as his supply station. This was guarded by a company of the King's Regiment. On a ridge to the northeast of the fort the commander established his own headquarters, and, near by, men were ordered to throw up earthworks so that everything should be in readiness to mount the guns as soon as they should arrive. Sir John Johnson and his command encamped close to the boat-landing on the Mohawk. The Indians were stationed at intervals in the woods, thus making the investment complete.

During the day St. Leger employed me to carry several messages, and I became familiar with the ground around the fort. The first shades of twilight had fallen, and I was lying on the brow of the slope where our camp was pitched, gazing at the fortification not far distant and wishing I were within its walls, when I heard footsteps behind me. Glancing back, I saw St. Leger close at hand.

"Aubrey," he said, "I want you to go to Sir John's camp and tell the baronet to post some of the savages beyond the river. A reinforcement with provisions arrived last evening just before Lieutenant Bird reached the scene, and I desire to take every precaution to prevent further aid from entering the fort. He may have issued orders to the Indians already, but I want to make sure."

Bidding me hasten, the colonel turned and left me. Here was the very opportunity I had longed for, and my heart beat fast at the thought. As I lay looking at the fort it had occurred to me that could I steal from camp unobserved and descend the slope I might possibly cross the low, marshy ground intervening, under cover of the reeds and elders and swamp-rose bushes, get within hailing distance of the sally-port, make myself known as a friend, and thus gain the shelter and safety I desired. There was danger, in the dim light, of being mistaken for a lurking Indian, and being fired at by one of the sentinels, but this risk I was willing to run.

Now that I had a commission from the commander I rose without hesitation, slipped down the declivity, and entered the tangle below. The route I was taking was the most direct one to the baronet's camp, though by no means the easiest. Commonly a detour was made to the west of the fort, an open path on high ground.

A small stream which had its source in some springs to the east of our camp ran close to the base of the ridge. Crossing this I followed its general trend, since before emptying into the river it passed within a few rods of the sally-port. I picked my way without much difficulty over the uneven ground, for the weather had been dry and only the deepest bog holes contained water. Coming at length to an opening in the thicket, I was forced to crawl on hands and knees to gain another cover where I might proceed in a crouching posture. I was now within range of the fort, and, in spite of the uncertain light, thought it wise to exercise the greatest caution. I was congratulating myself on the progress I was making, when, on putting back a thick screen of swamp-laurel, I found myself face to face with an Indian who was squatting upon his haunches in a grassy plot perhaps twelve feet in circumference where no shrubs were growing. He had evidently crept into his present place of concealment in the hope of getting a shot at one of the fort sentries.

I recognized the savage the moment I put my eyes on him. There was no mistaking that malicious mouth. It was the very Indian whom Schroepel and I had left bound in the wilderness. It was not at all strange ~~I~~ had not encountered him before, as he was but one of the thousand who were with the army. It was most strange and most unfortunate, however, that I should encounter him now.

He did not know me at once, for the shadow cast by the branches about my face added to the fast-thickening twilight shades. But as he continued to gaze at me a look of recognition passed over his ugly countenance. He put aside the rifle which lay across his knees, and drew his scalping knife. A swift chill went over me, for I was unarmed. It had not occurred to me that I should have occasion to use my pistols, and gun or sword would, I knew, be only an encumbrance.

There was no doubt that the savage meant mischief. The treatment he had received at the hands of Schroepel and myself had been anything but tender, and I was sufficiently well acquainted with Indian nature to realize that revenge would be his first thought.

Still holding back the branches, and keeping my eyes upon the Indian, I dropped upon one knee and ran the fingers of my disengaged hand, the right, over the ground. They came in contact (and I have always maintained that it was providential) with a gnarled root, at which I gave a quick tug. The earth was soft, and the root, a fragment of some long-dead tree, hardened through continuous contact with the water, was dislodged by my sudden effort. The savage saw my movement, but could not solve the meaning of it. I believe, however, that he fancied I was drawing a weapon, for he cast his knife at me so swiftly that I had barely time to duck my head. The knife was intended for my throat, but only damaged my hat and cut a furrow in my scalp just below my crown.

Maddened by the sting of pain, I did not wait for a renewal of the attack, but met my enemy half way as he was coming upon me with his tomahawk. My blow was a true one, and as deadly as it was true. The knotted root, almost as heavy and hard as a stone, struck the savage upon the forehead between the eyes, and crushed his skull as though it had been an egg-shell. Backward he fell in a heap, his weapon flying to one side, one dull moan of agony escaping his lips.

Unthinkingly I staggered to my feet, my head and shoulders in full view above the bushes. I was not observed for an instant, then "crack" rang a musket, and the bullet sang by me with waspish viciousness. As I dropped to the ground several others cut the twigs about me, and I crept away from the spot toward the river with all haste, satisfied that any further effort to gain entrance to the fort that night would be futile.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BARONET SHOWS HIS HAND.

Hatless, and smeared with blood from the wound on my head, I finally reached the baronet's camp just as dusk was deepening into night. A sorry spectacle I must have been when I presented myself to Sir John and Colonel Claus, who were reclining before a small camp-fire which had been built to drive away the swarming gnats.

"Whom have we here?" cried the baronet in a peremptory tone.

I explained my errand and the cause of my plight in as few words as possible, stating in regard to my encounter with the Indian no more than the fact that I had been attacked by a savage.

"The redskin must have taken you for one of the enemy," said the colonel.

"The fellow doubtless belonged to the band I stationed beyond the river," commented the baronet, indicating that he had forestalled St. Leger's wish.

As I was withdrawing Sir John called after me:

"Perhaps we would better provide you with an escort, Mr. Aubrey, you seem to be so easily mistaken for a rebel."

"Thank you," I said stiffly, "I think I have proven that I can protect myself."

Still without a covering for my head, I strode swiftly away into the darkness. I fancied I heard Colonel Claus say something in remonstrance to Sir John, and cast a look back to see if the two had moved. The baronet had risen, and was apparently giving orders to a soldier who was facing him. I could not distinguish the man's face, but I saw that it was not the colonel.

As I drew nearer the fort, my path leading me in that direction, there burst from the woods on all sides a wild chorus of whoops and yells. I will not deny that I was much startled, and it was with far from a feeling of perfect security that I continued on my way. The noise ceased almost as suddenly as it had broken forth, only to ring out again a moment or two later. Pausing to listen to the second outburst, I fancied I caught the sound of footfalls behind me, and crouched down in a little hollow to see if my suspicions were correct. Presently a soldier came slinking along, and halted not ten yards distant, peering about him into the darkness. I crept toward him, and was within a dozen feet of him before he saw me.

"Give my compliments to Sir John Johnson," I said, "and assure him that his solicitude for my safety is quite unnecessary."

The man stammered some foolish excuse, and I left him standing there abashed and chagrined.

Preparations for the siege progressed briskly the following day. The battery on the ridge was ready for the guns, and Sir John had thrown up a redoubt near the river. The Indians posted themselves in every conceivable place of concealment within rifle shot of the fort, and succeeded in picking off several men who were at work strengthening the ramparts. Night came, and still there was no opportunity for carrying out my cherished plan of escape.

On the morning of the 5th a part of the guns arrived, and were put in place. A few ineffective shells were fired, and then St. Leger decided to wait until the whole battery was in working order. I had been entirely unoccupied that morning, as I had been a greater part of the day previous, and sat down to dinner with the younger officers of St. Leger's and the King's Regiment, to whose mess I had been assigned, moody and uncommunicative. I began to think I was destined to be a hanger-on in the besieger's camp for an indefinite period, since it was clear that, contrary to St. Leger's expectation, the siege was likely to draw itself out for weeks. Indeed I much doubted, as I had from the first, if it ever proved successful. The garrison certainly seemed bent on resisting to the last, and it was impossible to see how St. Leger could force the Continentals to capitulate.

Most of the officers whose mess I shared treated me with consideration, if not courtesy. Lieutenant Hamilton was the only one whose manner was unfriendly, and his studied rudeness both puzzled and annoyed me. As I took my place at the rough table where we were served, I saw from the expression of his face that he was more than usually sour-tempered, and for the first time, owing doubtless to my own disquieted mood, I found myself resenting his attitude toward me. Hitherto I had simply ignored it.

The conversation, whether by intention or chance I know not, turned upon the Tories and the assistance they had already rendered, and were likely to render, the king's cause.

Most of the officers, citing Sir John Johnson, Colonel Claus, and Colonel Butler as examples, were generous in praise of the zeal of these leaders and their followers.

"Granted!" cried Lieutenant Hamilton. "We have with us a zealous body of allies, but what I maintain is that these men are loyal exceptions. The main body of so-called Tories in the colonies are cowards."

"Folly! Hamilton, you don't know what you are saying!" exclaimed Lieutenant Hare. "Look at the New Yorkers!"

"They'd all turn coats quickly enough if our troops weren't in possession of the city," asserted the other. "Then take the interior of the country—this Mohawk Valley for example, where we are to march presently. Why don't these brave gentlemen there bestir themselves?"

"They need a Sir John to lead them, I suppose," some one suggested.

"Yes, and very careful they are not to make a move while the leader is still a few miles distant," sneered the lieutenant. "The fact of the matter is," he continued, looking straight at me, "I have yet to meet a civilian who would fight unless he were driven to it. Your ordinary citizen has nothing in his veins but milk and water."

The insult was so unexpected and so fully unprovoked that I was too astonished to attempt a reply. Two or three of the officers glanced at me a little curiously, but I am sure it did not occur to them that Lieutenant Hamilton had any intention of deliberately affronting me. There was an awkward silence of a few seconds, then the lieutenant went on mockingly:

"Why, the sight of gun or sword is enough to turn the swarthiest civilian as pale as the commander's new secretary yonder."

If my face had worn a noticeable pallor (a thing natural with me when perturbed or down-spirited) it certainly changed hue, and that swiftly, at these words.

"Perhaps the common citizen does love peace and dread war," I said, "but he at least knows how to be a gentleman, something that one officer in his Majesty's service has forgotten, if, indeed, he ever had any conception of a gentleman's qualities."

That the man had any purpose in provoking me to a quarrel did not enter my head, or I had made a violent effort to restrain myself, and had not spoken as I did. Several officers started to their feet as though to interpose between us. Lieutenant Hamilton, however, much to my astonishment, took my retort coolly enough.

"I'll prick your skin for that, my simple secretary," he said.

"I'm quite willing that you should try," I replied, and just then Lieutenant Bird walked in upon us.

He was the only one of those present who had evinced for me any real friendliness, so I naturally turned to him.

"A little difference of opinion to settle, Bird, that's all," called Lieutenant Hamilton to him with a laugh, as I asked him to be my second.

He drew me aside, and listened with knitted brow to my account of what had happened.

"Hamilton's a quarrelsome fellow," he said, when I had finished, "but I don't understand this. He certainly can't have been drinking at this hour of the day. Have you ever done anything to provoke his enmity?"

"Nothing, unless it be that he is angry because I am acting as St. Leger's secretary."

"Ah! that may be it, though I remember he used to swear that he hated the part of a scribe—work, I have heard him say, fit only for a common clerk."

"However that may be," I answered, "this meeting cannot be avoided."

"Not if he will apologize?"

"He'll not do that."

"Certainly it isn't like him."

"But, my dear fellow," cried Bird suddenly, an unpleasant thought coming into his mind, "Hamilton's a skilful swordsman, and you——"

He stopped and looked at me in doubt.

"Are a novice, were you going to say?"

He nodded.

"It can't be helped," I said, not choosing to tell him I was by no means ignorant of sword-play.

Lieutenant Hare in behalf of Hamilton now approached, and after a few moments' consultation with Lieutenant Bird (an apology, as my second had surmised, being out of the question) it was arranged that the meeting should take place in half an hour in a little clearing in the woodland to the rear of the camp.

Though I had no fear as to the outcome of the encounter, being fully confident of my ability to give a good account of myself (my father had long ago told me I was a very apt pupil), I retired to my tent and penned a few lines to Margaret, in case the worst by any chance should happen. This missive, with brief instructions in regard to its delivery should aught serious befall me, I gave into the hands of Lieutenant Bird as we repaired together to the place of meeting.

It chanced that none of those engaged in the affair, either principals or seconds, were on duty before three o'clock, so there seemed to be small likelihood of an interruption.

The spot selected for the encounter was well shaded, and there was little choice of position. Lieutenant Hamilton and I saluted each other formally, and then our blades crossed. As my grip tightened on the hilt of the good weapon with which my second had supplied me, and I heard the ring of the steel, my mind went back to the time when, in the little garden adjoining our old home in New York, I had first faced my father, and listened to and profited by his instruction. Many were the bouts we had had there in my youthful days; and later, at the settlement, when my father no longer felt equal to the exercise, David and I (for David had once been a trooper in a German cavalry regiment) had frequently tried conclusions, with my father standing by as umpire and critic.

It had been several months since I had had sword in hand, yet my wrist was no less supple than of old, and my arm, owing to much tugging at oars, a shade harder than it was wont to be.

To give my antagonist the impression that my knowledge of the use of the sword was slight, I followed the clumsier German play used by David, and I saw a smile of scorn and triumph flicker about the lieutenant's lips as I, with apparent difficulty, parried one of his vicious thrusts, for he lost no time in making a vigorous attack. I have no doubt that both onlookers expected to see me spitted after a few passes, and the lieutenant, judging from his manner, was quite as confident as they.

My opponent was a good swordsman, and he was tricky. I discovered this fact very shortly, and the prick he promised to give me I certainly got, though it was but a scratch upon the left arm. He now pressed me closely, evidently intending to end the contest then and there; but I did not for once lose my coolness, and as I parried some of his most dexterous thrusts I saw the expression of his face begin to change. He was no longer the confident bully. He was surprised, nay, I think amazed.

It had been my intention from the first, if fortune were with me in the fight, to let him feel the point of my sword somewhere not in a vital part, and then disarm him. I knew the last would be a crowning humiliation, and as for killing him, such a thought had never entered my head, though I am sure he had, on his side, no such compunction.

With a suddenness that confused my antagonist, I changed my tactics, and had him presently quite at my mercy, for a sort of nervous fear mixed with wonder had taken possession of him. One moment the point of my weapon bit deep into the fleshy part of his left shoulder, and the next his sword was flying through the air, while a terrible oath fell from his lips.

Then, while the little clearing yet resounded with the clash of our weapons, St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, and half a dozen others burst upon the scene. So intent had our seconds been upon the combat that they had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and we, the combatants, would not have been aware of it had ten thousand men been marching down upon us.

"What did I tell you, colonel?" cried Sir John with a wave of his hand toward where Lieutenant Hamilton and I were standing.

I saw by his expression that St. Leger was violently angry, and it came to me now in a flash that I had been the victim of a plot deliberately laid by the baronet to ruin me. Whichever way the duel turned out I would be disgraced in St. Leger's eyes. Lieutenant Hamilton, jealous of my preferment, had been a willing tool.

"Mr. Aubrey," said St. Leger sternly, "you may consider yourself under arrest."

"What is the charge against me?" I demanded.

"You stand here facing one of my officers, with your sword in hand, and ask such a question?" thundered the commander.

"I was not the cause of the quarrel. Question any of those present when it took place if you do not believe me," I said.

Lieutenant Bird was about to speak when Sir John Johnson signed to him to be silent.

"The young man has a smooth tongue," said the baronet to St. Leger.

"And he has a sharp sword," I cried, quite beyond myself with passion, "that could teach you a lesson as it has your protégé, Sir John Johnson."

"Silence!" shouted St. Leger. "Another word and you shall be court-marshaled."

This brought me to my senses. I gave up my sword, and submitted to be led away to the camp, where I was assigned to a small tent not in use, and a guard stationed at the door. Here I spent the afternoon, with no companion save my own thoughts.

(*To be continued.*)

LOST—A THOUGHT.

BY G. M. HOWARD.

I HAD a thought—a thing so slight
It vanished ere I grasped it quite.
Whence hath it gone? Ah, welladay!
Can learned doctors tell me, pray?
Or whence it came? That too as well
I would that wisest sage might tell.

As lightning parts the cloud in twain,
And heralds thus the coming rain,
So with my thought; both swift and bright,
It promised much—now lost to sight!
I've searched to-day and yesterday;
It still eludes, is still astray.

I wonder if some greater mind
This truant thought may one day find!
May quickly seize and hold and use
That which to me elusive proves;
To me a tantalizing hint,
To him, perhaps, a golden mint.

Perchance 'tis this that draws the line
Where large souls o'er the lesser shine.
The master mind hath power to see
These flashes from Infinity;
Aye, more than that—to also free
The mighty truth, concealed from me.

And yet, withal, 'twas but a thought—
A thing you'd almost count for nought.
Yet thoughts ere this have conquered kings!
Have given steam and lightning wings!
Have sped the arrow speech, to smite
To death the wrong—to guard the right.

But as I thus my loss proclaim,
Back to that silence whence it came
Hath fled this vexing, ghostlike thing,
Where mystic shadows veiling cling;
Nor seer nor sage can tell me when
I'll find that wandering thought again.

KING GEORGE I. OF GREECE.

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM E. WATERS.

OF WELLS COLLEGE.

THOUGH the little kingdom of the Greeks covers not many more square miles of surface than the state of West Virginia, and is the smallest among the petty states of Southeastern Europe, it fills at this moment a very conspicuous place in the eyes of the entire civilized world. For at least the last five years there has not been what may be called a true cessation of all kinds of hostilities between Turks and Greeks on the island of Crete; while Armenians have been harried and butchered in another part of the Turkish Empire, here in Crete the flames of war smoldering since 1868 have now broken out with greater virulence, as though to show the sultan that Armenian outrage means Greek resentment—resentment not only born of sympathy with these other hapless victims of Turkish cruelty, but meant as a warning that the spirit of 1821 and of 1884 has not died out of the Greek heart.

King George I. was born December 24, 1845, and is now in his fifty-second year. His father is the same Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, present king of Denmark, who is father of Princess Alexandra, wife of the Prince of Wales, and is father of the dowager Empress of Russia (mother of the present czar). King George is therefore uncle of the present czar, his sister's son. Previous to his acceptance of the kingship over the Greeks he was named Prince Wilhelm. He was elected "King of the Hellenes" by the National Assembly at Athens, March 18 (which is the 30th in our calendar), 1863. Being at that time under age he accepted the crown through his father, June 4, 1863. The National Assembly, however, promptly declared him of age, June 27, and he landed in Greece in November of the same year.

The queen of the Greeks is Olga, whom King George married October 27, 1867. She is the daughter of Grand-duke Constantine of Russia, who was a brother of that grandfather of the reigning czar who lost his life in consequence of an explosion of dynamite in 1881. Both the king and the queen of the Greeks are therefore nearly enough related to the Czar of Russia to make them objects of his care and interest.

Six children have blessed the marriage of King George and Queen Olga. The eldest is Prince Constantinos, Duke of Sparta, who is heir-apparent, and was born August 2, 1868. October 28, 1889, he was married to Princess Sophia of Prussia, sister to the reigning Emperor of Germany. It is alleged that the ill humor with which the emperor viewed the possible surrender of Crete to Greece has been in large part due to the willingness of his sister, Princess Sophia, to renounce her Lutheran faith and accept the sacraments of the Greek Catholic Church, the national church of Greece and of course of her husband. Whether this explains the ill humor of Emperor William or not, it throws a side light upon the extreme conservatism of the Greek Church, which would have been very loth to contemplate the certainty of having in the near future a queen of the Lutheran faith. The second son of King Georgios I. is Prince Georgios, who was born June 24, 1869. It is he who is so popular throughout Europe and is the particularly dear friend of the czar, his own first cousin, whose life Prince George saved during the travels of the czar in Japan a few years ago, on the occasion of a furious assault made upon the august person of the czar by a demented Japanese policeman.

The married life of the royal pair has been a most happy one in all particulars, and the breath of scandal has never been heard in their connection. Though they are of different faiths or religions, since the king has availed himself of the courtesy of his people in adhering to the religion in which he was educated, in their home life they are of one purpose and heart. The king is, himself, a man of interesting personal appearance, of full, manly stature, and of the strictly Scandinavian type of complexion. His bearing marks more than anything else the dignified and finely bred gentleman; he is not oblivious to the fact that he is a king, and yet he is not so pervaded with a consciousness of it as to offend that strong sense of democratic equality as characteristic of the modern Greek as it was of our people in the days of Jacksonian democracy.

Over the entrance to the railway station in Athens where one takes the train for the Piræus is a motto that shows well how democratic is the genius of the Greek. Translated it reads: "Long live the people; long live the king." The people comes first, the king next. It is in a large degree just this spirit of equality which accounts for the fact that almost all of the newspapers of Athens are in opposition to the administration, whoever the prime-minister may be. The king, however, thoroughly understands and appreciates this spirit. It is fortunate that he came from a small kingdom and a constitutional monarchy. It was the failure of the Bavarian king Otho, the predecessor of King George, to understand it that made him an impossibility and caused his banishment from Greece.

The writer recalls that on his way to Greece in 1892 he was obliged to spend a week in quarantine off Corfu, and that one day he saw a fine vessel come into the harbor. It was the vessel which bore King George on his return from his summer visit to his father and mother in Denmark. He had gone to Europe; for Greece looks upon a visit to any other part of Europe as a trip abroad as truly as we do when we cross the Atlantic. The king remained in quarantine like ourselves, in submission to the laws and regulations of the nation regarding such matters, and as he was to go around southern Greece he did not arrive in Athens until after we did. To any one familiar with the Greeks of to-day there is apparent a marked restlessness under authority; they yearn for democratic manners and institutions. There is for this reason every necessity that royalty should exercise the greatest tact in every display of its functions; therefore even the proper submission to the regulations just alluded to is no small matter.

It is equally necessary to exercise the utmost simplicity both in social and domestic life. When their children were small the King and Queen of Greece went out walking with them, it is said, as any citizens might have walked out with their children. The king loved to walk about the streets alone, speaking in a free and friendly manner to those whom he met. It used to please a certain lady in Athens of the writer's acquaintance, and please her very profoundly, that when he met her the king always asked about her "little lame boy, Demetrius." It may be of no particular value to narrate such things; yet they are suggestive.

The queen's kindly spirit is shown in her work for the poor and her sympathy with them. She is the patroness of the Evangelismos hospital in Athens (not very far from the American School) which she and her daughters visit in person, taking flowers and books and reading to the sick people. Then she is also one of the patronesses and promoters of the Ergasterion, which is a sort of exchange for the work—the needlework and embroidery—of women. Here, too, young women are taught fine sewing, and provided with a dinner of soup and bread for one or two *lepta*.

The family life of the reigning household both at Athens and at Deceleia is said to be exceptionally happy. A story is told, well illustrating the extent to which democratic feeling has taken hold even of the king's sons, to the effect that as the children were playing together one day they got to talking about what they were to do when they grew up, and the crown prince said to his brother, "Oh, George, you be king when you are grown up; I don't want to." Neither did Prince George want to be king, and both decided that it was a disagreeable fate. Now one has been at the head of the Greek fleet, and the other has been sent in command of the land forces to Larissa. I recall well that one day when I was walking along the Odos Amalias, or Amelia Street, with my wife we saw the crown prince and crown princess also out promenading on the street; and what a tall, fine-looking fellow he was!—blond, and very large, erect, and in uniform.

The queen and the children belong to the Greek Catholic Church, and go to the Metropolitan, which is the name of the Greek cathedral. King George, on the other hand, can very often be seen at the English church; for, as has been said, he is not a member of the Greek Church. He is in fact extremely tolerant in his own attitude toward all religions and all nationalities. There is no doubt that he has sought by every possible means to understand the people over whom he reigns, and to adapt himself to them. The success with which he has done this is shown certainly in the fact that he has controlled—and controlled with popularity too—a people as fickle as the Greeks of Pericles' day and restive under authority. The empty promises which Turkey has made to institute reforms in Cretan affairs have roused the resentful spirit of Panhellenism. This has been a fortunate blow struck at that national spirit of fickleness. For the moment Greece experiences a sense of broad patriotism, which was the despair of Demosthenes. Throughout the little kingdom the feeling pervading the best minds seems to be one of regret over the pettiness and the folly of party jealousy and contention, and a glad welcoming of this broader public spirit that appreciates affairs of national honor and importance.

Several of the better newspapers of Athens are cited as having expressed themselves to this effect during this present imbroglio. One may be sure that the king did not take his decisive step in sending a fleet to Crete without realizing and counting upon the fact that he had a national Hellenic state of mind to give him generous backing. He is quoted as saying, at the time when he despatched his first troops to the Thessalian frontier, that he had two, and only two, choices before him: either to take this step, since the Greek temper forced it upon him, or to abdicate his crown, since the same Greek temper was sure to force him to that step if he did not take the other. In one of his statements made about the middle of last month to the powers in justification of his procedure he says that he had made every effort to call the favorable attention of Europe to the situation in Crete, but with the exception of the mixed *gendarmerie* and the so-called reforms nothing had resulted. And then he adds, what I think are highly significant words: "My patience became exhausted, and I decided to annex the island of Crete, which, soul and body, is Greek. This decision will provoke, perhaps, the powers to adopt coercive measures against me; but the whole of Hellenism is with me. I have ordered my army not to abandon the island under any circumstances. Crete will be administratively organized as soon as possible."

A word in conclusion as to the Cretan situation. That the crisis has been created by the insincerity of the Porte in its reform movements in Crete is plain enough. Still this might have led simply to a quarrel between the Porte and its Cretan subjects, were not the Greeks and the rest of Christian Europe, with memories of Armenia, in sympathy with the insurgents in Crete. To the modern Greek this island seems part of the organic whole of his fatherland; and as he would fight for Hellas to-day with the spirit of his forefathers at Marathon or at Salamis, so is he ready to fight for the emancipation of his Cretan brethren, if need be. The Greeks have not forgotten their own successful efforts for independence from Turkey; they are mindful of the shocking Cretan revolt of 1866 and 1868; and these memories have decided them in rendering a helping hand.

It is however a matter of the greatest difficulty to say what the effective outcome of this outburst will be; perhaps intermingled with all the purer elements of this patriotism there may be some chauvinism that is bent more on a "scientific frontier" to the Greek Kingdom than on liberating oppressed fellow Christians; or there may be some rank jingoism that shouts for war but might be the first to faint before the smell of burnt powder. There is not much of Anglo-Saxon stamina in Hellenic excitement. Still there is absolutely no doubt that the Greeks would fight valiantly for the annexation of Crete and all the blessings to the Cretans that would follow in the train of such a desirable act. But if Greece would fight the Turk in Crete, she must not be blind to the fact that the Turk will fight her upon the Thessalian frontier; and there is no enlightened individual who does not know that that might mean the total obliteration of European Greece. For as a plain matter of fact the little kingdom cannot stand up before a number of engagements with the armies of Turkey; besides the Turk is a patriot himself also, and he is terrible when it comes to demonstrating his proposition that there is "no Christian so good as a dead Christian."

I have been among the number of those who have been angered by the action of the powers in handling this new problem. It seems to me, however, to be a wise act to order the Greek soldiers at once out of Crete, whatever the ultimate fate of the island may be; for that is the only means by which the Turk may be brought to calm down and Greece be saved from an invasion. The cabinets of England and Russia will recognize this truth, however antagonistic to each other they may at heart be. King George recognizes it also. He was wise in the hour of Hellenic passion in not letting it outrun his own zeal; he knew it would cost him his crown to attempt to stem it; he knew too that it would in the end be stemmed, and that by the united action of the powers. He passed through an experience similar to this some ten years ago, when Greek enthusiasm suffered itself to be blockaded within its nation's harbor, the Piræus, and could not get out upon the warpath. Furthermore, Greece could not maintain a royal establishment if she offended the powers by her stubbornness in Crete; for, though it may not be widely known, England, Russia, and France each contribute annually five thousand pounds for the support of the royal establishment in Athens.

This combined action of the powers is in reality a kind of arbitration between nations for the sake of the peace of Europe. We have lately been very much exercised over the possibilities of a definite system of arbitration between our country and England for similar beneficent ends. Why call either ourselves or the powers of Europe cowards if peaceful methods are being sought out for the solution of inflammatory questions? Arbitration between the tricky Slav and the mercantile Anglo-Saxon is admittedly of rare difficulty. How terrible the bloody struggle between them might be! Neither seeks war; great thanks therefore if this little soreness between Greece and Turkey can be reduced at once, to the advantage of the greater peace and security of all Europe.

THE WAYFARERS.

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

WITH steps that would be constant
We strive, as on we fare,
To make our toiling worship,
To make our resting prayer;

Reluctant at hard places
To wince with tightened lips—
Who knows what rocky Patmos
Holds our apocalypse?

THE STORM CENTER OF EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

THE "Sick Man" of Europe has been a chronic invalid for more than a century. At times his illness has become acute, as during the Greek revolt of 1821, the Crimean War of 1853–55, the Turko-Russian War of 1877–78, and at the present crisis, when the war clouds seem to gather more darkly about the storm center of Europe.

ABDUL HAMID II.
Sultan of Turkey.

The present decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire can give no idea of its strength in the fiery zeal of its youth, or of the apprehensions which it caused throughout the West. For two hundred years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the great Hungarian plain, between the Vienna and Belgrade; and Germany became in the sixteenth century, as Spain had been in the eighth, the bulwark of Christendom. A new crusade was waged by the Christian powers, not to wrest the Holy Sepulcher from the power of the Turks, but to prevent the subversion of the Christian faith in its very strongholds. The corsair fleets of the Turks swept the Mediterranean, and the terrible Janissaries were the scourge of Central Europe.

It is strange that the power which was long the standing menace of the other nations of Europe should now exist only by the sufferance or jealousy of those very nations. Yet feeble and decrepit as is Turkey, no country excites such regard.

THE HIPPODROME, WITH OBELISK, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The interest thickens around the "Sick Man's" couch. He holds the key of empire in his trembling grasp. Into whose hands shall it pass when it falls from his? This is the question of the day—the Gordian knot, whose intricacy, insoluble by any diplomatic skill, may possibly yield only to the keen edge of the sword.

The receding tide of Ottoman oppression has left of a once great Turkish Empire but a meager territory under its control. Nearly the whole of Hungary and even the capital of Austria were in its power early in the sixteenth century (1529). Only at the close of the seventeenth century did Hungary become independent (1699). The Crimea, Odessa, Moldavia, Besarabia, Transylvania, and Greece successively threw off the Ottoman yoke. The last great shrinkage of the Turkish Empire resulted from the Russo-Turkish War, when Roumania, Bosnia, Servia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and eastern Roumelia, through a baptism of blood, won a dear-bought liberty in 1878.

The utter collapse of the Ottoman power when it last measured swords with Russia was a surprise to many. But its causes are not far to seek. The civil and military administration were completely honeycombed and worm-eaten by corruption and fraud. The revenue wrung by extortion from the horny hands of peasants and the loans raised in the bourses of Paris and London were lavished on seraglio palaces and barbaric pomps. The ruling classes were enervated and debased by polygamous sensuality. With empty exchequer, repudiated debt, and bankrupt credit, small wonder that the rotten structure at length collapsed. The Turks fought with valor, it is true, and clung to Plevna as a bulldog clings to a bone. But even a stag will fight when turned to bay, and why should not the stern fatalist, who believes death by the sword to be the gate to paradise?

Even the valor of the Turks is more savage than that of any nation in Europe, or indeed in the world. After a battle hideous bashi-bazouks, like human hyenas, prowled over the plain, butchering the wounded and robbing the dead. Even their own wounded the Turks deliberately neglected. Provision for their succor there was almost none. A dead soldier costs nothing, a wounded one costs much, and so they were deliberately left to die.

TURKISH FAMILY CARRIAGE.

As in the case of the Byzantine Empire which they destroyed, the cup of the Ottomans' iniquity is full. Their rule in the fairest realms of nature has been a blasting and a curse. Misgovernment and oppression and ignorance prevail. Once populous cities, abounding in luxury and wealth, are heaps of ruins. Great rivers once the highways of commerce now roll through a scene of desolation. The tinkling bells of the armed and wandering caravan alone disturb the solitude of the cradle-lands of empire. In Asia Minor and Armenia, under Ottoman rule, a blight seems to rest upon the fairest lands on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia has departed; the candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled upon the land. The beautiful myths of Homer and the sublime Gospel of Christ are alike forgotten, and the Turkish mosque has superseded both pagan fane and Christian temple.

In Europe, Turkey has never been anything but an armed camp. By their terrible Janissaries, and their successors, the Circassians, the Turks have terrorized over a fourfold Christian population. Their polygamy and fatalistic creed prevent their assimilating to the civilization of Europe. The sooner they leave it, "bag and baggage," the better for the downtrodden Christian races who so long have groaned beneath their oppression.

Should the existing concert of the great powers fail to preserve peace, those classic shores which from the times of the Argonauts and the Trojan War have echoed the world's debate will again be shaken by a struggle of Titans, surpassing aught that Xerxes or Alexander, Belisarius or Chosroes, Moslem or crusader ever witnessed. Constantinople at present is in a state of fearful disorganization. It has at all times a polyglot population of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Levantines of many kinds. Quite recently the turbulent Kurds have been flocking to the capital to dispose of their ill-gotten gains or to spend them in profligate pleasures. These furnish tinder for a most disastrous explosion.

The Turkish Empire is infected with an ineradicable taint—that of barbaric and ruthless cruelty. From the days of Mohammed its government has been one of terror—the stern rule of the sword. "The Turk is simply an aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of civilization which he destroyed."

FOUNTAIN OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Abdul-Hamid, the present sultan, is neither very much better nor very much worse than his predecessors. Brought up in the seclusion and sensualities of the seraglio, his early years were spent in riotous excesses. The then reigning sultan, Abdul-Aziz, lavished on harem favorites and costly palaces the resources of the empire and brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy.

The oriental profusion of barbaric pearl and gold of the bankrupt sultan, as narrated by Lady Brassey, who had a special *entrée* to the palace, was amazing. He lavished upon the empress of the French over £100,000 in presents; but when the beautiful Eugenie deigned to kiss the cheek of his slave-born mother (to whom his father took a fancy as she was carrying wood to a bath) the withered old crone was scandalized at the insult, retired to bed, was bled profusely, fasted, and took several Turkish baths to remove the pollution of contact with the infidel giaour. The palace where the empress lodged was shut up, and part of it demolished, to avert the "evil eye" consequent on her visit and subsequent misfortunes.

The mere caprice of the insane tyrant—for insane he certainly was—must be indulged at whatever cost. His little son, who was nominally admiral of the navy, was found crying one day because he could not see from his nursery his flag hoisted on his own particular ironclad. So at a cost of £100,000 the staging of a new bridge across the Bosporus was demolished, and the whole city put to inconvenience for months, that the huge sea-kraken might be shown as a toy to a whimpering child. The sultan was treated with the most abject servility by his viziers, who dared not stand erect in his presence, but bent almost double; and

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

all others addressed him but in monosyllables, and with their foreheads almost touching the floor. The bearer of bad news ran the risk of beheading; so the despot knew little of what was going on in his empire, and had not even heard of the famine in Asia Minor. His favorite amusement was slicing the heads off turkeys, kept for that purpose — as a substitute for Turks, presumably.

TURKISH WOMEN OF RANK.

One mania was a dread of fire. He had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous palace built in which not a particle of wood was employed—even the flat candlesticks had to be surrounded by a saucer of water. He had two of the sultanas bowstrung for transgressing his rule, and he beat and trampled on an officer's wife for the same offense. One night he escaped from the palace in his nightgown, and was with difficulty brought back. He lived in continual fear of poison, but still ate, eleven times a day, an enormous meal selected from ninety-four dishes, always prepared for his choice. He made a common soldier a colonel because he gave him some goslings which he fancied; and gave a foremast sailor command of an ironclad because he had a pretty cat which had the good fortune to amuse his High Mightiness. He had eight hundred horses and seven hundred women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery a favorite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny six hundred women of the imperial harem were bowstrung and sunk in sacks in the Bosporus by this monster — more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. He took a fancy to the yacht *Sunbeam*, and its owner feared that he would have to sell it, or slip his cables by night, or imperil the neck of some unfortunate minister by refusing to part with it. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace the world was well relieved of an intolerable incubus.

Murad, his successor, went mad, and Abdul-Hamid was called to the rocking throne in 1876. The responsibilities of power seem to have converted him from an idle profligate to a hard-working sovereign, the most conspicuous embodiment in Europe of despotic rule.

The saying of Louis XIV., "L'état c'est moi," a mere hyperbole in his case, is a sober verity in that of the sultan. The minute details of government are passed under his notice. The appointment or discharge of petty officers, the hearing of petitions, the righting of wrongs, or more frequently the leaving of them unrighted, are all his personal care. For the monstrous abuses of his long reign he should be held personally responsible, except in so far as it is physically impossible for any man to administer such a demoralized empire of forty million people.

A recent writer thus describes the physical appearance of the "Shadow of God on Earth," as he is modestly designated:

STREET CAKE-VENDER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

> The sultan is the most wretched, pinched-up little sovereign I ever saw. A most unhappy looking man, of dark complexion, with a look of absolute terror in his large eastern eyes. People say he is nervous, and no wonder, considering the fate of his predecessor. All I can say is that his eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror. So emaciated and unnatural is his appearance that were he a European we should pronounce him in a swift decline. How all the fabled state of the oriental potentate palls before such a lesson in royal misery! The poorest beggar in his realm is happier than he.

It is through the jealousies of the great powers rather than through the statesmanship of its sultan that the empire has not long since gone to pieces. The barbaric profusion of wealth in the palace contrasts strongly with the poverty of the nation and starvation of the army. During much of his reign Turkish soldiers were housed like cattle, clothed like paupers, fed like convicts, and paid—well, not paid at all for months at a time.

The stolid fatalism of the Turk is perhaps a substitute for courage. When the passes of the Balkans were forced and the Russian troops swept up to the very gates of Stamboul, the sultan refused to take flight to Brousa on the Asiatic shore; and when the conquering Russians demanded the surrender of his fleet he declared that he would see it blown up with himself on board the flagship before he would surrender. But little good his costly fleet of ironclads has done himself or the empire. It has literally rusted into ruin for lack of repairs. At the opening of the Kiel Canal, when all the navies of Europe were represented, only one Turkish ironclad was able to venture so far.

There is intense jealousy between the different races and creeds which make up the very mixed population of Constantinople. The Jews, Greeks, Italians, and Maltese surpass in keenness, not to say cunning, the more stolid Turk. The Armenians are said to surpass all these in business push and enterprise. To their credit be it said that the Turks are generally true to the precepts of Islam in abjuring drink, while the Galata suburb is full of drinking and gambling saloons and worse.

PIGEON MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Certainly there is ample need for guardships in the Bosporus, for in the jealousies of race and creed slumber volcanic elements of one of the most tremendous convulsions of modern times. The country seems not yet ripe for representative institutions; assuredly the Turks, Kurds, and Armenians would have very lively debates.

STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

On a steamboat on the Bosporus I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Turkish gentleman, a physician, who gave an account of the attempt to establish constitutional government in Constantinople. A parliament was convened at the very time that the treaty of Constantinople was signed. It consisted of two houses—an appointed senate and an elected lower house. When the cannon was fired at the opening of this parliament the Turkish commissioner, who at the time was negotiating the treaty with the great powers, said: "There, gentlemen, is the beginning of constitutional government in Turkey." But the parliament soon began to ask inconvenient questions, and to use the expressive language of my Turkish friend, who felt the force of good strong English slang, "they were incontinently fired out and never allowed in again."

GENOESE TOWER, GALATA.

The sultan, we are told, lives in constant dread of assassination and subsists chiefly on hard-boiled eggs, into which he conceives it is impossible to introduce poison. Spies swarm everywhere. Even the victorious Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, he placed under arrest on a groundless suspicion. His sworn advisers he cannot trust, hence the frequent and sudden changes of ministry. The press censorship is the most rigid in Europe, or in the world. Even the plays of Shakespeare, the Bible, the standard histories, and the current newspapers are mutilated or excluded by the jealous and childish censors. Yet the sultan or his advisers possess enough of shrewd cunning to play off the jealousies of the powers one against the other.

The Sublime Porte should be sternly held to account for the atrocious massacres of Armenia. It is the settled policy of Turkey to crush, if she cannot exterminate, her Christian population. The massacres of Crete, of Scio, of Mount Lebanon and Damascus, of Bulgaria, and the exceeding bitter cry of Armenia are all demonstrations of this diabolical policy. It is not war, it is murder—most foul, reckless, and ruthless murder.

The condition of Armenia appeals with strongest claim for the sympathy and succor of the civilized world. One of the oldest countries of the world, it has had a most tragic history. In the fourth century the golden-mouthed Chrysostom writes of the religious persecution of the Armenian Christians by the savage Kurds of that day in language that will apply with equal force to the atrocities perpetrated in the same land on the Armenians of to-day:

> Like ferocious beasts the Kurds fell upon the unhappy inhabitants of Armenia and devoured them. Hundreds of men, women, and children have been massacred; others have been frozen to death. The towns and villages are desolated; everywhere you see blood; everywhere you hear the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, and the sobs and tears of the vanquished.

A TYPICAL TURK.

At one time Armenia numbered at least twenty-five millions of people, but now not more than five millions remain in their native land, and unless God in his providence interferes these are threatened with absolute extermination.

To the United States of America, almost exclusively, the Christian missions in the

VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM SERASKIER TOWER.

Turkish Empire owe their origin and success. Robert College at Constantinople, founded by an American merchant and manned by American professors, has done more to mold the rising nationalities of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia than any other influence. In conjunction with the American college at Beyrout, in Syria, it is furnishing the men of light and leading, the future statesmen, editors, physicians, preachers, and teachers of the Christian communities of Asia Minor and of Southeastern Europe. The American missions throughout these lands of the Orient exert a more potent influence than all the fleets and armies of the great powers of Europe.

But now a new turn is given to Turkish affairs and public attention is diverted from Armenia by the revolt of the Christians in Crete and the movement of King George of Greece to bring them aid. This island, wearied by Turkey's delay in instituting promised reforms and in installing the Christian governor agreed upon, determined to gain its rights by force of arms. The uprising naturally appealed to the sympathies of the Greeks since Crete geographically belongs to Greece and three fourths of the Cretans are Greek by race, language, and religion.

What the effect of King George's *coup d'état* will be it is impossible to foretell. If, as it is rumored, he has Russia's secret support he has little to fear from the intervention of the powers. In case of war between Turkey and Greece, while Turkey on land would have the advantage of vastly superior numbers she might have to reckon with uprisings throughout all her European provinces, and the weakness of her fleet is conceded. However the matter is adjusted no settlement can reasonably hope to be final which does not provide for the ultimate annexation of the island by Greece.

SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

MINING-CAMPS OF THE WEST.

BY SAM DAVIS.

THE mining era of that section of country which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean was born in the middle of the century, and its history up to the present time is a library of romance into which the writers of later years will delve for generations to come. Wipe out the mining record of those never-to-be-forgotten years and there would be little left of the West, and it may be added with equal truthfulness that the American Union could not boast of its present progress and prosperity.

The few years preceding the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, in California, in 1847 were years of poverty and forced economy to the people of the United States. The men who toiled in the fields and workshops received but small compensation for their labor, and the women of the middle class seldom got beyond the homespun.

The rush of fortune-seekers to the Pacific slope marked an epoch in the history of the country, and the succeeding twenty years, during which the mining-camps of the West poured their hundreds of millions of gold into circulation, witnessed an improvement in business in which all shared alike.

The subsequent discovery of the great Comstock Lode, the largest silver-bearing vein in the world, resulted in the addition of more than six hundred millions to the wealth of the country, and the bullion dug from the side of Mount Davidson saved the credit of the government in the darkest hour of the Civil War and stayed the advancing tide of rebellion which threatened to engulf the Union.

San Francisco will go down to history as the first great mining-camp of the West. Although no gold was ever dug there it grew up almost in a day to be the chief city of the golden state. It was the haven of rest for the Argonauts who had breasted the tempests that beat about the Horn and the swarm of adventurers who had crossed the sea from Australia, and the hardy pioneers who had fought their way through the Indians of the plains dreamed only of ending their journey amid the welcoming tents and shake-roofed cabins of San Francisco. This was in 1849.

For some years previous San Francisco had been known to seamen as the best harbor existing between the bleak shores of Alaska and the rocky coast of Patagonia. For many generations the Jesuit fathers had established their missions along the coast and were holding the cross of their faith up to the native Indians and the Mexican and Spanish population which had straggled into the country from Mexico and the isthmus. In this land of eternal sunshine, where every breath of air was an encouragement to somnolence, these people led a half dreamy existence. The discovery of gold at Sutter's mill touched the land with the wand of greed and speculation, and with a rush came in a restless horde of money-seekers from every corner of the civilized world.

In 1849 the rush was at its height; the population of San Francisco increased at the rate of thousands per week, and the most fabulous prices ruled for everything. Houses built of the flimsiest material commanded rentals equal to those of stone structures on Broadway, New York. Men who had goods lying upon the wharves paid as high as a hundred dollars per dray-load to move them to their places of business. Artisans of all kinds named their own figures for wages. Potatoes were a dollar each at restaurants, and at that price given only to special customers. Mining-camps sprang up everywhere throughout the state, but principally along the Sacramento, Feather, and Yuba Rivers, and in the vicinity of Placerville, Oroville, Marysville, and Yuba City. These were the principal centers of supply, where the gold-seekers brought in their gold-dust and got their provisions. There were thousands of minor camps scattered along the river bars and clustering ravines. These little hamlets went by such names as "Poker Flat," "Ripsnort," "Shirt-tail Cañon," "Dead Man's Gulch," "Jackass Hill," etc.

The wealth found by these hunters must have turned some of them nearly crazy. Think of men who had toiled on the stubborn soil of New England farms for six dollars a month picking up a hundred dollars a day in golden nuggets in the gulches of the mountains! It is on record that a miner lifted up one panful of dirt from the Feather River that netted him six hundred and eighty dollars. Two men spent a week building riffles and sluice-boxes near Bidwell's Bar, and having finished everything to their satisfaction put in one day shoveling gravel and then rolled up in their blankets for a good night's sleep. At midnight one of them awoke and could not resist the desire to inspect the riffles. As he held the lantern over them the sight made him catch his breath, and a few moments later he roused his partner with, "Wake up, Bill, the riffles are choked with gold!" The night had but half waned, yet the gold had filled the riffles and was escaping.

Six men who had been scouring the mountains for gold came into a ravine at sundown, and tethering their mules went to sleep upon the ground. In the morning they found they had been resting upon beds of gold, and spent the day in loading their pack mules with the auriferous accumulation of centuries. These are but samples of cases of what was called in those days "fool's luck"; and while some men were stumbling upon fortunes by the merest accident others after a year's unremitting search for the precious metal were as poor as when they began. Every ounce of the golden dust, whether it came by toil or was acquired by good luck, ultimately found its way into the swirl whose vortex was San Francisco, with its gambling hells, theaters, dance halls, liquor saloons, and palaces of iniquity. It was no uncommon thing for a miner to gamble away ten thousand dollars in one week, at the end of which time he would shoulder his pick, remarking, "There's plenty more in the hills."

In the actual mining-camps honesty was universally regarded as the best policy. The miners never thought of locking doors, and property rights were respected. Occasionally a thief found his way into the camp, but his discovery meant a lynching bee or a lot of avenging lead shot into his body. In San Francisco the case was different: a cosmopolitan assortment of roughs, thieves, murderers, and adventurers gathered from every clime, the very cream, or scum—call it as you will—of the world's law-breakers. The frequency of murder and ballot-stuffing finally aroused the law-abiding element, and the formation of a vigilance committee, headed by William T. Coleman, brought order out of chaos by hanging the offender publicly in the plaza. The criminal element which had snapped its fingers at the courts of justice cowed like a beaten hound before the vigilance committee. This was in the days of wooden buildings and canvas tents, with occasionally a more pretentious business house. Since then the wealth dug from the streams and gulches of California and the mining-camps of Nevada has transformed the early Mecca of the gold-hunter into a city of palaces.

Every brick and every stone in those barbaric palaces came originally from the wealth earned a generation or two back in the mining-camps of California.

On the western slope of Mount Davidson, in Storey County, Nevada, one sees to-day the decaying town of Virginia City, a place which at one time was the greatest silver-mining camp in the United States. Since 1860 this immense silver fissure has produced over six hundred millions. The romance of California gold-mining needed a sequel, and that sequel began to be written when the Grosh brothers of Philadelphia discovered that there was silver in the croppings of Mount Davidson.

As early as 1864 miners from Placerville, California, were working their way up the cañon and finding a little gold here and there, but their finds were not sufficiently large to excite much interest in the diggings. In 1857 E. Allen Grosh and Hosea B. Grosh, sons of Rev. A. B. Grosh, a Unitarian clergyman of Philadelphia, were working on what is now known as the Comstock. They were men of some scientific attainments, being chemists, assayers, and metallurgists. They were the first to discover that the black sulphurets discarded by the gold-miners were rich in silver. McCloud, a young man they had taken with them, was awakened one night by whisperings in the cabin. He watched them while they supposed he was asleep and saw them examining the contents of a long glass. From his description they were evidently completing the first silver assay ever made upon the Comstock. What a subject this scene would make for the painter's brush!—the interior of a miner's cabin at night; the faces of the two men lit by the ruddy glow of the cupel furnace, their eager gaze fixed upon the bottom of the glass where the silver was clouding the acid solution.

On the result of that assay the future of thousands hung. Out of that glass sprang the fortunes of the millionaires of Nevada, along with four United States senators, together with a landslide of misery and bankruptcy carrying the luckless votaries of mammon to the foot of the hill. Out of that little glass came a giant more powerful and relentless than the awful shape that sprang from the jar in the Arabian story, and this giant still lives to make or mar the destinies of coming generations.

The men who made the assay are both dead. The grave of one is in Nevada and that of the other in California, and neither they nor their descendants ever realized a dollar from their discovery. They staked off claims and prepared to go to Philadelphia to interest capital in their venture; meanwhile Hosea ran a pick into his foot and died of lockjaw on the 2d of September. The spot where he was buried was marked by a few boulders, but on June 27, 1865, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, who was *en route* to California overland, participated in the erection of a marble slab over the grave and delivered an oration. About two hundred people took part in the ceremonies. On November 1 Allen, the remaining brother, took young McCloud and started across the mountains for Mud Springs by the way of Georgetown. They crossed the mountains by way of Lake Tahoe, then called Lake Bigler, and after being in a succession of heavy snow-storms finally reached Last Chance, in Placer County, where Grosh died from the effects of the privations he had suffered and McCloud was obliged to have his feet amputated. In the spring Henry Comstock, a roustabout who was left to take care of their cabin, learning of the death of Allen Grosh, jumped all his mining claims and started business on his own hook. He soon acquired a habit of appropriating everything in sight, in the way of mining locations, and thus the ledge came to be named after him.

Soon after this the rush began from all parts of the coast, and the yield of pay dirt increased from five dollars a day to twenty dollars per man. Shanties, log huts, and canvas tents were the beginning of Gold Hill, where the Belcher, Crown Point, Imperial, and Yellow Jacket are now situated. The first quartz mill erected in Gold Hill netted one thousand dollars a day to the owner. Virginia City soon sprang into existence a little way to the north, and the sinking of shafts on the croppings of the ledge began. The early miners supposed that the croppings pitched to the west into Mount Davidson, but afterward found that the ledge bent under and pitched to the east. The ledge had originally lain parallel with the east slope of the mountain, but a convulsion of nature which had resulted in a slide had turned the croppings up from their original position. When the first shafts sunk on the croppings were abandoned and deeper ones sunk lower down the hill the great ore deposits in Mexican, Ophir, California, Con Virginia, Belcher, Gould and Curry, Hale and Norcross, and Savage were discovered.

It was William Ralston, president of the

Bank of California, who first estimated the possibilities of the Comstock. He sent William Sharon to Virginia City, after the town was well under way, to establish an agency of the Bank of California. Having great confidence in Sharon's abilities he gave him *carte blanche* and unlimited backing. Sharon was a born gambler and speculator and was possessed of a nerve that never quailed. He lent vast sums of money to mining enterprises upon the mere prospect of a chance development in the mine. After the first small ore bodies were encountered the workings went into barren ground, and the miners exhausted their original profits in sinking through formations which yielded no returns. It was then that Sharon threw the bank's money into the breach, taking shares in the locations as security. It is said that he had lent eleven million dollars in this manner when Ralston sent for him to return to San Francisco.

Being taken to task by Ralston for making reckless use of the bank's money he coolly informed his superior that it would take millions more to carry out his plans for the development of the Comstock. After the interview he returned to Virginia City with millions more at his command to invest as his judgment dictated. In a few months the tide of fortune turned. The shafts went into rich ore, and as strike after strike was reported the price of Comstock shares bounded upward, and a mad whirl of speculation followed such as will probably never again be witnessed in the United States.

From that time on San Francisco became the Monte Carlo of the coast and the Comstock the roulette wheel around whose whirl millions were lost and won. Sharon was by common acclaim crowned King of the Comstock, and with the mines of Virginia City and the stock market of Pine Street, San Francisco, beneath his control his power over the finances of the Pacific coast was absolute. With the diamond drill which could be run hundreds of feet ahead of the drifts he knew months ahead of any one else when a bonanza would be reached. The diamond drill, intended by its inventor to aid the miner in his explorations, became the curse of the industry, and in the hands of the unscrupulous speculator it was the key which opened the treasure vaults of the Comstock. By its use millions were taken from the public and dumped into the coffers of the bank ring.

Ophir was Sharon's favorite mine to be worked for speculative purposes and its fluctuations sometimes ranged from one hundred to three hundred dollars a week per share. Whether it rose or fell Sharon always reaped its harvest. After the ore bodies in Ophir, Crown Point, Norcross, Belcher, and Savage gave signs of exhaustion there was a lull in business on the big ledge, and the Comstock threatened to become a deserted mining-camp. The output of ore dwindled to such an extent that many people abandoned houses, which could only be sold for firewood, and a pall of desolation hung over the city; but during this time the most remarkable miner of them all was burrowing like a mole from the Gould and Curry, and running a long tunnel through the Best and Belcher to the great bonanza which in 1875 set the world agog.

The stock of Con Virginia and California had been kicking around in old trunks, at one time being as low as fifteen cents a share. The mole who had burrowed into the great ore body was James G. Fair, superintendent of the Gould and Curry. He took Flood and O'Brien and Mackay into his confidence and they furnished the money to buy up stock and secure control of the mine. The news of the discovery, when made public, was followed by a speculative frenzy in San Francisco. Bonanza stocks went to over six hundred dollars a share, and for years paid two hundred dollars dividends per month. Out of a single shaft eight feet square for years was hoisted enough ore to pay over a million dollars dividends monthly.

Flood had frequently indulged in the threat that he would make Sharon "pack his blankets over the Geiger grade," and Sharon hearing of this remark retorted by saying he would "make Flood go back to selling bit whiskey over a bar."

It did not take long for the millions of the

Bonanza firm to virtually dethrone Sharon and drive him from the Comstock. Their next move was to wreck the Bank of California, and the Bank of Nevada reigned in its stead. On the 26th of August, 1875, the Bank of California, which the day before was reckoned as the soundest financial institution of the coast, closed its doors—liabilities fourteen million dollars, assets seven million dollars. The credit of the whole coast reeled under the blow which was dealt it that day. Flood gained access to the bank with a gallon of whiskey and some glasses to start a bar on the bank counter, saying that he would fulfil Sharon's predictions by returning to his old calling, but Mackay dragged him away by main force and thwarted his design. Mackay alone survives of this quartet of millionaires whose fortunes sprang from the Virginia mining-camp. He was always an honored and respected man, and fortune did not change his simple habits and sterling traits of character.

Fair was the Mephistopheles of the firm. Soon after the bonanza was discovered Fred Smith, a mining superintendent who knew of its existence, was charged by Fair with betraying the secret. Soon after he was beaten with brass knuckles by a prize-fighter named Cossar and died of his injuries. Fair was charged with instigating Cossar, who before he died made a written acknowledgment that Fair had paid him to kill Smith. Twenty years after Smith's son, having collected a mass of evidence relative to his father's death, placed it in the hands of San Francisco attorneys, who prepared to bring suit against Fair for the killing of Smith, fixing the damages at a quarter of a million. On the day that the complaint was drawn up and ready to file Fair died.

On January 2, 1875, the Comstock Lode was selling for a valuation of one hundred million dollars. On January 2, 1897, it was selling at less than two million dollars; a year hence it may touch the one hundred million dollar mark again. Things equally strange have happened on the Comstock.

The mining-camp now known as Leadville was called Gold Gulch in 1858, and was, like Virginia City, originally a gold placer claim. The placers having been nearly worked out the place went into decay and was on the eve of being abandoned, when one day a Cornish miner named Richards found some heavy material in his sluice-boxes which he recognized as carbonate of lead. Other miners had found the same substance and had thrown it aside with many imprecations, because it hampered the operations of gold saving. Gold Gulch was really dead when this discovery was made, so they nominally buried the town and rechristened it Leadville. The lead mines proved uncommonly rich; the output ran into the millions, and the city with its costly buildings and modern architecture soon boasted of forty thousand inhabitants. Leadville was the first, and I believe the only camp, where the mining laws of the United States have been set aside and local laws established in their place.

The rule governing mining in Leadville is known as the "vertical location." Under the United States mining law a mining location is a parallelogram fifteen hundred feet long by six hundred feet wide. This marks the apex of the vein on the surface. The end lines bound the extent of ownership in that direction, but if the vein runs under ground diagonally beyond the side lines the miner can follow his workings as far as he can trace a connected ledge. In Leadville the surface location marks the boundaries at any depth, and the workings cannot extend beyond them.

Aspen is another Colorado camp that has made a wonderful growth with its mineral output, and has become noted throughout the West.

Butte City, Montana, has become famous for its rapid development and yield of gold, silver, and copper.

Cripple Creek, Colorado, is a camp of recent growth. The original discoverer of Cripple Creek was obliged to flee the country to escape lynching. He attempted to sell some claims, and the would-be purchasers got an idea that he had "salted" them. They decided to hang him, but getting an inkling of their intentions he fled in the night. The claims he abandoned are now worth millions of dollars. The ledges of Cripple Creek are rich in gold, and the veins at the surface are small and numerous, with the direction not well defined. This is not considered a "likely" formation by miners, but the immense yield of these mines has belied the predictions of the experts.

A formation with nearly the same geological characteristics is found in the Pine Nut group in Douglas County, Nevada, where gold ore was found which assayed sixty-three thousand dollars to the ton. Ten miles beyond this was recently discovered what is known as the "Buckeye placers," which are several miles in extent and are beyond question the richest placers ever discovered on the Pacific coast.

In California hydraulic mining, where immense gravel banks are washed down by streams of water thrown against their sides by tremendous pressure, a yield of thirteen cents to the cubic yard makes the work a dividend-paying proposition. The only water obtainable at the Buckeye placers is a small lake fed by springs which is exhausted in a few days, yet last summer a run resulted in a yield of four dollars in coarse gold per cubic yard. Miners working with a pan have made twenty dollars per day, and occasionally find nuggets worth over one hundred dollars. The problem of bringing water from a long distance is under consideration by the owners, which if successfully accomplished will result in another big mining-camp springing into existence like a mushroom.

The town of De La Mar, Nevada, was almost unknown two years ago. It now has an output of over thirty thousand dollars a month, and new mills are going up.

Within the past year the mining-camp of Randsburg, at the edge of the Mohave Desert, in California, has blossomed into a town of tents and pine shanties and has a full-fledged municipal government. It is confidently predicted that the present year will see it peopled with sixty thousand inhabitants.

The mining-camps are like the stars of heaven, one star differing from another star in glory, and some blaze like the meteor in darkness and disappear forever. They are all founded on chance discovery, and the life current in their veins is the fevered throb of speculation. When the ore pinches out, the cities perish utterly, and the habitations of the money-changers become the roosting places of the bats and owls.

To the brave and rugged prospector, with his cheap outfit of mining tools, his ragged garb, his empty stomach, and his hopeful heart is due the rapid development of the West. At the tap of his pick the doors of nature's treasure vaults swing open, but their wealth is not for him. The stock sharks, the speculators, and the promoters rob him of his interest, and the snow is no sooner slinking from the slopes of the foothills than the poor fellow is wending his course into new territory, singing as he goes:

> The days of old, the days of gold,
> The days of '49.

He disappears in the rocky fastnesses of the mountains and, with no companions but his pick and frying-pan, is lost to memory.

Suddenly comes the news of another discovery, and a city rises like a pillar of flame in the wilderness. "Lucky Bill has struck it rich," gambled away his find, and pushed on. The bones of hundreds of the advance couriers of civilization blaze the path of progress in the West, or molder in forgotten graves, while in their wake are the teeming cities they have founded and the ceaseless murmur of the money-seeking multitude whose fortunes they have builded.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE HOMES THAT KNEW THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. WAIT.

NOT more than fifteen miles made Thomas Carlyle a Scotchman instead of an Englishman, for Ecclefechan, the unromantic little town of his birth, is near the border line which separates the land of Mary from the land of Elizabeth. As prosaic as the village itself, with its stucco houses all rambling along one street, is the homely, unattractive house where this genius was born. There was nothing original in the way of architecture in the mind of James Carlyle when he, with his own hands, built the house in 1790, for it is just like its fellows in every particular but one, and that is that James and Margaret Carlyle had born here a son who is known to the world as the Sage of Chelsea.

As the years went by amid these humble surroundings, Thomas, the eldest child of the family, played with his eight brothers and sisters and learned those lessons of filial affection which went with him all through life, so that even when greatness came to him he still lovingly and tenderly remembered and wrote to his mother—that good old soul whose love for her first-born was so great that she learned to write after he left home, so that they might still have heart-to-heart talks. No wonder Carlyle loved this gentle peasant mother, for it was she who fed his early ambition with encouragement, while she talked with him of one's duty to man and God as they quietly sat smoking their evening pipes—a homely picture full of pathos, a seed-time whose harvest was gathered while the mother still lived to receive from her famous son the same love and devotion which had been given her by him in boyhood.

His first long flight from the home nest was made when he went to Edinburgh. He entered the university there with the purpose of fitting himself for a clerical career in the Church of Scotland, but in the midst of his curriculum he changed his mind, theology becoming altogether distasteful to him, and directed his attention to teaching, which he in turn deserted about the year 1824, when he went to London with the firm determination of adopting literature as his profession. One of his first productions was the "Life of Schiller" in the *London Magazine*, a work which met with the highest praise. His next brain-child was his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," which was great enough to call forth the somewhat acrid criticism of De Quincey.

By the year 1827 he had raised his name from obscurity to a place on the mount of fame; and this name he now bestowed on Miss Welch, a maiden whose family numbered among its ancestors fiery John Knox, and deserted rustling, busy London, where he had had several residences, for Craigenputtoch, a place in Dumfriesshire, the property of his wife. There, in "the loneliest nook in Britain," as he once called it in a letter to Goethe, amid granite-ribbed hills and morasses in mourning weeds, his great mind roamed in the intricate labyrinth of philosophy, literature, politics, and social life, and with a purpose as rugged as his surroundings he set himself the task of giving to the world the clew, as he saw it, to all this mystery. With a superior knowledge of German he began a series of sketches and essays concerning Germany's literature and great writers—thus bringing to the English mind for the first time the knowledge of the gold-mine of learning in the Fatherland; for he firmly believed that German literature was richer in all essential points than that of England.

Seven years were spent thus, when the

Carlyles decided to move their Lares and Penates to Chelsea, near London, in a house which he describes in a letter to his wife, from which we may judge that Jeannie Carlyle trusted the selection of a new home to her husband. He writes:

> The street runs down upon the river, which I suppose you might see by stretching out your head from the front window, at a distance of fifty yards to the left. We are called Cheyne Row (pronounced Chainie Row) and are a genteel neighborhood. The street is flag-paved, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up. The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling, and has all been new painted and repaired; broadish stairs with massive balustrades (in the old style) corniced, and as thick as one's thigh; floors thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of cleanness, and still with thrice the strength of a modern floor. And then as to rooms: Goody! Three stories besides the sunk story—in every one of them three apartments—in depth something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room (marble chimney-piece, etc.), then a back dining-room or breakfast-room, a little narrower by reason of the kitchen stairs; then out of this, and narrower still (to allow a back window, you consider) a china-room or pantry, or I know not what, all shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Such is the ground area, which, of course, continues to the top, and furnishes every bedroom with a dressing-room, or second bedroom; on the whole, a most massive, roomy, sufficient old house, with places, for example, to hang, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many curious and queer old presses and shelved closets (all tight and new painted in their way) as would gratify the most covetous goody. Rent thirty-five pounds.
>
> We lie safe at a bend of the river, away from all the great roads, have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtoch, an outlook from the back windows into more leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through, and see nothing of London except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon, affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we have ever lived in—a right old strong, roomy brick house built nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down.

Looking as if it intended to fulfil his prophecy, it stands now as it stood then, only that its front is now honored with a medallion of the great man whom it housed, and a tablet which tells the pilgrim to this shrine of genius that he lived within its walls from 1834 to 1881, when he left all earthly mansions.

The front room of the fourth story, his study, is the most interesting spot in the building, for its walls witnessed the birth of his great "History of the French Revolution" and his famous "Life of Frederick the Great," a work which brought him a compliment which he considered the greatest he had ever received. In a quiet parsonage in England a young girl, the daughter of the clergyman, lay dying, consumption slowly consuming her budding life; but she daily asked her nurses to bring her Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great." Because she thought it too heavy and tiring for her, her mother entreated her to stop reading it, but the invalid begged for it "because it was so intensely interesting and absorbing" that it was a comfort to her. And thus they found her when earthly pain had ceased—the book grasped lovingly in the thin, pale hands. Her father wrote Carlyle about it, and never was the philosopher greater than when he declared, the letter still in his hands and the tears running down his furrowed cheeks, that this alone repaid him for all the labor he had expended on the book. Reticent, sad, indifferent, few knew the real Carlyle; but the roughest shells sometimes inclose the sweetest kernels.

In Carlyle's letters to his wife, as published by Froude, the closing paragraphs which softened and mitigated the severity of the first have been omitted. He usually ended these letters by asking his wife's forgiveness and by telling her that he loved her, but these portions Froude simply left out, thereby giving a wrong impression of the man's inner self. One could hardly blame Carlyle if at times he was out of patience with his wife, if credence be given to the story that her lack of reverence for greatness allowed her to utilize the purse sent for a present by Goethe to Carlyle as a receptacle for her poodle's milk tickets.

Yet, harsh as was often his treatment of her, when dying he gave signs of his love for his beautiful and brilliant wife, and requested to be moved from his own room, where the book-shelves laden with well-thumbed volumes, most of them presented by the illustrious authors themselves, circled about him, into the drawing-room, where her work-box and little trifles still bore silent witness of her presence; for he had ordered them to be left in their accustomed places after the death-angel had suddenly called her from him.

In those last hours of the great man all earthly honors, which he rated at their true worth, took their place below his boyhood affection for home and parents, and he desired to be buried not in stately Westminster, nor yet amid the goodly company including Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Motley, and a score of others who found their last long home in Kensal Green Cemetery, but in the quiet little God's acre at Ecclefechan, where Carlyle-pilgrims can to-day find the plain gray stone above his grave.

WHERE SHAWLS ARE MADE.

BY MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

FROM China round the world and from the queen down to the pauper the shawl is the symbol of woman's taste and condition. The passion for shawls among all women in every clime is remarkable. In one country it flows from the head like a veil, in others it falls from the shoulders, is knotted around the waist as a sash, or, as in Arabia, is swathed around the body like a skirt. The black eyes of the beautiful Spanish *señorita* flash out from the folds of the web-like lace shawl thrown gracefully over her head and shoulders. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with their little shoulder shawls pinned neatly at the waist, and the pauper hides her rags with the remnant of better days. Wherever and however worn, the shawl is a favorite article of apparel. In all oriental countries it is considered the most essential and graceful part of ornamental dress.

Eastern princes send shawls of enormous value to European sovereigns. Russian court women rate each other by the value and richness of their shawls as much as by their diamonds; the French bridegroom wins favor by a gift of this kind, and the present of a new shawl in a harem of Cairo or Damascus causes as much jealousy as the introduction of a new wife.

Whence come all tnese shawls? The genuine oriental cashmeres come from Asia and are manufactured from the wool of the Cashmere goat. This goat is descended from the goat of Tibet. The wool grows slowly in the warm part of the year and more vigorously as the cold season appears, as if nature made provision for the change of temperature. The colder the region the heavier the fleece. No Tibet goat has ever been sold for less than one thousand dollars, and when we take into consideration that eight ounces of wool is a large yield for a full-sized goat, and that five pounds are required to make a full-sized shawl, the prices charged are not excessive.

The wool of the goats is of a bright ocher color, yellowish white, and entirely white. In India the black goat from the highest mountains of the Himalayas is most sought after and obtains the highest price for shawls. The wool is shorn in the spring before the warm weather, when the animal naturally seeks means of ridding itself of its superfluous covering. All the long hairs are carefully picked out, washed in a warm solution of potash, afterward in cold water, and then bleached upon the grass and carded for spinning.

It is not generally known that the Tibet goat from whose wool comes the famous cashmere shawls was successfully introduced into the United States by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, South Carolina, known as "Turkey Davis" from his having been employed by the Ottoman Porte in experimenting in the growth of cotton in the sultan's domains. Dr. Davis succeeded at vast expense in securing about a dozen of the pure breed, which he exhibited in London and Paris on his way home. Since that time the goat has been introduced from South Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. One New York firm is said to have paid $8.50 for every pound of wool from these imported goats, sending it to Paisley, in Scotland.

In Europe, with their many beautiful imitations, the cashmere shawl is sought and paid for at enormous prices. Even in India it is not unusual for a rajah to pay $5,000 for one of the finest of those productions, which in all probability cost the labor of a whole family a lifetime.

Since the introduction of the Tibet goat into France the cashmere shawl has been imitated with such wonderful exactness that it is hard to detect the imitation from the original. Experts say, however, that the genuine India shawl can be detected from its having a less evenly woven web and also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said that the border of the real India cashmere shawl is invariably woven in small pieces, which are sewed together, and the whole border is afterward sewed onto the center. It is a mistake to think that the shawls are manufactured in India in the form in which they are sold here. Generally the borders and centers come out separately, and are put together in sizes and often in patterns to suit the customers.

A number of shawls sold as "real India" are actually manufactured in France. Persons familiar with both articles say that the original is softer than the imitation and that this softness arises from the way the thread is spun and partly also because the Tibet goat deteriorates when removed from its native hills.

As laces woven by hand in damp cellars bring a price five times greater than those woven by machinery, so fashion prefers the ruder work of the orientals which costs vastly more than the cleverest imitations.

In Bokhara, where the finest and most expensive camel's-hair shawls are manufactured, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. This is clipped so carefully that not a fiber is lost and it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn which is unequaled for softness. It is then dyed all manner of beautiful, bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns of such exquisite design as with all our study of art and all our schools of design we are not able to rival. These strips are then sewed together so cunningly that it is impossible to detect where they are joined.

Russia is the principal market to which these beautiful Bokharian creations are sent. From Russia they find their way all over the world, London, Paris, Vienna, and New York being the heaviest importers.

Besides these oriental shawls there are the beautiful woven shawls of Paisley, Scotland, the printed shawls of Lyons, and the filmy Llama lace creations, which, unlike the oriental works of art, are within reach of the moderate purse. Special artists with pencil and brush are engaged in making designs for these shawls.

While years and sometimes a lifetime were and are required for the manufacture of the Bokharian and Hindu shawls, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months in its design, the weaving of the most elaborate pattern occupies only a week. The cutting of the threads from the backs of the shawls, which was formerly a process requiring the combined labor of two girls an entire day for each shawl, is now done by a French machine in a minute and a half.

Few of the grand dames who boast of costly oriental shawls, rugs, and portieres know that these same articles have probably seen service before they came into their possession; that the magnificent shawls in which they wrap themselves have enveloped the women of some harem, and the rugs and portieres have draped their luxurious apartments. It is not uncommon to find a telltale darn that confirms this suspicion.

THE KRUPP FAMILY.

BY ADOLF PALM.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

ONE cannot mention the name Krupp without calling up before his auditors the mental picture of a gigantic gun whose cast-steel body is supported by hoops and from whose mouth, directed threateningly toward heaven, come shrieking its terrible missiles.

The gigantic smelting works and cast-steel factory where these guns are made, located in Essen, Germany, and to-day the foremost in the world, all are the private possession of F. A. Krupp. The name by which he is called, "King of the Cannons," was handed down to him from his father, Alfred Krupp, who during forty years in connection with his manufacture of many articles devoted to peace cherished the ideal of making his establishment produce cannons, especially breech-loading cannons, as nearly perfect as possible; *i. e.*, cannons which should cause the most fearful devastation possible.

Far be it from me to describe the technical side of the Krupp kingdom. That has been done by pen and picture too satisfactorily to need repetition. To do that I would have to begin with the very ironstone excavations and coal mining belonging to the business and proceed through the furnaces and foundries, the smelting works and steel forges, step by step to all the important mechanical stages in the preparation of the monster weapons. I would need to describe whole streets of railroad bridges, mighty conduits, and towering chimneys; I would have to touch on the cast-steel smelting, the Bessemer process, the Martin steel, and all possible new contrivances of the metallurgy of to-day, especially the cast-steel factory and the shot factory which play such an important rôle with Krupp; and finally I would have to call attention to the three wonderful laboratories where all the threads of the manufactory meet. Furnished with really fearful appliances, these laboratories are extraordinary. Not only is everything made in the establishment here tested, but here also are contrived and put to test the improvements which advancing science and experience are continually demanding.

These great smelting works and cast-steel factories represent the labor of three generations of Krupps. The first of them, Frederick Krupp, born in 1787, had a small foundry in Altenessen at the beginning of our century, and to his widow and his oldest son, Alfred (born in 1812), he bequeathed his carefully guarded secret of smelting and manufacturing steel, along with the cares and labors of an inventor. He also "willed that the insignificant little house where the family had spent so many years of poverty before success crowned their labors should be preserved in its old-time condition as long as the factory existed, as a memorial of the origin of the great establishment. The house and its history would give courage to the faint-hearted and inspire to perseverance; it would warn people to respect the humblest workers and beware of pride."

Upon the death of Alfred Krupp on July 14, 1887, his son Frederick Alfred (born February 17, 1854) found the establishment on a sure footing, but the business had grown to such dimensions that it taxed his utmost strength to keep up to his father's ideal in the quality of his work. The two wars of 1866 and 1870–71 had proved beyond a doubt the superiority of the Krupp cast-steel firearms and had created a demand in other countries for the Krupp manufactures.

He now turned his attention to providing better accommodations for his army of workmen, which now numbers more than twenty-five thousand. In this ambition he could not have found a better helper than the woman he married, Margaret Freiin von Ende, oldest daughter of the former head president of Hesse-Nassau. Perfectly comprehending her husband's dilemma, with loving unselfishness she devoted her energy to the wide-reaching humanitarian arrangements of this gigantic establishment, exercising her tact and practical sense in person wherever necessary; and now the homes of the Krupp employees are known in both hemispheres as model houses. Moreover schools and industrial schools, baths, libraries, hospitals, and old age pensions contribute their benefits to the working people's welfare. It is evident that in this age of social ferment the desired improvements could not be gained by compulsion or by gifts—that an example of management is required.

Bearing this in mind it is not necessary to ask whether Mrs. Krupp attends well to her own household. She is, in fact, an exceptionally good housekeeper and her family life is charming.

The Krupp home, called the Villa on the Hill, though only about half an hour's carriage ride from the factory, with its ear-rending foundries, in Essen, is an idyl of peace. It consists of two very large square houses connected by a winter garden. Numberless additions have been made to the building, conspicuous among which are large vegetable houses, where specially fine grapes are grown. There is also a pineapple house, a peach house, an orchid house, etc. Then follow dwellings for the married servants, stalls for about thirty horses, coach houses, etc.

From the summit of the hill one has a beautiful view of the fruitful country of the river Ruhr. The first city that greets the eye is Steele, then Werder. At the foot of the long, thickly settled hill of the villa winds the railroad. The villa has a certain coldness and sobriety of appearance, but both without and within elegant simplicity of style prevails; a poet's home, where life is happy, free, and thoughtful. The calling of the "King of the Cannons" is too serious for a frivolous style of architecture; the same seriousness distinguishes the little appointments and ornaments, the scrolls and curios, so that everywhere the rule is massive elegance.

The villa colony is surrounded by a garden, park, and wood, and there we find playthings suited to the tastes of the Krupp family. A miniature copy of the home has been built for the children's playhouse, and in it the children—there are only two, and lovely girls they are, Bertha and Barbara—can play house without making believe and there learn by actual practise how to keep a home and direct a household. The children's education is not intended to include superficialities, but it is by no means pedantic. It aims at normal physical as well as intellectual development.

Immediately on his return from the factory Mr. Krupp takes a turn in the tennis-court near the house. Equally enjoyed is the bicycle, for which the park and wood about the villa offer very beautiful paths. Two ponds in the adjoining woods furnish places for rowing, a third a place for skating.

The home of F. A. Krupp, as was that of Alfred Krupp, is noted for its hospitality. Some days there are from eight to ten guests, but the number is just as likely to be thirty or forty—men, of course, for women have little to do with cannons. The heavy steel guns seem to have started an indispensable worship that binds together all nations and causes their representatives to meet at the Krupp home. Crowned heads—every one knows how much the German emperor goes there—high officials, statesmen, congregate there, geologists, mineralogists, chemists, physicists, scientists, and specialists of all kinds, financiers, and all manner of celebrities. At Essen the company is distributed about various rooms, but those with a special mission or business to attend to find audience with the host in the library. The specially invited guests dwell in the villa on the hill; yet sometimes more room is needed and so Mr. Krupp rents a hotel in Essen the entire year in order to entertain all his guests and their suites.

As a rule several gentlemen of the directory are guests at his table. Of course one man, even the most efficient, would not be able to attend to the entire management of this establishment. For this purpose there is a board of nine directors and three confidential clerks to attend to the buying, carrying out plans, and the finances.

When one reflects how many important secrets in these cast-steel works there are to be guarded, one does not wonder that in all departments a strong system of separation is enforced. The organization works marvelously well as a whole, without one part knowing what the other part is doing. How many eyes there are employed by foreign governments and trade corporations to spy out if possible what lies behind these thick factory walls! This accounts for the repulsing inscriptions on all the doors. It is not easy to gain entrance here and for a good reason.

Thus it will be seen that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Krupp suffers from any lack of earnest, systematic work. When the lord of the household leaves his loved hearth, on a journey perhaps to the Berlin Reichstag (for he, as was his father, is a chamber councilor and a privy member of the Prussian Council of State), the cheerful company is seen no more at the villa on the hill.

When business permits and the family wishes to be by itself and free from the cares of company, it journeys to Baden-Baden and resides in the villa Meineck, which Mr. Krupp presented to his wife as a free, unrestricted possession. It is a magnificent building in rococo style, with dome-shaped roof and broad stairs on the outside, and is located at the crossing of Werder, Beutig, and Emperor William Streets. Inside it is furnished with the greatest luxury. At the left of the villa is the wood, and the family finds great enjoyment in this pleasant home.

THE ART OF STAINED GLASS.

BY PAULINE KING.

IT is one of the most remarkable facts in history that in the lapse of many centuries, which have completely swept away perhaps cities, dynasties, and civilizations, there should have been preserved frail vessels of glass that any child could break into fragments in a second.

Some years ago there was discovered in Egypt a small glass lion's head of an opaque blue color which Egyptologists affirm was made fully twenty-three centuries B. C. This and the discovery of wall pictures over two thousand years old representing glass-blowers at work, and bottles filled with wine, fully established the fact that glass was invented by the Egyptians and not by the Phenicians as was formerly popularly supposed. Glass-blowing was one of the most important industries of Alexandria and glass was as widely used for domestic purposes as porcelain and china are to-day. The Romans, indeed, prized beautiful services of glass more than those of silver and gold.

Their window glass, however, was far inferior to that used in our commonest houses, being made in thick, heavy slabs of opaque greenish color wnich could have admitted scarcely any light. The window settings were of heavy marble, as can be seen in the houses at Pompeii, so that it must have been an affair requiring much strength to open and shut a window and the room must have been nearly in darkness when it was closed.

Windows of a stained or colored glass, with the wealth of color and richness of design which has made cathedrals and churches so beautiful in their "dim religious light," may therefore be considered as distinctly a Christian art, and its evolution from medieval times to the present is one of interest to all those who care to note the gradual progress by which an art has risen, waned, almost died out, and then sprung into new life almost miraculously, which is the history of stained glass, as it is that of painting, sculpture, and the other fine arts.

That the early churches and basilicas were ornamented in this way we know from writings of the times, but all traces of the windows themselves have long since vanished. Probably they were little of an improvement upon the greenish slabs of Roman days. When the emperor Justinian rebuilt St. Sophia in the sixth century it is recorded that the windows were considered so wonderful that the fame of them spread over the whole civilized world, and the cathedral builders in other countries sent to Italy for workers in glass that their own buildings might be so decorated.

With the new birth of painting in Italy by Cimabue, stained glass was one of the arts most directly influenced. The painter then was far more the man of all artistic trades than he is to-day, and in the workshops where many pupils received their artistic training there was carried on, side by side with the great painting for the altar, designs for mosaics for the walls and cartoons for the windows.

The glass was selected under the direct supervision of the artist, instead of being left to ignorant workmen as was the case later. Each piece of glass, having been selected so that it should best represent the portion of the picture to be rendered, was then cut with a glass-cutter into the exact shape required. The faces, hands, feet, and often other parts which did not admit exactly of reproduction in colored glass were painted by hand, and from this comes the name "painted windows." The whole design being completed it was then leaded together and ready to be put in its place. This method is used at the present day, and some of the medieval tools never have been improved upon, their counterparts being still used in modern glass workshops.

From Cimabue it is possible to trace the influence which the greatest artists of each generation had upon this work. Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, each left the mark of his genius and influence, even if they did not actually design the windows for the churches for which they painted their masterpieces.

A very magnificent circular window designed by Ghiberti, the famous maker of the gates of the Baptistery, is one of the wonders of Santa Croce at Florence, that city which is so full of art treasures that the lover of beautiful things is never weary of exploring its churches and galleries.

In the cathedral too, which was begun in the fourteenth century, and was more than a hundred years in building, the windows are many of them of the very best period of Italian art, and impart the richest tones to the interior. It has been complained that the church has been darkened too much by the prevailing low tones of the glass, and that many of the pictures cannot therefore be properly seen; but after all a church is not an art museum to be filled with garish light, and those who appreciate the restful solemnity of the dim aisles would not have the windows changed in any way. It is a great mistake to suppose that this old glass was as dim and harmonious when it was put in place as it is to-day; dirt, time, and weather have dulled and faded the colors, blending them more perfectly than any artist. Their attraction is as impossible to imitate as the iridescent bloom on Egyptian jars, which is no longer deplored as a lost art but is known to be simply the results of time acting upon the smooth surface.

This old glass was much thicker and rougher than that used now; modern experimenting has evolved many improvements, and has been able to combine greater transparency, which admits more light, with the greatest depth and richness of tone.

In France, owing to the revolutions and the unfortunate desire to smash things which has swept away so many interesting monuments and relics, one is continually being disappointed, finding that what one has gone out to see has been entirely destroyed. Happily some guardian spirit has protected the St. Chapelle, that exquisite chapel built by Louis XI., which rises with such graceful elegance on the right bank of the Seine. Built at the time when it was fairly said that churches were built for the windows, not windows for the churches—so great was the craze for piercing windows in every direction—it presents almost the appearance of a glass jewel-box, so slight are the arches in which the glass is set. The sides are composed of fourteen tall windows which seem almost to stand by themselves, and the great rose window at the end is celebrated for its beauty of design.

In Notre Dame, the Abbaye of St. Denis, where the French kings were buried, and through the cathedrals in provincial towns, there are scattered remains of what once made the interiors rich with glaring colors. In the clearstory of the cathedral of Chartres, well out of the way of being destroyed, are the original windows, which are surpassingly beautiful in color. In the museum at Rouen are preserved several early examples taken from churches and buildings now destroyed, and in the cathedral there are some quaint scriptural renderings which must have looked down on Joan of Arc when she went there to pray.

All this is of the best period, but when the Renaissance had passed away and the fine arts fell into the utmost decay and decadence there was no art that suffered more severely than that of stained glass. The cheapness of designs, the crudeness of coloring, and the weakness of drawing in the windows both on the Continent and in England are scarcely believable. They were patched together by workmen; the painting which had formerly been used in decoration was now used lavishly and in the most inartistic manner, and to redeem the poorness of coloring all kinds of glazing was resorted to, which cracked and faded as such charlatan methods were sure to do.

Much of the glass used in mosaics and windows has ever since the Middle Ages been furnished by the manufactory at Murano, near Venice, where the celebrated Venetian glass is made. This industry was the crowning glory and pride of Venice; there were special laws to protect the glass-workers and in the fifteenth century the head of the establishment was not deemed unworthy of knighthood. During the degenerate period of which mention has been made this manufactory went nearly out of existence, and its ancient glory was not revived until the early part of this century, when Salviati, returning to the old methods, brought again to life the fairylike forms in vases and ornaments which are now so world-famous. The mosaic and window glass is made after the formulas preserved since the Middle Ages.

It is the greatest mistake to imagine that because things are made in Europe they are finer than anything we have at home. Much of the modern work there is vastly inferior to what is being done by American artists. One stands quite aghast at such a poor piece of churchwarden Gothic as the great new church at Rouen, with its utterly commonplace windows, and comparing it with the beautiful old cathedral deems it strange that a people could profit so little by an example close at hand. It is an undoubted fact that at present Americans are leading the world in the art of stained glass.

Our most celebrated artist in this work, Mr. John La Farge, was decorated by the French government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his exhibit at the Paris Exposition in 1889. To those who have known and studied Mr. La Farge's work the honor was no surprise. He is more than a single artist; he is a school; he is American stained glass personified; his influence is felt in all that is being done to-day and his detractors unconsciously borrow from him. Mr. La Farge has revived the superintendence of the mechanical part of the art; every bit of glass passes under his direct supervision. His experiments in colors and textures have widened the palette for the glass-workers many times. Mr. La Farge has designed windows for churches all over the country, but perhaps the most celebrated are those in Trinity Church, Boston. The opalescent and gemlike quality of coloring, the richness of the blue backgrounds, the deep yet transparent greens, the strength of drawing, make them dwell long in the mind as visions of absolute beauty.

The English artists, with Sir Edward Burne-Jones at their head, divide the honors with Americans at the present day. The Pre-Raphaelite School, whatever may be the limitations of its pictures, is especially happy in the narrower limits of glass, and has brought the art out of the degenerate condition in which it lay in early Victorian days.

Mr. Walter Crane is another celebrated English artist, of whose work we have an example in St. Peter's Church, Newark.

Among our artists whose work is well known are Frederick Crowninshield, Maitland Armstrong, Francis Lathrop, and Miss Mary Tillinghast.

The scope of stained glass is now so wide that its use can no longer be regarded as limited to churches and public buildings. Halls, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and music-rooms are all being enriched with colored windows illustrating secular subjects. This vast field of art the coming years will see filled, and, we cannot help thinking by the light of what has already been accomplished, filled most ably and artistically.

MAKING A HOME AVIARY.

BY SOPHIE ALMON HENSLEY.

IT is easy for any one to have a home aviary, where American and foreign song-birds shall vie with each other in vocal performances and add an original and profitable means of enjoyment to the household. If we cannot always go to the haunts of the birds in field and in forest we can at least bring the birds to us and have them the year round. And this can be done at so slight an expense that any enterprising boy will find it quite within his reach.

First of all prepare a home for your feathered pets. A large room will be needed, an unfinished attic of a country house, or part of the upper floor of the shed or barn or other outbuilding. In the city any loft or attic room will do. One fancier has a large studio principally given over to his birds and another has built for them an extension off the living-room of his house. But the attic room will in most cases be found the most practicable on the score of convenience and inexpensiveness.

Whatever the room, care must be taken that it is large, light, and airy. You must give your birds room to fly about, and plenty of sunlight and fresh air; the more windows the better. Then you must provide means of heating. Not a great deal of artificial warmth will be needed, but there will be winter days and nights when some of your most delicate birds might be killed by the severe cold. If the room that you have selected is high posted and with open rafters so much the better; the birds will take a great deal of pleasure in flying about, perching on the rafters, and playing hide-and-seek in and out of the dark corners. But see to it that there are no loopholes for escape or openings where the birds might crawl under the floor or roof or within the walls and never find their way back again.

Put up several long poles for perches from one side of the room to the other and plenty of brackets and cleats for the same purpose. It will pay you to get one or more trees for your aviary. It is possible to have evergreens of good size and even other small thrifty trees growing in large tubs at very little trouble or expense. Or if you do not care to do that, the discarded Christmas tree will answer the purpose and look well for a long time. But be sure and get one or more big branches of some wide-spreading tree; an oak, birch, hickory, willow, or any other will do. Set these up with the leaves on, where the limbs can have room to spread out naturally, reaching up to the ceiling or among the rafters and giving the birds a natural perch from which they will derive the greatest pleasure. Pots and boxes of growing and blossoming flowers and running vines will add to the beauty of the aviary and the comfort of its denizens.

If your room is large enough it will pay you to start a garden in one corner. Make a big box like a window-box for flowers, eight or nine feet square if you have plenty of room, or smaller if necessary. Line it with zinc or cement that it may not leak and have it deep enough so that you can put into it good layers of charcoal and small stones and a foot or more of earth on top. Plant this garden with seeds of any kind and let it grow weeds, flowers, and grass unhindered. Your birds will nip the green stuff, scratch the dirt, and dig up the worms to their hearts' content.

Your cages should be of wire, if possible. Wooden ones are less expensive, for any boy can make them out of refuse lumber, and besides he will take a great deal of enjoyment in the carpentering, however crude that may be. The only disadvantage that attaches to the wooden cages is that they require more care to clean and especially to keep free from vermin, against which you will need to wage an unceasing warfare. But whether of wire or of wood, have your cages large; it is impossible to have them too large. Place them in the branches of the trees, in the corners of the room, anywhere out of reach of a possible stray cat or dog and in the light and air. Fix them securely and permanently in position, for there is nothing like getting your birds accustomed to fixed homes to make them reconciled to captivity or perhaps even forgetful that they are captives.

Having thus provided for the little colony with which you hope to surround yourself, the next thing is to secure your tenants. In the city some kinds of birds may be bought in the bird stores. They are, however, few in number and are mostly foreign. Often big prices are asked for them and even when you have filled your aviary with them at considerable expense you will lack variety and will be more or less disappointed in not having many of our American song-birds, which in variety and sweetness of song are not surpassed by those of any other country in the world. An ideal collection of this kind would include among American birds the linnet, goldfinch, bobolink, fox sparrow, song sparrow, Baltimore oriole, indigo bird, bluebird, robin, brown thrasher, mocking-bird, catbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, hermit, russet, and wood thrushes; and among foreign birds the green and gray linnets, English blackbird, song thrush, canary, South American cardinal, skylark, Russian shore lark and Norway redwing; and even others might be added.

To secure the American birds the collector will be obliged to snare them himself; and that is really half the pleasure of the aviary. You will derive a double satisfaction from your pets in the knowledge that they are all your own, both by right of capture and training. The boy who lives in the country or in a small town will have no difficulty in thus filling his cages, and for the city boy a Saturday in the near-by suburbs will never fail to bring good results if he goes well prepared for his work and is patient and thoughtful. And in these little trips he will learn more about the habits of birds than the books could ever reveal to him.

All you will need to provide yourself with is a trap cage and a cloth and perhaps a box. Get an ordinary single or double trap cage such as can be bought in any store for seventy-five cents or a dollar. The upper part of the cage is the trap and in the lower part you must place a tame bird to attract the attention of the wild ones. As a decoy it is best to use a bird that is of the same variety as the one you are after. That is not, however, absolutely necessary, and in the case of the American goldfinch, yellow-breasted chat, or other small birds a canary will answer very well indeed. As a matter of fact you will find that any caged bird will in time draw others to itself, for all birds are inquisitive creatures.

Early spring, when the birds are mating, is the best time to trap them. Some species, however, you must look after very early. The fox sparrow, the most beautiful of our sparrows, a fine singer and a valuable addition to your aviary, is three or four weeks ahead of the other birds, and remains only a week or ten days on the way to his breeding home in Labrador. But while with us he is a busy little creature, scratching industriously among the dead leaves in the thickets and making the bare woods ring with his lively song.

Find out the haunts of the bird you want. Put the cage there, with the decoy bird in it, in a tree or on a stone wall, four feet or more from the ground. If the place chosen is far from the house it is not safe to go away and leave the trap with your decoy bird in it, as cats or hawks might get him. Better take your station quietly fifty or sixty yards off and watch your trap. If your home has a garden or a thicket near, the trap cage can be hung under a window on that side, but must be closely watched. Always set the trap lightly so that when the wild bird drops into the hopper it will immediately fall and shut him in a captive.

Different bait must be used for different species of birds. To catch seed-eating birds, first make a shallow wooden spoon out of a piece of shingle. Pour half a spoonful of molasses on this and let it spread thinly over the spoon end. Cover this with canary bird-seed. Substitute this spoon for the one that comes with the cage, notched the same way. To catch a soft-bill bird, in place of seed use meal, angleworms, grubs, crickets, or, in the autumn, poke berries.

Birdlime is often used more effectively than the trap cage. By its aid birds that will not come near a trap can be caught. It is made by boiling linseed oil until it is very sticky. When cold it is ready for use. The boiling of this oil is dangerous, as it sometimes explodes, so it is better to buy the birdlime ready for use at the bird stores.

To use birdlime, smear a small quantity on the upper sides of the twigs and branches where the birds resort and then watch the place. When the bird alights on the lime, in his struggle to escape he is likely to get badly smeared with it, unless promptly caught. To remove the lime from him use butter or kerosene; the latter is better.

If a small owl, either alive or stuffed, can be had, put him in a thicket and lime the surrounding twigs. Some bird will see him, and immediately, by a shrill cry, tell others. Soon all the birds of the neighborhood will assemble to drive him, their natural enemy, away. In this manner rare birds can often be secured.

TAHAWUS.*

BY GEORGIANNA MENDUM.

TAHAWUS has conquered the tempest;
The storm-clouds are sundered in twain,
His peak to the blue of the ether
He raises in triumph again!
As from altars secluded and secret
See the mist, like an incense, arise;
It ascends like a wraith from the woodland,
Like a bird it is lost in the skies.
O would that my spirit were like thee,
Tahawus, thou cleaver of clouds!—
That my cares could be quelled like the tempest
When thy might and thy grace it enshrouds;
That I too could emerge from the lightnings
As calm and as placid of brow,
That my thought, which aspires to the heavens,
Were majestic and lofty as thou!

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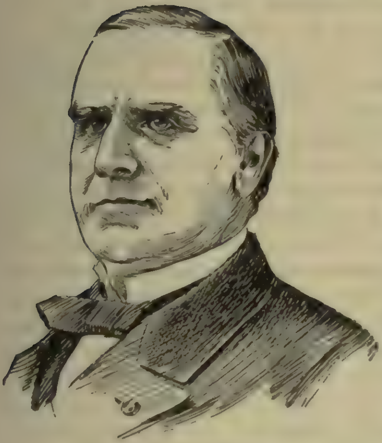
* The highest peak of the Adirondacks is called "Marcy" in the guide-books. Its real name, given it by a long-vanished tribe of Indians, is Tahawus, signifying "Cloud-splitter."

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

McKINLEY AND HOBART'S INAUGURATION.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
President of the United States.

THE induction of William McKinley, of Ohio, and Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, into the presidency and vice-presidency respectively of the United States on the afternoon of March 4 at Washington, D. C., was perhaps more faultlessly successful and imposing than any of the other twenty-six presidential inaugurations that have been celebrated under the federal Constitution. The millions of flags and elaborate decorations that metamorphosed the capital, the beautiful weather, and a vast crowd of spectators all lent their inspiration to the occasion. About noon the impressive ceremony of swearing the vice-president elect into office took place in the Senate. The installation of the new senators followed. Then the president elect was escorted by President Cleveland to the platform in the open air which had been erected in front of the Senate chamber and appropriately decorated. On the platform were Mr. McKinley's wife and mother and other relatives, Vice-President Hobart and the ex-vice-president, the justices of the Supreme Court, the senators, the members of the House of Representatives, and many other dignitaries, both men and women. Here the oath of office was administered to Mr. McKinley by Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court. An ocean of voices cheered the new president, and his address, which he delivered in a voice audible to thousands of people, was punctuated with bursts of enthusiastic applause. After expressing his reliance on the support of his countrymen and invoking the guidance of Almighty God in the performance of his new duties, he proceeded to the currency question. "Our currency," he said, "should continue under the supervision of the government. The several forms of our paper money offer, in my judgment, a constant embarrassment to the government and a safe balance in the treasury. Therefore I believe it necessary to devise a system which, without diminishing the circulating medium or offering a premium for its contraction, will present a remedy for those arrangements which, temporary in their nature, might well in the years of our prosperity have been displaced by wiser provisions. With adequate revenue secured, but not until then, we can enter upon such changes in our fiscal laws as will, while insuring safety and volume to our money, no longer impose upon the government the necessity of maintaining so large a gold reserve, with its attendant and inevitable temptations to speculations." He spoke with favor of the creation by Congress of a currency commission. Of international bimetalism he said: "It will be my constant endeavor to secure it by cooperation with the other great commercial powers of the world. Until that condition is realized, when the parity between our gold and silver money springs from and is supported by the relative value of the two metals, the value of the silver already coined, and of that which may hereafter be coined, must be kept constantly at par with gold by every resource at our command." The severest economy in all public expenditures was advocated by him, while the speedy provision for more revenue was declared imperative. "It has been our uniform practise," he announces, "to retire, not increase, our outstanding obligations, and this policy must again be resumed and vigorously enforced. Our revenues should always be large enough to meet with ease and promptness not only our current needs and the principal and interest of the public debt, but to make proper and lib-

GARRET A. HOBART.
Vice-President of the United States.

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* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the French Nation," constitutes a special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

eral provision for that most deserving body of public creditors, the soldiers and sailors and the widows and orphans who are the pensioners of the United States." He continued: "Between more loans and more revenue there ought to be but one opinion. We should have more revenue, and that without delay, hindrance, or postponement. . . . . The best way for the government to maintain its credit is to pay as it goes—not by resorting to loans, but by keeping out of debt—through an adequate income secured by a system of taxation, external or internal or both." In referring to the need for tariff legislation he asserts: "The paramount duty of Congress is to stop deficiencies by the restoration of that protective legislation which has always been the firmest prop of the treasury." He recommends that in revising the tariff especial attention shall be given "to the reenactment and extension of the reciprocity principle of the law of 1890," and declares for the preservation of public law and order and the suppression of lynching and mob-law. He opposes trusts, favors the education and uplifting of our own citizens and the exclusion of illiterate and vicious immigrants, advocates civil reform, and in regard to the merchant marine asserts: "Commendable progress has been made of late years in the upbuilding of the American Navy, but we must supplement those efforts by providing as a proper consort for it a merchant marine amply sufficient for our own carrying trade to foreign countries," adding: "It has been the policy of the United States since the foundation of the government to cultivate relations of peace and amity with all the nations of the world, and this accords with my conception of our duty now. We have cherished the policy of non-interference with the affairs of foreign governments, wisely inaugurated by Washington, keeping ourselves free from entanglement either as allies or foes, content to leave undisturbed with them the settlement of their own domestic concerns. It will be our aim to pursue a firm and dignified foreign policy, which shall be just, impartial, ever watchful of our national honor, and always insisting upon the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens everywhere. We want no wars of conquest," he continues; "we must avoid the temptation of territorial aggression. War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost any contingency. Arbitration is the true method of settlement of international as well as local or individual differences." He goes on to urge the Senate to early action on the arbitration treaty, "not merely as a matter of policy but as a duty to mankind." After announcing that he will convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, March 15, 1897, he congratulates the country upon the fraternal spirit of the people and the abandonment of its old party lines, concluding with a repetition of the oath administered to him by the chief justice.

COMMENT ON PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

Every intelligent citizen, no matter what his political predilection, will admit that the address is sound all the way through. This is exactly the kind of gospel the country needs at this time.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

With the exception of his tariff views, to which Democrats cannot assent, there is very little in Mr. McKinley's inaugural address to provoke criticism. While there is nothing in it that can be said to be remarkably brilliant, it is a clear statement of principles and policies, and will be regarded as assuring the honest intent of President McKinley to give the country as wise and prudent an administration as is possible in pursuance of his party theories.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

People and parties will differ as to some of the policies thus outlined by President McKinley, and they will necessarily be subjected to careful scrutiny and discussion before adoption. But in the main it may be said that the inaugural address inspires confidence in the probable success of the new administration.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The new era speaks in President McKinley's inaugural address words of bright hope for American industry and strong encouragement for American honor. . . . It is the inaugural address of an American. It does not echo foreign theories of economics, of money, or of international relations. Moreover, it is responsive to the people's will.

(Dem.) The Times. (Kansas City, Mo.)

McKinley is going to make the country prosperous by raising the price of clothing and tools, while wages remain the same—unless they can be forced down a little lower.

(Ind.) The Utica Press. (N. Y.)

It lacks, perhaps, the rhetorical adornment and attractive phraseology of his campaign speeches, but more than makes up for it in the comprehensive and straightforward treatment of important subjects, and the outspoken expression of his own opinions.

(Rep.) The Boston Journal. (Mass.)

One conspicuous feature of President McKinley's inaugural address is the deep religious feeling which it manifests. Another is its temperate breadth—the absence of anything suggesting partisanship.

(Ind.) The Philadelphia Times. (Pa.)

President McKinley's inaugural address is in every way a highly creditable state paper. It is entirely free from ambiguity on any of the public questions. It is plain, straightforward, and manly in giving the views of the new chief magistrate, and they will be generally accepted as in accord with the judgment of the nation as rendered at the November election.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

A magnificent oration, full of the sunshine of hope and of the promise of prosperity, and running over with that patriotic love of country which makes us all feel that it is a high privilege to be able to salute the stars and stripes as our own. No mistake has been made in elevating William McKinley to the presidency of the United States.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish people are pleased with President McKinley's address. Its silence on the subject of relations with Cuba and Spain is construed to mean that the Cleveland policy is to be continued. But the Spanish people should not chuckle too loudly. The rights of American citizens will be vigorously protected.

(Ind.) The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Comprehensive in scope and straightforward in expression, it reviewed the present condition of the country, pointing out unflinchingly the evils from which we suffer and indicating with statesmanly wisdom the measures that should be taken to remedy them. It was a masterly address, and augurs well for the prosperity of the country under the administration of our new president.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

In the main the inaugural is more pronounced in its attitude toward public questions than the public had been led to expect, and the new administration begins its work with something resembling a snap and vigor that few who had studied the political record of the new chief had hoped for. Taken as a whole, the inaugural address breathes a broad national spirit and encourages the hope that the president will rise above narrow partisanship and endeavor to faithfully represent all the people.

COMMENT ON THE OUT-GOING PRESIDENT.

(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Mr. Cleveland goes out with the respect and esteem of all loyal men, and Mr. McKinley comes in with the people's confidence and hopes, and the new holder of the office is entitled to all the good will and the same generous support which four years ago we bespoke for his predecessor.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is safe to say, however, that he will be regarded by careful students of this period as one of the most striking figures in American history.

(Dem) Detroit Free Press. (Mich.)

While the retiring president takes with him, as he leaves the high office, the hearty approval of a great many of his fellow citizens, and among them those whose opinion is entitled to great weight, it cannot be ignored that he does not stand as high in the general estimate as he did eight years ago, when he completed his first term.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Mr. Cleveland will take with him into private life an able-bodied reminder that Congress is a coordinate branch of the government. The vote of the House overriding his veto of the immigration bill was next door to unanimous.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

When Mr. Cleveland cashes his last treasury warrant he will have received four hundred thousand dollars of the people's money—a larger sum than any one federal official from the beginning of the government was ever paid. He has saved the country more than that, however, by his pension vetoes alone.

(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

Never has any administration in American annals shown less of a disposition to resent the outrage and avenge the insults that are heaped from day to day on Americans abroad than the administration whose exit to-morrow will be hailed with acclamation by the American people.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The name of Grover Cleveland must go down in history as one of the strongest and most forcible of our presidents. That in his efforts to serve the people he has seen the party which twice elected him to the presidential office shattered if not wrecked is equally beyond dispute. Herein lies the basis of the most serious allegation of failure that is brought against him. As a party president, Mr. Cleveland has not succeeded.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The second administration of Grover Cleveland will go into history as having been a period of almost immeasurable disaster to the business of the country and as having reversed the order of the preceding quarter of a century in increasing instead of reducing the public debt.

(Dem.) New York Times. (N. Y.)

He takes his place as a private citizen, respected by every enlightened and unprejudiced American, with a record of public duty performed with conscience and ability that entitles him to recollection as one of the greatest of our presidents.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

We do not believe that the outgoing administration of President Cleveland can escape all the responsibility for the unfortunate state of affairs that exists in Cuba with reference to the treatment of American citizens, and to which a great proportion of the feeling for a stronger policy is undoubtedly attributable.

KING GEORGE AGAINST TURKEY AND THE POWERS.*

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

THE smoldering troubles between the Mussulmans and Christians in Crete broke forth anew at the beginning of February. The Christians' appeal to Greece brought to Canea on February 7 the Greek squadron and on February 10 the Greek government gave notice that it would intervene in behalf of the Cretan Christians. Accordingly the torpedo fleet commanded by Prince George of Greece arrived at Canea on February 12 and on February 15 Greek forces were landed at Platanias, fourteen miles from Canea. At this time the powers took possession of Retimo, Heraklion, and Canea and on February 16 notified Greece to withdraw her forces from Crete within forty-eight hours, but Greece refused to change her course. The Christians soon dominated all parts of the island not protected by the powers. On February 24 the insurgents fired on Canea. They were answered promptly by a bombardment from the war-ships of the powers. On February 23 the powers blockaded Crete and the next day ordered the Grecians to evacuate Crete at once. Still the fighting continued with steady gains for the Christians. Lord Salisbury announced in Parliament on February 25 that Great Britain favored administrative autonomy for Crete, the island to remain a Turkish possession. The powers were not unanimous in this policy. However on March 3 they jointly warned Greece to withdraw from Crete within six days on pain of suffering from their united force. A statement made in an interview by King George expresses his intention of not deserting the Cretans.

The Commercial-Tribune. (Cincinnati, O.)

It appears that Greece holds the peace of Europe in her hands. Unless one or more of the powers want war, they will never unanimously agree upon and adopt such a policy toward her as will compel her, in self-preservation, to precipitate a general conflict.

The New York Press. (N. Y.)

They [the commanders of the united fleet in the Ægean Sea] could have had no insuperable difficulty in keeping the blind side toward disturbances of European peace by the sultan's "uncontrollable" subjects, the Kurds. The keenness of vision which they now display when a sort of rebels more virile than the Armenians turn the tables on the Turk and chase him to the water's edge is not edifying. The peace of Europe can in no way be kept forever in the Levant. If it can be kept only in this way, let it be broken!

The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

Single-handed, Greece would not have the ghost of a chance with Turkey; and hence it becomes evident that the powers may not be altogether without justification in their determination to restrain the martial ardor of the Greeks.

The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Greece has gone as far before and has been soothed by the powers with fair promises, which were ignored as soon as the object of pacification was accomplished, and it is by no means certain that the same tactics will not be successful again.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

There is naturally a growing suspicion that acquisition has been a stronger motive than protection in the intervention of the Greek government. It is in keeping with the present spirit of international covenant, written and unwritten, that acquisition must not be made by force of arms.

The Washington Times. (D. C.)

A close analysis of the dispatches would convey the impression that the powers did not intend so much to interfere with the Greek and insurgent occupation of the island, outside of the fortified ports already under the practical protection of the fleets, as to show that they would not tolerate any hostile demonstration against those particular places.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

If Greece, by discreet diplomacy, can get a Greek prince appointed Governor of Crete she will in course of time secure full possession of that island; and her best chance of getting such an appointment lies in her ready acquiescence in the demands of the powers. Lord Salisbury's proposal is clearly in the interest of Crete and of Greece, just as was his positive refusal last year to join in blockading the Cretan coast.

The Boston Herald. (Mass.)

In Crete there is the bitterest animosity between the Christian and Moslem elements of the population. If the Greek forces and the war-ships of the powers were to withdraw from Crete to-day, the warring elements in the native population would be at each other's throats to-morrow.

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* See President William E. Waters' article, "King George I. of Greece," on page 52 of this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

MRS. THEODORE W. BIRNEY.
President of the National Congress of Mothers.

DURING January 17–19 the Mothers' Congress in Washington, D. C., made that city the cynosure of those interested in the new movement for the enlightenment of mothers as to their particular needs. From its beginning the congress had identified with it such distinguished women as Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, Mrs. W. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. William L. Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Fuller, Miss Morton, and Miss Janet Richards. Delegates from every section of the country were in attendance, the audience numbering five thousand, which exceeded all expectations and necessitated the holding of overflow meetings. The program was opened by Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, president of the organization, with an address of welcome, to which Mrs. Mary L. Dickinson made response, and then the entire company was received by Mrs. Grover Cleveland at the White House. The remaining sessions were devoted to the consideration of subjects bearing on the preventive and remedial measures to be taken by mothers to secure the best moral and physical welfare of their families and themselves. Among the subjects considered were "Physical Culture in Childhood," "Mothers and Schools," "Dietetics," "Day Nurseries," "The Kindergarten," "The Value of Music in Childhood," "Playgrounds," "Some Results of Child Study," "Nature Studies in the Home," "Character Building in Youth," "Parental Reverence in Hebrew Homes," "How Shall Our Nation Secure Educated Mothers?" and "Fear, and How to Overcome it in Children."

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The National Congress of Mothers to be held in Washington in February in accordance with plans formulated by a conference of representative women in this city recently seems likely to be the starting point of one of the most important educational movements ever undertaken in this country. The enterprise is a vast one, but its mission is so beneficent and the women at the head of it are so practical and energetic that it can scarcely fail of large and wholesome results. It is one of the most humane and commendable projects thus far set in motion by the representative women of America, and its progress will be supported at every step by the sympathy and cooperation of the public.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

When the mothers of the nation become thoroughly aroused to their duties, privileges, and powers they can hardly fail to become the most vital force in the development of the commonwealth.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Oh, if all mothers were wise, dutiful, and conscientious what a splendid world they would soon make for us! Here's to the Mothers' Congress!

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The best thought of the congress has been spread broadcast throughout the country, and the delegates will probably return to their own personal circles with accounts that will stimulate action in hundreds and thousands of home centers, and thus the effects of the congress will go on without end for the ultimate good of the race.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus, O.)

Those who are most anxious for the prosperity of the nation and for the welfare of their children find their congresses in their own homes. They shun notoriety. . . . Nevertheless there is a field for a congress of mothers, and we wish it all the success in the world.

The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

Who would question the utility and propriety of a movement aiming to spread among women rational ideas on physical and moral culture? But the all-embracing name of "Mothers' Convention" suggests such impossible claims that even the most sympathetic cannot suppress a good-natured smile.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Congress of Mothers is a phase of the woman question that has nothing to do with politics, and need stir up no feeling of opposition among men who think their prerogatives are being encroached on. . . . There is no doubt that its policy and operation will be instrumental to the benefit of the rising generation.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Now that the experiment has been tried it seems strange that the holding of such a congress was delayed so long. It was a clear case of the first last. Nor was the time taken up in either discussion of or indulgence in sentimental gush. It was a thoroughly practical treatment of thoroughly practical phases of the general subject. Some of these phases were philanthropic, others scientific, but all truly practical.

INDIA'S FAMINE AND PLAGUE.

THE bubonic plague continues its ravages in India and the area affected by the famine constantly increases, being now thirteen hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide. The appearance of the plague at Candahar, Afghanistan, early in February aroused the Russian government to action and on February 10 advices from St. Petersburg announced that it had ordered the cessation of pilgrimages to Mecca through Russian territory, and had sent a guard of officers to the Russian frontiers to prevent the invasion of the plague. A conference of the powers was held in Venice on February 16 to consider measures for arresting its spread into Europe, but no concerted action was decided upon. Official reports from Bombay assert the whole number of cases in that city, since the epidemic began, to be 6,853, of which 5,447 resulted in death and the number of cases in the entire Bombay presidency to be 9,911, of which 8,006 proved fatal. On February 23 an abatement in the disease was officially announced.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

If the shocking experience of India serves to frighten the authorities of the great seaport cities all over the world into a wholesale cleaning-up policy, it will have served a purpose of supreme wisdom and usefulness.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The trouble in battling with famine in India is that there is never any surplus in the treasury of the Indian government, and that when the crops fail relief can only be looked for from outside help. This fact is at last dawning upon the English newspapers, and they are suggesting that a financial commission should be appointed to find out where the trouble lies. The truth is that the imperial government has always looked upon India as a country the resources of which should be drawn upon in any emergency, and the fruit of that policy is now apparent.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

It will be impossible for the English government to escape the responsibility for the slaughter of millions of its subjects by famine and pestilence in India. The people of that British dependency have had their taxes increased and their means of subsistence depleted to an extraordinary extent by the gold-standard policy of England, and they now find themselves, unable to cope with conditions which, under more favorable circumstances, they could easily meet.

(Socialist.) Justice. (London, England.)

If we ceased to extort so outrageous a tribute there would be no serious famine. England herself has directly caused and is now daily aggravating the famine in India.

The St. James' Gazette. (London, England.)

It is satisfactory to see that the subscription is being taken up in the colonies. This is as reasonable and just as it is creditable. Both Canada and Australia have direct relations with India. At home the subscription has already reached a figure which is large. . . . We trust it will soon surpass the figure of the last famine fund. England is richer now than it was then, and the need may well be even greater.

PRESERVING OUR NATIONAL FORESTS.

THE destruction of our national forests, against which floods and droughts alternately have made loud protest for several years, has at last received the attention of the Executive Department at Washington, D.C. On February 22 President Cleveland issued a proclamation setting aside thirteen forest reservations, located in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Washington, Idaho, and South Dakota, and aggregating 21,379,840 acres. This act was in accordance with a recommendation of the secretary of the interior and a forestry commission of the National Academy of Sciences, which had labored three months on the reservations mapping out the timber lands that should be preserved. In its session of February 28 the Senate adopted an amendment opening to settlement all the lands which had been thus set apart the previous week, but on March 2 a substitute was agreed upon in the Senate authorizing the president to change any order setting apart the forest lands so as to rectify any possible error in alignment or description.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

It is asserted that the president's orders have wronged thousands. But the very reason for issuing them was to save the country from the consequences which would come to it from the cutting off of the forests on public lands by persons who were without the shadow of a right to the timber. Squatter sovereignty has not yet been declared as good as a fee simple, and it must not prevail over all other authority in the few remaining public forests included under the government's landed property.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

We think the setting aside of the forest reserves by the president is a most wise thing. Unless the sources of our streams shall be protected we shall

have a great deal of desert country after awhile, and it will not be confined to the arid belt. We cannot judge all the places where these reserves attach, but certainly in the Rocky Mountains and the Uintah range the work is well done.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It threatens nobody's rights, but, on the contrary, is designed and adapted to defend universal interests. If the opposition proceeds from persons claiming that their privileges and welfare are attacked, it is true and pertinent to reply that they are themselves trespassers. Under existing laws entrance upon the reserves and occupation of them, as for timber-cutting and mining, are illegal. Any plea of loss must be an acknowledgment of depredation.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

What is needed is that no restraint be placed upon prospecting for valuable mineral within the limits of such a reserve, nor upon acquiring a full title to mineral land discovered. There would be no occasion to fear that thereby the whole reservation might be destroyed. The area of mineral land transferred from the government to private individuals in this way would at best be very small.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

This reservation was proclaimed by President Cleveland on the recommendation of a singularly competent committee. If it should be nullified it should only be done after an amount of deliberation on the part of Congress which is impossible in the moments just before adjournment.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S CABINET.

All of the new president's cabinet selections were confirmed without any opposition by the Senate on March 5. The list is as follows: for secretary of state, Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, who resigned his United States senatorship to enter the cabinet; secretary of the treasury, Lyman J. Gage, who gave up for his present duties the presidency of the First National Bank of Chicago, Ill.; secretary of war, Gen. Russell A. Alger, ex-governor of Michigan; attorney-general, Judge Joseph J. McKenna, of California; postmaster-general, James A. Gary, of Maryland; secretary of the navy, ex-Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; secretary of agriculture, ex-Congressman James F. Wilson, of Iowa. Mr. Sherman's term in the United States Senate will be filled out by Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, who was appointed to the vacancy by Governor Bushnell, of Ohio.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.
Secretary of State.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

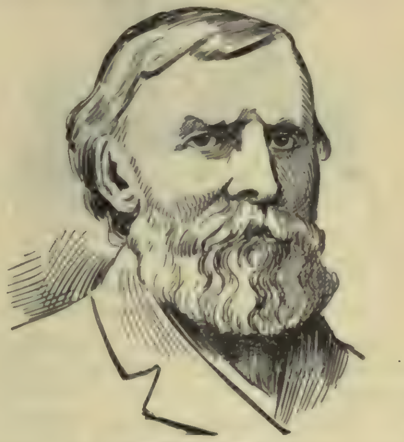
It is a cabinet for practical work, and not mere parade. It is also a cabinet of warm and sincere friends of the president, and much will be expected of it in making the new administration a success.

(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

Without saying, therefore, that Mr. McKinley's cabinet is stronger than Cleveland's, it is certainly more independent, and there are several members of it who would not hesitate to tell the president that he was wrong, if they thought so.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

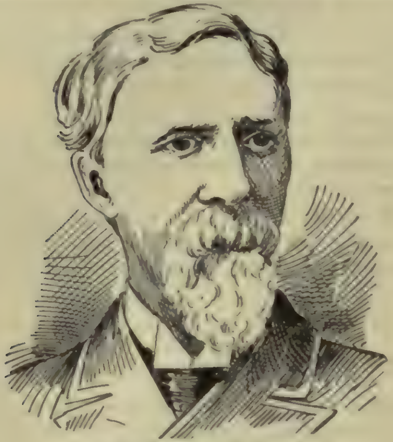
President McKinley's cabinet was approved by the Senate in executive session without any opposition whatever. The Senate is to be congratulated on its rational attitude.



LYMAN J. GAGE.
Secretary of the Treasury.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The final announcement as to Mr. McKinley's completed cabinet confirms *The Record's* opinion, expressed some months ago, that the body, taken in its entirety, would be more notable for conservatism, prudence, and ability than for brilliancy. It is not a youthful cabinet by any means, and is not likely to afford any such displays of spunk and aggression as marked Mr. Olney's course when that gentleman dwarfed the reputation of Lord Salisbury.



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.
Secretary of War.

(Rep.) The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

This is a masterpiece of cabinet-making. The president elect and the country alike are to be congratulated. In individual ability, in its representative character, geographically and otherwise, and from either a political or a business point of view it may challenge comparison with the best work of the best presidents.

JUDGE JOSEPH J. McKENNA.
Attorney-General.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

As to its general character, it can be said without fear of contradiction that while it is not open to any very positive criticism of a hostile nature it is not a strong cabinet in any sense. It is not strong individually, and it is not strong politically. If it holds together through President McKinley's term and proves a source of strength and wisdom to him in the administration of national affairs and in the making of party policy it will be a surprise to everybody.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The last cabinet list shows a juster distribution than any cabinet for a long while. . . . As a whole the cabinet is above the average for ability, and will be well received by the country. It is better than we had expected.

JAMES A. GARY.
Postmaster-General.

(Rep.) The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

Those senators and others who regret that the secretary of the interior is not a lawyer are reminded that one of the most effective occupants of that position, Zachariah Chandler, was not a lawyer. Besides, the law furnishes the secretary of the interior with first-class legal ability.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG.
Secretary of the Navy.

(Ind.) Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The cabinet is a good one. It is composed of men who cannot be twisted about the fingers of the politicians.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

The business men would appear to have it on a test vote in the new cabinet. It is a pity that they have no vote on the McKinleyizing of the tariff.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS.
Secretary of the Interior.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The cabinet could not have been better distributed geographically had it been laid out by a surveyor, taking Republican states into account. Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and California constitute a well-balanced octet.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

If any Republican deserves the place he covets after the coming 4th of March, it is Marcus Alonzo Hanna of Ohio. No office would be too high for him, on the merits either of his party services or of his masterfulness as a public man and politician. He has been particularly desirous of one of Ohio's seats in the federal Senate; and he has got it, undoubtedly to the general satisfaction. Nevertheless, we are convinced that it would be a great good fortune if the program which is to send Hanna to the Senate and Sherman to the cabinet could yet be reversed, with Hanna for the cabinet and Sherman for the Senate.

EX-CONGRESSMAN JAMES F. WILSON.
Secretary of Agriculture.

(Sil. Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Mark Hanna may have won recognition at the hands of his party, but his prominence in its counsels will not add to its good name. He represents the power of aggregated wealth, and he would sacrifice anything for the sake of promoting the interests of money combinations.

(Rep.) The Hartford Courant. (Conn.)

It will be generally agreed that Mr. Hanna has won this distinction. His services to the Republican party have been eminent and valuable, and in the Senate his counsel will be helpful to his party.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

No man could have been appointed that would have given such satisfaction to the people of the nation. His remarkable campaign in 1896 made Mr. Hanna only less conspicuous than the president elect himself.

HON. MARCUS A. HANNA.
Secretary John Sherman's Successor in the United States Senate.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

Such men as Mr. Hanna are needed in the Senate. He is a practical man who has won success by industry and by following the well-established rules of business. There is no doubt that Mr. Hanna's work in the Senate will be as valuable as any he has ever done.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The wisdom of appointing Mr. Hanna to succeed Mr. Sherman is clear to any unprejudiced mind. Mr. Hanna displayed an energy and a degree of executive ability that was inspiring to his party and bewildering to his opponents in the late presidential campaign.

GENERAL JOSEPH ORVILLE SHELBY.

GENERAL JOSEPH ORVILLE SHELBY.

One of the most conspicuous leaders in the Trans-Mississippi department of the Civil War, the Confederate general, Joseph Orville Shelby, died of pneumonia on February 13, at his home eight miles from Adrian, Mo. He was born in 1831 at Lexington, Ky., where he lived until his removal with his parents nineteen years later to a farm near Waverly, Mo. Soon afterward he went to work in a rope factory in Waverly and finally became owner of the factory. In the border warfare resulting from the Kansas dispute, as a captain he fought for slavery and at the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted with the South, raising a company of cavalry to join General Price. He was commissioned colonel of cavalry and was sent back home to recruit a regiment. Three other Missouri regiments were joined with his, forming the cavalry organization known as Shelby's Brigade, which distinguished itself for hard service in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Upon General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, which decided the defeat of the Confederate cause, General Shelby at the head of a thousand men went to Mexico bent on aiding Emperor Maximilian, who then had been reigning in Mexico a year, but that potentate was distrustful and obliged General Shelby's company to disband. The general then did business as a freight contractor in Mexico until 1867, when he returned to his farm in Missouri. Here he lived in retirement until his appointment by President Cleveland in 1893 to be United States marshal for the western district of Missouri. As a champion of the cause of Generals Palmer and Buckner, he took an active part in the recent campaign. His wife and family survive him.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

Shelby had a stormy career. A Kentuckian by birth, he was possessed of courage, courtliness, and chivalry. His brave bearing since the close of the Rebellion made him the idol of the people of Missouri, and no man will be more sincerely mourned to-day.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The affectionate regard in which General Shelby was held during his military service by the southern people has extended to the people of the North since the close of the war. In the Southwest no other example has been more potent in the blotting out of sectional feeling. On every occasion that an expression from him was appropriate, he gave utterance to most wholesome sentiment. One of the most eloquent tributes to General Shelby as a man is the esteem in which he has been held by the Union veterans of this city and state. As a civic official General Shelby was a faithful servant of the public, and he kept his department free from the small political bickerings so prevalent at this time.

ENGLAND'S WAR ON THE NIGER.

The Royal Niger Company backed by England has begun a punitive war against two native potentates in the British Niger territory in West Africa. The forces sent against the king of Benin to avenge the massacre, in the middle of January, of the peaceful expedition sent to hold a trade conference with him, captured his capital, the city of Benin, and at last accounts a part of the army was pursuing the king northwards. At about the same time the company entered upon a campaign against the emir of the powerful Foulah state of Nupe, a course of action which had been under consideration for some time because of the emir's repeated breach of treaty obligations, his persistence in slave trade in its most horrible forms, and his oppression and spoliation of all the surrounding country. The company's forces consisted of some five hundred Housa natives trained and commanded by British officers. On January 26 they pitched camp about three miles from Bida, the capital of the Foulah state of Nupe. The thirty thousand natives, of whom about ten thousand were cavalry, were unable to withstand the fire of the company's cannon and sharpshooters and on January 27 the little army captured the town. The Foulah emir of Nupe was dethroned and replaced by another sultan. It is thought that this signal defeat of "the Great Foulah" will disable the league that was being formed against the Niger Company by the chiefs of the Mohammedan Foulahs and of the pagan state of Boussa, and will promote commerce between the interior and the coast.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

It is a pity the British government, which has so readily abated this shambles, waited so long before taking proper means to exercise the authority of its protectorate over Benin. The existence of the practise of slaughtering human beings by the wholesale has long been known by the government officials. Had they acted promptly in repressing such barbarism, the massacre of the friendly expedition would not have been possible and the punitive invasion would have been unnecessary.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

In spite of all the criticisms that have been passed upon European incursions in Africa, they have done a service to civilization, and it is only by this means that ignorance, depression, and savagery have been deprived of their power.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

We venture to say that this war presents the difficulty that impends over all Africa's Mohammedan states from the Nile to the Niger. The territories of England, France, and Germany touch their borders, and each of these powers is eager to come into full possession of a slice of the Foulah country.

Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Incidentally the expedition illustrates how much more efficiently and cheaply a company can carry on military operations in comparison with a government.

CUBA AND CONGRESS AGAIN.

ACTIVITY in behalf of the Cuban insurgents since last month's account has not been confined altogether to the United States Congress. The Cubans have crossed the *trochas* several times, have looted and burned towns near Havana and elsewhere to the disadvantage of the Spaniards, have actually raided Havana itself, and have engaged in many fierce battles in the various provinces, in several of which battles, especially those where Gomez figured, the Spaniards were led into a trap and suffered great slaughter. The decree granting reforms to the Cubans, published February 7, they unconditionally spurned. On February 21 United States Consul-General Lee's resignation was announced, it being conditional upon the sending to Cuba of a war-ship to enforce his demands for the instant release or speedy civil trial of all American citizens unjustly imprisoned in Cuba as political suspects. This act followed a clash with Spanish authorities over the mysterious death in prison on February 18 of the American dentist, Dr. Ricardo Ruiz. On February 23 the Senate asked President Cleveland for the facts in the Ruiz case and joint resolutions were introduced in the House practically directing the president to grant General Lee's demand. The next day joint resolutions were reported in the Senate peremptorily demanding the release of the naturalized American Sanguily. On February 25 the House Committee on Foreign Affairs asked President Cleveland for all information not previously sent to Congress concerning the arrest, imprisonment, and maltreatment of American citizens in Cuba. On the same day it was learned that Sanguily had been free for several days. Scott, also an Americau, was released from imprisonment *incomunicado* on February 24.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

The demand, advocated by the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate for the release of Sanguily, signified that patience with paltering was at an end. Even the Spanish became panicky. The leading men of that country realize what war with the United States would mean. They hastened that pardon with all possible dispatch.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

We do not expect this government to interfere with the Cubans, but if it does not proceed in short order to protect American interests there the second Cleveland administration will lose in its dying hours whatever of good will was entertained toward it by the American people.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

That the queen was induced to sign the pardon by the bluster and fury of the Senate jingoes is in the highest degree improbable, for the antics of an irresponsible Upper House have taught Spain and every other European government to treat it with contempt and to look to the executive branch for dignity, firmness, and appreciation of its duties under international law.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Consul-General Lee may not have resigned, but certainly he ought to resign. As a servant of the public of the United States he owes this emphatic protest against the dastardly policy of the administration.

(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

It is right that they [the reforms for Cuba] should not be accepted, for they would leave the Cubans still in servile dependence upon Spain.

(Ind.) The Utica Press. (N. Y.)

There is a disposition to criticise President Cleveland for inactivity. Probably his reason for refusing to take more radical measures is that his term is drawing to a close and he prefers not to embarrass the incoming administration by any acts or ideas of his which may not be approved.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N.Y.)

If there is anything in our treaty obligations with Spain which requires this government to sit still with cotton in its ears while American citizens are being murdered in Cuban dungeons, the sooner the people know about it the better. Then there will be an exhibition of treaty-smashing that will make Mr. Cleveland's head swim.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Nothing can more deeply concern us than the protection of American citizens in any part of the world, wherever they may be, and . . . . if the Cleveland administration fails in its duty at this crisis it will go out in disgrace.

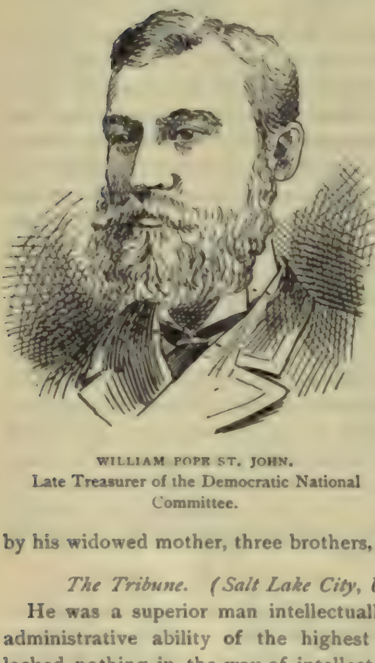
(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The truth is that as the real character of Spanish methods in Cuba comes to be better and better understood in this country there is a corresponding diminution of belief in the ability of the Spanish to govern Cuba at all.

(Ind.) The Boston Herald. (Mass.)

In these days of cable lines, when within twenty minutes a consul-general at Havana can place himself in communication with the president and his secretary of state, if war vessels are to be employed, it is absurd to consider it necessary to deprive the responsible head of the administration of the right of determining whether or not an exigency has come when such drastic methods can be wisely used.

WILLIAM POPE ST. JOHN.



WILLIAM POPE ST. JOHN.
Late Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

THE treasurer of the National Democratic Committee, William Pope St. John, died at his home in New York on February 14. He was born February 19, 1849, in Mobile, Ala. Having studied in England and afterward in Boston, in 1867 he began work with the banking firm of J. B. Alexander & Co., and later won a fine local reputation as credit clerk for Havemeyers & Elder, sugar refiners. In 1881 he became cashier of the Mercantile National Bank in New York, of which firm he was made president in 1884. In this capacity he served until last July, when the directors of the bank asked him to resign from its presidency because of his activity in the cause of free silver. However, they retained him as bank director. The Democratic National Committee in Chicago having made him its treasurer, he it was who arranged to have the meeting for Messrs. Bryan and Sewall's official notification held in Madison Square Garden, New York. On December 30 Mr. St. John went South to his old home for his health. He returned early in January and began business as a produce broker, having failed of reelection as director in the three banks, Mercantile National, Second National, and the Hamilton. He was unmarried, and is survived by his widowed mother, three brothers, and three sisters.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

He was a superior man intellectually. He had administrative ability of the highest order. He lacked nothing in the way of intellect except that he was arbitrary in his methods and had an inclination to domineer over those about him. Had Mr. Bryan been elected he would probably have been secretary of the treasury; at least the place would have been offered him, and had the result of the election awakened his hopes instead of crushing him to the ground he might have lived a long time yet. His bitterest enemy always admitted his stainless integrity.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Mr. St. John was an honest and independent student of the money question, and he possessed the courage, very rare among American bankers of the present time, to boldly advocate the cause of bimetalism, because he had become convinced, through patient research and deep study of the subject, that the welfare of humanity requires the fullest possible use of both metals for monetary purposes.

The Outlook. (New York, N. Y.)

The death of William P. St. John in this city on February 14 removes one of the most prominent, influential, and interesting figures of the free silver movement in this country. . . . *The Outlook* differed from him politically as to issues of the late national election, but it honors his memory as that of a man honest in carrying out the convictions of conscience when such a course meant social, business, and political sacrifices in his own city. His example, coming as it did out of the money-making quarter of the greatest money-making city of the western hemisphere, is an inspiration to those who believe that intellectual and political honesty are greater than "sound money," and that contempt, suffering, and death are sometimes nobler than reputation and riches.

ALASKA BOUNDARY TREATY.

THE new Alaska boundary treaty between Great Britain and the United States utterly ignores the panhandle portion of Alaska. The treaty was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to this country, and United States Secretary of State Olney at the State Department in Washington, D. C., on January 30, but was not published in full till February 26. Article I. reads: "Each government shall appoint one commissioner, with whom may be associated such surveyors, astronomers, and other assistants as each government may elect. The commissioners shall, at as early a period as practicable, proceed to trace and mark, under their joint directions and by joint operations in the field, so much of the 141st meridian of west longitude as is necessary to be defined for the purpose of determining the exact limits of the territory ceded to the United States by the treaty between the United States and Russia of March 30, 1867. Inasmuch as the summit of Mount St. Elias, although not ascertained to lie in fact upon the 141st meridian, is so nearly coincident therewith that it may conveniently be taken as a visible landmark whereby the initial part of said meridian shall be established, it is agreed that the commissioners, should they conclude that it is advisable so to do, may deflect the most southerly portion of said line so as to make the range with the summit of Mount St. Elias, such deflection not to extend more than twenty geographical miles northwardly from the initial point." The boundary as determined is to be marked by intervisible objects and the work is to be diligently pushed to completion. It remains to be seen what action will be taken on the treaty by the Senate.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Settle nothing! The 141st meridian has no more to do with the Alaska boundary controversy than with the canals of Mars. There has never been the slightest dispute over that meridian, any more than over the equator or the north pole; nor over the fact that it marks the boundary between the two countries from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean. The Alaska boundary controversy relates to the other part of the divisional line, the southeastern half of it, the crooked, winding line that runs from Mount St. Elias down to Dixon Entrance, parallel with the coast, and defining the "pan handle" of the territory.

The Chicago Tribune. (Ill.)

The negotiation of a treaty for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question, which was announced in yesterday's Washington dispatches, will remove another of the disputes which have been a barrier to good will between this country and Great Britain.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The British police officers who are on duty in the gold regions take a fierce delight in driving off Americans and shutting their eyes when the English miner jumps an American's claim. With the settlement of the boundary dispute will come less of the arrogance of the paid English hirelings.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The placing of visible marks upon the route of the 141st meridian is an important, practical measure, because that boundary runs through the Yukon gold fields, and, in some places, notably on Seven Mile Creek, the question of jurisdiction should be made so clear to the settlers that there can be no conflict among them on that ground. The placing of marks there should hardly create dispute, the determination of the meridian having been a matter of science, which, indeed, has already been acted upon. . . . Although the new convention concerns itself only with providing boundary marks along the 141st meridian, there will be an opportunity, which the Senate should improve, to inquire into the subject of the southeastern boundary of Alaska, and to find whether our present possessory rights can possibly be affected by the proposed general arbitration treaty.

BRIGHAM YOUNG IN STATUARY HALL.

THE recent efforts of United States Senator F. J. Cannon of Utah to have placed in Statuary Hall at Washington, D. C., a statue of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, promise to meet with opposition from Congress. On February 18 communications from the senator and from Governor Wells were read in the Utah House urging Utah to avail itself of the law allowing each state to place in Statuary Hall the statue of two of its illustrious deceased citizens and advising the selection of Brigham Young for the honor. A few days later Representative Barrett of Massachusetts introduced into the House a bill making the consent of Congress a necessary preliminary to the placing of any statue or memorial from any state in Statuary Hall.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

For years the organization of which he was the head defied the federal government. It trampled upon the moral and religious sentiment of the country deliberately and openly. Its practises during the time Utah was a territory were in violation of the laws enacted for the territory by Congress. It never confessed regret for its offenses. As a matter of fact it gloried in them. And while Young lived he was the inspiration of the offenders and their protector when in peril. To honor such a man in the manner desired by Senator Cannon would be to place a premium upon lawlessness. Congress has done many foolish things, but it should not be silly enough to do this.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Brigham Young, set up in the Capitol in soapstone or Roman cement, among the monolithic veterans already there, would be an imposing figure, but he stands for connubial principles which do not deserve encouragement. He may find as much difficulty in getting in as Father Marquette, whose notions in that particular were precisely opposite. Let them set the old man up in the apse or peristyle of his home temple, if he must have a place.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

Regret must be felt that such interference on the part of the national authorities becomes necessary. The states, it would seem, should have some right to raise a memorial to their respective founders or heroes without having to encounter too much prejudice, for whatever reason the unfavorable sentiment may be exerted. On the other hand, there ought to be a supervising authority, of competence and patriotism, to pass upon the statues. Between these two considerations it seems to be necessary for the government to choose, and it should choose the latter one. If Utah wishes to memorialize Young let her people erect his statue anywhere they wish save at the capital of the nation.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The Barrett bill is the only thing that will render such a freak enterprise impossible. It should be enacted if only to save coming generations from having to blush for the sublimated follies of their ancestors.

NEW ROAD TO ELECTRICITY.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Before the New York Electrical Society, at Columbia College, Mr. Willard E. Case gave a lecture [the night of February 24] on "Electricity from Carbon Without Heat." For ten years Mr. Case has been working on this subject, and his experiments showed the cumulative results of the work. He proved to the satisfaction of the electrical experts present that the potential energy in carbon can be transmitted into electricity without heat; that is, without waste, thereby establishing a fact which, when worked out to its conclusion, will mean the establishment of a new motor force in place of steam to do the world's work; a force at once much cheaper and more compact than any now in use. Incidentally, the lecturer, in a remarkable experiment, showed that his processes were precisely analogous to the process of the acquisition of energy in the human body.

To begin with, Mr. Case cited the well-known fact that the generation of energy through heat involves a waste of more than seventy-five per cent. All electricity except that produced by water power or galvanic battery is obtained ultimately from carbon.

In the case of the galvanic battery the waste through heat is done away with, but the zinc is so expensive as to make this method impracticable as a substitute for steam in general. Mr. Case has succeeded in doing with carbon what the galvanic battery does with zinc, carbon being, of course, very much cheaper. The best electric plants require about five pounds of coal per horse-power hour, electric, delivered to the line. By Mr. Case's process two tenths of a pound of coal will achieve an equal result. The two lumps of coal formed one of the exhibits in the lecture.

The lecturer had his apparatus with him and performed the experiment before the audience. He used a cell of his own invention. Plates of tin and platinum formed the electrodes, and the carbon being oxidized by contact with chemicals, electricity was produced, as was shown by attaching the wire from the cell to a motor. A thermometer applied at various stages showed that no heat was generated; hence, practically the entire energy of the chemical charge was converted into electricity.

At the close of the lecture there was a general discussion, and after that many of the audience stayed to ask questions regarding the practical application of the experiments. To them Mr. Case was careful to explain that his experiment was without immediate commercial value.

"It is not along that line that I have been working," he said. "The chemicals used are too expensive for general use. My endeavor has been to show that we can transform the potential energy of the carbon into electricity without waste. There are many agents which can be used, and, with experiment, will come the discovery of some agent cheap enough for general use. Then the solution of the problem given here will be practically applied and steam will become a thing of the past. At present we have only crossed the boundary line. Ahead lie tremendous results."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

February 6. President Cleveland signs a bill to reduce the number of pension agencies from eighteen to nine, which will save the government $150,000 a year.

February 8. The Senate overrides President Cleveland's veto on the bill creating a new judicial district in Texas.

February 9. The election for president of the Union Theological Seminary decides upon Charles C. Hall, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for that office.

February 10. The electoral votes as counted by Congress in joint session are, for president, McKinley 271, Bryan 176; for vice-president, Hobart 271, Sewall 149, Watson 27.——Women are given full suffrage in Massachusetts by virtue of the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Constitutional Amendments' vote to strike out the word "male."

February 15. William Lampson Leroy, New York, dying, leaves to Yale University about $1,000,000.

February 16. The National Education Association's department of superintendence convenes in Indianapolis, Ind.

February 17. The American Newspaper Association convenes in New York.——The American Institute of Mining Engineers meets in Chicago, Ill.

February 18. Mr. Hopkins, Republican contestant tenth Kentucky district, is seated by the House.——Secretary of the Navy Herbert signs an order abolishing the Naval Steel Board; the work of inspection hereafter will fall upon the bureaus of engineering and construction.

February 20. The Missouri Supreme Court decides that women are eligible to all elective offices in the state from which they are not specifically barred by statute.

February 22. A convention of the National Reform Press Association is held in Memphis, Tenn. —— Fusion Populist editors convene in Kansas City, Mo.——The Texas anti-trust law is declared unconstitutional by Judge Swayne, United States Court, Dallas, Tex.——President Cleveland signs orders establishing thirteen additional forest reservations, of which the aggregate area is 21,370,840 acres.

February 24. The organization of the United Reform Press Association (Fusion Populist) takes place at Kansas City, with J. R. Sovereign as president.——The National Sound Money League organizes in New York City.

February 25. A convention of the National Baseball League takes place in Baltimore, Md.——The sixth annual Tuskegee (Ala.) Negro Conference begins its session.

February 27. The Venezuelan Boundary Commission tenders its final report to President Cleveland and thus goes out of existence.

February 28. The world's conference of Seventh-Day Baptists takes place in Lincoln, Neb.

March 2. President Cleveland vetoes the bill to restrict immigration.

March 3. The House passes over the president's veto the bill to restrict immigration.

March 5. Major A. T. Wood, of Mount Sterling, Ky., is appointed by Governor Bradley to succeed J. C. S. Blackburn as U. S. senator from Kentucky.

March 6. President McKinley issues a proclamation calling the Fifty-fifth Congress to an extra session on March 15.——Joseph A. Iasigi, Turkish consul-general in Boston, is indicted by the Boston Grand Jury on the charge of embezzling about $100,000.

FOREIGN.

February 6. Dr. Koch, the well-known bacteriologist, now in Africa, announces that he has discovered a serum to counteract the rinderpest.

February 8. The Royal Geographical Society gives a reception in London in honor of Dr. Nansen, the explorer, and awards him a gold medal, the Prince of Wales presenting the medal.

February 9. Serious rioting is caused in Hamburg, Germany, by discontented workingmen.

February 15. Spanish authorities are informed by Señor de Lome, Spanish minister at Washington, D. C., that President Cleveland, Secretary Olney, and others consider the Cuban reforms to be ample.

February 16. Cecil Rhodes gives his testimony on the Transvaal raid, before a parliamentary committee.

February 18. Dr. Zertucha, the alleged traitor to General Maceo, is reported to have been assassinated by Cubans.

February 24. President Krüger accuses the High Court of the South African Republic of sympathy with the plots of Cecil Rhodes and asks to have it placed under control of the Volksraad.——Queen Victoria holds the first drawing-room of the season in Buckingham Palace, London.

February 27. It is reported that Russia and Japan have by treaty established their joint protectorate over Korea.

March 1. The English executive announces in the House of Commons that England will not interfere in Cuba.——An avalanche destroys one wing of the Monastery of St. Bernard, on the Alps.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 8).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter VII.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapter I.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 87. "Boötes."
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Paris the Magnificent."
Sunday Reading for April 4.

Second Week (ending April 15).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter VIII.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapter II.
"A Study of the Sky." Pages 89 and 90. "Coma Berenices" and "Virgo."
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"The Three Carnots."
"Mirabeau before the Revolution."
Sunday Reading for April 11.

Third Week (ending April 22).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter IX.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapter III. to page 102.
"A Study of the Sky." Pages 91 and 92. "Corvus" and "Corona Borealis."
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"The Commercial Geography of Europe."
"The Causes of Increased Juvenile Criminality in France."
Sunday Reading for April 18.

Fourth Week (ending April 29).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter X. to page 311.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapter III. concluded.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 92. "Hydra."
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"French Cooks and Cooking."
Sunday Reading for April 25.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter X. concluded.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapters IV. and V.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 95. "Lyra."
In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:
"Victor Hugo as a Poet."
Sunday Reading for May 2.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR APRIL.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Essay—Modern philosophers.
2. Historical Study—The emperor Hadrian and his reign.
3. Essay—Important periods of Egyptian history.
4. A Study in Ancient History—Babylonia and Assyria.
5. A Talk—The news of the week.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Character Sketch—Alexander the Great.
2. Geographical Study—Greece in the time of Alexander the Great.
3. A Review—France in the time of Mirabeau.
4. A Talk—The relation of prehistoric art in Greece to that in Egypt.
5. Discussion—Greece and the European powers.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Observation Lesson—Answers to the queries on the constellations for April in "A Study of the Sky," the replies being the result of personal observation.
2. Memory Exercise—Definitions of the architectural terms used in the lesson.
3. Essay—The drama and dramatists of Greece.
4. A Paper—Pyrrhus and the Romans.
5. Table Talk—Boundary disputes.*

FOURTH WEEK.

EPAMINONDAS DAY—APRIL 24.

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.—*Lowell.*

1. Character Study—Epaminondas.
2. A Paper—The peace of Callias and the result with regard to Thebes and Sparta.
3. A Talk—The "Sacred Band."
4. Essay—The battle of Leuctra.
5. An Address—The last invasion of the Peloponnesus by Epaminondas.

FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Five Minute Talk—The characteristics of Greek sculpture in the archaic period.
2. Essay—Plutarch and his works.
3. A Paper—The commercial interests of Greece.
4. General Discussion—Are genius and labor equal elements in the production of the highest works of art?
5. General Conversation—The events of the week.

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* *See Current History and Opinion.*

* See *Current History and Opinion.*

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR APRIL.

It is well known that every successful undertaking has for a foundation a system of conduct which adheres to a principle laid down by the guiding mind of the director. This is no less true in the business of acquiring an education than in commercial affairs, for the highest results are attained only by such a definite, systematic arrangement of all the subjects studied that they will fit into each other, unite, and commingle to form one broad stream, to the depth and breadth of which the various lines of investigation have contributed.

Into the channel of education opened by the C. L. S. C. The Chautauquan has poured one half of the contents through tributaries which reach out with many branches into the deep reservoirs of knowledge. These tributaries are represented this year by no less than eight distinct series of topics, which are made to contribute to our general and specific knowledge of the French nation and Greek social life. All the phases of the national development of France are touched upon. By a series of illustrated articles the people themselves, their costumes, and their art, with the magnificence of their capital city, are vividly presented to the reader. In the Molière and French literature numbers of The Chautauquan the national progress in the field of letters is revealed. Politics and French social life are shown in such articles as those on "The French Republic," "The French Army and Navy," and "The French Character in Politics." Coordinating with these and giving a very practical view of France was an article on the geographical position of the country, in which was pointed out its commercial and political development as affected by its geographical position, thus preparing the reader for the broader subject of commerce in continental Europe and its relation to environment as treated in the present impression. Another practical phase of French life is exhibited in "French Cooks and Cooking," which is also among the required readings for this month.

After having learned that the geographical position of a country influences its development, the reader is in a position to comprehend the predominant causes which produced the various periods of French history. As every cycle of years has its group of persons about whom events seem to center, biography has been chosen as a medium by which many of the important epochs of French history from Richelieu to Thiers are presented, the period of the Carnots and Mirabeau being treated in the present issue. Thus we have not only an exposition of five different periods of French history, but we become acquainted with representative statesmen of France. The relation of France to American history is another branch of the main subject which has received attention, and French topics of general interest are treated in the series of translations.

By this brief *résumé* of the French division of the required reading in The Chautauquan for 1896–97 it is easy to discern the continuity of the subjects, which, though varied, so coordinate and fit into each other that were any one omitted the historical picture would be incomplete.

In the Greek division of the required reading in The Chautauquan the discussions on the social life in ancient and modern Greece and on Homer as presented in the Homer number of The Chautauquan are to be followed by articles on Greek topics of equal interest and importance, while the religious element of the course is represented by the "Sunday Readings."

During April and the two succeeding months the members of the C. L. S. C. are to read that portion of "A Study of the Sky" which treats of the constellations for those months. The other books to be studied during April are "A Survey of Greek Civilization" and "A History of Greek Art."

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

P. 18. "Cheops" [kē′ops].——"Chephren" [kē′fren].——"Mycerinus" [mis-e-rī′nus].

P. 19. "Mastaba" [mas′ta-ba].

P. 20. "Bas-relief" [bä-re-lēf′]. Sculpture on a flat or curved surface, the objects represented projecting very slightly from the ground.

P. 21. "Sakkarah" [säk-kä′rä]. A town of Egypt near the ancient Memphis.

P. 21. "Ra-em-ka" [rä′em-kä′].

P. 25. "Beni-hasan" [bā′nē-hä′sän].

P. 28. "Basilica." A basilica modeled after the typical plan was in form an oblong rectangle having two side aisles separated from the broad central part by rows of columns. At the end of the building farthest from the main entrance was a raised semicircular seat, called a tribune, which was occupied by the Roman prætor and his assessors, and which probably became the chancel of the church when these Roman halls of justice were converted into Christian churches.

P. 29. "Hathor" [hä′thor]. A goddess universally worshiped in Egypt to whom were consecrated the dance, the orgies, and merriment.

P. 31. "Anubis" [a-nū′bis]. One of the principal deities of Egypt, a representative of the horizon. The images of him were made of gold, or were gilded, and a white and a yellow cock were sacrificed to him.——"Sebek" [seb′ek]. "Seemingly a double of Set, the god of evil."

P. 31. "Faiënce" [fȧ-e-ANS′]. A kind of glazed earthenware usually decorated in color, said to have been manufactured first at Faenza, Italy.

P. 36. "Gudea" [goo-dā′ä]. One of the earliest kings of Babylon. The exact date of his reign is uncertain, but it is supposed that he ruled as early as 3000 B. C.

P. 63. "*Repoussé*" [re-poo-sā′].

P. 69. "Intaglio" [in-tal′yō]. An engraving in which the design is depressed below the surface of the material.

P. 74. "Meander." A kind of ornamentation composed of lines usually so arranged that they form oblique or right angles to each other, though sometimes they are curved or twisted with interlacings. This term is applied especially to the key pattern used by the Greeks for decorating the border of their robes.

P. 76. "Euphorbus." According to Greek mythology, a Trojan warrior slain by Menelaus.

P. 78. "Acragas" [ak′ra-gas]. A town in Sicily called Agrigentum by the ancient Romans. The site contains remains of Doric temples and other Greek works of art constructed before the Carthaginian conquest.

P. 80. "Priene" [prī-ē′nē]. A town in Caria not far from Miletus.

P. 81. "Opisthodomos" [op-is-thod′ō-mos].

P. 84. "Crepidoma" [krē-pi-dō′mä].

P. 87. "Metope" [met′ō-pē].

P. 87. "Mutule" [mū′tūl].

P. 87. "Sima." A variant of cyma [sī′mä].

P. 93. "Trochili" [trŏk′ĭ-lī]. The plural form of trochilus.

P. 98. "Guilloche" [gi-lōsh′].

P. 102. "Philippeum." This building, dedicated to Philip of Macedon, was erected as a monument of his triumph at the battle of Chæronea.

P. 112. "Asclepius." In Greek mythology, the god of medicine.

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

P. 206. "Palestræ." The plural of palestra, a public place in which Greek youths practised athletic exercises.

P. 211. "Empedocles" [ĕm-ped′ō-kles]. A philosopher and poet born in Sicily about 490 B. C. He claimed to possess superhuman power and it is said that, in order to prove his deity, he suddenly disappeared from sight by throwing himself into the crater of Etna.——"Democritus." A philosopher born in Thrace about 460 B. C. His cheerful disposition which enabled him to treat the follies of man with calmness and even to laugh at them caused him to be called "the laughing philosopher." Little is positively known about the details of his life, but "according to tradition he put out his eyes in order to be less disturbed in his philosophical speculations."

P. 212. "Aratus." A Greek poet who lived about 270 B. C.

P. 219. "Propylæa" [prop-i-lē′a]. See page 105 of "A History of Greek Art."

P. 220. "Nike" [nī′kē]. According to Greek myths the goddess of victory. See page 247 of the text-book.

P. 221. "Apollo Belvedere." See "A History of Greek Art," page 252.——"Farnese Hercules." A noted Greek statue in a museum at Naples, representing Hercules undraped, leaning on a club. "The bearded head is somewhat small, and the muscular development prodigious."——"Venus de Medici." A Greek statue of marble which represents the goddess, undraped, "with her arms held before her body and a dolphin to her left. While without the dignity of earlier Greek work, it has long ranked as a canon of female beauty."

P. 222. "Parthenius." A Greek poet of the last half of the first century B. C.——Callimachus [ka-lim′a-kus]. An artist by this name, said to have invented the Corinthian column, lived about 396 B. C. and a poet having the same name lived about one hundred years later.——"Tauriscus." A Greek sculptor.——"Pasiteles" [pa-sit′e-lēz]. A Greek sculptor of the first century B. C.

P. 233. "Granicus" [gra-nī′kus]. A small river of Mysia, Asia Minor.

P. 235. "Saida" [sī′dä].

P. 240. "Susa" [soo′sä]. Another name for the scriptural Shushan.——"Pasargadæ" [pa-sär′ga-dē]. The earliest Persian capital and the town where Cyrus was buried.

P. 240. "Miles Gloriosus." Vainglorious soldier.

P. 244. "Seleucus" [se-lū′kus]. One of the generals of Alexander the Great and for a short time the ruler of most of his empire.

P. 244. "Diadochi" [dī-ad′o-kī]. The Macedonian generals in the army of Alexander the Great, who made a division of his empire after his death.

P. 256. "*Gravitas.*" Latin for seriousness, gravity.

P. 257. "Chremonidean War." The war undertaken by Antigonus Gonatas for the purpose of reducing Athens. It received its name from the Athenian Chremonides, who made brave attempts to defend the city.

P. 258. "Museum." See page 284 of the text-book.

P. 263. "Xenocrates" [ze-nok′ra-tēz]. A philosopher.——"Theophrastus." A Greek philosopher born about 372 B. C.

P. 265. "New Comedy." One of the three forms into which comedy was divided. The characters in the New Comedy, as well as the subjects, were fictitious, instead of being living people satirized under their own name as was the case in the Old or under fictitious names as in the Middle Comedy.

P. 267. "Dicæarchus" [dī-sē-är′ kus].

P. 268. "*Comœdia palliata.*" Comedy in which Greek characters are introduced in the Greek dress.

P. 271. "*Grex.*" The company.

P. 271. "Fabii." Those belonging to the Roman *gens* Fabius, several of whose members were distinguished men.——"Aurelii." Members of a Roman *gens* Aurelia, distinguished in history after 225 B. C., when the consulship was obtained by one of them.——"Marcelli." The members of the Marcellus family in the plebeian *gens* Claudia.

P. 275. "Sannazaro" [sän-näd-zä′ rō].

P. 276. "Mime" [mīm]. A farcical representation of real events and persons.

P. 277. "Pydna" [pid′ nȧ]. The victory gained near the town in 168 B. C. by the Romans caused the overthrow of the Macedonian monarchy.

P. 278. "Demetrius Poliorcetes." Sometimes called Demetrius the Besieger.

P. 279. "Hegesias" [he-je′ si-as].

P. 284. "*Scholia.*" The Latin plural of scholium; annotations.

P. 286. "Lycophron" [lī′ kof-ron]. A tragic poet of Alexandria who lived in the third century B. C.

P. 287. "Baiæ" [bā′ yē]. The modern Baja [bä′ yä].

P. 287. "*Boule*" [boo′ lē]. In the early history of Greece, a legislative assembly or council whose members were the heads of the citizen families, the president being the king. Later in Ionian states the *boule* corresponded to what is now called the senate. The legislature of modern Greece is also termed the *boule.*——"*Demos.*" A Greek word meaning the common people; a democracy.

P. 288. "Gracchi." Two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, who are famous for the part they took in the agitation of the Agrarian Laws. They were both tribunes of the people and were assassinated, Tiberius in 133 B.C., and Caius in 121 B.C.

P. 289. "Villa Ludovisi" [vēl′ lä loo-dō-ve′sē]. A villa erected in Rome in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Ludovisi.

P. 290. "*Strategi.*" The *strategi* in ancient Greece were at first military officers, elected annually by the entire body of citizens. Later they not only controlled military and naval affairs but directed the foreign relations of Attica.

P. 294. "Scipio Æmilianus." A Roman general and an accomplished literary man who died in 129 B. C.——"Panætius" [pa-nē′ shi-us]. A philosopher of Rhodes. He died about 111 B. C.

P. 295. "Cynoscephalæ" [sin-os-sef′ a-lē]. Heights located in Thessaly, a few miles southeast of Larissa.

P. 298. "Mummius." A Roman consul living in the second century B. C.

P. 299. "Social War." A war between the confederate Italians of central and southern Italy and Rome, caused by the refusal of the Romans to extend the privileges of citizenship.

P. 299. "Verres" [ver′ ēz]. A Roman prætor whose administration of affairs in Sicily was signalized by extreme cruelty, and he plundered the island of many valuable articles when he was governor. The efforts of Cicero at the trial of Verres won for him his place as foremost orator of his time.

P. 306. "Eleusinian Mysteries." A festival of a religious nature celebrated in honor of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture. At first these celebrations resembled thanksgiving festivals, but afterward they came to have an allegorical meaning which was understood by none but the initiated, who were bound by an oath to keep what they saw a profound secret. It is supposed by some that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was propagated by these mysteries.

P. 308. "Martinmas summer." A short period of warm weather following Martinmas, a church feast, formerly celebrated on November 11, in honor of St. Martin.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"PARIS THE MAGNIFICENT."

1. "*Foyer*" [fwo-yā′].
2. "*Loggia*" [loj′ä].
3. "Rue de Rivoli" [rü dē rē-vō-lē′].
4. "Hôtel des Invalides" [ō-tel′dā zaɴ-vä-lēd′].

"THE THREE CARNOTS."

1. "*Fructidor*" [French pronunciation frük-tē-dôr′]. The twelfth month of the calendar of the first French Republic, extending from August 18 to September 16.

2. The "Tribunate" was a department of the French government under the constitution of the year VIII., promulgated December 15, 1799. It was composed of one hundred members, chosen by the conservative Senate, who could suggest and discuss measures which might or might not be considered by the government. It was suppressed in 1807.

"MIRABEAU BEFORE THE REVOLUTION."

1. "L'Ami des Hommes." The Friend of Men.
2. "Wilkes" (1727–97). An English politician

and political agitator who was imprisoned for criticisms of the government published in a paper of which he was the head.

3. "Sanglante." Cutting, bitter.

4. "Ré" [rā]. An island in the Bay of Biscay opposite the city of La Rochelle.

5. "Pyrrhic victory." A victory won at too great a cost; a reference to the exclamation "Another such victory and I must return to Epirus alone," said to have been made by Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, after a battle with the Romans in which he lost a large number of his best troops.

6. "Manosque" [mä-nōsk′]. A town a few miles northeast of Marseilles.

7. "Château d' If" [shä-tō̤ dēf′]. A fortress on the island of If a few miles southwest of Marseilles.

8. "Joux" [zhoo].

9. "Pontarlier" [pôɴ-tär-lyā′].

"FRENCH COOKS AND COOKING."

1. "*Cordon bleu.*" An excellent cook. "The commandeur de Souvé, comte d' Olonne, and some others, who were *cordons bleus* (i. e. knights of the Holy Ghost) met together as a sort of club, and were noted for their well-appointed dinners. Hence, when any one had dined well he said, 'Indeed, this is a veritable *cordon bleu* repast'; and a superior cook was one of the *cordon bleu* type or, briefly, a '*cordon bleu.*'"—*Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*"

2. "*Fond de cuisine.*" The foundation of cookery or basis of anything cooked.

3. "Farmers-general." A name given to associations in France to whose members upon payment of a certain sum the privilege of levying taxes was farmed out. This method of raising the public revenue was begun in France during the reign of Philip the Fair and continued with various modifications until the revolutionary period in the eighteenth century, when it was abolished by the constitution of 1791. Twenty-eight of the farmers-general were executed in 1794.

4. "*Mâitre d'hôtel.*" Steward.

5. "Lucullus." A Roman general who died about 57 B. C. After being deprived of his command he retired to his rural villas, where he entertained his friends, spending fabulous sums on his table. It is said that he spent about $8,500 on a single supper given to some of his friends.

6. "*Restaurateurs.*" Restaurant keepers.

7. "Physiology du Goût." Physiology of taste.

8. "Brillat-Savarin" [brē-yä′sä-vä-raɴ′].

9. "*Cour de cassation.*" Court of appeal.

10. "*Pâtissier.*" Pastry cook.

11. "*Chef de bouche.*" The queen's cook.

12. "Déjeuner." [dā-zhē-nā′]. Breakfast. It is a midday meal in France. Instead of eating a breakfast in the English and American sense it is quite customary to take a cup of coffee or chocolate and a roll upon awakening in the morning.

13. "*Cercle Agricole.*" Agricultural club.——"*Pommes de Terre.*" French meaning literally, apples of earth: potatoes.

14. "*Carte du jour.*" Bill of fare for the day.

15. "Chambre Syndicale," etc. Syndic of the pastry-cooks.——"Société de Secours," etc. Mutual aid society of the cooks of Paris.

16. "*Cuisinières du curé.*" The curate's cooks.

17. "*Exposition du concours culinaire.*" Exposition for culinary competition.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

1. Q. What is one of the earliest Egyptian sculptures now existing? A. The great Sphinx at Gizeh.

2. Q. Of what was the Sphinx a representation? A. A solar deity.

3. Q. By whom were the three great pyramids of Gizeh built? A. By three kings of the Fourth Dynasty.

4. Q. For what purpose were these pyramids used? A. Tombs into which were placed the mummies of the kings who built them.

5. Q. Which was the largest of these pyramids? A. The pyramid of Cheops.

6. Q. In what fact lies the chief interest of the *mastabas?* A. They have preserved to us most of what we possess of early Egyptian sculpture.

7. Q. In Egyptian sculpture what did the artist strive to do? A. To make a counterfeit presentment of his subject.

8. Q. What does the Egyptian sculptor fail to attain? A. Freedom in the posing of his figures.

9. Q. Of what are the tombs of the Middle Empire constructed? A. Either of sun-dried brick in the form of a block capped by a pyramid or they are excavated in the rock.

10. Q. What special feature is exhibited in the rock-cut tombs? A. The pillars of living rock standing at the entrance and in the chapel.

11. Q. What style of column continued in favor under the New Empire? A. The proto-Doric.

12. Q. Of what material were ancient Babylonian buildings constructed? A. Of bricks, some of them merely sun-dried, others kiln-baked.

13. Q. What is the character of the early Baby-

lonian reliefs and sculptures? A. The reliefs are extremely rude but the statues are much better.

14. Q. In what does Assyrian art attain to its highest level? A. In the rendering of animals.

15. Q. What two places were the seats of an important indigenous art, antedating that of Greece? A. Egypt and Mesopotamia.

16. Q. In the walls of fortification discovered in prehistoric Greek remains what styles of masonry have been found? A. The corbelled vault, and the cyclopean, polygonal, and ashlar masonry.

17. Q. Next to the walls of fortification what are the most numerous early remains of the builder's art in Greece? A. The bee-hive tombs.

18. Q. On what system was the bee-hive chamber in the "Treasury of Atreus" constructed? A. On the corbelling system.

19. Q. What branch of art was unimportant in prehistoric Greece? A. Sculpture.

20. Q. Of sculpture on a large scale what remains have been found? A. The gravestones found at Mycenæ and the relief which has given the name to the Lion Gate.

21. Q. What arts were in great requisition in the Mycenæan age? A. The arts of the goldsmith, silversmith, gem-engraver, and ivory-carver.

22. Q. By what is shown the greatest triumph of the goldsmith's art in this period? A. The two gold cups found in a bee-hive tomb at Vaphio.

23. Q. What was the characteristic ware of the Mycenæan civilization? A. The Mycenæan pottery.

24. Q. What were the favorite elements of design used in the decoration of the Mycenæan pottery? A. Bands and spirals and a variety of animal and vegetable forms, chiefly marine.

25. Q. By what was the Mycenæan pottery superseded? A. Geometric pottery.

26. Q. What was the supreme achievement of Greek architecture? A. The temple.

27. Q. What are the two principal orders in Greek architecture? A. The Doric and the Ionic.

28. Q. In these orders what are the points of agreement? A. In each the columns rest on a stepped base; the shaft of the column tapers from the lower to the upper end, is chaneled or fluted vertically, and is surmounted by a capital; the entablature consists of architrave, frieze, and cornice.

29. Q. Where was the Ionic order much used? A. In the Greek cities of Asia Minor for peripteral temples.

30. Q. What is the only peculiar feature of the so-called Corinthian order? A. The capital.

31. Q. What are the great features of Greek columnar architecture? A. Simplicity in general form, harmony of proportion, and refinement of line.

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

1. Q. What century may be said to have been the most important for the cultivation of the human race? A. The century 435-335 B. C.

2. Q. By what is the poverty of art instincts of the present age illustrated? A. By the architecture.

3. Q. What feature is common to every department of art in which the Greeks excelled? A. Chastity of style.

4. Q. What is the first thing that meets the modern reader when he studies the history of the Golden Age of Greece? A. The cruelty of the Greeks to slaves and prisoners.

5. Q. What characteristic of the Greek nature is shown in their politics? A. Greed and jealousy.

6. Q. What was one of the most powerful features of the Greek people? A. The power of accommodation.

7. Q. What had been the growing feeling in Greece in regard to the form of government? A. Against hegemony and in favor of autonomy.

8. Q. What formed the only bar to a Persian invasion? A. Philip and his Macedonians.

9. Q. How was soldiering, even as mercenaries, regarded by aristocrats? A. As more respectable than any peaceable trade.

10. Q. What was the effect of Alexander's mission? A. It caused an expansion and unification of the Greek language.

11. Q. What does the discovery of the treasure of Greek art at Sidon show? A. The condition of Hellenic art, and so Hellenic culture, in the period when Alexander spread it over a part of Asia.

12. Q. For the Greeks what was the result of the Macedonian conquest? A. It opened all the world to their talents.

13. Q. In what way were commerce and trade stimulated? A. By the opening up of Asia and Egypt to the western world and the freeing from the Persian treasure-houses at Susa and Pasargadæ of the hoards of gold which had accumulated there.

14. Q. Before the year 300 B. C. what had every Hellenistic king begun to assert concerning himself? A. His own descent from Heracles, or Apollo, or Dionysus.

15. Q. What was the effect of this claim on morals? A. It was disastrous.

16. Q. What was the general effect upon society of warfare with mercenary armies? A. It was demoralizing.

17. Q. What is considered the most serious and permanent feature of the best period of Hellenism? A. The Stoic philosophy.

18. Q. Why has the Stoic creed lasted to this day as a symbol of a certain lofty type of human nature? A. Because it was a noble creed in itself; also because it set itself against the opposite theory of Epicurus, and fought hard for the dignity of the human soul.

19. Q. To whom do we owe our information

concerning the trivial side of Athenian life in the period 250–150 B. C.? A. To the writers of genteel comedy.

20. Q. By what characteristics were the early Rhodians distinguished? A. By their caution, diplomacy, and magnanimity.

21. Q. What other cities were great centers of civilization? A. Antioch, Alexandria, and Pergamum.

22. Q. In the kingdom of Egypt what feature of Greek life was lacking? A. Greek politics.

23. Q. According to Polybius what was a fact concerning the standard of honesty throughout the Hellenistic world? A. It was very low both in politics and society.

24. Q. To what was the degradation of the Romans due? A. To contact with the Greeks.

25. Q. In what is the influence of Greece upon Rome to be observed? A. In the constitution of the Roman Empire, in the worship of the emperors, and in poetry and art.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VII.

1. Who was France's greatest historian?

2. Wherein lies the charm of his writing?

3. Of what class of writers is Saint-Beuve the master.

4. From what classic writers did Leconte de Lisle derive most of his culture?

5. Name the author of the following quotation:

> Religion is a fire to which example furnishes the fuel, and which goes out if it does not spread.

6. Who wrote the following:

> The chains which bind us the closest are those which weigh on us the least.

7. Notre Dame at Paris is an example of what kind of architecture?

8. Name three famous French fresco-painters.

9. What historic character is the subject of several of Meissonier's paintings?

10. Who was the founder of the French Classical School of painting?

FRENCH HISTORY.—VII.

1. By what administrative acts did Louis XVI. open his reign?

2. What was one cause of Malesherbe's popularity among men of letters?

3. By whom was Turgot's influence with the king undermined?

4. What title was given Necker when he had charge of the finances of the government?

5. Beside the financial reforms what two honorable acts marked Necker's administration?

6. What treaty was signed between France and England in 1786?

7. How did Brienne gain credit among the Notables?

8. Why did Brienne promise a convocation of the States-General?

9. Who was called "Madame Deficit"?

10. What was the first act of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette when they learned that the sovereignty of France descended to them?

ASTRONOMY.—VII.

1. By what name was Mercury known among the early Greeks?

2. When Mercury is a morning star at what time of the year is it best seen?

3. In what ways is Mercury exceptional in the solar system?

4. Near what dates do transits of Mercury occur?

5. Why do they occur near these dates?

6. According to computations when will the next transit of Mercury occur?

7. At what time in the year is Mars in favorable opposition? When does the least favorable occur?

8. What is meant by the synodical period of a planet?

9. What is the length of the synodical period of Mars?

10. What is the siderial period of a planet?

CURRENT EVENTS.—VII.

1. What legal qualifications are necessary in order that a man may become vice-president of the United States?

2. How many members are there in the president's cabinet, and what is the salary of each?

3. What two cabinet positions were created last?

4. By whom are the members of the cabinet appointed?

5. On what date did the presidential electors meet to vote for president and vice-president?

6. What date and place have been fixed by law for opening and counting the certified electoral votes?

7. What is the origin of March 4 as inauguration day?

8. Which member of the cabinet has charge of the signal service and weather bureau?

9. When and by whom was the first treaty between the United States and Japan negotiated?

10. What right is recognized by the Japanese-American treaty of 1894?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MARCH.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VI.

1. His historical novels are similar to those of Walter Scott. 2. That his most celebrated works are the productions of writers paid to write under his name. 3. Although it is true that he had assistants who aided him in the unimportant parts of some of his works, yet that Dumas was the moving spirit in all his works is proved by the fact that none of his assistants, whose names are in many cases known, have equaled or even resembled his peculiar style. 4. "Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Margaret of Anjou," "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas." 5. Honoré de Balzac. 6. "This school took nature just as it found it in the forest of Fontainebleau on the plains of Barbizon and elsewhere and gave it the light, shadow, atmosphere, and color that resulted in the best landscape painting known to us." 7. Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré. 8. Jean François Millet. 9. Jean François Millet. 10. Rosa Bonheur.

FRENCH HISTORY.—VI.

1. At the close of the Seven Years' War by Prussia and Austria. 2. The treaty of Paris signed by Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal. 3. In 1768. 4. It showed the inability of the French generals, the want of discipline among the soldiers, and the weakening of the military attributes of the nation. 5. The clergy, nobility, and the plebeians. 6. The "nobility of the sword," which held the military positions, the highest offices of the church, court, and representation, and the "nobility of the robe," which held the judicial offices and those of the higher administration. 7. During the reign of Louis XV., and the state assumed the expense of laying them out and of the constructive designs. 8. By corporations, wardenships, and masterships, which limited the number of patrons and allowed only those to follow a trade who paid for the apprenticeship. 9. Arthur Lee, Silas Deane, and Benjamin Franklin. 10. By sending indirect aid consisting of money, arms, and ammunition to be delivered by Beaumarchais.

ASTRONOMY.—VI.

1. Terminator. 2. A rough, jagged appearance. 3. The sun lights the summits of the lunar peaks first, while the adjacent valleys are in shade. 4. More than a thousand. 5. They are crater mountains. 6. To that of a circle. 7. The full moon which falls nearest to the autumnal equinox. 8. About 12°. 9. About 50 minutes. 10. In the winter, because the nights are longer and the moon being highest when the sun is lowest is at this season best situated for lighting up the northern hemisphere.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VI.

1. Soon after Dr. Jameson's raid, early in January, 1896. 2. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg. 3. The confederation of the Europeans of South Africa into a single colonial nationality. 4. In South Africa between Transvaal and 20° east longitude and north of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, to 22° south latitude; England. 5. In Western Africa, extending west from the delta of the Niger to Dahomey. 6. To the president "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." 7. Practically, for six years. 8. After it has been tried for five years either party may withdraw after having given 12 months' notice of a desire to do so. 9. The New York State Bar Association; a memorial in the form of a petition was prepared and presented to President Cleveland. 10. The International Arbitration Congress; Washington.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1900.

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"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

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CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.
CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

IN an interesting letter from a member of the Class of '99 we quote the following: "I wish to say in reference to my Chautauqua reading that I am enjoying it very much and especially this year's work. I have not the privilege of reading in a circle but am doing the best I can under the circumstances, with the determination to continue and graduate with my class. I have come to realize that I cannot afford to do without the benefit derived from such books, which give me not only a taste for good reading but increase my acquaintance with the history of France and Greece."

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CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

ENROLLMENTS are yet being received for members of the last class of this century. Any who have done the reading or purpose to do it can be enrolled and receive their Membership Books at any time from the central office at Buffalo.

AN enthusiastic member of this class living in Illinois says: "Our circle enjoys the work and we are deriving great benefit from it."

ANOTHER writes: "I graduated from the high school last year and as I could not go further in my studies this year I did not know what work to take up that might serve the same purpose, but have found that the C. L. S. C. is just what I wanted."

THE spirit of fellowship engendered through the enrollment in the larger Chautauqua circle is indicated in the following extract from a letter recently received from a member in southern Illinois: "Although only an individual reader, away out here in what many people are pleased to term 'Egypt,' yet I can lay claim to the good will of hundreds of fellow workers who are endeavoring to better their condition by the systematic reading of good literature. I am enjoying the work very much."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE Society of the Hall in the Grove at Lincoln, Nebraska, recently held its annual gathering, where an excellent program was carried out and the evening greatly enjoyed by old and new members.

PEOPLE as a rule are likely to appreciate any attainment by the amount of labor and sacrifice it costs them. A member of the Class of '96, living in Oklahoma, in writing about her well-earned diploma says: "I am now over fifty years of age. The money for the books read in the first two years of the course was obtained by washing and ironing, and my reading was often done before six o'clock in the morning while other people were asleep." This woman completes the Chautauqua course, a conqueror. The pretext that the lack of time and money is the only reason for not taking up the course is often an excuse for idleness.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

Opening Day—October 1.
Bryant Day—November, second Sunday.
Milton Day—December 9.
College Day—January, last Thursday.
Lanier Day—February 3.
Special Sunday—February, second Sunday.
Longfellow Day—February 27.
Shakespeare Day—April 23.
Addison Day—May 1.
Special Sunday—May, second Sunday.
Special Sunday—July, second Sunday.
Inauguration Day—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
St. Paul's Day—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1896–97.

Charlemagne Day—October 30.
"Saint Louis" Day—November 30.
Joan of Arc Day—December 4.
Richelieu Day—January 4.
Homer Day—February 12.
Socrates Day—March 5.
Epaminondas Day—April 24.
Phidias Day—May 24.

NEW CIRCLES.

Vermont.—Fortunate are the Chautauquans at Burlington, first in having such a large membership, numbering between thirty and forty, and second in having enlisted the interest of the faculty of the University of Vermont, who have provided a course of semi-monthly lectures on subjects pertaining to the readings. These lectures are very popular and bring the Chautauqua work before the people, and it is hoped will aid in the establishment of a summer Assembly near Burlington, on the banks of Lake Champlain.

Massachusetts.—On July 29, in Alumni Hall, at Framingham, a circle was organized for the Class of 1900. At the close of the session of the Assembly the number had increased to twenty-seven and on Recognition Day this class led the march, bearing their hastily improvised banner, a fringed towel decorated with sumac leaves. They received many congratulations on their display and also on their successful organization.

New York.—The circle organized at East Bloomfield is in a flourishing condition.

Pennsylvania.—"Established on such a firm foundation as to assure its permanency," is the confident report from the Hawthorne Circle at Bernville, organized in the early part of November. They have a reading-room in which all the leading magazines and papers are placed at the disposal of the members, several of whom are associate members and merely take advantage of the reading-room. The outlined programs are followed to some extent but often original ones are arranged. Each member takes an interest in the work and all the meetings are instructive.——A circle was organized at Covington on January 5, and with extra effort the work will be completed at the end of the year.

Virginia.—The Class of 1900 is constantly receiving new recruits and among them are the fifteen who organized at Marion on January 15.

Kentucky.—A dauntless band of thirteen organized at McAfee in October have been remarkably successful in their work.

Ohio.—C. L. S. C. work in this state is meeting with marked success. At Portsmouth a circle started out with thirty members and has increased to fifty-three, six of whom are associate members, paying the fee but not reading the course; the meetings are held semi-monthly in the Bigelow Church Sunday-school room. This circle furnishes a valuable hint to leaders who find it difficult to hold the attention of all present during the meeting; a critical examiner is appointed who questions the class at the close of the program concerning the points brought out in the lesson, thus compelling attentive listening. The programs carried out are of excellent merit, always interspersed with good music; an important feature of one of the meetings was a debate, "Resolved that women have played a more important part in the history of France than men." On the whole this circle is thoroughly alive and prosperous.——The Bible Course is taken up by a class of nine at Forest.——The membership at Dayton numbers twenty-four, all with the true Chautauqua spirit.——Three names are enrolled from Howenstine.——The Nineteenth Century Circle is at work at Celina.

Wisconsin.—The Vesper Service is used for the second year by the pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church of Green Bay.

Iowa.—The Vincent Circle at Grundy City has been duly organized and christened. They have nine members, including two graduates of '86 who will graduate in June for the second time and will take up the course again next year. Thus is the work appreciated.——A class of ten busy people, several of whom have not enrolled at the central office, are reading at Sheffield.

Missouri.—A small but persevering circle is studying at Carrollton.

Kansas.—The Quindaquest Circle at Kansas City is reading the course and sends six names for enrollment.——Early in the fall a Chautauqua class was formed at Newton and the reading has been kept up with excellent results.——A member from Leavenworth says: "We have been organized for several months and have named our class the Salon; we are doing nicely and enjoy the course very much."

Nebraska.—Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. L. S. Corey, secretary of this state, space has been secured in a newspaper and a monthly magazine where the workings of the C. L. S. C. will be reported; she also reports energetic circles at Petersburg, Atromsburg, Odell, Plymouth, Liberty, and Bromfield.

Colorado.—Seven names are enrolled from a circle at Denver.

OLD CIRCLES.

Hawaii.—A correspondent from Honolulu reports great interest in "A Study of the Sky" and relates an incident in her own experience concerning a possible meteorite. One night during a storm she was awakened by feeling the house shake. Next morning the cause was evident when she saw about three feet from the house a hole, round as though a cannon ball had entered, and so deep that nothing at hand could measure it. It is still a mystery what the visitor was.

Alabama.—The Sidney Lanier Circle of Shelby derives much benefit and pleasure from the Talladega Assembly, which all attended last year and expect to attend again this summer.

New York.—From Osceola comes the following report: "Last year we had a thriving circle of ten members and this year we have a membership of fourteen, with interest increasing at each meeting. Our circle is called the Lincoln Circle and we feel that we gain fresh knowledge with each meeting." ——"Alive from center to circumference" is the C. L. S. C. of Tabernacle Church, Utica. That this class of seventy has succeeded in cultivating a taste for things Frenchy is proved by the promising menu of a banquet given to the victors by the vanquished of the first term contest. Among the delectable dishes may be mentioned, "*Sauce de Volaille Chautauque*," "*Gelée Canneberge Française*," and "*Oranges de Passadena*." The toast list also shows the fruits of the year's work: "Woman in the Constellations," "French Authors," "The French Woman of To-day," "The Amateur Astronomer," "France Personified in the *Grand Monarch*," and "The French Revolution in Rhyme." Four names are enrolled in the Class of '98 from Park Circle.——Two new members have been initiated in the Ad Astra Circle, of Brooklyn, where the books are giving good satisfaction. Vincent Circle, with seventeen members, reports profitable meetings.

New Jersey.—A book social, given recently by the Watchung Circle of Dunellen, formed an enjoyable evening's entertainment; each person represented a book and the ones guessing the most and the least received appropriate prizes. Refreshments were served, and every one voted the entertainment a success.

Pennsylvania.—The second year of the Paxinosa Circle at Easton finds six new names added to the class; during the year lectures on Irving and Emerson were given by able speakers and Holmes will be the next subject. The work is progressing and little groups of Chautauquans may be seen any starry night observing the sky.——A notable increase is seen in the membership of the class at Parnassus. ——Names are enrolled from Reading, Steelton, Philadelphia, and Ebensburg.

Indian Territory.—The subjects of the course and other topics as well are handled exhaustively by Chickasaw Circle at Ardmore; among the subjects of papers read at one of the meetings are "Copernicus," "Hipparchus," "The Chaldeans," "The Koran," and the "History and Description of the Telescope."

Ohio.—An energetic class of '99's at Columbus is making rapid progress; special interest is taken in the study of "The Growth of the French Nation." ——Seven members compose the circle at Youngstown.

Indiana.—A Chautauquan from Warsaw writes: "We now have nine members of the C. L. S. C., all doing faithful, conscientious work. We all unite in voting the Chautauqua course not only very profitable but exceedingly interesting."——Crescent Circle of Warren retains all its members of last year and has initiated two for the Class of 1900.

Illinois.—Lanier Day was appropriately celebrated by Chautauquans at Danville; papers were read on "Lanier as a Writer," "Lanier as a Man"; a poem by Lanier was read, and an original class poem; good music was also an enjoyable feature. ——Moline Circle recently listened to an interesting description of stars and planets and afterward took personal observations of the larger planets with the aid of a telescope.——A class of eight enthusiastic members compose the Bryant Circle at Oak Park.—Names are enrolled from Griggsville and Harvard.

Wisconsin.—Madison C. L. S. C. regards the Chautauqua work with favor.——Students at Oshkosh are continuing the work.

Minnesota.—A large number of interested

Chautauquans at Albert Lea have read seal courses and a circle is now reading which will send out several graduates this year. The people of the place are unusually interested.

IOWA.—Sixteen readers at Cedar Rapids are found always at the place of duty; "A Study of the Sky" is of especial satisfaction to the members; they are already planning for next year's work, when they will increase their membership.——Names are enrolled in the circles at Des Moines and Humboldt.

KANSAS.—The correspondent from Centralia says: "This is the eighth year we have had a class here and the thorough plan of Chautauqua work is fully appreciated by the educated people."——The F. W. Gunsaulus Circle, of Kansas City, is not large but is good in quality and working capacity.

NEBRASKA.—The secretary of Wymore Circle writes: "We are pursuing the course under great difficulties. Our teachers, of which our circle is mostly composed, find themselves greatly embarrassed by the failure of the bank in which their money and that of the school district was deposited. Some have been obliged to give up the reading for this year."——Bif and Columbia Circles of Lincoln hold very interesting meetings; Bif Circle meets in the morning and thinks great good has been done in this plan of work.——Good work is reported from Beatrice, Fremont, Fairbury, Wayne, Scribner, Ainsworth, Syracuse, Louisville, and Grand Island.——A circle of nineteen is organized at Beaver City.——A dozen thorough readers at Lyons never fail to meet, and the programs are well carried out.

CALIFORNIA.—Seven out of a class of fifteen at Downey will graduate this year.

OREGON.—One very stormy night, only six members of Harmony Circle, Portland, being present at the meeting, these "faithful six," as they termed themselves, adopted a set of humorous resolutions, the chief feature of which was special mention, good or otherwise, of the absent members. This clever paper, which space will not permit to be given in full, was read at the next session, and the meetings have since been marked by prompt attendance. "The Willamette Chautauqua Circle, of Portland, can boast of having one of the most successful classes in the state, being well organized and well attended. It has a large membership and enthusiasm and love of the work are felt and manifested by all. The president is untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of the circle, and it is due in a measure to his zeal and labor that the class has kept up so bravely. It is predicted that some few of its members will some day attain no small amount of fame, as literary work has already been produced showing marked ability and talent of a rare order. This of course throws a certain degree of luster upon the class, and causes the members to feel duly proud of having such bright intellects among them."

NEW MEXICO.—Vincent Circle of Albuquerque has initiated one new member.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Social England.

The fifth volume of "Social England"* fully sustains the high reputation attained by its predecessors in this series. It covers the period from the accession of George I. to the battle of Waterloo. Notwithstanding that the work has been performed by various writers in combination, the continuity of the narrative is fairly well preserved and as a whole the results are satisfactory. The present volume is characterized even more than those preceding by the able character of its contributors. Thus far the social history of England has been described authoritatively and in a manner calculated to engage the interest of persons whose thought is concerned with this subject. The difficult task set by Mr. Traill, the editor of the series, for himself and his colleagues has been marvelously well worked out, and the result is an exhaustive, painstaking, and reliable story of English social history. The Messrs. Putnam are to be congratulated upon making the work so readily accessible to American readers. The publication of the last volume will be awaited with much interest.

History and Travel.

A delightful surprise to the casual reader is bound up within the sober brown covers of "Travel and Talk."* The book may be opened with a mental interrogation as to the author's identity; but if so it is speedily displaced by regret that so clever and genial a writer has been known so late, and by the determination to hold him hereafter as a reserve mine of keen and original thought.

Decidedly an eye-opener is the little "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries"† prepared by Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A. One may well read and ponder on the unguessed possibilities of our great frozen North.

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*Social England. By various writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. $3.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Vol. V.

*Travel and Talk. By the Rev. H. R. Hawels, M.A. Illustrated. Two vols 340 + 331 pp. $5.00. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† Handbook of Arctic Discoveries, No. 3. Columbian Knowledge Series. By A. W. Greely, Brigadier-General United States Army. 257 pp. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"A Cycle of Cathay"[*] is not so poetical as it sounds, but is a serious record of the important movements in Chinese affairs since 1850, interspersed with much pleasant anecdote and valuable description. It is amply illustrated, and lands well within the popular bourne of combined instruction and entertainment.

A very comfortable little jaunt through Egypt and Palestine[†] is that to which Lee S. Smith invites us—one in which we gain many true and vivid impressions of the cradle-land of our religion.

A book well deserving its long survival is "Transcaucasia and Ararat,"[‡] first published and cordially accepted some twenty years ago, but which with the supplementary data and authoritative revisions now supplied by its distinguished author is a far more important work than were the former editions.

Deliciously quaint in language and sentiment are some of the quoted passages in "Old Colony Days,"[‖] and thoroughly absorbing is the book throughout, being a graceful narrative presentment of some of the most interesting phases of colonial history.

A weighty tome of six hundred solid pages is devoted to "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians,"[§] and then not to its *ensemble* but only to its religious side. Ponderously learned it seems, but the chance browser who turns its pages finds with pleasant surprise his attention constantly held by some strong, meaningful sentence surcharged with interesting fact.

Our great bustling Gotham is such a maelstrom of American life that any preservation of its early traditions becomes a national benefaction. "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York"[¶] confers such a benefit, in its fund of authentic reminiscence recorded by a vigorous and appreciative intellect.

Social and Economic Studies.

"Outlines of Economic Theory"[**] is one of the latest economic text-books to invite the attention of students. The orderly treatment of the subject, the timely interpretation of economic theory, and in the main the soundness of the conclusions will commend the volume to the increasing number of persons interested in this branch of learning.

The exposition[*] of the principles of sociology as set forth by Professor Giddings is important and interesting. Sociology is described with deliberation as a "science" the inclusiveness of which we may believe to be almost infinite. "It tries to conceive of society in its unity, and attempts to explain it in terms of cosmic cause and law." "It is an attempt to account for the origin, growth, structure, and activities of society by the operation of physical, vital, and psychical causes, working together in a process of evolution." The author inveighs against what he terms "the overworked biological analogy" in sociology and finds for the new "science" a psychological basis. The publication of this book emphasizes another development in the field of sociology and it is to be accounted a valuable addition to the growing literature of an important subject.

Professor Plehn's "Introduction to Public Finance"[†] was prepared especially for use as an elementary text-book for schools and colleges, but its popular character is likely to win for it much wider circulation. Public expenditure, public revenues, public indebtedness, and financial administration are the general subjects embraced in the discussion. Taxation in its different forms occupies the largest part of the author's attention, and the financial history of England, France, Germany, and the United States has been briefly but comprehensively described and analyzed.

In a small, handy volume[‡] Mr. W. H. Mallock has brought together a number of detached essays dealing with wealth, wages, and welfare in the United Kingdom. In these days of social interest and agitation it is in a sense refreshing to follow the discussion of a writer which partakes of rationality, as in the present case. But it is nevertheless true that Mr. Mallock views the evolution of social conditions with an optimism that cannot be shared by those who have an appreciation of the hard processes which have led up to the present status of social life in England. The reading of these pages may conduce to one's comfortable feeling with relation to the state of society to-day and the outlook for the future, but it is bound to be more or less disturbed by an intimate acquaintance with the realities of social history.

Mr. McPherson in his businesslike discussion[‖] of the monetary and banking problem commends the gold standard as being for the present the best standard of value. But he concludes: "As political economists of high authority have admitted the inadequacy of either gold or silver as a just and absolute standard of value; as there is reason to believe that in the future gold will be less fitted for this purpose than at present, the means by which a just and absolute standard may be attained should become a matter for earnest consideration, even although such consideration result but in the theoretical demonstration of a standard the adoption of which may be practicable only in the remote future." The author's thesis is suggestive of certain practical reforms, but in the main it is idealistic and looks to the establishment of a monetary standard which shall rest for its foundation directly upon the results of human effort.

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[*] A Cycle of Cathay, or China, South and North. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. With Illustrations and Map. 264 pp. $2.00.——[†] Through Egypt to Palestine. By Lee S. Smith. Fifteen full-page Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author. 223 pp. $1.25. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

[‡] Transcaucasia and Ararat. Being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. By James Bryce. With Engraving and Colored Map. 526 pp. $3.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[‖] Old Colony Days. By May Alden Ward. 280 pp. $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[§] The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. Part III. The Religion. 601 pp. ——[¶] Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. Illustrated Edition. 386 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[**] Outlines of Economic Theory. By H. J. Davenport. 381 pp. $2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[*] The Principles of Sociology. By Franklin H. Giddings, M.A. 476 pp. $3.00.——[†] Introduction to Public Finance. By Carl C. Plehn, Ph.D., of the University of California. 364 pp. $1.60.——[‡] Classes and the Masses. By W. H. Mallock. 139 pp. $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[‖] The Monetary and Banking Problem. By Logan G. McPherson. 135 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States"* is the title of the twelfth volume in Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics. The subject is treated under three heads: "The Distribution of Property," "Distribution of Incomes," and "Distribution of Taxes." The concentration of property in cities, an obvious result of the centralization of population, is emphasized by statistics relating to the city of New York. Here it is asserted that in 1893 two thirds of the 330,000 families were propertyless. As to incomes, it is set down that one per cent of our families receive nearly one fourth of the whole income of the country and fifty per cent receive barely one fifth. In the matter of taxation it is stated that the "wealthy class" pays less than one tenth of the indirect taxes, the "well-to-do class" less than one quarter, and the "relatively poorer classes" more than two thirds. While the methods employed by the author in reaching these conclusions are apparently conscientious and painstaking, the lack of sufficient reliable statistical data bearing upon these subjects in this country justifies the hope that there is a brighter side to the picture. Dr. Spahr commits himself to a progressive income tax, for which he argues at length. A valuable appendix completes the volume.

An economic treatise† which must take high rank for practical character, logical conception, and judicial temperament is that by Professor Hadley. For a work which deals in so large a measure with economic theory it is gratifying to find the discussion practical as well as scientific. "An account of the relations between private property and public welfare" is the subtitle of the book, which, as the author well says, is "an attempt to apply the methods of modern science to the problems of modern business." The familiar classification of economic science into the departments of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption has been discarded. In its stead the author follows a line of discussion which admits of no division upon hard and fast lines, but which nevertheless contributes much of facility to the work as a whole. The practical application of economic theory to the problems of modern business life is ably described, and the book deserves a wide reading for its real worth.

Stories for Boys and Girls.

A pure, healthy story for young people is "We Ten, or The Story of the Roses."* The Roses were, with one exception, strong, fun-loving children, and the incidents, pranks, and adventures of their daily lives as described by different members of the family make a story full of life and excitement. Each one of the Roses has his own peculiar individuality, and in spite of the naughtinesses and boisterous outbursts of passion we love every one of them for the real goodness and nobility of heart which shine forth even in their most daring escapades. It is a charming story and will delight youthful readers of both sexes.

A young girl of fourteen surrounded by wealth and luxury and gifted with a particular genius for writing novels, drawing, playing a violin, and singing, is the character whom Mary A. Denison calls an "every-day heroine."† The complete development of her womanly traits is brought about by the trials she endures after the loss of wealth and luxury through the supposed wrong-doing of her father. After following the course of events for several years the reader is glad that one who lives so rigidly up to what is the highest and best in her nature is rewarded by happiness in this life.

How much uneasiness and consequent unhappiness may be caused by a thoughtless speech is brought out in "Her College Days,"‡ which portrays the powerful influence of the deep devotion of mother and daughter and the innocent pleasures to be enjoyed in college society. The heroine is bright, thoroughly good, and attractive, and the little trouble that comes to her but makes the sunshine of life the brighter. It is a story every girl will enjoy reading.

A collection of eleven tales‖ tending to arouse in the young a high moral sentiment is the work of

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* An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States. By Charles B. Spahr. 184 pp. $1.50. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

† Economics. By Arthur Twining Hadley. 496 pp. $2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* We Ten, or The Story of the Roses. By Barbara Yechton. Illustrated by Minna Brown. 383 pp. $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

† An Every-day Heroine. A Story for Girls. By Mary A. Denison. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 329 pp.——‡ Her College Days. By Mrs. Clarke Johnson. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 336 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

‖ Compound Interest and Other Stories. By Mrs. O. W. Scott. 193 pp. 75 cts. Cincinnati: Cranston and Curts. New York: Hunt and Eaton.

Mrs. O. W. Scott. The stories on the whole are well written and entertaining, and touch the serious side of life without being in the least gloomy. Each has its lesson of duty and moral obligation which is presented in an attractive way.

It is a lively crowd of young people with whom Anna Chapin Ray makes us acquainted in her story entitled "Half a Dozen Girls."[*] They are mischievous but not vicious and know how to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The new illustrated edition of this story appears in handsome covers of green and gold, with eighteen excellent illustrations in which the realistic portrayals by the author are artistically reflected.

The humor and tender sentiment which are combined in a story called "Dick"[†] invests it with attractive power for every lover of good stories. The hero, a western boy living in the East with a maiden cousin who does not understand a boy's nature, is a noble, roguish, but lovable lad. The friction which this condition brings about, and the innocent fun and frolics with school friends, are worked into an interesting plot the conclusion of which is most satisfactory.

Camp Chicopee,[‡] with its score of boys learning self control and practising manly virtues, must have been an ideal place for a summer vacation, judging from the bright picture which Myra Sawyer Hamlin has drawn. The one girl who took part in all the sports of camp life was Nan, a whole-souled girl of fifteen to whom the boys showed great respect and loyalty. The sport she enjoyed with the boys and the influence she wielded make a very pleasing story of a summer season.

There was nothing monotonous about the camp life of three young men of the Tamarack Tower[‖] on one of the islands of the St. Lawrence. During the summer of which Elbridge S. Brooks writes the boys made the acquaintance of General Grant, who gave them excellent advice for the conduct of their war with two unscrupulous people in the neighborhood. The stirring events of that season make an exciting story which one will read with keen enjoyment.

Every acquaintance of the Chilhowee boys will be glad to meet them again during their college days. Three of them, Kenneth, Hugh, and Alan, are the principal actors in this story,[*] and their experiences at a Tennessee college in the early days succeeding the late war furnish the greater part of the incidents. New characters are introduced and they, as our old acquaintances, are real living personages whom we will be glad to meet again.

A story of the Seminole War is entitled "Through Swamp and Glade."[†] The principal incidents, as the author says in the preface, are historical facts. The scene of the story is Florida and the time at which it begins is "the evening of a perfect April day." It closes with a double wedding and the emigration of the Indians to their western territory. This story furnishes much food for thought on the Indian question.

"The Lost Gold Mine"[‡] is a tale of exciting adventure in the Southwest. Counterfeiters and the most lawless desperadoes figure in a most remarkable series of events, but the results of many of their schemes are the reverse of what they expect, owing to the pluck of two lads, who finally discover the lost mine. It is really the story of the life of a young boy abducted for the purpose of obtaining a large sum of money, but the author has adroitly concealed this fact until near the close.

"In the Days of Washington"[‖] is an historical tale into the plot of which have been deftly woven many stirring events connected with one year of the American Revolution. It reveals in an impressive way which no mere matter-of-fact historical account could do the dangers and hardships of those early years of struggle. It is an excellent story, well-written and cleverly conceived.

With his usual skill Frank Stockton has constructed an exciting tale full of rapidly occurring adventures of a very thrilling nature, to which he has given the title, "Captain Chap."[§] Three boys are permitted to take a trip on a tug, an accident happens, the tug's crew with the boys are taken on board a south-bound vessel, and the lads, accompanied by one sailor, are put ashore in Florida. What happened before they found their friends supplies the material for this story, which will easily hold the attention of the reader to its close.

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[*] Half a Dozen Girls. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 369 pp. $1.50.——[†] Dick. By Anna Chapin Ray. 280 pp. $1.25. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

[‡] Nan at Camp Chicopee; or, Nan's Summer with the Boys. 265 pp. $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[‖] Under the Tamaracks. By Elbridge S. Brooks. 336 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

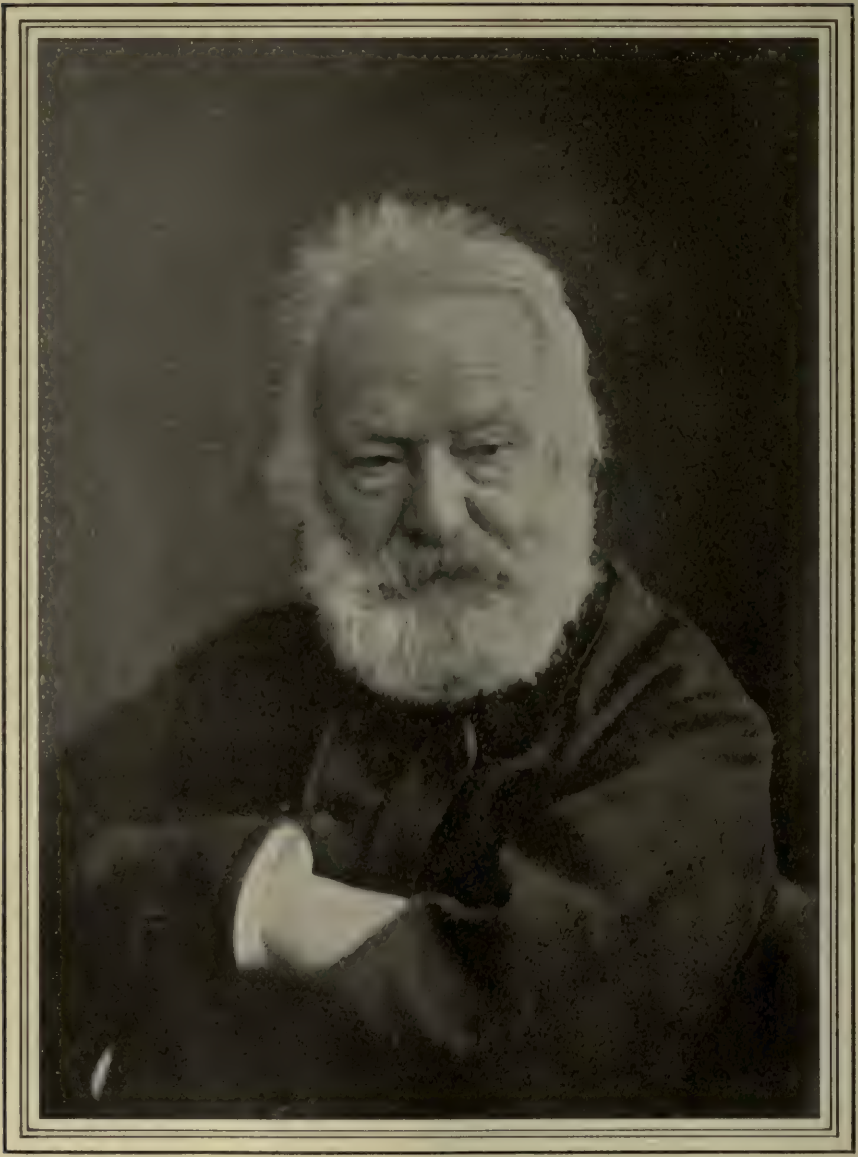
[*] Chilhowee Boys at College. By Sarah E. Morrison. 447 pp. $1.50. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

[†] Through Swamp and Glade. By Kirk Monroe. Illustrated by Victor Perard. 360 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[‡] The Lost Gold Mine. By Frank H. Converse. 354 pp.——[‖] In the Days of Washington. By William Murray Graydon. 319 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

[§] Captain Chap, or the Rolling Stones. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by Charles H. Stephens. 298 pp. $1.50 Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

VICTOR HUGO AT TWENTY-EIGHT.



From a photograph taken a short time before his death.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE STORY OF VICTOR HUGO.*

BY JAMES A. HARRISON, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

MANY years ago a young writer, himself soon to be counted among the immortals, presented himself at the house of a celebrated French poet with a view to visit him; and this is how he describes the visit:

> Twice we climbed the staircase slowly, slowly, as if our boots had had soles of lead. Breath failed us, we heard our hearts beating in our throats, and an icy sweat bathed our temples. . . . At last the door opened, and in a flood of light like Phœbus Apollo crossing the threshold of the dawn, appeared upon the dark stairway — VICTOR HUGO himself in all his glory.
>
> A brow truly monumental, that crowned the serious calm of his face as with a frontispiece of white marble: a brow of superhuman beauty and amplitude. The greatest thoughts could inscribe themselves there; crowns of gold or of laurel could rest upon it as upon the brow of a god or a Cæsar. The sign of power was there. Light chestnut hair framed it and fell back somewhat long. Neither beard, nor moustache, nor whiskers, nor *impériale*[1]; a face carefully shaved, of peculiar pallor, illumined by twin tawny eyes like eagle's eyeballs, and a mouth with sinuous lips and curving corners, firm and steadfast, which, when they opened for a smile revealed teeth of dazzling whiteness.

MME. VICTOR HUGO.

Such was the great writer to the young enthusiast Théophile Gautier in 1830. "And Victor Hugo was more than seventy," adds another writer, "when I saw him, and he was always the same: the same brow, the same eyes, the same mouth, the same imperial majesty, the same audacity, the same gentleness."

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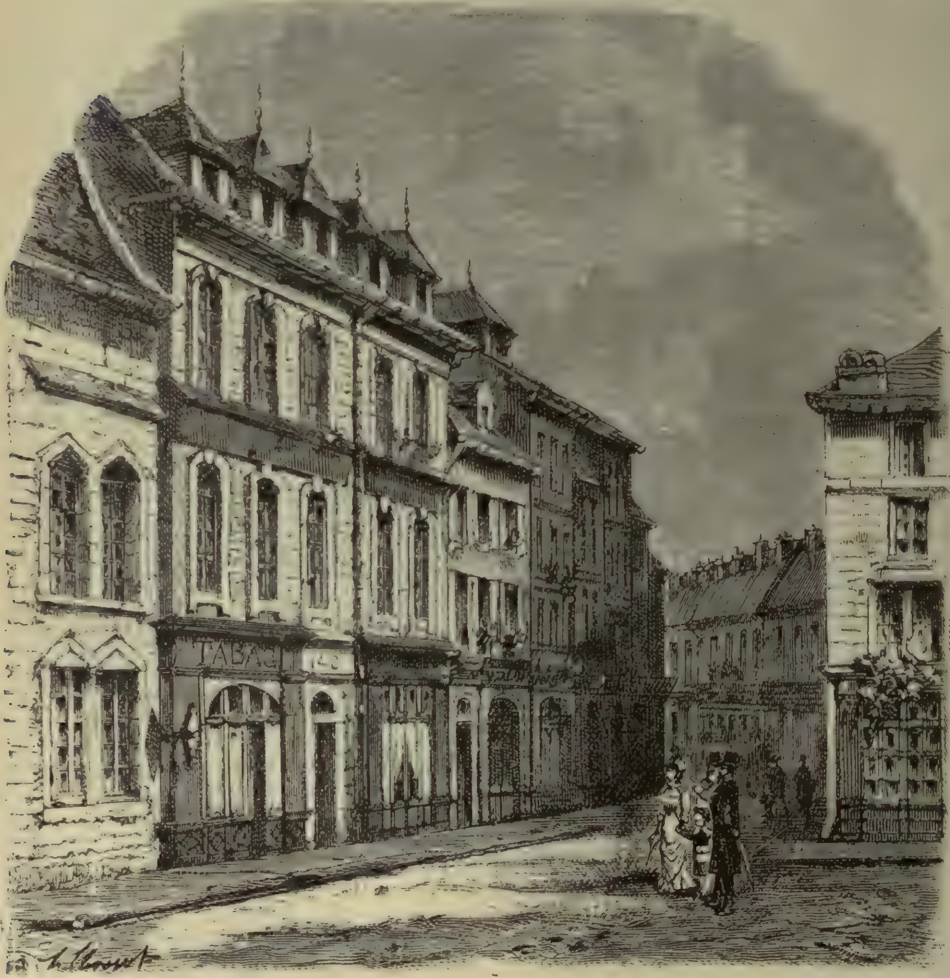
*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

This was the wonderful creature who at the age of fifteen had the honor to be called "the sublime child" by the aged Chateaubriand, then the acknowledged monarch of French intellectual society.

Victor Hugo's youth was singularly romantic. Born in the old Spanish-French town of Besançon, in the south of France, early in 1802, he came into the world like Goethe, delicate and moribund, and combined in his chameleon-like changeable-silk temperament the characteristics of a Lorraine father and a Vendean mother, with the superadded lusters and flickering lights derived from the unique environment of his childhood. His father was colonel of a Bonapartist regiment stationed at Besançon at the time of his birth, and he was only six weeks old when in those stirring and tumultuous days the family had to pick up and migrate to the island of Elba, afterward so famous in the history of Bonaparte. Here Mme. Hugo (a pronounced Royalist united by a freak of fate to an idolatrous worshiper of the Corsican) remained three years, and thus (says Sainte-Beuve) the first language that he stammered was Italian of the isles.

Then that multiple prism of the poet's soul began to reflect yet another color, when in 1805 his mother took him to Paris and in 1807 to Italy, in the wake of the mighty



VICTOR HUGO'S BIRTHPLACE AT BESANÇON.

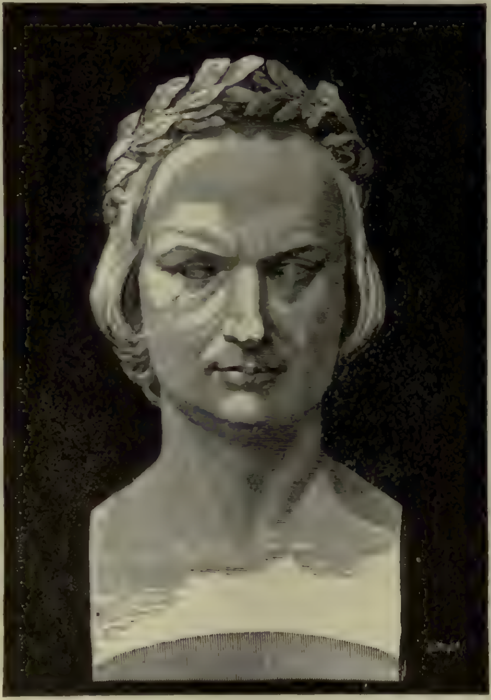
GENERAL HUGO, THE FATHER OF VICTOR HUGO.

Bohemian who called himself Emperor of France. Here the father, governor of the province of Avellino, engaged in the extirpation of bands of brigands, among them Fra Diavolo,[2] and here for two years the plastic, impressionable imagination of the precocious child of seven drank in the richest impressions of sensuous delight—beautiful landscapes, glimpses of antique and venerable towns, visions of radiant snow-capped mountains, music of a delightful and melodious speech, and the incomparable eloquence of travel passionately appealing to the most sensitive soul of the century.

Then, after this glorious vision of Italy dawning on his young eyes, two more years of Paris in an old house in the society of an austere, imperious, yet tender mother, who, Royalist though she was, concealed in her house General Lahorie, a friend of her husband, who was a fugitive from justice. With him Victor read Polybius in French and construed Tacitus in Latin—food indeed for the young eaglet.

In 1811 the brilliant life and landscape panorama of Spain unfolded before the boy; he lived in Madrid, became a page of Joseph Bonaparte, and attended the seminary of nobles, his father being major-domo of the palace and governor of two provinces. Here the boys in their youthful sports fought battles for "the great emperor," and Victor's brother was grievously wounded with a knife in one of them. In 1812 they returned to France amid the crash of thrones tumbling about the luckless Bonaparte, and again the brothers, "with their characters bronzed and their imaginations gilded by the suns of the Sierra," speaking Spanish beautifully, thrilling with reminiscences of heroic Spain afterward to reappear frequently in exquisite poems, and with minds full of a varied and perpetual pageant of pictures half dreamlike, half snatched from the charming realities of travel—the three boys returned to Paris and again "fed on that lion's marrow, Tacitus and Juvenal," in the company of their philosophic Voltairian mother, who never mentioned religion to them but turned them loose to browse as they would among her books.

In the convent home of the Feuillantines[3] where they lived and which reappears in his great romance of "Les Misérables," the young Hugo, at thirteen, wrote his first verses, not so precocious in this as many a celebrated author that might be mentioned. Family dissensions came to ruffle the harmony of the family life; General (since 1809) and Mme. Hugo separated, being of irreconcilable tempers and politics; the father claimed the children (who now hated the imperial government), and they were put to studying philosophy, physics, and mathematics, for the latter of which, by their ingenious solutions of mathematical problems, they showed original genius. At fourteen, after the second Restoration, Victor began to write an Egyptian tragedy, "Irtamène," with veiled allusions, in the manner of Racine, to Louis XVIII.; but in his autobiographic "Odes and Ballads," printed long after, and in his wife's biography of him, it is clear that Spain was already moving over the great deep of the poet's soul—the Spain of convents and bastiles, of cathedrals and Gothic pinnacles, of wooden roofs, towers, and palaces—the beautiful, romantic Spain of Roland and Roncesvalles, the royal beggar, the resplendent Lazarus, always proud of her record and her hidalgoes; and this marvelous legendary Spain, in "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," "Les Orientales," "Torquemada," and a hundred other things, was to be a lifelong inspiration to his semi-Spanish genius, the "Victoria Nyanza" source of this vast intellectual Nile of the nineteenth century.

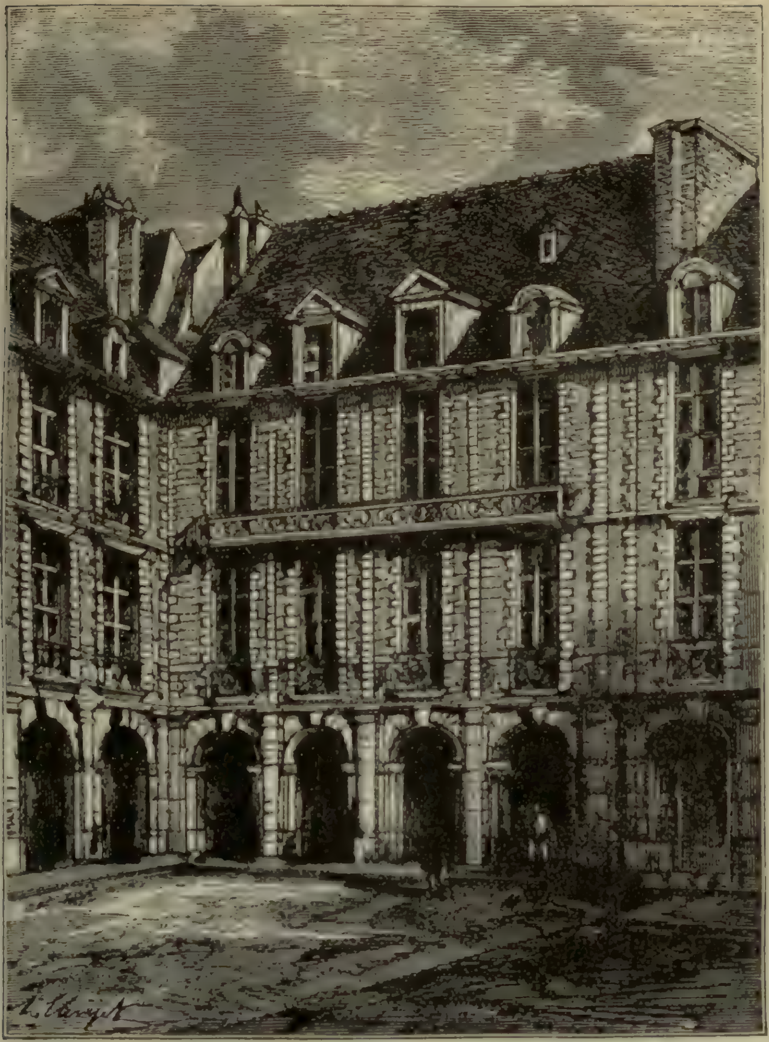


BUST OF VICTOR HUGO.

At fifteen, in the famous competition of the French Academy in 1817, his poem of three hundred lines on "The Advantages of Study" would have gained him the prize; but the judges could not believe the statement in its concluding couplet:

Moi, qui toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
De *trois lustres* à peine ai vu finis le cours;[4]

and the young author's work received only honorable mention. However, the winning of two prizes in rapid succession, one in 1819 on "The Statue of Henry IV.," and the other on "The Virgins of Verdun," in the Floral Games of Toulouse, and a third prize for "Moses on the Nile," bringing him in 1820, at the remarkable age of eighteen, the grade of "Master of the



VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE IN THE PLACE ROYALE.

Floral Games" in the poetical tourneys of the South, revealed to the tardy academicians the presence of a great unrecognized genius and glory in France. Truly "lava boiled beneath this granite"; and then true love, the love of Adèle Foucher, crowned his heart as the laurel had just crowned his brow, and in 1822 began a long and happy married life for the twain.

This life, which was to last almost as long as Goethe's or Voltaire's, was to continue until 1885, when, accompanied by the most brilliant public funeral France had seen since the death of Mirabeau, it was laid to rest amid the tears, acclamations, and benedictions of thousands in the Panthéon, the church of Louis XV.

"Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante,"[5] was inscribed in large letters over the façade. Here Voltaire and Rousseau are buried, and opposite Hugo's tomb is the tomb of the inimitable jester Molière. Once Mirabeau and Marat lay here but were removed by the fickle Parisians—that Marat slain by the white hand of Charlotte Corday, that Mirabeau who in one of his very last speeches had prophetically exclaimed, "Il n'y a qu'un pas du Capitole à la Roche Tarpéienne!"[6]

Here then lies Hugo in a great Greek

temple, so foreign to his Gothic genius, which he himself had ridiculed as "the prettiest Savoy biscuit ever made in stone."

But between 1820 and 1885 what a world of work! The *édition définitive* already counts seventy volumes: twenty volumes of verse, twenty volumes of fiction, ten volumes of dramas, twelve volumes of polemic and political prose, and eight volumes of miscellanies; and still posthumous volumes, "memoirs from beyond the tomb," are announced, cries of a wounded spirit battling against oblivion.

HUGO'S FUNERAL.

A mere catalogue of these works would fill columns for which there is no space, but many of them are landmarks in French literary history, golden milestones in the evolution of the French mind, and these must be as saliently outlined as our necessary limits will allow.

Victor Hugo as a child had exclaimed, "I will be Chateaubriand or nothing!" and he had early fallen under the influence of Walter Scott, Byron, and Moore. These twin influences—Chateaubriand, the great and lovely prose poet who had written "René," "Atala," "The Genius of Christianity," and "The Martyrs," and the high-colored, sentimental school of poets and romancers represented by "Ivanhoe," "Manfred," and "Lalla Rookh" had profoundly moved and touched the Eolian nature of Hugo, vibrant and sonorous as a wind-harp to contemporary voices. Chateaubriand in his turn, reveling in the exquisite pictures of nature painted by Bernardin de Saint Pierre in his "Paul and Virginia," by Mme. de Staël in her "Corinne," and by Jean Jacques Rousseau in his wonderful "Confessions" and "The New Héloise"—works which had drawn their passionate eloquence from "Clarissa Harlowe," Gray, Thompson, and Young, predecessors of the misty moonlit Ossian—Chateaubriand had lived in a sentimental dream-world of lyric melancholy which went straight back to Rousseau and had its source like the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube, in the Alps. The Genevan egoist was thus, through Saint Pierre, Mme. de Staël, and

Chateaubriand, the parent of romanticism in France, especially the lineal spiritual ancestor of Hugo, whose prose and verse exhibit the finest specimens of the productivity of the school. The "Sorrows of Werther," the musical, mystic sentimentalism of Ossian, which Goethe said had driven out the Iliad for him—Ossian intensely admired of Napoleon and Lamartine—had gone from Germany and England to mingle with the burning words of the Switzer and create a new atmosphere in France, to which the long agony of the Revolution, the murder of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., the extraordinary career of Napoleon, and the indescribable social misery of Europe contributed memorable factors.

Of all these complicated threads of influence Hugo was the child. The decade from 1822 to 1832 is punctuated for him with many luminous, many epoch-making dates: 1822, the first volume of "Odes"; 1823, "Han d' Islande"; 1826, "Bug-Jargal"; 1827, "Cromwell"; 1828, "Les Orientales"; 1829, "Marion Delorme" and "Hernani"; 1831, "Notre Dame de Paris."

Of these the three amazing Icelandic, Haytian, and Parisian romances, "Han d'Islande," "Bug-Jargal," "Notre Dame de Paris," founded a new school in the descriptive, grotesque, humorous, architectural style of fiction; "Cromwell" applied to the French stage in its celebrated preface the principles of free art, the mingling of tragic and comic, grotesque and sublime already richly incarnated for England in the plays of the myriad-minded Shakespeare and for Germany by Lessing; "Les Orientales" exquisitely reproduced an imaginative Orient which had been flickering mirage-like before the poet's fancy ever since his visit to Italy and Spain, and revealed the wealth of rhythmic and musical resource latent in the language and simply awaiting the enchanter's wand to evoke it. "Hernani" (Verdi's opera of "Ernani") marked the triumph of romanticism, of which Hugo was now the standard-bearer, and brought about him by its grand alexandrine verse, its daring originality of form and treatment, its metrical and stylistic radicalism, and its bold innovations of speech and word, an enthusiastic band of poets, painters, sculptors, and men of genius, all of whom yielded unbounded homage to the man who thus bade defiance to the old classical traditions of the classic French tragedy of Racine and Corneille. Donizetti turned Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia" into delightful music and Verdi embalmed "Le Roi s'Amuse" in his "Rigoletto." In "Ruy Blas," "a superb poetic evocation of a decaying monarchy," Spain puissant and reminiscent comes up again wonderfully poetized by an imagination absolutely magnificent.

For in Hugo the imagination steeped in lyric form is the preponderant faculty, and such are its power and glory that when he came later on in his career to write "La Légende des Siècles," "Les Châtiments," and "L' Année Terrible" he removed the reproach that French poetry was without a grand epic poem since the "Chanson de Roland" in the twelfth century, and in these glorious treasure-houses of legends, lyric satires that lash like lambent flame, and wrathful and vengeful reminiscences of Sedan and "Napoleon the Little," showed that the reproach was unjust.

The man Hugo had all this time (1822–85) been rising in worldly distinction and honor. In 1822 he obtained a pension of two thousand francs from Louis XVIII., when he was an ardent Royalist; in 1841 he became one of the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy; in 1845 he was named a peer of France; in 1848 he became the representative of Paris in the Constituent Assembly, and ultimately revealed splendid powers of epigrammatic oratory. He even aspired to the presidency of the nascent Republic, sitting first with the "right," then with the "left," a marked anti-clerical, then a Socialist, then, in 1851, an exile to Belgium, Jersey, and Guernsey (the "green isle"), at the advent of the Second Empire. Here in this lovely little verdant isle, in sight of his beloved France, he lived and labored nearly twenty years, first in Guernsey learning to know that grand pictorial phenomenon, the sea, which he actually discovered for the French and which spumes and foams and sparkles and roars through all his later verse in a form absolutely without parallel for majesty and melody.

Here he poured forth, like a Prometheus chained to an ocean rock, another torrent of epoch-making works: "Napoléon le Petit," "Les Châtiments," satires in verse against the men of the Empire (1853), "Les Contemplations" (1856), "La Légende des Siècles" (1859), "Les Misérables," his great philanthropic romance (1862), "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" (1866), "Chansons des Rues et des Bois"[7] (1865), etc.

Recalled to Paris under the Third Republic, he saw the siege of 1870 and reproduced in a series of terrible poems "L' Année Terrible" of 1871. More "Légendes des Siècles" (1877), "L'Art d'Etre Grand-père" (1877), "Quatre Vents de l' Esprit"[8] (1882), showed the inexhaustible wealth of his mind. In 1876 he was named senator; in 1885 he died, as he had predicted, "when the roses were in bloom," robust and tempestuous to the last, giving up life, as one of his friends remarked, "only with a bull's agony," in the attitude of a dying gladiator militant, Laocoön-like to the end.

VICTOR HUGO AS A POET.

BY PROFESSOR ALCÉE FORTIER, D.LT.

OF TULANE UNIVERSITY.

HARDLY two years had elapsed since Lamartine's "Meditations" had appeared and had delighted France, when Victor Hugo's "Odes" were published. The author of these poems was only twenty years old, but he had begun his career as a poet five years previously. At the age of fifteen he won a prize at the Floral Games of Toulouse and an honorable mention from the French Academy, and wrote, while still a boy, a number of poems and dramas which gave great promise of future greatness.

Victor Hugo's sojourn in Spain with his father influenced his poems not a little. The scenes of his two best dramas, "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" were laid in Spain, and his "Orientales" was inspired partly by the warmth of the Spanish sun. The fact of his having been born at Besançon, in ancient Franche-Comté, a former possession of the Spanish crown, may account also for his predilection for Spanish themes. In reality, although his poems are far less subjective than Lamartine's, they are influenced to a great extent by the events in his life and by his surroundings, and we shall have to refer often to the life of the man to explain the works of the poet.

Victor Hugo's father, as we have already said, was a soldier of the Revolution and of the Empire, but his mother belonged to a Royalist and Catholic family. We see, therefore, in his first works the influence of his mother, and in his "Odes" (1822 and 1824) and in his "Odes et Ballades" (1826) his themes are those of a Royalist and of a Catholic. He seems in the first three books of his "Odes" to be the poet laureate of the Bourbons, and Napoleon is yet for him "Buonaparte." He is attracted somewhat by that magic name, but in the verses which he devotes to the great emperor, in "Buonaparte," "Les Deux Iles," and "À la Colonne de la Place Vendôme,"[1] there is more of blame than of praise, and he is not yet entranced by the wonderful genius of the conqueror.

In the fourth and fifth books of the "Odes" and in the "Ballads" the poems are no longer political, but are on miscellaneous subjects. They are tender and graceful and exceedingly pleasing. The feeling of the poet is not as deep as that of Lamartine, and his verses move us less than those of the "Meditations." They possess, however, more force and are more diversified. Hugo presents to us the infant Moses on the Nile, the girl of Otaheite, fairies, sylphs, giants, and peris, and we see that he is already a master of French verse.

There is in Hugo's first works an indication of that tendency toward grandeur which is so apparent later, and we may compare his genius with that of Corneille. From his early youth he had a high opinion of the poet's calling and he likened it somewhat to that of the preacher in the pulpit: both the poet and the preacher are to enlighten mankind. Throughout his whole career Hugo acted according to this theory, and in spite of want of judgment and of tact on many occasions he certainly gave useful lessons to his countrymen and to humanity. For sixty years he was the champion of many noble causes and he deserved the unbounded popularity which he enjoyed in his old age.

In "Les Orientales" (1828) he was animated by the heroic struggle of the Greeks for liberty, and consecrated brilliant lines to that Orient which he had never seen but of which Spain had given him an idea in his childhood. He wished to represent the warmth of the oriental sun; he recalled to his mind the landscape of Spain and he went every evening for several days to observe the setting of the sun at Montmartre. His visualization was so wonderful that he reproduced correctly what he saw, but with larger outlines.

His principal trait was his imagination, his creative power. He saw something in nature or in a man's heart, and he reproduced what he had seen, greatly enlarged by his extraordinary imagination but correct in the main points. This faculty of his accounts for many of his creations which appear to us grotesque and unnatural, especially in his dramas and his novels, but we should remember that a statue of heroic size often gives us an exact image of a man. We like to read in Hugo of things grand and sublime, and we see also verses of exquisite delicacy and tenderness. The latter especially are to be found in "Les Feuilles d'Automne"[2] (1831).

Hugo had a great love for his mother and was deeply grieved at her death. He married shortly afterward Adèle Foucher, whom he had known from childhood, and his "Feuilles d'Automne" was inspired by his affection for his mother's memory, for his wife, and for his children. In the first poem of that work he gives the date of his birth and speaks most touchingly of motherly love:

> O the love of a mother! love which no one forgets! Marvelous bread which a God divides and multiplies! Table always served at the paternal hearth! Each one has his share, and all have the whole of it!

He says that his soul is made of crystal and vibrates with every breath of wind, with every ray of light, whether favorable or fatal. He is still faithful to the king, as he is the son of a Vendean, but he begins to erect silently a temple to his father's emperor. In poem No. XV. he devotes charming lines to children. He calls them all to him, he wants them to sing, to laugh, to run; he says that they give poetry to verses, as the dawn of day gives dew to the flowers—that their voice charms him, that their eye casts upon him golden beams, and he wishes to inhabit no other house but that which is enlivened by the noise of children. No. XIX. is still more graceful and tender: the family circle applauds when the child appears; his sweet look makes all eyes shine; he dispels sadness, and in the midst of the most serious conversation all stop to smile on seeing the child appear.

> Child, you are the dawn and my soul is the plain, with its breath made balmy by the sweetest flowers when you breathe it; my soul is the forest of which the dark boughs are filled—for you alone—with sweet murmurs and with golden beams!
>
> My Lord! preserve me, preserve those I love—brothers, relatives, friends—and my enemies even triumphant in evil, from ever seeing, O Lord, the summer without radiant flowers, the cage without birds, the hive without bees, the house without children.

There are several love poems in "Les Feuilles d'Automne," but the tone is far less passionate than in Lamartine, and one sees in none of Hugo's works the profound feeling of the "Meditations," the thrilling despair of Musset's "Night of May." Instead of passionate love Hugo gives us charming verses devoted to children and his sublime "Prière pour Tous,"[3] dedicated to his daughter.

There is not in French literature greater lyric poetry than that of "Les Feuilles d'Automne" and "Les Chants du Crépuscule."[4] The poet is now the acknowledged master of the Romantic School; he has not only "renovated French imagination," according to M. Émile Faguet, but also French verse. He uses all kinds of rhythms, he does not hesitate to make use of the *enjambement* (overflow), but his verse is always correct and the rime remarkably rich. He believes in art in poetry, but not in art for art, as did Théophile Gautier, his celebrated disciple. He pays attention to form, but not without ideas, and he reintroduces into French poetry a number of words which had been banished by the Classic School as not being sufficiently noble. The Romantic School with Hugo and his disciples has exerted an immense and favorable influence on French poetry, an influence which was felt by the Parnassians, such as Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, and François Coppée, and which is still felt by the most recent poets, in spite of themselves.

Four great causes contributed to the literary renaissance called romanticism: first, the study of foreign literature, brought about principally by Mme. de Staël's "De l' Allemagne";[5] secondly, the revival of the Christian spirit, caused by Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme";[6] thirdly, the study of the Middle Ages; and fourthly, the study of nature, brought about by Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and Chateaubriand. Hugo was actuated by all four of these causes, at different periods of his career, but after having been inspired by the spirit of the times he became a creator, and was, without doubt, the most marvelous poet that France has produced. Lamartine, Vigny, Musset have written some works probably as great as any of Hugo's, but they are not as uniformly great as the latter.

Hugo was not only a lyric poet but also the greatest epic poet of the nineteenth century. "À la Colonne" in "Les Chants du Crépuscule" is a real epic and still more so is "Napoléon II." This is one of the most spirited and grandest poems that has ever been written. Napoleon is represented holding his son in his arms and exclaiming: "The future! the future! the future is mine!" The future, says the poet, belongs to God alone, for

> To-day man sows the cause, to-morrow God makes the effect ripen.

To-morrow is Moscow in flames, Waterloo, Saint Helena, and the tomb. The conqueror may be the greatest upon earth; he may take Europe from Charlemagne, Asia from Mohammed, but he shall not take to-morrow from the Eternal. What a lesson to humanity is the fate of Napoleon's son! After the fall of the eagle, Austria took the eaglet, and on his barren rock in the midst of the Atlantic the great captive had no thought for his almost superhuman power and his wonderful victories, but he was thinking only of a rosy child, to whom he had once given the crown of Rome for a plaything, but who was now for him only his child, whom he never would press again in his mighty arms. "Two things were left to him in his sterile cage, the portrait of a child and the map of the world—all his genius and all his heart." The tempest, however, is the same for all, for the great as well as for the little Napoleon.

> And the wave which passes by forgets Leviathan as well as Alcyon.

"Les Voix Intérieures" (1837) and "Les Rayons et les Ombres" (1840) are collections of noble poems of about the same merit as those of "Les Feuilles d'Automne" and "Les Chants du Crépuscule." Hugo's genius passes from one theme to another, and his works are never monotonous. As a proof of his versatility let us call attention to "La Vache"[8] in "Les Voix Intérieures." What a realistic picture and how delicate at the same time: the farm, the old man, the little children, the chickens, and the superb cow placidly yielding her milk. Such is nature; men are in tumult around her, but she, not troubled by them, dreams of her God.

"Olympio," "Tristesse d' Olympio," and "Oceano Nox"[9] are sad and melancholy, and even pessimistic. How dreadful is the fathomless ocean! How many gloomy stories do the waves relate to one another when the tide is rising! Where are the sailors sunk in the dark night? Alas! not in the narrow graveyard, where the weeping willow lets fall its faded leaves on the humble tombstone.

Hugo's political misfortunes, leading to his exile, first to Belgium, then to Jersey, and finally to Guernsey, gave a new impetus to his literary activity, which had been dormant for some time, at least with regard to lyric poetry. His hatred for Napoleon III. inspired him with the scathing irony of a Juvenal, and in 1853 he published "Les Châtiments," in which he pitilessly branded the emperor with infamy.

His invectives are really sublime with force and passion, but too often he took advantage of his genius to stigmatize in his verses all persons who had ever been hostile to him. He glorifies Napoleon I. in order to vilify Napoleon III., and his "Expiation" is a splendid poem. He describes the retreat from Moscow, the valiant soldiers dying of hunger and of cold, and shows us the emperor addressing the Almighty and asking him whether this was expiation. "No," is the reply. We are taken next to the field of Waterloo, where we see the last charge of the Old Guard, and Napoleon vanquished. Is this expiation? No. Is death at St. Helena the chastisement? No. The chieftain has reentered Paris and he lies buried under the dome of the Invalides. One night he hears laughter around him, he awakes and learns that his great name has been taken by an infamous man and that his victories have served to place Napoleon the Small on the throne of Napoleon the Great. This at last is expiation, and for what crime? For the 18th Brumaire,[10] which was a precedent for the fatal December 2.

We are glad to pass from the revengeful poems of "Les Châtiments" to the graceful and pathetic verses of "Les Contemplations." The work is divided into two parts: "Autrefois" and "Aujourd'hui."[11] In the first part we see the "Dawn of Life," the "Soul in Bloom," and "The Struggles and the Dreams," and the author, as in "Les Feuilles d'Automne," speaks of his children, of nature, and of love.

Let us now analyze briefly the book which is considered by many critics Hugo's greatest work, "La Légende des Siècles." It has often been said that there is no great epic poem written in French. It is true that there is no work in modern French like the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Divine Comedy," "Paradise Lost," or even the "Lusiad,"[12] but there is the heroic and noble "Song of Roland," written in old French, and Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles" is a collection of admirable epics which, if they were longer, might be compared with the great poems just mentioned.

The conception of "La Légende des Siècles" is really grand. The poet passes in review the different ages of humanity, and his style is in accord with his ideas, which are beautiful and sublime. We see in Part I., "From Eve to Jesus," Adam and Eve in paradise; Cain fleeing after the murder of Abel and unable to escape, even in the tomb, from the eye of God; Daniel subduing the lions; Boaz sleeping, with Ruth at his feet; Jesus calling Lazarus from the dead. Part II. is the "Decline of Rome"; Part III. is "Islam and the Death of Mohammed"; and Part IV. is the "Heroic Christian Cycle." Hugo has read carefully some of the old *chansons de geste* and has expressed admirably the spirit of the Middle Ages. Roland and Oliver are fighting on an island on the Rhone. For three days and nights the paladins fight, and neither is victorious. Finally Oliver says to Roland: "Is it not better that we should become brothers? Marry my sister, the beautiful Aude with the white arm." Roland consents and the duel comes to an end.

In "Aymerillot" we have an admirable rendering of an old French epic "Aimeri de Narbonne," and we see Charlemagne returning from Spain, at the head of the army which has just avenged the death of the twelve peers at Roncesvalles. He wishes one of his lords to take Narbonne, but all refuse to run the risk, except a young man, unknown and handsome like a girl, who says: "Two *liards*[13] would cover very well all my lands, but all the great blue heaven would not fill my heart. I shall enter Narbonne and shall be victorious."

After Roland we meet in "La Légende des Siècles" with the Cid, and this subject leads us to the fifth part of the book, the "Knights Errant," where Roland appears again and saves, after an epic combat, the little King of Galicia, who was being betrayed by the *infantes* of Asturias. In Éviradnus the author resurrects again, as he had done in his drama, "Les Burgraves," the fearless robber barons of medieval Germany, and in the midst of the rude barons presents to us a graceful and pure maiden, Mahaud, and a faithful old knight Éviradnus.

Half of the second volume is taken by "Rathbert," which is a picture of Italy in the Middle Ages, and by "Le Satyre," where Hugo's imagination is as great as the gods whom he describes. His verses rise far above the lyric and reach the highest sublimity. We hear later the song of the adventurers of the sea; we have a vision of the twentieth century and of the last judgment, and we shudder on seeing the Hand which is going to seize the fatal trumpet by which the end of time will be sounded.

It was impossible for Hugo to rise higher than in "La Légende des Siècles," but in "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" he proved again the extraordinary diversity of his genius. He returned again to light and even playful subjects, and wrote many graceful poems and a few in which the wit is not sufficiently refined. In "Le Doigt de la Femme" he makes a charming description of Eve's finger, so soft, pure, and delicate that God was delighted with it and went to sleep contented in the Infinite. The devil then awoke in the dark and smiling placed a nail at the end of the rosy finger.

On the fall of the Empire Hugo returned to France and was in Paris during the terrible days of the Commune. He wrote then one of his most powerful books, "L' Année Terrible," and later when order was reestablished and he could enjoy the company of his grandchildren, George and Jeanne, he wrote his delightful "Art d'Etre Grand-père" (1877). He published afterward "Le Pape," "La Pitié Suprême," "L'Ane," "Religion et Religions," "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," "La Légende des Siècles," Vol. V. (1883). At his death he left a number of manuscript poems, of which several have been published recently.

When Victor Hugo died in 1885 numberless articles were written about him, and his dramas and his novels were criticised, somewhat harshly at times. There was, however, a pæan of praise concerning his poems, and posterity will, no doubt, ratify that judgment and rank him as one of the greatest lyric and epic poets that the world has seen—one of those masters who will always impress most deeply the human soul.

HUGO'S "LES MISÉRABLES."

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IN the year 1862 Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" was published simultaneously in Paris, Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, Milan, Madrid, New York, and others of the leading capitals of Europe and America. Few books of the nineteenth century have had such immediate and universal success. It was translated into nine different languages, and within a year after its first appearance one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold. It was eagerly read all over the civilized world, by rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned. On the day of its publication thousands crowded about the door of the publisher, and it is said that the workingmen of Paris clubbed together in order to buy copies of the famous book.

Nor is this popularity hard to account for. In the first place external circumstances were favorable. For forty years the author had been the foremost literary man of his country. He was the greatest French poet and dramatist of his day. But, unlike many other men of letters, he had been prominent in public affairs, and was at the time living in exile at Guernsey, whither his love for liberty and his implacable hostility to Napoleon III. had banished him.

But the book itself is a remarkable one, and sparkles with all the author's genius. It was a propaganda of the gospel of humanity, so dear to the heart of Victor Hugo in his later years, and it appealed to multitudes who were lying in darkness and in poverty. It revealed the vivid imagination and the wonderful style of the poet in the plenitude of his power. It contains descriptive passages of rare beauty, thrilling situations, dramatic episodes, heroic deeds, and psychological analyses, all of which make the book—at least the first part of it—one of the greatest productions of Victor Hugo's genius.

Of course, like all his works, "Les Misérables has its weak sides. Nearly one third of the book consists in long digressions, which, powerful as they may be, have little or nothing to do with the main subject. The social philosophy is unsound and shallow, if not dangerous, while even the style, that mighty instrument which makes Victor Hugo the greatest of modern French poets, is marred by mannerisms of thought and phrase. But making due allowances for these blemishes, enough remains to stamp "Les Misérables" as one of the great prose works of the nineteenth century.

Victor Hugo's genius was essentially on a grand scale. He delighted in broad vistas and vast perspectives. His novels—which are in reality prose poems—deal with the great forces of nature, life, and society. In "Toilers of the Sea" the real subject is the vast, mysterious, omnipotent ocean; in "Notre Dame" the spirit of the Middle Ages is revealed to us almost as a living being, while the hero of "Ninety-three" is none other than the French Revolution itself, moving ever forward, and relentlessly crushing all obstacles to its onward march. So, too, in "Les Misérables," at once the longest and the greatest of his novels, the theme, although simple, is yet a powerful one—man, a victim to society, pursued to the death by the inexorable spirit of the law. Over the whole book broods an air of inevitable disaster, which produces something of the impressiveness of the Greek idea of fate.

"Les Misérables" is divided into five parts (published originally in ten volumes), each part bearing a particular title. Thus the first is called "Fantine," the second "Cosette," the third "Marius," the fourth "The Idyl of Rue Plumet and the Epic of Rue St. Denis," and the fifth "Jean Valjean."

Although Jean Valjean gives his name to the last of these divisions only, yet he is the protagonist of the book. There is much that is interesting and pathetic in the story of the poor outcast Fantine, much of the grace and charm of childhood and girlhood in the description of Cosette; but the one thing which gives unity to these ten volumes is the conversion of a hardened convict to a saint and the story of his temptations, trials, and final spiritual victory.

Jean Valjean was a poor wood-cutter of Faverolles, who during the severe winter of 1795 had broken open the window of a baker's shop and stolen a loaf of bread. For this crime he was condemned to five years imprisonment, a term which, by frequent though fruitless attempts to escape, had been lengthened to nineteen years.

When he entered prison he was a simple, ignorant, harmless peasant. When he came out he was a hardened man, swayed by brutal instincts, and filled with only one feeling—that of hatred to society, which had so unjustly, as he thought, oppressed him.

"Les Misérables" opens with a long description of the saintly M. Myriel, bishop of D., and many anecdotes and details are given to show the perfect goodness and gentleness of the holy prelate. One night in October, 1815, while the bishop and his sister were about to sit down to supper, a knock was heard at the door and a sinister looking man entered, crying in a loud voice: "My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave. I was set free four days ago. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. On arriving in this town I went to an inn and was sent away. I went to the prison, but the jailer would not open for me. I crawled into a dog kennel. The dog bit me and drove me off as if he had been a man. I was about to lie down on a stone in the square when a kind lady pointed out your house and said, 'Knock there.' I am very tired and very hungry. Can I stay here?"

To all this harangue the bishop only said, turning to the housekeeper:

"Mme. Magloire, you will put another plate on the table."

The amazement of the ex-convict at this reception was increased when the bishop addressed him as "sir" and gave him a bed in the room next to his own. A sudden change came over the desperate criminal. He had looked on all men as his enemies. Here was one, however, who treated him as an equal and a friend. Many new and strange thoughts crowded his brain as he threw himself on the bed, where, tired out by his long day's march, he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke it was still night. He remembered the table silver which the old servant had put away, unlocked, in a cupboard over the bishop's bed. Almost mechanically he entered the neighboring room, took the silver from the closet, thrust it in his bag, leaped through the window and over the garden wall, and fled.

The next morning as the bishop was leaving the breakfast table three *gendarmes* came in, holding prisoner the visitor of the previous night. The bishop comprehended at once what this apparition meant, and without waiting for any explanation on the part of the *gendarmes* he advanced toward Jean Valjean and said:

"Ah, here you are! I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks too, which are also of silver and worth two hundred francs. Why did you not take them with the rest?"

By means of this pious lie Jean Valjean was saved from a lifelong imprisonment in the galleys. When the *gendarmes* were gone the bishop approached the trembling and amazed culprit, and with marked emphasis addressed him as follows:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I have bought; I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

These words marked the dawn of a new era in the life and soul of Jean Valjean. He left the city as if he were making his escape. He wandered about all the morning, eating nothing, yet feeling no hunger. He was overwhelmed by a multitude of new sensations. At times there came upon him a strange softening, which he fought against and to which he opposed the hardening of the last twenty years. Indescribable thoughts rose up within him one after the other the whole day long.

As the sun was setting, lengthening out on the ground the shadow of the smallest pebble, Jean Valjean was seated behind a bush in the midst of a great dun-colored plain absolutely deserted. There was nothing on the horizon except the Alps; not even the spire of a distant village.

In the midst of this meditation he heard a joyous noise. He turned his head and saw coming along the path a little Savoyard, about ten years old, who was singing; one of those gay and gentle lads who wander with ragged clothes from country to country. While singing, the boy stopped every now and then and tossed in the air some coins which he had in his hand. A two-franc piece fell and rolled toward Jean Valjean, who put his foot upon it.

"Sir," said the little Savoyard, with the confidence of childhood which is half ignorance, half innocence, "my piece of money."

"What's your name?" said Jean Valjean.

"Little Gervais, sir."

"Go away," said Jean Valjean.

"Sir," continued the child, "give me back my money."

Jean Valjean bent his head but did not answer.

The boy began to cry, and Jean Valjean raised his head again. He looked at the child with astonishment, then stretched his hand toward his stick, and shouted in a terrible voice:

"Who is there?"

"I, sir," answered the boy—"Little Gervais. Give me back my two-franc piece, if you please."

"Ah! are you there still?" said Jean Valjean, and rising up suddenly, with his foot still on the coin, he added, "Be off with you."

The frightened boy looked at him, then without turning to look back, and without uttering a cry, he ran off at full speed.

The sun had set. Darkness gathered around Jean Valjean. Suddenly he shuddered. He had just felt the chill of night. At this moment he caught sight of the two-franc piece which he had half buried in the ground and which shone among the pebbles. "What's that?" he muttered between his teeth. He leaped convulsively toward the coin, seized it, and rising up began to look out over the plain. He saw nothing. Night was falling, the plain was cold and indistinct. Then he cried out with all his strength, "Little Gervais! Little Gervais!"

He began to walk and then to run. At last he stopped at a place where three paths met.

The moon had risen; he gazed into the distance and called for the last time, "Little Gervais! Little Gervais!"

His cry died out in the misty night, without even making an echo. His knees suddenly bent beneath him as if some invisible power were crushing him under the weight of an evil conscience. He fell upon a large stone, with his hands in his hair, his face between his knees, and cried out, "I am a wretch!" Then his heart burst, and he began to weep; it was the first time in nineteen years.

How long did he thus weep? What did he do afterward? Where did he go?

This has never been known. The story has been told, however, that the carrier, who drove the stage between Grenoble and D., and who arrived at the latter place toward three o'clock in the morning, saw, as he crossed the street where the bishop lived, a man in the attitude of prayer, kneeling on the pavement before the door of Monseigneur Bienvenu.

We next see Jean Valjean in a new rôle. He had come to M. sur M., had changed his name to Madeleine, and having introduced certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial jet had become a wealthy man, a philanthropist, and finally mayor of the town. All things seemed bright for the once wretched outcast; a life of honor and usefulness was before him. Here, however, a new and formidable figure appears on the scene, in the person of Javert, inspector of police, one of the most striking characters of the book. He is the type of justice, untempered by mercy, the relentless instrument of the law—honest, upright himself, and utterly pitiless toward the criminal classes.

Having been formerly employed in the prisons of Toulon, he was now haunted by a vague resemblance in the face of the highly respected mayor of M. sur M., and his suspicions were aroused. These suspicions, however, were brought to an end in a singular fashion. One day Javert came to M. Madeleine and asked to be dismissed from the service, on the ground that he had denounced his own superior as an ex-convict. M. Madeleine became livid, but Javert continued. "A resemblance, the inquiries you made at Faverolles, the strength of your back, all this made me take you for a man named Jean Valjean."

The name fell on M. Madeleine's ears like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and it was with difficulty that he could listen to Javert's explanation, how a poor half-witted peasant named Champmathieu, arrested for robbing an orchard, was on trial at Arras, had been recognized as Jean Valjean, and was about to be sentenced to the galleys for life as a relapsed convict.

The following chapters are the finest of the book and contain some of the most powerful passages in modern literature.

The converted convict was brought face to face with a tremendous temptation. If he remained silent he was safe forever; but an innocent man would be doomed to a living death. On the other hand, by confessing who he was, he not only himself would be plunged back into hell, but all those philanthropic schemes which seemed to have been blessed by heaven itself would be brought to a close. Victor Hugo has described this "tempest in a brain" with marvelous psychological power, and the reader, as well as the wretched man himself, is swayed back and forth by conflicting emotions.

When morning came Jean Valjean was no nearer a solution than before, and it was almost mechanically that he took horse and carriage and drove to Arras, where the trial was being held. He did not know why he went, he had no plans; but in spite of all obstacles and delays an unseen hand drew him irresistibly onward, and at nightfall he found himself in the crowded court room just beside the judge's chair.

The scene that follows is powerfully dramatic. The old peasant had just been identified by three convicts, brought from Toulon for that purpose. He himself looked on the scene in stupid amazement, which his prosecutors attributed to cunning.

At this moment a sudden stir took place beside the president. A voice was heard saying:

"Brevet, Chenildieu, Cochepaille! Look this way."

All those who heard this voice felt a chill pass over them, so terrible and so mournful was it. All eyes turned in the direction whence it came. A man sitting among the privileged spectators had just risen, pushed open the low gate which separated the judge's seat from the body of the court, and was standing in the midst of the room. The president, the public prosecutor, twenty persons recognized him and cried out simultaneously:

"M. Madeleine."

It was he indeed. He was very pale and trembled slightly. His hair, still gray on his arrival at Arras, was now white.

Every head was lifted. The sensation was indescribable. They could not believe that it was this tranquil man who had uttered this frightful cry. M. Madeleine turned toward the jury, and toward the court, and said in a gentle voice:

"Gentlemen of the jury, release the prisoner. Mr. President, have me arrested. He is not the man you are looking for, it is I. I am Jean Valjean."

Not a breath was heard; a silence like that of the tomb had succeeded to the first stir of amazement. One could feel a sort of religious awe, such as always comes over a crowd when something grand is taking place.

Those present thought at first he was insane, but he proved without difficulty that he was really Jean Valjean, and left the room, saying to the public prosecutor, "Sir, I am at your disposition."

When the curtain next rises on Jean Valjean nine months have passed. His sacrifice has been accomplished and he has once more returned to the galleys, to the red jacket and chain and to all the accompanying degradation. One day while saving the life of a sailor in the harbor of Toulon he feigns drowning and succeeds in escaping.

Just before his arrest a poor woman, Fantine, a victim to poverty and the heartlessness of society, had died, after receiving the promise of M. Madeleine to take care of her daughter, Cosette, then living with a brutal innkeeper, named Thénardier, and his wife.

After Jean Valjean's escape from prison his first thought is to gain possession of this girl, and with her he goes to Paris, hoping to escape observation in the great city.

But fate pursues him still; Javert discovers his retreat, and an intensely exciting chase takes place through the streets of Paris, in which Jean Valjean, caught like a rat in a blind alley, makes a wonderful escape by climbing a perpendicular wall. He finds himself in a convent garden, the gardener of which turns out to be an old man named Fauchelevent, whose life he has formerly saved. With the aid of the latter he is carried from the convent in a coffin, barely escapes being buried alive, is reintroduced into the convent as Fauchelevent's brother, and becomes assistant gardener, while Cosette is taken in as a pupil in the convent school.

During all these years Jean Valjean has been growing in gentleness and goodness. When he was sent back to the galleys there had been a moment's danger of relapse into his former hardened state and the memory of the bishop had seemed to grow dim. But now Cosette by love, and the convent by humility, perfect the work of regeneration in his heart.

Years pass away, Cosette becomes a beautiful young lady, and love comes, bringing joy to her and despair to her adopted father. Marius de Pontmercy, a law student—whose father's participation in the battle of Waterloo gives the excuse for the long digression on that battle—has quarreled with his grandfather, and is now, while pursuing his studies, living in poverty. He meets the old man and the young girl in their frequent walks in the Jardin du Luxembourg. The young people fall in love, and manage to communicate with each other, unknown to Jean Valjean.

In the meantime stirring times are preparing in Paris. The public discontent, which has been smoldering for a long time, finally breaks forth in open revolt, and Victor Hugo paints in vivid and powerful language the bloodshed and heroism which marked the battles of the barricades. It is at the barricade of the Rue de la Chanvrerie that Marius and Jean Valjean meet for the first time. The former has asked permission of his grandfather to marry Cosette. In despair at his refusal he joins the insurgents, desiring only to die. Jean Valjean, too, learning by a singular accident of the secret love of Cosette and Marius, resolves to join the desperate band at the barricade, where, however, he takes no part in the fight, but sets his enemy Javert free and by a series of thrilling adventures in the sewers of Paris saves the life of Marius.

The last scene of all this "strange, eventful history" is pathetic. Marius and Cosette are married. Jean Valjean feels it his duty to tell the latter that he is an ex-convict. Coldness and neglect follow. The poor old man, so long the victim of hostile fate, is doomed to see the only being he loves drifting away from him, while he himself sinks gradually toward death.

At last Marius, through Thénardier, learns the truth—how Jean Valjean is no other than the philanthropic M. Madeleine, and how he has saved his (Marius') own life—a fact the latter had been hitherto ignorant of. Filled with remorse, Marius and Cosette hasten to the old man's room, but arrive only in time for the following death scene.

Jean Valjean grows weaker and weaker. He approaches nearer and nearer the somber horizon of death. The light of the unknown world is already visible in his eyes.

He beckons to Cosette and Marius to come nearer. It is evidently the last minute of the last hour, and he begins to speak to them in a voice so feeble that it seems to come from afar off:

"My children, never cease to love each other; there is nothing else in life besides that. You will think sometimes of the poor old man who is dead here. I had many things to say to you, but never mind now. I die happy. Come closer. Let me place my hands on your beloved heads."

Cosette and Marius fall on their knees, choking with tears, Jean Valjean's hands resting upon the head of each. These august hands do not move again. He has fallen back; the light of the two candles shines upon him. His white face is gazing up toward heaven; he is dead.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HUGO'S WORK AND CAREER.

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THE most striking thing in the career of Victor Hugo is his continued popularity during a period of over sixty years, in the course of which the school that he, more than any other writer, had contributed to make famous was displaced in public estimation by the Realistic and the Naturalistic Schools successively. Romanticism falls into decadence in 1843, with the failure of "Les Burgraves," and receives a death blow in 1857, with the publication of Flaubert's "Mme. Bovary." Yet "Les Contemplations," published in 1856, is received with deserved admiration and adds new glory to Hugo's name. Zola heralds the excesses of the naturalistics with the "Confession de Claude," which appears in 1865, but cannot shake the popularity of "La Légende des Siècles" (1859–83), of "Les Misérables" (1862), of the "Travailleurs de la Mer" (1863), or of "Quatrevingt-treize"[1] (1874), and although Maupassant and other notable writers of the new school catch the ear of the public in 1880, Hugo still remains the genuinely popular author, though critics are trying to displace him from his lofty pedestal. This persistency of vogue and fame is paralleled only by the equal celebrity of Voltaire in the eighteenth century, and in both cases the main cause is the same.

Hugo and Voltaire alike are representative men, representative of the largest class of their countrymen and of the most common forms of thought. Both are essentially popular writers, and their treatment of the subjects they place before the public is precisely that best fitted to the capacity of the average reader, while the subjects themselves are of a nature to appeal, in nearly every case, to the sympathies or the prejudices of the *bourgeois*. Both sprang from that class, so typical in France, and both were deeply marked by the traits peculiar to it. There is, however, a radical difference between them: Hugo was a poet in the fullest sense of the word, while Voltaire was a poet in a restricted and inferior sense only.

The evolution of Hugo in politics from an adorer of the throne and the altar to an open enemy of both, in literature from a classicist to a romanticist, is easily traced in his works. In the "Odes et Ballades" he calls on men to bow down to kings, for "O nations! how fair and sweet a thing is royalty." This is in 1822. In 1846 his reason has killed his monarchism; he calls royalty "an ancient rheumatism." In 1871 he offers to give refuge, in his house at Brussels, to the Communists and Anarchists fleeing from Paris. Between these dates he has been successively a Royalist—a Cavalier he calls himself on one occasion—a Bonapartist, a moderate Republican, an extreme Republican, a Socialist, and finally an Anarchist, or at least something dangerously like it. In poetry his first works are cast in the classical mold and have the classical inspiration; next he claims not to know the difference between classicism and romanticism, only to bloom out, with inconceivable rapidity, into the triumphant leader of the Romantic School; and this he remains until the day of his death, though he can no longer count many immediate disciples and has to be content with having influenced, in prose, the best and most striking portion of Zola's work, and, in poetry, with having left his mark upon the superb work of Leconte de Lisle.

He has often been reproached with this evolution, and most bitterly and fiercely in a famous "venomous biography" but recently completed. That he burned what he had adored and adored what he had scorned is unquestionable, but in this he is the representative of his age and nation.

Whatever his generation thinks and feels, that, in Hugo's opinion, the poet must express. Besides, he claims the right of free thought, which involves the right of change of opinions.

Hugo never was an original thinker, and consequently could never exert a deep and lasting influence on the thought of his day and of the generations which knew him in the flesh. He was, however, fully convinced that he was both a deep and a great thinker, and nothing is more common in his works than assertions of the importance of the mission which he has to fulfil in leading nations and individuals. As early as 1824, in his preface to a new edition of the "Odes et Ballades," he gravely affirms that "the poet must walk at the head of the nations, as a light, and show them the road" they are to travel. For this reason it is that he takes up the most profound subjects and expounds them, regardless whether he understands them or not; that he preaches to kings, warning them to heed "the low roar of the tiger, the people"; that in certain ones of his poems he seeks to fathom the mysteries of existence; that in others he lays down a universal law: "Love all or pity all." And all this with absolute sincerity.

He will change again and again, but it is not merely because he is easily swayed by impulse, although this also is often strictly true of him, or by emotion or novelty, but because he is keenly interested in life, especially human life, in all its forms. Whatever goes on around him in France, and, to a limited extent, abroad, he must look into. When he has exhausted the subject—and it must be confessed that he is easily satisfied—he turns to another. He has that same restless curiosity which marked Voltaire and led him to touch on every topic. Like Voltaire, he is mobile, inquisitive, and superficial, and these traits, with his lack of originality, are among the reasons of his wondrous popularity. It is not the great thinkers who are popular—their thoughts are beyond the comprehension of the crowd; but the man who can give expression to the tendencies, the commonplace beliefs, the daily needs, the everyday feelings, the vague aspirations, the dim ideals of the multitude, is sure to gain its admiration and applause. This is the case with Hugo. What interests him is what interests the mass of people; what troubles him is what troubles, in a more or less vague way, thousands upon thousands of men and women who are neither willing nor capable of philosophical meditation, who neither can nor will try to reason out things for themselves, and who are content with generalities. As such people form the great bulk of the public, their singer, their prophet is certain of a large and sympathetic audience. Now Hugo's poetry is meant for all men—for the youth, the father, the old man, speaking to the one of love, to the other of the family, to the third of the past; and, no matter what social or political changes upheave the nation, "there will always be children, mothers, maidens, old men—men, in short, who will love, rejoice, and suffer."

Victor Hugo sways the general public and he sways the masses—that vast body the French call *la foule*—because he is in many things closely akin to them. Taken as a whole, the masses are immature in intelligence, easily carried away by prejudice, a prey to sympathy and antipathy, fond of show, lovers of the garish and the crude, delighting in the sonorous and noisy, preferring the superficial to the thorough, melodrama to tragedy, burlesque and farce to high comedy.

Hugo loves clash and clang. The close of some of his poems has been aptly compared to the final crash of compositions for military bands. He enjoys calling up scenes that are noisy, tumultuous, deafening, and in the description of them he heaps sonorous words on clamorous words until the reader fairly suffers from the sensation of physical pain which harsh, sudden, explosive, or continuous sound causes. He revels in a Fourth of July of words.

He is also passionately fond of color, and in his earlier works especially of the vivid colors, scarlet, crimson, yellow, green, though from about 1856 the predominance of blue becomes very marked, to the exclusion of the more splendid and striking glares of youth. It is noticeable that he has no conception of tints or gradations, and does not attempt to use them in his word-paintings. In his use of color, as in the composition of his characters, in the arrangement of his dramas and his novels, he seeks invariably violent contrasts, the more violent and the more startling the better. The spectacular appeals forcibly to him, not in youth only, but at all times of his life. It is very rarely indeed that Hugo, in presence of a strong scene or a notable event, does not lapse into the purely theatrical as distinguished from the really dramatic. It is the outward show which he appreciates most keenly and reproduces most lovingly. And just as he adores the blare of trumpets, the roll of the drum, the roar of artillery, the clang of bells, so he enjoys to the full the pomp and circumstance of a coronation, a military review, a state wedding, an imposing funeral, an inauguration. Gorgeous costumes, bedecked with much gold lace, jewels, and nodding plumes, clanking sabers, prancing horses have as powerful a hold on him as on his Gavroche or any other street boy of Paris.

He has the true *bourgeois* worship of birth, and in this again he resembles Voltaire. Like him and the immortal Jourdain, he longs to be a nobleman. Voltaire changed his plebeian name of Arouet in order to take a more aristocratic one; Hugo invents a genealogy for his family and dubs himself a viscount. His novels and plays are full not of the people but of the nobility and royalty. Even "Les Misérables" cannot get on without a young baron for second hero, and the ex-convict must be at least mayor of his town.

Hugo is vain and greedy of praise, as are the unthinking masses. The most excessive laudation never palls on him; Louis XIV., of glorious memory, was never more avid of fulsome praise. And he generously returned it in kind, especially to the French, more especially to the French of Paris. It is almost incredible that either Hugo or the Parisians could the one utter and the other hear such absurd dithyrambics without laughing at them. Paris is a "Vesuvius of men"; it is the "mother city," the "solemn place where the ephemeral cyclone whirls around its eternal center." "No one knows," he adds, "how much would be lost to the world-sound if ever Paris were stilled." And as for the French in general, "they carry peace and war in the fold of their mantle." He has the instinct of the true demagogue for catch phrases and high-sounding emptinesses. He would have been invaluable to American jingo editors.

Words have for him a value, an importance, a power far beyond what other writers have ever seen in them. What ordinary mortals call a word, simply is, for Hugo, "a living being"; it "bears a shadow or waves a flame"; "it devours and naught can turn its tooth"; "it is one with the people, being itself legion"; "it is life, spirit, germ, storm, virtue, fire, for a word is the Word, and the Word is God." He loves whatever is big, huge, enormous, vast. His mighty imagination is intolerant of bounds; the earthly universe is not wide enough for him, the abysmal spaces of the infinite scarce afford room sufficient for his flights. He sees everything on a gigantic scale; his visions are apt to assume the character of nightmares. The cathedral of Notre Dame is transformed before his eyes into a colossal elephant; the gun which breaks loose on the corvette "Claymore" turns in an instant into the strangest and weirdest shapes; the tower of the Tourgue becomes a being instinct with life and feeling. This communication of life to inanimate objects is one of the most startling and most admirable traits of Victor Hugo. Whatever he touches, whatever he sees, becomes at once a living, breathing, acting thing. And in the exercise of this marvelous faculty, which is as a virtue going out from him at the contact of inanimate nature, he produces effects which surprise, amaze, appal the reader and cast him helpless under the spell of the mighty enchanter.

Connected with this is his singular power of imparting reality to his descriptions of crowds, however vast, to masses, however multitudinous. In "Notre Dame de Paris" the attack on the cathedral by the *truands*,[2] in "Quatre-vingt-treize" the night attack on the Vendeans in Dol, in "Les Misérables" the attack and defense of the barricade, are noteworthy examples which at once recur to the mind. The celebrated description of the battle of Waterloo, in the latter work, is no doubt inaccurate in many particulars, and a military man can easily pick holes in it from a professional point of view; but what account of that tremendous fight, on which hung the fate of Europe, gives the lay reader so vivid an impression of it? From beginning to end one follows the whole of the battle and not a part of it only. The best of our modern war correspondents have never equaled Hugo in this respect.

Hugo's imagination is so vivid, his power of vision and evocation so mighty, that he dazzles the coolest reader and compels belief, for the time at least, in his most fantastic and absurd creations. There is the effect, further, of blinding Hugo himself, so that he ends by not only believing in the reality of his visions but in actually preferring them to the reality itself. Never, he exclaims, can reality eclipse his dream of ideal splendors; therefore let us cherish illusion. The play of that imagination is fairly marvelous, and it is not surprising that he should take refuge in it from the coldness, dreariness, and hardness of the every-day, workaday world, just as thousands do constantly. This ugly, colorless life of ours can so easily be transformed and beautified by the mere exercise of imagination; dreams and reveries color it, suffuse it with golden light; the possible, nay, the impossible itself, are within the grasp of the meanest, the feeblest. It is a dangerous indulgence, no doubt, but great is the temptation.

Hugo has shown men the power and comfort, evanescent and illusory though they finally prove, of dreamland.

Necessarily this trust in imagination causes Hugo to fall into terrible inaccuracies whenever he allows it to emerge from its proper sphere and applies it to actual things, to hard and fast facts. He acclaims America, "free at last, as it unfolds its golden flag, studded with azure stars." He attempts historical drama and fills it with absurdities and impossibilities; but the glory of his verse, the magic of his lyrism make one forget for the time all his weaknesses.

Hugo's philosophy, on which he prides himself no less than on his historical accuracy, is of the thinnest stuff. His ideas are commonplace, but they are for that very reason readily grasped by the great public. Much of his work, in its inspiration and mode of expression, owes its success to the same causes which have made Longfellow beloved by thousands on both sides of the ocean. Neither has delved very deeply into the philosophy of life; neither has given the world any new truths; the American poet, it is true, modest and lovable always, made no pretense of being a seer, an apostle, a leader of men. He sang of the domestic virtues, of the joys and sorrows of every-day people, and won enduring affection from all his readers. Hugo's claims go far beyond Longfellow's, though he does not succeed in proving them; but the two are closely akin as poets of the home affections, and it is in this line of song that Hugo has won some of his greatest and most undeniable triumphs. No one has sung more tenderly of home and children. His affection for the young has a note of genuineness lacking in much of his more ambitious work; he loves children and paints them, their ways, their prattle with a delicacy of touch and a depth of feeling which make the pages given to them unquestionably the sweetest as well as the purest he ever wrote. Who can forget the "Massacre de Saint-Barthélemy," or the first appearance of the Thénardier children, or Cosette, or in "Les Contemplations" the poems on Jeanne? And these form but a part of the numerous and invariably beautiful pages which Hugo has devoted to the little ones.

There was, indeed, in him a need of loving as well as a crying need of praise, and the one may well counterbalance the other in any estimate of his merits and demerits. "Love all or pity all" was a guiding principle with him, though he did not always live up to it any more than most of us live up to our ideals. He might well have asked to have engraved on his tombstone the "Write me as one that loves his fellow men" of Leigh Hunt, for he felt and expressed it all his life. He never ceased to sing of the poor and needy, and his greatest novel, "Les Misérables," is devoted to them, as are also many of his finest poems. He was not always well inspired in the selection of the subjects of his immediate sympathy, and thus weakened the force of his pleading, but he consistently opposed capital punishment and recalled to society its responsibility for the crimes which are committed by its members.

Save in the case of subjects drawn from the home circle or bearing on childhood, Hugo's main fault is his inevitable tendency to exaggeration and excess. This is most strikingly seen in his dramatic work, which, notwithstanding the great popularity it enjoyed in the heyday of the romanticist movement, is not now, save one or two plays, counted of value, except in so far as it gives further proof of the kinship of the taste of Hugo and the masses for the purely melodramatic. For Hugo's drama is melodrama and nothing more. He never wrote a single play of which it can be said that in it he attained to real tragedy.

Both in his dramas and in his novels Hugo, though striving after the tragic and the terrible, attains but the horrible and the repulsive. In all he has monstrosities, moral or physical or both. In all he makes such demands upon the credulity and the nerves of spectators and readers alike as are never made by Shakespeare, Racine, or Corneille, and but rarely by the old Greek dramatists. Yet with it all he still succeeds in impressing, and that very strongly, thanks to the wondrously beautiful poetry of his verse and of his prose. He is not a perfect poet, and yet it is hard to name any poet, bar Shakespeare, who with so much variety enjoys so much power.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*May 2.*]

TWO things which God hath joined together are religion and morality. That Scripture unites them is beyond dispute. Whatever may be said of the religion or of the morality of the Old Testament, considered in themselves, there is no denying that they always go together. In the Decalogue they form part of one homogeneous law, and they appear in the same intimate and inseparable relation in all subsequent legislation. Speaking generally, it is this which distinguishes the religion of Israel from heathenism, where both were not only degraded, but viewed as entirely distinct. And the New Testament is marked by precisely the same characteristic. Morality is simply a part of religion, or religion applied to conduct. As the will of God has fixed our present relationships, it is the same will which regulates and governs them in every particular. But against the union of these two there has always been a reaction, which has worked with varying degrees of intensity, and sometimes has threatened the existence of both. It has attempted not only to force them apart, but to array them in opposition to each other, as though morality at least could maintain a healthier and more vigorous life if it were relieved of the embarrassing alliance.

And yet, just as religion divorced from morality ceases to be religion altogether, and degenerates into a blind fanaticism or superstition, so morality divorced from religion is deprived of its highest and most powerful sanction, and inevitably loses its completeness. It drops something which it would otherwise retain, and ceases to cover the extent of ground which it formerly occupied. Moreover, it changes its voice, for it can no longer use the categorical imperative with the same lofty confidence, but ultimately appeals to prudential or traditional considerations. And the experiment now being made to separate Christian morality from Christianity itself, and base it upon natural religion, though it may seem to be dictated by a regard for ethical interests, is no less dangerous, for it sets it upon a totally inadequate foundation.

As has often been pointed out, Christian ethics enjoins certain virtues, such as chastity, which natural religion ignores. And the necessary result of the union of these two will be that morality will gradually be adapted to the basis on which it rests. It will cease, that is, to be Christian altogether, for a change in this one particular will work so large and subtle revolution as to alter entirely its original character. To the two questions which every man is driven to ask—What is the source of moral obligation, or why can it be said of certain things that I ought to do them? and, What are the things which have a right to insist on being done?—to these Christianity alone provides a satisfactory answer. And the answer is, that certain things must be done because the Author of our nature has enjoined them, and what has thus been enjoined has been defined by the precepts and example of Christ, the perfect Man, who alone is competent to decide what is essential to the perfect development of our humanity.

[*May 9.*]

Two other things which God has joined together are sin and retribution, or sin and its consequences. The fact of sin is too obvious to be denied, by whatever name we may choose to call it. And in a general way this is true also of retribution. But retribution does not always follow at once, and its delay excites the hope that by some device it may be averted. "Because sentence against a wicked work is not executed speedily, the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Sometimes, also, when it does follow it follows by instalments; and as these seldom all arrive in this life it is assumed that the outstanding balance will never arrive at all—as if there were a law of prescription in the spiritual world by which a man's liabilities terminated at death, or righteousness were so baffled and thrown off the scent by this change in our condition that it gave up the pursuit in despair.

There are several tendencies at work which increase the temptation to disjoin these two and for some of them so-called scientific teaching is responsible.

There is, for instance, the disposition to look upon character as the creation of circumstances, or, to use the more technical expression, as the result of our environment. If by this is meant that we are not responsible for what we are, or for what we do, the statement is palpably false. There is no civilized community which would admit such an argument in extenuation of crime. And it is disproved by the fact that personal freedom continually asserts itself with such force and determination as directly to contradict its environment. A child who has grown up under the most favorable conditions sets them boldly at defiance, and turns out a rogue; while another child who has been surrounded by a vicious and contaminated atmosphere may, in spite of every disadvantage, attain to moral purity and uprightness. But it is a pleasant gospel that tells men they are more sinned against than sinning; that their faults are due to their circumstances, not to themselves. And it is no wonder that under its influence the conviction of sin should virtually disappear.

Again it is asserted that thought is the result of physical conditions, and that moral distinctions are either due to an enlightened self-interest or are the consequences of education. If this be granted, the sense of responsibility is almost necessarily weakened, if not practically destroyed. It is thrown on what may lie so far beyond a man's control as to release him from being answerable for the fruits of his actions, or it resolves the difference between right and wrong into something purely artificial.

But the most powerful solvent of the connection which we are now considering is found in false conceptions of God. Popular theology adopts the definition that God is love, its conception of love being framed in accordance with its own particular taste. But what is love? There is the love of money, of fame, and of eating and drinking. There is also the love which consists in personal attachment, and which either springs out of our natural relations or ends in the relation of marriage. But no one can suppose that love in any of these senses is the love that is to be identified with God. It can only be love in the highest and best conception of the term; and the highest and best kind of love is love of the highest and best. And what is the best thing which takes precedence of every other, but goodness? So that when we say, "God is love," we mean that he loves goodness with such a supreme and infinite passion that there is no sacrifice he would hesitate to make in order to secure its ascendency. He would not even spare his only Son, but freely gave him up for us all, to redeem us from the dominion of sin, and train us to perfect purity and strength. And, accordingly, St. John's assertion that love does not exist in a man until he is born again is a direct confirmation of this. For the love that originally governs our nature is the love of this world, or of ourselves, and not the love of goodness. And when this begins to be our ruling passion, when we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, it indicates a change so complete that it cannot be more adequately described than as a new birth.

[*May 16.*]

THE love, then, which God is said to be, is not that amiable benevolence or good will that so often, in our case, leads us to make light of moral distinctions, and which we imagine may induce him to ignore our offenses. On the contrary, it is a love that must ever maintain the connection between sin and its consequences, just because it can never cease to love righteousness and to hate iniquity. And when we read that "the wages of sin is death," let us remember that the very love of God itself is concerned in keeping this sequence inviolate. The universal burden of suffering that weighs upon the world, and the cry of perpetual anguish that rises from its heart, are enough to sober, if not to sadden, every joy. But it becomes almost intolerable when we venture to conceive of all this misery multiplied and prolonged beyond the limits of thought. Yet, after all, suffering is not the great or ultimate problem. The ultimate problem is sin. And when we think merely of the suffering, does it not show we are more concerned with the bitter consequences of our transgression than with the transgression itself? Is there not in us something of the spirit expressed in the cry, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," and that forgot in the prospect of the penalty the guilt of the offense? If it be true that there is such a thing as eternal sin, and the words of Christ seem to teach us there is—a state, that is, in which a man is so wedded to, and one with, his sin that it has impressed itself indelibly upon him—is it so difficult to understand that there must also be eternal punishment? Would not the wonder be if this were not the case? If the love of God maintains the connection now, is the love of God to be different hereafter? And how can it be different without being either less or more?

Again, these two, faith and salvation, are indissolubly joined together of God. The connection here is often supposed to be unnecessary, but in reality there is none which is more deeply grounded in the nature of the things themselves. To say that salvation is by faith means simply that we cannot effect it for ourselves, and must receive it from some one else. But supposing this to be true, why, it may be said, might we not be saved without trusting the person who undertakes to save us? Might he not save us whether we trust him or not? The answer is that salvation does not consist simply in a change of position or relations, but in a change of heart; and this cannot be accomplished without our consent. You cannot change the drunkard against his will, by compelling him to shift his residence or by binding him down under extorted pledges. So long as his disposition and desire remain the same it is evident that he himself remains as he was. You can win him to sobriety only when you succeed in gaining his will to your side. In that and in nothing else lies his deliverance.

So Christ cannot save us unless we allow him to do so. He has power to forgive sin, even the greatest. He can loosen our bonds and purify our affections. But if we keep him at such a distance that he can find no point of contact with us, it is plain that he cannot work effectually either upon us or in us. Now, to afford him this point of contact, to suffer him to bring his redeeming love and grace to bear upon us, is faith. It brings us into connection with him who alone can save us by releasing us from the feeling of fear and insecurity which guilt creates, and winning us to the unreserved love of himself, which is the love of perfect purity and truth. If salvation consisted in anything else than this it might be dependent on the attainment of a certain amount of knowledge, the experience of an overpowering emotion, or the conscientious observance of a prescribed ceremonial. But it is obvious that, whatever results these may produce, they need not necessarily produce a change of character. A man may remain essentially the same, governed by the same ruling principles or considerations, though he know all mysteries, be deeply stirred by the truths which he hears, and make his whole life a series of formally devout and sacramental acts. Salvation consists in change of character, and even God cannot change our character without our consent.

[*May 23.*]

It may be added still further that if salvation implies faith, faith no less necessarily implies holiness. Holiness, indeed, is only salvation regarded from a different standpoint. It is salvation positively expressed or defined. It indicates the kind of character in which it consists. And this is determined by the character of Christ from whom it proceeds. For what is it that distinguishes him morally from all other men but the fact that no one could convict him of sin? "In him was no sin." And "He is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." But Christ cannot be responsible for characters essentially unlike himself. The good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit. And to be dependent on him, to allow him to rule over us, is to come and remain under the sway and supremacy of those forces which conform us to his likeness.

The necessary connection of these two, faith and holiness, may perhaps be seen more clearly if we consider what follows when we attempt to resolve it. Apart from holiness faith becomes a mere assent to some doctrinal proposition. For if it does not carry us to Christ, it fails to reach the source of life, and of the energy that transforms and purifies character. It is, therefore, doomed to sterility and barrenness. It is what the apostle calls dead. On the other hand, if holiness be divorced from faith it also degenerates into self-righteousness, or dead works; that is, into works done in our own strength, the outcome of a nature that draws only upon its original resources, and has not received either impulse or inspiration from Christ.

As salvation and holiness are necessarily associated with faith, so also there is an equally close and inseparable connection between holiness and heaven. Heaven in the popular imagination is conceived mainly as a place, an enlarged and glorified Garden of Eden, or as a golden city, such as St. John saw in vision, dazzling and brilliant beyond compare. But this is to mistake poetry for prose, and to treat the language of symbolism as literal description. And there is no doubt that this has obscured much of the teaching of Scripture, and frequently given a wrong direction to religious thought. It has impressed the mind so deeply through a large section of our hymnology and devotional literature that the plain, unfigurative language of Scripture has been thrown into the background by its more vivid and picturesque renderings. In other words, the truth has been interpreted by its symbolic representation, instead of the symbolism being interpreted by the truth symbolized. Now, you will notice that in the gospels the kingdom of heaven is never regarded as a kingdom in a certain place, but always as a kingdom of a certain kind. It is the peculiar possession of the poor in spirit. It demands as a condition of entrance a righteousness that exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees. It does not come with observation. It is within us. Of the many things it is compared with, it is never compared with a place. It is "righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost." The state of the blessed dead is not locally described, except where the language is plainly figurative. It consists in being "with Christ," or "with the Lord."

[*May 30.*]

Now, as salvation is holiness, and holiness is dependent on our fellowship with Christ, heaven is just this fellowship carried to perfection. And is not this true to the deepest experience of our human nature? To our highest happiness fellowship with others is absolutely essential. A place may be incomparably beautiful, tranquil, and stored with every kind of delight—a happy valley of Avilion,

> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly;

but if there be nothing more, a craving will survive which it cannot satisfy, a sense of weariness and unrest that will become intolerable. Just as in Eden, otherwise complete, there was wanting the helpmeet, the congenial companionship of a kindred spirit, to make it altogether an abode of bliss, so heaven would not be heaven did it not provide a fellowship for us, capable of satisfying every want of our nature, and of raising it all to its utmost limit of attainment. And this is provided in our being with Christ, perfect fellowship with whom involves perfect holiness, the absence of anything in us that might disturb or impair it, the presence of everything essential to the possession of his likeness.

Therefore, brethren, the gate of heaven is Christ. "I am the door." And to come to him is to enter into the heavenly kingdom, to take the first step in that upward ascent which culminates in being with him forevermore. Let us place side by side two verses which occur at the beginning of St. John's gospel, and look how the second supplements the first. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power [or right] to become children of God." And then, "Except a man be born again"—that is, become a child of God—"he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Conversely, every one who receives Christ, and becomes a child of God, *does* enter into that heavenly kingdom. He is in it now, as it is already in him. It is about him, overcircling his life, penetrating him with its power, assimilating him more and more to its eternal purity. For the beauty of Christianity is that in Christ it brings down heaven to earth, and recruits our exhausted and enfeebled energies from a perennial fountain of strength.

And have we not need of a faith like this, that shows us heaven always open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man? Surely sin has made a noisome and a bitter dwelling-place of this world of ours. Nay, more, it has made a hell in every heart, by kindling there the sparks of envy, hatred, and malice. And these have spread from point to point, and run into and reinforced each other till a slow fire of passion wastes and consumes the strength of humanity. And what is there that can cope with the heat of this unsatisfied desire and quench it? Nothing but the power of Christ, who quells the fiercest storms, and brings all the elements of evil under him. Here is the secret of the transformation, here is the measure of wonder it works: the secret of the transformation—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature"; the measure of the wonder—"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—*Rev. Charles Moinet, M.A., St. John's Presbyterian Church, Kensington, England.*

AT VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE.

BY GUSTAVE LARROUMET.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "LA REVUE DE PARIS"

I WAS recently permitted to sojourn at Guernsey in the house where Hugo passed fourteen years. I will not attempt to describe the house in detail. This description has been well done by M. Henry Houssaye, a historian and an artist. It is sufficient for me to say what relations seem to me to exist between the work of the poet and his dwelling-place—between the books he wrote there and what of his soul survives in the material objects with which he had surrounded himself. The apparent or concealed harmony which exists between our homes and our souls could not be more perfect than at Hauteville House. I could wish to have heard clearly the language which this *genius loci* speaks and to report it with fidelity.

Its resemblance to his native land had made him choose this as his place of exile. Being driven from Brussels, Hugo had found in sight of France the island of Jersey which reminded him of some aspects of his country. Guernsey is Jersey on a small scale, with the same characteristics still more marked. Being driven away again after four years and forced to pass from the larger island to the smaller, he was able to make his home in the latter place. At that time in both islands French was still spoken—the old Norman French of the twelfth century. This was a great deal for the exile, and on certain days of his greatest sadness the sudden hearing of his mother tongue stopped him on the edge of despair. The island was adapted not only to console the exile but also to please the poet of antitheses.

The Norman aspect predominates on the side toward France. Here a few hundred meters are sufficient for unrolling the tiny samples of all the landscapes that would be presented by hundreds of leagues of the southern French coast: fat meadows, fields enclosed with living hedges, rows of trees upon banks of earth, orchards, farmhouses, and mossy thatched cottages. But on the other side the island resembles Brittany. There are prairies with scanty grass, thorny shrubs, pale flowers, granite coasts grooved by the sea, and capes rising perpendicularly above the abyss; on one side the impression of prosperity and security that is produced by life easily provided for by nature, on the other side the sadness of dry deserts where a living being could not subsist; at times the lukewarm temperature of Provence, at times the tempests of America. Almost always on beautiful summer days, as well as in the severe winter weather, a silvery or leadlike mist bathes the landscapes; hence the unexpected breadths in the smallest perspectives. A certain church tower which seems far away upon the horizon, and which if on a plain in Champagne would be in fact several leagues distant, is found to be only a few minutes' walk. Just as ideas in the mind of a poet, the objects are amplified, embellished, and dramatized by this mirage.

In the little island of Guernsey it is necessary to retire within one's self and live upon one's thoughts. This necessity must have been intolerable to a poet like Hugo, in whom the variety of perceptions renewed the sentiments, or even the ideas, that with him were inseparable from physical sensation, because they were always presented to his mind under the form of pictures. At that time he was only fifty-four years old. That is not yet the age at which a brain like his has received from without all that it can contain and given all that it can produce. A memory less rich, an imagination less fruitful, a mind less vigorous would not have overcome this isolation. He knew himself and did not hesitate to settle on the little island. He did not seek to avoid the sea; he wanted it always present about him. On one of the most elevated points of Saint-Pierre-Port he selected a house which overlooked the deep, and on the very summit in the open air he had constructed for him as a workroom a glass cage, a lookout, whence he saw nothing but the sky and the sea. There he passed all his forenoons and there he slept. From sunrise till noon he worked standing up, clad in a red dressing-gown. In the afternoon he took walks in the island; the evenings he passed with his family and a few friends.

In Guernsey were written "The Contemplations," "The Legend of the Centuries," "Les Misérables," "William Shakespeare," "Songs of Streets and Woods," "Toilers of the Sea," and "The Laughing Man." These are at least half of his glory. In "Les Misérables," that beautiful book which elevates romance to the rank of an epic poem, is contained half a century of Parisian life. To reconstruct this half-century, with an intensity of vision of which there is no similar example among the most penetrating observers in immediate contact with their model, it was enough for Victor Hugo to look into his memory. The farther the objects were distant from him, the more unlike what he had before his eyes, the more he grasped their appearance, their life, and their soul. This book, in which everything is of the soil and of the cities, was written on the shore of the sea in a village. The first idea of "The Legend of the Centuries" seems to have come from Guernsey. "Toilers of the Sea" is a poem in prose on the Anglo-Norman archipelago. It is from the direct influence of his sojourn on this island that the genius of the poet turned more and more toward the philosophy which already manifested itself in his "Contemplations" and diffused itself into all his later works.

Saint-Pierre-Port, the principal town of Guernsey, has preserved the deep stamp of medievalism, and in this way it sums up in its appearance the moral physiognomy of the island. The feudal *régime* established by Rollo in Normandy continues in this island detached from the French mainland. There are estates, fiefs, lords, constables, bailiffs, and a nobility with duties and privileges. When the little railroad of Jersey was built a proprietor who was not willing to give up his land brought suits in all the law courts. He lost his case. Yet on the opening day when the train was about to enter his farm he threw himself on his knees in the middle of the track and with arms outstretched cried, "Help, my prince, injury is done me." The train stopped, the case was examined again, and it was found necessary to restore to the claimant his estate and to make a deviation in the line of the road.

When the life of Victor Hugo was fixed in the midst of this scene his contemporaries had already laid aside medievalism. The romance was becoming realistic.

Now as soon as the poet, the proprietor of Hauteville House, began to decorate his home he erected in the vestibule a Gothic portico on which he had this inscription engraved: "Notre Dame de Paris." It is evident that on entering he was still possessed by the thought of the Middle Ages. He put his house in a sense under the patronage of an inspiration to which he owed his first works.

He had found the subjects of his poems almost everywhere—in the romances, in the old epics, in the old chronicles, in all the Gothic books that he had read, and he read a great many either directly or in the popular forms of them which were then beginning to circulate. His erudition was prodigious. Everything remained in his memory—the sublime and the trivial, the gigantic and the puerile—with a surprising fidelity and precision. We know what use he made of it. In proportion as his scientific knowledge broadened he displayed it at an immoderate length in digressions in which he accumulated technical details, as those of vagabond life in "Notre Dame de Paris," the engineer in "Les Misérables," and sea life in "Toilers of the Sea."

His house was constructed after the fashion of his library and of his genius, with much of grandeur and majesty in the whole, many brilliant beauties, many gaps, and some small things in detail. It was above all composite. As in his books, he reconstructed in his house everything he made use of. Being furnished and decorated while he was composing "The Legend of the Centuries," it resembled these poems. The Old and the New Testament had their place there; the Gothic dominated; the sixteenth and following centuries down to the Revolution are represented. Guernsey had for a long time been the resort of pirates and smugglers, so that old riches abounded in the houses of Saint-Pierre-Port. In hunting for them Victor Hugo laid his hands upon some marvels. What he did not find in the two islands he had bought elsewhere, especially in Holland. He rarely left the furniture and the curios as he found them. He demolished them to put them together anew, making mantelpieces out of strong boxes, bed canopies out of altar hangings, chimney-pieces out of church stalls, and chandeliers out of altar candlesticks, imagining and combining things still more beautiful with elements magnificent in themselves. Being an excellent designer and a laborious and skilful workman, he wielded the tools with his own hands.

Next to the vestibule opens the billiard-room, into which are gathered the family portraits. Hugo's pretentions to nobility are well known. They will be met with presently in the dining-room. At first there is the poet's father, General Hugo, "the hero with a smile so gentle." Thick-set, robust, and sanguine, like his son, the tricolored scarf floating at his belt, the cravat of the Legion of Honor displayed about his neck, he had the air of kindness and pomposity which was not rare in the soldiers of the Empire. Then comes Victor Hugo, clean shaven, as he was until 1863; then his son, François Victor, the translator of Shakespeare; then Mme. Victor Hugo, with pale complexion, black hair, red lips, deep and gentle eyes.

By a corridor whose walls and ceilings disappear beneath porcelains and *faiences* we arrive at the dining-room. Here Victor Hugo has combined everything himself. The walls are covered with plaques of Delft, representing great baskets of flowers, brown upon a background of black and white. The mantelpiece of *faience* outlines a double H, gigantic in size, formed of little squares of tiling placed together in cubes. It is surmounted by a Holy Virgin of Notre Dame, of which the poet has made a goddess of liberty.

But the most characteristic part of this decoration is the big oak chair, Gothic and Byzantine, which stands between the two windows, and was called the armchair for the ancestors. Let us recall the "Prayer for All," and what the poet there says of the dead and of the remembrance of the living which is their consolation under the earth. He wanted to practice this worship in a visible way. He therefore had established in the family room this sacred armchair closed by an iron chain, in which nobody could sit down, but in which the soul of his ancestors seemed to be present at the reunion of the descendants. Members of the family soon became accustomed to this funereal symbolism, but it caused some poorly concealed terrors in several of Hugo's guests, and some of his servants left the house in order not to pass by the terrifying chair.

This worship of ancestors at the same time flattered the pretentions to nobility which the poet had the weakness to display. He believed himself a descendant of one Georges, Captain of Duke René II. of Lorraine, ennobled in 1535; but we know that his grandfather was a carpenter at Nancy.

On the second floor are two vast parlors, the red and the blue, occupying the whole breadth of the house. On the ceiling of one and on the principal wall of the other blaze tapestries of all beauty, formed of jet strung on threads of copper and enriched with gold. They represent, in warm brown on silvery white, peacocks with tails outspread and exotic plants with large leaves. Words cannot express the brilliancy, the richness, the breadth, the vigorous designing of the admirable pieces, such as no museum in Europe can parallel. In the first parlor four Chinamen of natural height, in gilded wood and showy in style, but of great accuracy in anatomy and movement, support the dais above the fireplace. It is Italian work of the eighteenth century. In the second parlor twisted columns in the style of Louis XIII., likewise of gilded wood, rise above another fireplace.

Is it not thus to a certain extent that Hugo formed his poetry and his vocabulary? With his own genius, remarkably apt for gathering and translating forms, colors, and sounds, he chose his materials from antiquity and the Orient, from the French Middle Ages, from Spain, Italy, Germany, England, and all European literature and art. He has seen and heard much and read much. He has imitated nothing. He has recreated everything in his own image. He has built castles, forged armor, and given festivals which would not have existed without him. Even the sunsets and the tempests, the forests and the rivers that he describes, nature seems to have produced on purpose for him and to have shown to no other men.

Hugo much loved mystery, antitheses, and phrases. Whenever he could he imagined in his buildings corridors hidden on the inside of walls, and secret doors. These secret panels, by which Lucrezia Borgia gave access to the chamber of poisons, these walls of Angelo, through which circulated the spies of Venice, he wanted to have on a small scale in his house. The walls of the open gallery are mechanical. There is there a passage which leads nowhere, but which amused the poet in allowing him to walk within his walls and have the illusion that he was playing one of his dramas. In many of his pieces of furniture he arranged hiding-places opening by secret combinations. In the Middle Ages they would have served for hiding parchments. He placed there more or less important papers that he forgot sometimes, for after his death some manuscripts were found there that he had thought were lost.

In the vestibule are many Chinese porcelains. It was through the porcelains that Chinese art first came into Europe. Chinese art has recently become a fashion. But Victor Hugo sought it, imitated it, and made it prominent as early as 1856.

One feature of Chinese art is the composing of monsters, dragons, chimeras, unicorns, and phenixes by combining in the same imaginary being a great abundance of offensive or defensive attributes, such as tusks, claws, scales, horns, etc., and all these enlarged and counterfeited. Hence that characteristic appearance of Chinese monsters. They are bristly and angular, grimacing and threatening, at once terrible and grotesque. It has been pointed out that this expressive ugliness and this intensity of deformity is found again in certain works of the Christian Middle Ages, such as gargoyles.

Hugo hardly ever painted, but he drew a great deal, and his skill was so great that it astonished the artists. An album of his designs has been published. You find in it outlines of Gothic cities, castles on the Rhine, ramparts on the banks of rivers, with violent contrasts of light and shade, gables, towers by moonlight, passages of light in darkness, etc. In all this, in spite of the subjects, he has much that is Chinese. His roofs have often the outline of pagodas, and his perspective is neglected intentionally as that of the Chinese is from ignorance.

The sea appears for the first time in Hugo's work in the "Interior Voices" (1837). Almost all poets have loved the sea. There is no complete poet who has not felt the sea. Thus before Hugo the impression that it produces upon the human soul had received many expressions henceforth inseparable from the idea which it awakens. And yet after so many poets Victor Hugo, one of the latest, is above all one who has best understood and best expressed the sea. In him it has awakened the deepest sentiment and the most vivid pictures. Of the three great aspects of nature, the sky, the land, and the sea, he has taken possession of the latter with such mastery, he has reproduced it with such breadth and such variety, that he has become the poetic king of the ocean.

This theme fills the "Toilers of the Sea." After the great success of "Les Misérables" this new book did not receive the welcome it deserved, and even to-day it is not placed according to its rank. But nowhere has Hugo shown himself a more powerful prose writer, a more energetic and graceful painter.

It was in Guernsey, thanks to the solitude, to reverie, and to the continual life of nature, that his thoughts took a philosophic turn and elevation. If we compare the poems and writings previous to 1852 with those that followed, we shall find that Hugo had developed as a thinker and a sage during the exile, and could not probably have developed thus without it. In "The Legend of the Centuries" he wished to show the march of humanity gathering itself up in a single and enormous movement of ascent toward the light. He fulfilled his program, and from that time all his writings, prose and verse, all his words, that strong voice which spoke far away upon that cliff of Guernsey, back of the mists, was the continual exaltation of genius toward truth and right.

At Guernsey the moral life in which he took part, were it only from his inevitable contact with the population of the island, contributed to direct his thought toward those philosophic heights. The small people whose hospitality he received is free, religious, and thoughtful. Liberty inspires their laws and regulates their customs. Their morals attest the dignity they attach to human life. Every man reasons out his own belief and tries to live according to his conscience and to arrive at the truth. A continual sight of the sea, and the legends and superstitions that it gives rise to among them, have given to the Norman race who inhabit Guernsey the dreamy and mystical mind of Brittany.

Victor Hugo and his sons have collected the beliefs and the ideas of these sailors; "Toilers of the Sea" is full of them.

If Victor Hugo is to remain the greatest literary name of our century, his house for that sole reason would remain sacred. But it is also worthy to be a museum. Arranged by a great poet, it bears the mark of an original artist. Art and poetry there combined not only to complete each other but to mutually set each other off. After visiting the house, you know and understand better the genius of the poet. You see by material proof his processes of labor and of composition.

But this house gives another teaching of more general bearing. At no time have art and literature reacted upon each other more than at the beginning of our century. Poets ask artists for ideas and sentiments. Artists borrow their subjects from poets. In following the course of romantic literature, art is everywhere found on the same road. To neglect one of the two would be to understand only one of them in part. After Chateaubriand, whose actions, so powerful at first, left other writers to continue the impulse he gave, it is Victor Hugo who took the lead and went on to the end in the way begun. He had the privilege of conceiving in a plastic manner and of seeing the idea only through the form, of translating the sentiment only by the image, of enlarging the image even to a symbol. After the "Orientals" he wrote "Notre Dame de Paris." More than this, he was artist enough to apply his literary processes to sculpture and architecture. The house of Guernsey remains the proof of this. To see Hauteville House is the better to understand not only Victor Hugo but romanticism.

(End of Required Reading for May.)

MODERN MILITARY BALLOONING.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THE perfected flying-machine seems a little belated in its coming, and the present century may not witness its invention; but in the field of ballooning the past ten years have been epoch-making, and aerial navigation has changed from experimental work to an exact science. In America experiments with balloons and kites have been conducted chiefly with the idea of improving the signal service of the Weather Bureau; but in Europe a more bloodthirsty end has been held constantly in sight, and military aeronauts have reached a perfection not realized in this country. Every first-class European nation has its military balloon service, military aeronauts, and military balloon school. The achievements of the inventors and aeronauts in military balloon science are consequently encouraged and amply rewarded by the governments in whose employ they are engaged, and there is such intense competition between France, Germany, Russia, and England that great secrecy is observed in all the maneuvers.

The status of the military balloon service of to-day is unquestionably much higher than the average reader imagines, and should a war break out in Europe the balloons would play a very conspicuous part in it. In the Franco-Prussian War the balloon was employed for strategic purposes, and M. Gambetta's celebrated escape in one from Paris when the city was surrounded by the Germans offers a fair example of what could be accomplished with one in an emergency; but in those experimental stages of the service the full value of the new war machine could not be gauged. The use to which the balloon was then put had little in common with the purposes for which the modern military balloon is constructed. The balloon spy will of course hover over the scene of battle in the future, but he will accomplish so many more important things that this will seem small and insignificant.

Military ballooning was tried in a small way in this country during the Civil War, and General Fitz John Porter had a balloon corps to collect information at Gettysburg; but when the war came to a close the subject was dropped until comparatively recently. General Greely took it up again, but his experiments under Secretary of War Elkins were made in the interests of science and the signal service instead of war. No appropriation was made for military balloon experiments, and for that reason the science has not developed in this country as in Europe. It is reported that the coming Congress will be urged to pass a bill appropriating about $10,000 for experimenting with balloons under the direction of the War Department, and that work will be begun immediately to place American military aeronauts on a par with those of European nations.

Experiments have been conducted by the army officers at Fort Logan under the supervision of Captain W. A. Glassford, of the signal corps, who has now under his charge a silk balloon of 14,000 feet capacity. There are also the other military accessories, such as a balloon wagon, with cable drum, and the steel tubes for holding compressed gas. This balloon is dubbed the General Myer, and was manufactured after the designs of the best French and English systems, and during the Chicago World's Fair several ascensions were made in it.

The School of Military Ballooning at Aldershot, England, is one of the oldest institutions of its kind, and what it has accomplished cannot be easily estimated in a few words. This school was originally founded by the Royal Engineers at Woolwich, about nineteen years ago, but it was subsequently removed to Chatham, and later to Aldershot. To-day it is under the charge of Colonel Templer, with the assistance of Captains Jones and Ward, R. E., to whose combined work the present efficiency of the establishment is due. The modern development of the military balloon is coextensive with the growth of the Aldershot school, and to follow the experiments made there is to recite the history of recent discoveries in aeronautics.

When the old-fashioned silk balloon was in use the aeronaut was in constant danger of losing his life every time he made an ascension, for some trouble was developing in the silk bag most of the time. The silk was varnished to make it air-tight, and this made the fabric very liable to crack. Moreover, it was apt to be rent or torn with the slightest pressure, and the gas was always leaking away, rendering a long journey out of the question. When the holes became very numerous it was impossible to repair them.

These silk and cloth balloons were utterly unsuited for military purposes, and the inventors devoted their attention to the discovery of some material that would take their place. In time the substance of the balloon was made of "gold-beater skins," which marks one of the most important advance steps in ballooning. This skin is the peritoneal or outer membrane of the cæcum of neat cattle, and is used by gold-beaters for placing between leaves of gold. It is prepared by immersion in a weak potash solution, is scraped with a knife, then beaten, soaked in water, and stretched on a frame, where it is treated with alum water, isinglass, and egg-albumen. When it is dry it is pressed and cut up into squares ready for use. These skins when used on the balloon adhere so firmly together that they form one homogeneous mass, and they are absolutely impervious to gas and so strong that they will withstand an enormous pressure. The extremely light weight of the gold-beater's skin is another important factor. A large balloon of this substance, having 2,500 square feet of surface, and capable of containing 10,000 cubic feet of gas, weighs only 170 pounds.

The famous Delcourt balloon made in 1832 was composed of 20,000 pieces of very thin kid pasted together, and specimens of these are still retained by the Germans for exhibition; but the German nation has experimented more with pongee silk in the manufacture of their war balloons, and several of their best ones in use to-day are made of this material. Every inch of the silk is tested by experts, and then it is cut into sections for girls to sew. No machines are used in finishing the seams, but everything is done by hand. After the sewing is completed the varnishes are applied to the seams to render them absolutely air-tight.

When the balloon proper is finished, the work of rigging it to the car, so that it will be strong and light, begins, and this is no light task. At Aldershot the rigging is made of the best Italian hemp, and weighs one pound to the hank. So strong is this hemp that a yard of it stretched round two pulleys will support 500 pounds without breaking. The English weave into this hemp rigging a fine thread of brass, which is designed to protect the bag in the case of a thunder-storm while floating in the clouds. The car itself is made of the best wicker work, strung around a ring of American hickory.

The next most important step in the adaptation of the balloon for military purposes was the invention of the steel tubes in which compressed hydrogen can be carried. No such tubes for inflating the balloons on the field were thought of when the balloon was first employed for military purposes in our Civil War or the Franco-Prussian War, but subsequent experiments and inventions have made them absolutely necessary for a campaign under present conditions. Gasworks and supplies of coal cannot be reckoned upon on a line of march, but the steel tubes can be carried wherever the army goes. The military balloons used at Aldershot require 11,000 cubic feet of gas to inflate them, and to carry this amount of hydrogen in the steel tubes three wagons are needed. But at present trials are being made to reduce the size and weight of the tubes, and the new patterns are expected to prove so much lighter and smaller than the old ones that two wagons will be sufficient to carry enough to charge the balloon.

At present efforts are being made to produce hydrogen by electrolysis. The hydrogen required for inflating the balloons is of the purest quality, made from zinc and sulphuric acid, and the cleanliness of the dynamo, as well as its certainty, will in time prove more satisfactory than present methods. The compression of the gas has made as wonderful strides as the improvement in the quality of the steel tubes.

The outfit of the balloon corps is quite extensive and most of the implements are quite modern in their invention. There is first the balloon wagon, with half a mile of wire rope attached to it which can be used to hold the balloon captive, and a telephone wire and apparatus running from the balloon to the wagon. Other wagons carrying the steel tubes with compressed hydrogen follow the first.

The balloon proper is fitted out with all the instruments necessary for observing and photographing the country. From his high position the aeronaut can observe the enemy in the distance, and telephone with the operators below, directing them where to aim their high explosives. Explosive shells are also to be carried by the balloons to drop down upon the enemy, and one or two machine guns for an emergency.

As a spy the balloon will prove very effective in the coming war. The captive balloon is not easy to shoot down, as some modern tests have demonstrated, and the aeronaut can make his observations with comparative safety. The holes which the modern army rifles make in the balloon are too small to do much injury, and the escape of gas through them is really insignificant. This was thoroughly proved by a recent test in which a body of infantry fired at a balloon held at an elevation of 975 feet. The balloon was punctured by a number of the balls, but it did not collapse, nor suffer any appreciable injury. The sharpnel shells, however, may prove disastrous to the balloon spy. But here, too, the damage is not by any means as great as one would be led to think at first sight. Experiments with these shells have been made in all the European countries when the balloons were held at altitudes varying from 650 to 2,500 feet, and at a distance of 10,000 to 16,000 feet from the firing-place. In the Russian test 25 balls out of 30 shots were put through the balloon at a distance of 10,000 feet and at an altitude of 650 feet. The German artillerymen put 20 holes in a balloon out of 26 shrapnel shells at a distance of 16,250 feet from the firing-ground.

These holes were called "wounds," and not all of them proved mortal. Many of them had no more disastrous effect than the ordinary balls from the modern army rifle. The conclusion from these and similar experiments has been reached that a balloon at an altitude of 2,600 feet, and 16,250 feet from the enemy's nearest firing-place, is absolutely safe, and can ride in peace in the air while the aeronaut observes the action of the enemy.

The trials of the balloons now are conducted for the purpose of ascertaining their value in taking part in military engineering operations. The first object to be attained will be to protect the soldiers in building trenches, and also in preventing the enemy from working behind the trenches. Behind the ditch of the opposing army the soldiers can work in comparative safety in spite of modern guns and high explosives, but if the balloon corps could arrange to drop a 500 pound charge of powder behind the trench the results would be tremendous. The balloons are rigged to carry several such shells for the purpose of dropping them behind the opposing trenches. They are also equipped with machine guns, and from their high altitude the aeronauts are supposed to direct their fire upon the enemy engaged in digging their trenches and preparing for a strong stand behind temporary fortifications.

But probably even a more interesting phase of military ballooning in the next war will be a duel between two of these aerial spies. With each army provided with balloons, neither would have very much the advantage of the other, and all military movements might be suspended until a battle in the air should decide the fate of the aeronauts. Should one side succeed in destroying all the balloons of the enemy, a decided advantage in the coming conflict would be given to them; or if in the aerial fight all of the floating machines of war should be wounded or annihilated the two armies would be placed upon the same footing as heretofore. The balloons would carry aloft one or two guns and a bomb or two, and in a duel to the death the fate of one or both would be quickly decided. The armies of both sides could witness this mid-air battle, and upon its outcome would rest largely the fate of one or the other contending force. These two minute mid-air battles would be more thrilling and dramatic in their intensity than any ever yet fought upon *terra firma*.

ARCTIC BIRD'S-NESTING.

BY JOHN MURDOCH.

POINT BARROW, as all my readers doubtless know, is the extreme northwestern corner of the continent of North America, a narrow hook of sand jutting out into the Arctic Ocean. When, in 1881, the ring of stations was established inside the arctic circle for simultaneous scientific observation of the weather and such phenomena, one of the two expeditions sent out by the United States occupied Point Barrow. I was attached to this expedition as naturalist and observer, and spent two years in this desolate place.

During the long winter night we were naturally much confined indoors and had a good deal of leisure time, but with the advance of spring, from the time the first snow-bunting appeared—it was on Easter Sunday in 1882—our occupations were more outdoors than in, and the two naturalists had their hands more than full.

Many a time the midnight sun has found me still at work, skinning birds or blowing eggs. And such splendid eggs! We were at the very home of birds whose eggs rarely come into the hands of collectors, birds that hasten through the lands of civilization to breed in the desolate North, and we collected these varieties in what naturalists call "series"—dozens of sets of each kind. It was something for an oölogist to remember for a lifetime.

The collecting was no boy's play, however. As each of us had to perform a daily "tour of duty" of from four to six hours in the observatory, our collecting was necessarily confined to the country which we could cover in a day's walk. This country was very different from the hunting-ground of the ordinary egg-collector, and the methods pursued were equally different. Here there was no diligent search through the bushes, nor dangerous climbing of trees, nor even scaling of cliffs. There was not a tree nor even a bush within a hundred miles, even the willows being reduced to creeping vines. The country was a rolling tundra, like the well-known tundra of Siberia, swampy in the hollows, drier on the uplands, and dotted with small lakes and ponds of all sizes. Like the Siberian tundra, this ground thaws only for a couple of feet in summer and is perpetually frozen for an unknown depth below this. There is often ice at the bottom of the ponds. Frequently, on wading in at the edge of a shallow pond, I have slipped on a layer of glary ice, thinly covered by a treacherous coating of moss and mud.

The surface of the country varies somewhat in its vegetation. The wet and marshy portions are thickly covered with grass, while on the higher grounds the covering of grass is more scanty and interspersed with reindeer moss, and in places the ground is bare, muddy, and black, partly covered with black and white mosses and lichens. These bare spots we used to call the "black tundra," and they were the special breeding-ground of certain species of birds, like the golden plover, whose eggs, pale gray blotched with black, look so like the ground they rest upon that it is almost impossible to see them.

On the other hand, the birds that laid brownish or buff eggs, mottled or speckled with brown, nested among the brown dry grass. The "protective coloration" was perfect—so perfect that I do not remember that we ever found one of these nests, if we may apply the term "nest" to a grass-lined depression in the ground, by actually searching for it.

The first season, when we were new to the work, we began to look for nests as soon as the birds showed signs of breeding. As we tramped along, gun in hand, a bird would spring up, evidently from a nest, and we would set about searching for it, quartering the ground systematically and—metaphorically—leaving no stone unturned. But we never found the eggs this way. I once spent a good hour working fruitlessly over a little patch of "black tundra" not a hundred feet square, while a golden plover hovered anxiously about and showed plainly by her actions that her nest was there.

Finally, as the season advanced, we hit upon a more successful plan. When a bird was started that showed by her actions that she had a nest, the collector would at once retreat to a safe distance—at least a hundred yards—and sit down patiently and wait for her to come back. Before long she would come back, flying around in circles, and at last light some distance from the eggs. Now was the time to watch her sharply, using, if necessary, the field-glass which we always carried slung round the neck. Suddenly she would vanish. That meant that she was on the eggs. And then came the critical point of all, requiring the utmost steadiness and attention on the part of the collector. He must walk rapidly and steadily straight toward the point where she disappeared, and when she sprang up again never take his eyes off the spot whence she rose, but keep right on till he reached it, when he was almost sure to find the eggs at his feet. If he let his eyes swerve to the right or the left for one second the surface of the ground was so uniform that the eggs were lost, and he had to go back and begin all over again.

Three times have I had a Baird's sandpiper come back to her eggs before I found them, and then I discovered to my disgust that I had come so near once before that I had stepped on the eggs and crushed them.

When, as sometimes happened, we found a nest that had not received its full complement of eggs, we used to cut a turf to mark it, and when several of us were in the field we used to fasten bits of paper marked with our names to these turfs, so that we should not interfere with each other's work.

The birds that we found breeding near the station were mostly waders, or shore-birds, the plovers and sandpipers, such as the gunners along our Atlantic commonly call "bay snipe" or "marshbirds." Most of the ducks and geese pass on eastward toward the mouth of the Mackenzie River to breed, and the gulls and terns, which are very abundant, nest on the sandy islands east of Point Barrow and out of our reach. There were but few kinds of land birds in the region at all, and only two of these were at all common.

These were the snow-bunting and its near relative the Lapland longspur. The former, which must be familiar to many of my readers, as it visits the Northern States nearly every winter in large flocks, was the bird of the village and the station dooryard, as familiar and cheerful as the bluebirds at home. Its song, much like a canary's, was to be heard all the spring about the station, and was very welcome after the stillness of an arctic winter. Its nest was easily found, as it was made in holes and crevices of the low earth bluffs along the edges of the lakes or the seashore.

One pair nested in a cask near our house, in which some bricks were stored; but the Eskimo children caught the male bird just as the female had finished laying her full set of eggs, so we took the eggs for the collection. Then the brave bird got another mate and set to work on a new nest. The Eskimos robbed it again, but still she persevered and began a third nest. This time we took special pains to protect her—I remember the observer on duty coming out one night with a rifle, to drive off some strange natives who were meddling with the nest—and she was able to raise her brood.

The Lapland longspur is seldom seen round the houses or the bluffs. It is a bird of the open fields, especially the high and drier part of the tundra, where we found the nest built in the grass without any attempt at concealment. This is a very pretty little bird, very like our familiar bobolink in its behavior—as full of song and having the same habit of soaring up and singing in the air with quivering wings.

We collected but few eggs of ducks and geese, though there was no special difficulty in finding such conspicuous eggs, when the actions of the bird gave indications of a nest. These nests were usually close to the water and showed nothing of special interest except in being lined with down plucked from the sitting bird. The black brant even covers the eggs with the down when she leaves the nest.

Our main work, however, was collecting the eggs of the waders. These were the most abundant and at the same time the most valuable and interesting eggs. The first eggs ever collected of the pectoral sandpiper, well known to our shore gunners as the "grassbird," "jacksnipe," or "krieker," were found by myself in 1882 on a grassy knoll a few miles from the station. We collected in all eighteen sets of these rare eggs. Being brown-mottled eggs, they were always to be looked for in the higher grassy spots.

Perhaps the most abundant of all the breeding waders was the beautiful little red phalarope, which is peculiar in having what are called lobed feet—that is, there is a separate web on each toe. They swim much more than the other waders, and are often seen in autumn and winter swimming in flocks on the sea off our coast, where they are known by the curiously inappropriate name of "sea-geese."

This graceful little bird has one very remarkable peculiarity. When in full breeding plumage, it is the female and not the male that is the brighter and more conspicuous bird. The red of the breast and under parts is deeper, and the mottled markings of the back and head are brighter and more clearly defined. The first day they appeared in the spring of 1882 I shot several for the collection, and I never shall forget my surprise when dissection showed budding eggs in all of my supposed males, for this unusual sexual difference in the breeding plumage is not generally mentioned in the ordinary handbooks of ornithology. Even the natives believed that the brighter bird was the male, and were only convinced when I cut one open and showed them the eggs.

Now this peculiar difference means something. The phalarope is a "woman's rights" bird, and doesn't trouble herself with the cares of a family. While it is quite common among the waders for the male to take his share of the work of incubation—we frequently shot male golden plovers and dunlins with the breast plucked bare of feathers and the skin hardened from sitting on the eggs — among the phalaropes it is the male alone that hatches the eggs and takes care of the young—in fact does everything except lay the eggs. When they have laid their eggs, the females go off in flocks, playing and feeding by themselves, while the males must stay at home and take the whole care of the family. The eggs were always laid in low marshy ground, generally on a narrow isthmus between two little ponds.

On the "black tundra," as I have already said, we found numerous nests of the golden plover, whose light-colored eggs, blotched with black, harmonized so wonderfully with their surroundings. The sitting plovers show great solicitude when disturbed, feigning lameness, and trying to attract one away from the nest, but are shrewd enough to keep quite a distance from the eggs as long as the collector is anywhere in the immediate neighborhood of it. On the same "black tundra" we also found the somewhat similar though smaller eggs of the buff-breasted sandpiper in great abundance. This bird is remarkable for the curious antics that the male performs during the breeding season. A favorite trick is to walk along with one wing stretched to its fullest extent and held high in the air. I have frequently seen solitary birds doing this for their own amusement, apparently, when they had no spectators of their own kind.

Two will occasionally meet and "spar" like fighting-cocks for a few minutes, and then rise together like "towering" birds, with legs hanging loose, for about thirty feet, and then let themselves drift down gently to leeward. A single bird will sometimes stretch himself up to his full height, spread his wings forward, and puff out his throat, making a clucking noise, while one or two others stand by and apparently admire him.

In fact, nearly all the shore-birds, which are so seriously engaged in the great business of feeding when we see them on our beaches and salt marshes, indulge in sportive tricks and utter new calls when they reach breeding-grounds and the season of courtship begins. The golden plover flies along high above the ground with long, slow strokes of the wings, uttering a loud but very melodious cry of "toodling, toodling!" many times repeated, very different from his well-known call note.

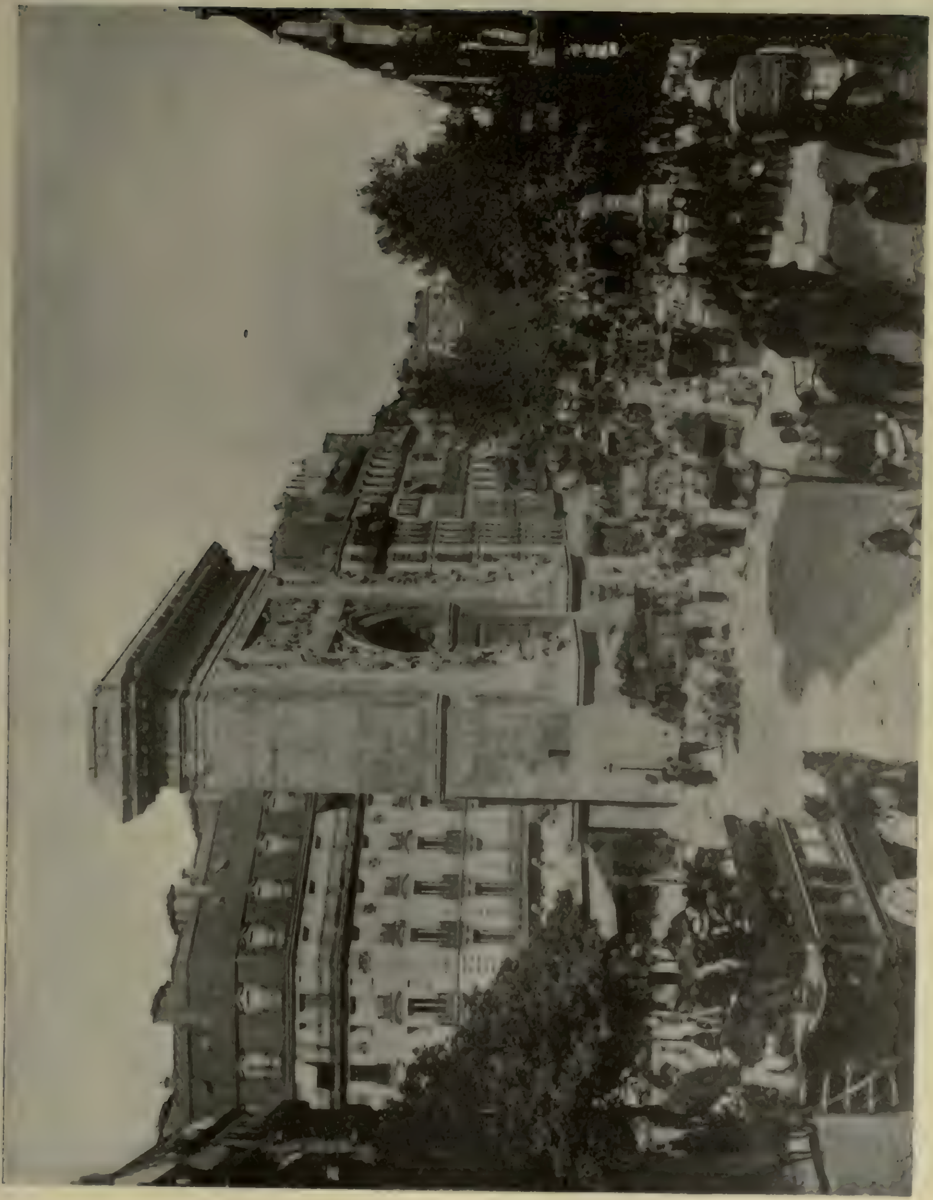
When the dunlins arrive (these are the small sandpipers that appear on the Atlantic coast in autumn, in enormous flocks, when they are known as "fall snipes" or "winter ox-eyes") they scatter over the tundra in threes and pairs, and chase each other with much noise, taking wing suddenly without cause for alarm. Occasionally one will "set" his wings while in the air and sail for some distance, uttering a note quite different from the usual rattling call.

But the most curious habit of all is that of the pectoral sandpiper. In the spring of 1882, people who had been out tramping on the tundra came in several times saying that they had heard owls hooting. No one saw the owls, however, and as the snowy owl, the only one ever taken at Point Barrow, does not hoot, we were puzzled to know what it could be. At last, one day when I was out collecting, I heard the sound myself. "Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo," it went, a dull muffled sound that seemed a long way off. It was hard to tell whence the sound came, but at last I discovered the cause of it. A male pectoral sandpiper, with his throat inflated like a pouter pigeon's, was flying along slowly close to the ground, with his wings held high and flopping stiffly, and the hooting plainly came from him.

We afterward often saw the performance repeated, and we sometimes saw the males sitting on little knolls and puffing out their throats, though without hooting. The natives call him the "walrus-bird," because he puffs himself out till he looks like a walrus.

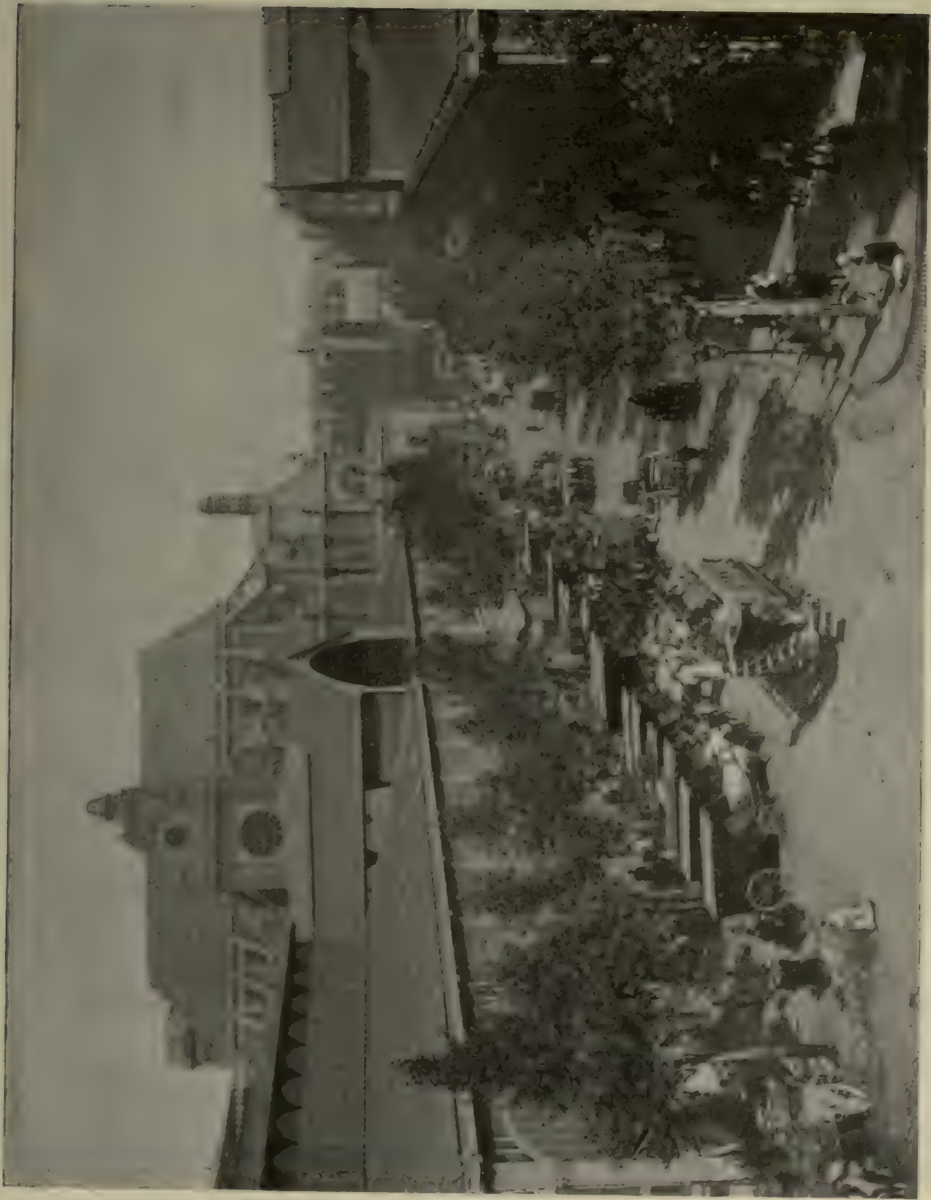
Besides the eggs that we collected ourselves—and all the members of the party, as well as the two naturalists, helped with the work—the collection received many valuable additions by the aid of our Eskimo neighbors. They soon learned that we would not buy eggs unless they brought the sitting bird with them, and they were very honest about it, only trying to trick us in one or two instances. We were obliged to insist on this precaution with the Eskimos, because nothing is so hard to identify with certainty as an egg by itself, while nothing is so easy to identify when the parent bird is seen or secured. This is specially true of the eggs of the different species of waders, which resemble one another so closely that it is almost impossible to tell what an egg is by mere examination. With such valuable eggs we were obliged to take the greatest possible precautions to know what each set of eggs actually was.

Accordingly, in most cases, we took pains to secure the sitting bird, which we marked with a number that was also marked on the eggs as soon as they were picked up, so that we were able to send home with the eggs the bird that laid them. At all events we never failed to secure good views of the bird, but we trusted to this only after we had become very familiar with the birds of the region. As a consequence, our collection was valuable not only on account of the rarity of the eggs, but because of its authenticity, and we felt well repaid for all the trouble it had cost us when we were able to turn it over to the National Museum at Washington in such excellent shape.

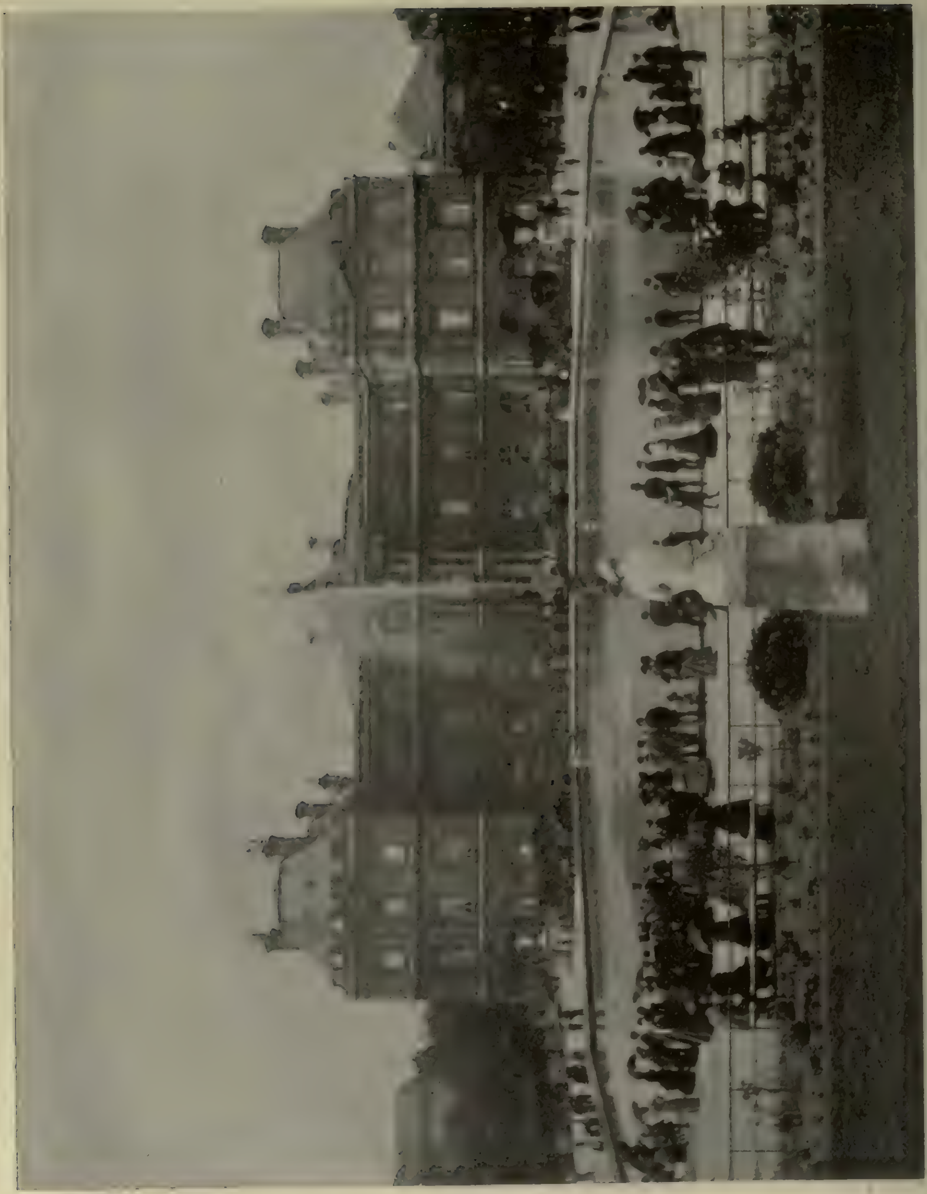


THE BOULEVARD ST. DENIS.

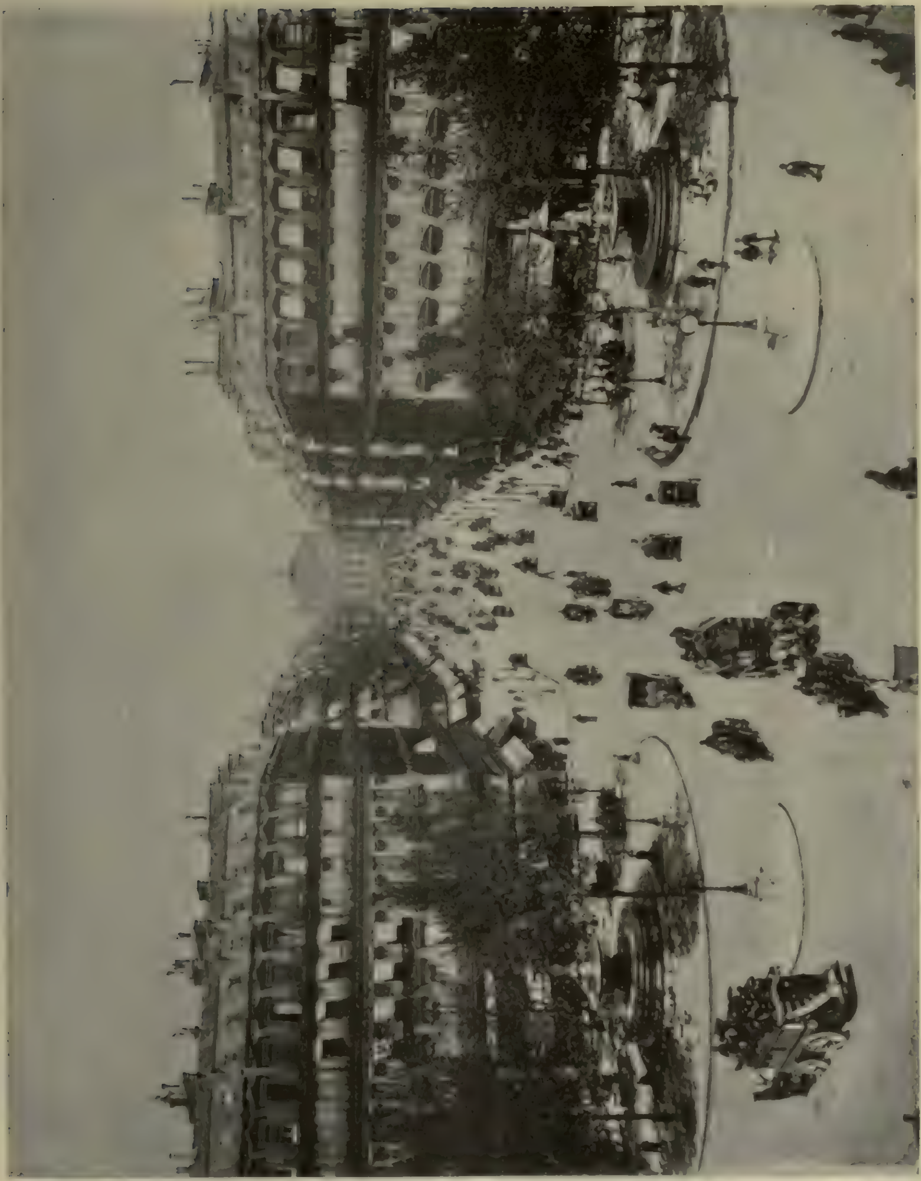
PERSPECTIVE OF THE AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



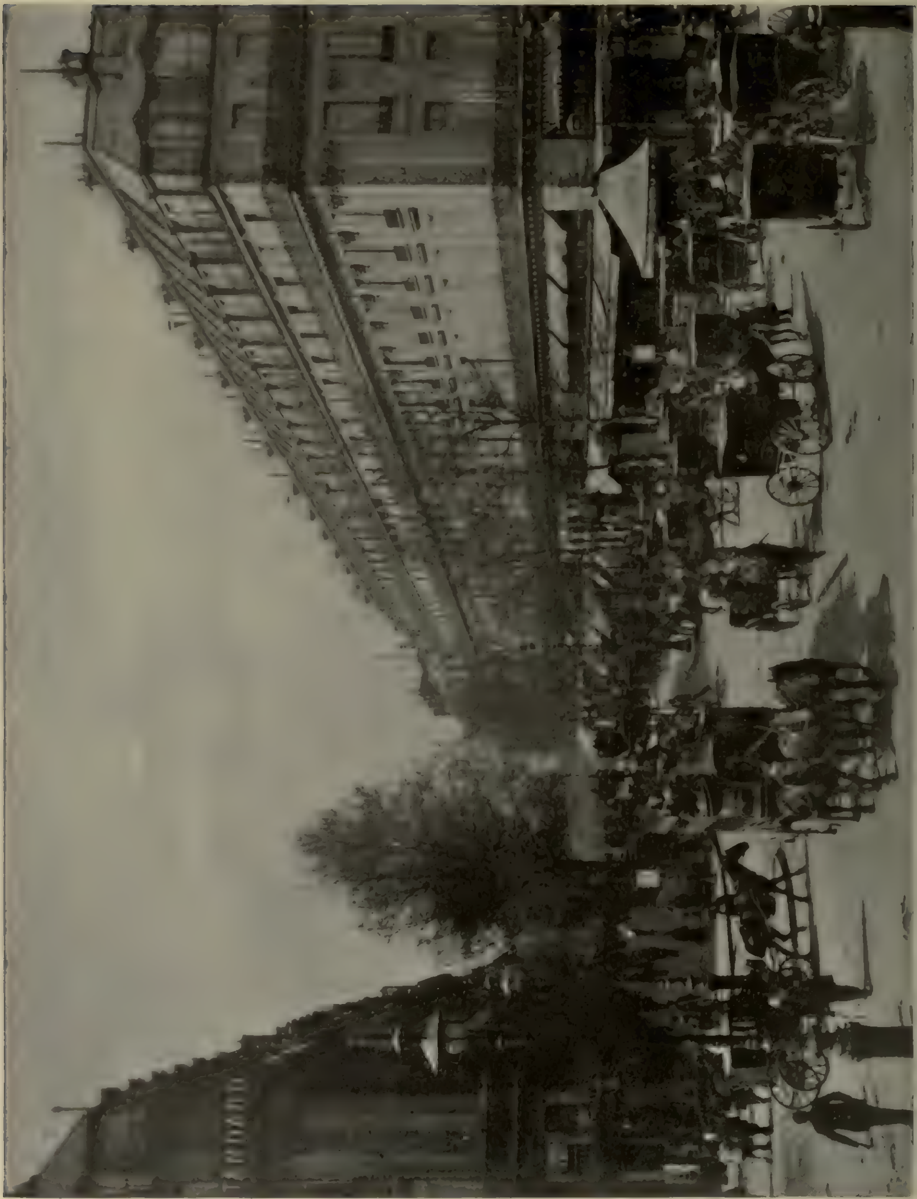
THE CENTRAL MARKETS.



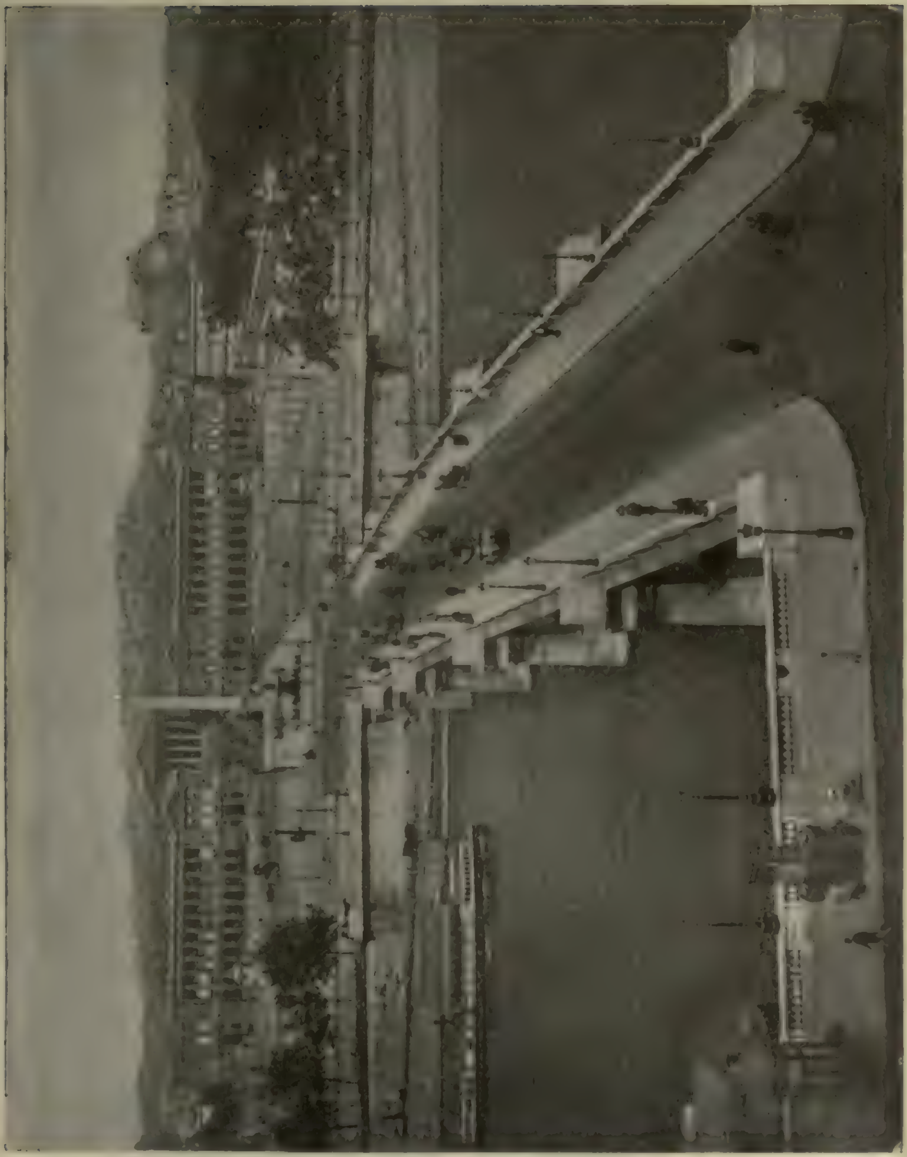
THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.



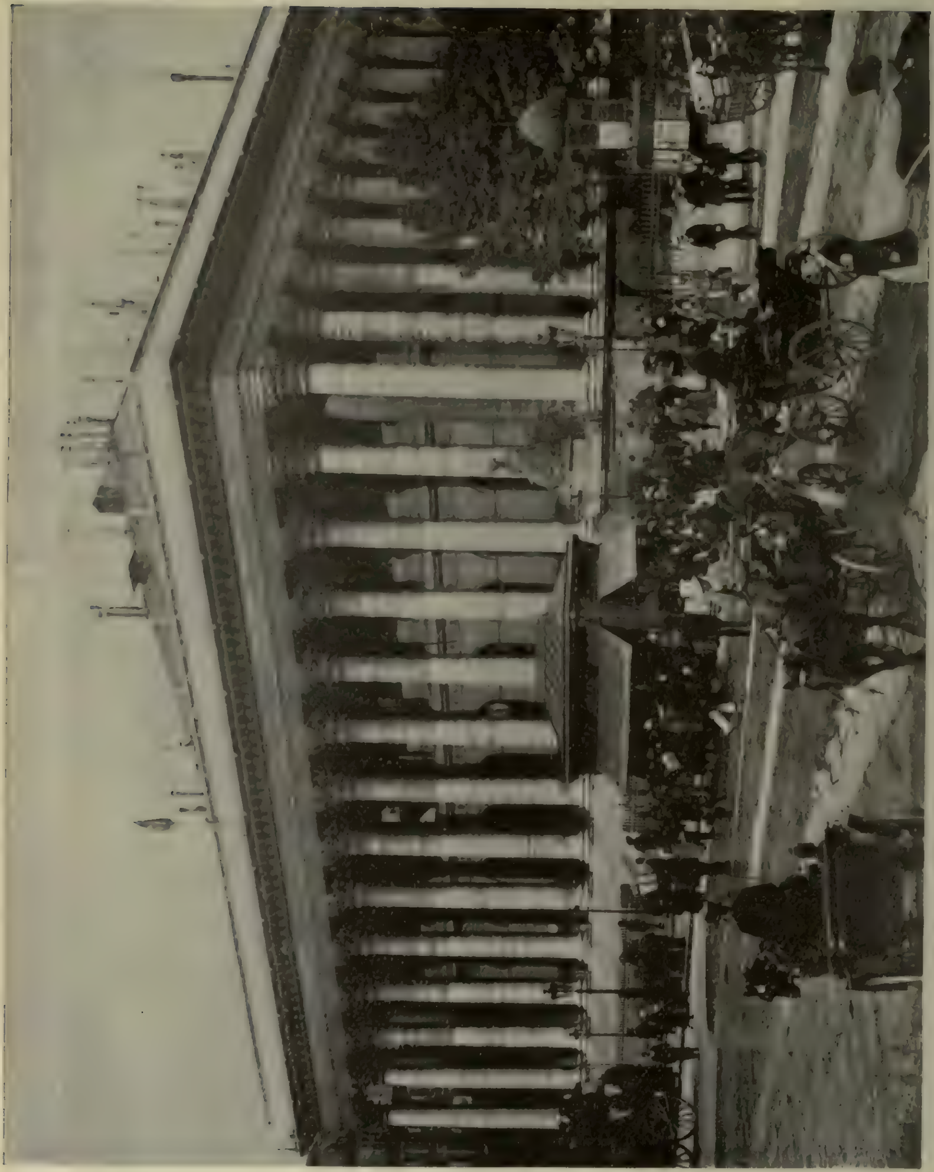
THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.



THE BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES AND THE GRAND HÔTEL.



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE BOURSE.

MARYLAND MEMORIES.

BY JOHN EDGEWORTH.

"TERRA MARIAE," like "all Gaul," *est divisa in partes tres;* and while Cæsar cannot be quoted farther, that these "differ one from another in speech, custom, and laws," yet there are real distinctions of topography, geology, history, and social condition.

The southern and eastern counties, in all thirteen, grouped as lower Maryland, border the Chesapeake Bay in most of its extent through three degrees, to the capes, from the influx of the Patapsco, nine miles below Baltimore, at North Point. Here was fought the famous battle of thirty-two hundred raw levies against eight thousand British regulars, when General Ross died, defeated, after swearing he did not care if it "rained militia." Across the waves, westward, rise the bastions of Fort McHenry, where Key, the next day, saw by "the dawn's early light," the star-spangled banner, still "gallantly streaming," whence Armistead's six hundred gunners beat back sixteen sail of the proudest navy in the world.

The bay is a vast inland sea, rich in fish, oysters, and wild fowl, and affording a fine approach to its port—fine, that is, for beauty, though not for utility, since the towage of large vessels from the capes is a heavy discount on the commerce of Baltimore, once the first, now the fourth, maritime city of the republic. This cut no figure in the sailing days of the "clipper" trade, when a blue-water cruise was not measured in hours, and a captain could unaided navigate the bay and luff his ship aside her wharf. And even yet the course and distance from Baltimore, by the capes, to South American, East Indian, or Pacific ports give her a handicap of several degrees over her rivals. But—alas for the decay of our merchant marine!—this rich trade is carried on English keels, and these, visiting our eastern coast for grain, cattle, and tobacco, wish to stretch straight across the North Atlantic, without the risk and cost of doubling the capes. Hence Sandy Hook and Brewster's Island welcome fleets which will crowd the harbor of the Oriole City when the proposed ship canal across the peninsula, between the sea and the bay, shall draw it two days nearer Europe, with its short haul by rail from the West.

Below North Point both shores of the bay are alluvial, low, level, and fertile, of a light loam, in parts sandy, but capable of a generous, if judicious, tillage. They are deeply indented by salt-water tideways—magnificent estuaries, branching into countless creeks, which grasp the land as with outstretched fingers. There are numerous localities like this one: the highroad runs for twenty miles, a back-bone through a narrow body of land, with the bay on one side and a mighty river, or its inlets, on the other, glimpsing and gleaming, now here, now there, amid the trees, while every farm runs to salt water, and has at its garden gate an oyster-bed, a fishing-bar, and a ducking-blind, while vessels may anchor off the barn door to receive its harvests.

This region was earliest settled under the Stuart kings by English colonists, who have carved their mark everywhere, so that the mutations of near three centuries have not effaced it. Thus the very names smack of the olden land. The counties are called like English shires—Worcester is "Wooster," and Dorchester is "Dorset"; among the towns are an Oxford and a Cambridge, a Kingston and a Queenstown, a Prince Frederick and a Royal Oak. There is an Avon, and a Severn, and a Wye River.

The lands were first cleared by the broad streams, which became highways of a busy life, long before roads, or even trails, were cut through the forests of the interior; and the planter went to market or to church, a visiting or a hunting, in his canoe. So it happens that even yet the farms face on the waters, and turn their backs proudly to the public roads. One may drive for miles through woods and fields with only broken views, distantly, of homesteads, which he approaches by private lanes, to discover that they open on charming visions of curving shores and sparkling waters.

Some of these farms are held by men whose people took root in them five or six generations ago; and many of the houses are genuinely "colonial." It is a common delusion that their bricks were brought from England as return freight of the tobacco ships; but there is good evidence that the best and oldest of them were fashioned from native clay. Here and there are mansions endowed with traditions; with quaint, rare rooms, rich with romance; with a closet for the family ghost; with portraits of colonial grandees, revolutionary patriots, and later worthies who fought in senate or in field, in '12 or '48 (the heroes of '61 have left their sons too poor to pay artists); with subtle suggestions of the picturesque life of the eighteenth century, in its hoops and farthingales, its tie-wigs, full-skirted coats, silk stockings, knee-breeches, and dress-swords.

The people now are plain citizens, engaged in varied husbandry, with some fishing and coastwise seafaring, and the whole region is rural, with few towns, and small.

Alike in these things, however, there is a decided difference between the two sides of the bay—the "west'n" and the "east'n sho.'" The former is the more backward, sluggish, and unvaried, with few railways and little material progress. It still raises tobacco, which crop has been abandoned otherwhere in the state as uncertain, unprofitable, and ruinous to the soil. The latter is in closer touch with the great world—is threaded by rails which connect it with the chief markets, is more vigorous and prosperous, and of late years has gained a composite population, many settlers from the West and North having come in search of a genial climate and a kindly soil, since the great estates were broken up as a result of the fall of the slave system. By consequence social and political changes are appearing, though slowly, among the people.

The metropolis stands on the verge of the hill-country which, stretching away from the Susquehanna to the Blue Ridge, contains the seven counties which may be called middle Maryland. It has a rolling surface of clayey soil, well covered by a growth of oak, hickory, and chestnut timber and threaded by small, rapid streams called "runs." It is newer than the tide-water country, though venerable as compared with western modernness. Large areas of it, particularly where the limestone appears, are among the finest wheat and grass lands in the world. Its superb turnpikes, trim fields, stone fences, and huge barns attract the most casual observer. The population is at base the offspring of the original English settlers, with some Irish, less Scotch, and a little French, derived from the Santo Domingo refugees, all fused so that only traces of its elements remain. Along the northern border is a strong infusion of the Pennsylvania Dutch, who continue distinct to a surprising degree.

In many districts the farmers are of high type, socially and intellectually, whose families hold the ancestral lands, sending their surplus boys to college and the professions, while retaining the eldest to till the paternal fields.

Again from the Blue Ridge—say from North Mountain, the western escarpment of the famous Cumberland Valley—up to the summits of the Alleghanies, there is mountainous Maryland, bordered by the picturesque Potomac, adorned with superb scenery, and endowed with coal, iron, zinc, copper, marble, mica, cement rock, and pottery clays. At its head are the "glades," a plateau twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, noted for the salubrity of its climate.

It is curious to trace the religious and political variations of these three parts of Maryland. Thus in lower Maryland the western shore is largely Catholic, where the first of that religion came in the *Ark* and the *Dove*, seeking, as did the Puritans, religious liberty under the shield of Lord Baltimore, while the eastern shore is wholly Protestant. Thus in the five on one side of the bay there are 19,000 Catholic communicants, or about eighteen per cent of the inhabitants; while in a like number of counties on the other side, of the same aggregate population, there are about 591 Catholics and 27,000 Methodists, about twenty-five per cent. When all Protestantism is counted it gives for the whole state: in the counties 139,060 Protestants for 64,363 Catholics, and in the city of Baltimore 98,948 to 77,047. The strength of Catholicism in this ancient stronghold of its faith is massed in the western shore, the mining region, and the cities, while Protestantism preponderates everywhere and reigns without rivalry in the rural districts. The inference seems to be that where the original settlements have not been overrun by immigrants the people are still, to a surprising extent, of their ancestral faiths, but that in exact proportion to the income of foreigners the ratio of Catholicism increases.

Similar lines divide the sections ethnologically. Lower Maryland is the "black belt," with a negro population of forty-six and a half per cent, while middle Maryland has seventeen per cent, and in mountain Maryland it is but four per cent. And the same sections have foreign-born residents respectively two per cent, five per cent, and seven per cent, but it is to be noted that in one county of the last, viz., Alleghany, they are thirteen per cent, and in four counties of the first there are but 227 in a population of 79,653.

Drawing conclusions from such facts as the above, it is a surprise to discover that the first section is Democratic in politics, the second so balanced as to make an election always uncertain, and the third Republican. The division of parties in the first cleaves mostly on the color line, the Republican vote about equaling the negro population, so that as many whites vote that ticket as may be measured by the non-votable element of the negroes.

From this it follows that sympathy with secession existed chiefly in the eastern and southern counties, from which also was recruited the "Maryland line" in the Confederate Army, while the western counties were thoroughly loyal. It was ignorance of this fact which misled Lee in planning the invasion of the state, where he believed volunteers would flock to his standard. It was the inveterate delusion of the southerners that Maryland was under the "despot's heel," yearning to "break her chains," and withheld only by the "strong hand of the federal government" from taking her "natural position" among the slave states. As a matter of fact a free vote at any time would have defeated secession. The proof of this is that the state gave near forty thousand men to the Federal, and only twelve thousand to the Confederate Army. It was among the tragic and pathetic incidents of the Civil War that these troops met more than once in furious fight. In the strenuous struggle at Front Royal, and again on Culp's Hill at Gettysburg, the First Maryland U. S. A. and the First Maryland C. S. A. were directly engaged, and it is said that in the last episode a father was in one regiment and his son in the other. It is difficult for one who never saw it to appreciate the violent sundering of families, friendships, and all social and business relations which occurred when the lines were drawn so that every man was a partisan, and none dared shirk or shrink his position.

Such being the scene, it may be desirable to sketch in broad outlines the manner of life therein nurtured.

Let us first visit a typical household in the hill-country, whose forebears had cleared the land a hundred and fifty years before, and tilled it, father and son, each eldest boy, by invariable custom, bearing his grandsire's name, so that there was a regular succession of Gilberts and Hughes, who passed on the heritage, never impaired, and generally improved. This one brought a new tract under the plow; that one added to the house; another built the great barn; and all were sturdy, upright, God-fearing men, of a style and spirit answering to the better sort of Scotch farmers, of more worth and thought than the English yeoman, and of less dignity than the English squire.

They not only delved their acres, but tilled the nobler soil and seed-plot of their souls; and the big case which stood above the solid oaken desk exhibited, as in strata, the deposits of bookish generations. There were Old-World volumes, brown and mellow, the English classics of the eighteenth century; there were the "Federalists" of our early politics, and of course Weem's "Life of Washington" and Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia"; there were a few of the master books that were brought forth before the sixties of our century; there were all of Mr. Wesley's "Christian Library," rarely seen, an admirable compendium of theological literature of all languages, from the patristic writers to the evangelicals of the Georgian era; and beside there were strays of light literature—the fresh, matutinal, springlike literature of our American School. And there was a collection in the "other house," including manuals of surveying, of farming, of botany, of the care of live stock, and the text-books of successive collegians — for more than one such had left his name, "*cum laude*," on the lists of old Dickinson.

The dwelling was a long, low, cosy place which seemed to have grown slowly. In the middle was the original log house, still sound in frame, but clothed in homemade clapboards, and wearing a dormered attic. Joined to it on one side was a modest addition of brick, and on the other a two-and-a-half-storied frame of more modern form, all leagued by a long porch. It stood on a hillside, amid the sloping fields, over a vale beautiful as Avoca, and backed by a sunny garden, while the sky-line above was wreathed with forests. Close around were trees and vines and shrubs, every one of which had a vital interest because planted by some one of the kin, such as the little sister who early escaped to heaven, and left nothing of herself on earth but a gentle memory and the fragrant honeysuckle bush that swung its blossoms by the door. Thus each generation had woven or chased some fiber or impress of the life in the old homestead.

Grouped about, like servants to their dame, were the kitchen and spring-house, the granary and smoke-house, the shop and cider-press, the quarters and poultry-house, and, a good furlong off, the ample barn which easily sheltered a season's harvest and a drove of fattening cattle.

Within the yard stood apart "Bachelor's Hall," or, in familiar speech, the "other house"—a single great bare room, with its beds, book-shelves, easiest of old rickety chairs, and litter of masculine belongings; whips, canes, guns, and fishing-rods in the corners; letters, papers, samples of grain or of wool, an apple, a handful of nuts on the table; spurs, pipes, pruning-knives, anything, everything on the mantel; and over all an indescribable air of homely freedom, especially when a hickory fire roared in the chimney on a winter's night. This was the abode, study, and den of all the boys who trod on each other's heels through the back-past generations, and were always "boys" until they married, were it to forty years.

And yonder where the lane dipped over a knoll to the highroad stood the old stone meeting-house. Here Asbury preached, and many a worthy of that age when heroes rode their circuit through these hills. For the family was Methodist before the great bishop sailed from England, and gave one of its sons to his hard-riding cavalry of the cross.

Looking from the house, in all the expanse of the valley, for miles, there were only peaceful and prosperous farms—not the smoke or smudge of a solitary town; yet it was an easy jaunt to the county seat and back, and but a good day's drive to the great city, long enough for variety, short enough for pleasure.

Its master at the period when these memories wove themselves was a noble old man, tall, gaunt, stooped but vigorous, with features of a mold like Whittier's, but a trifle sterner, although softened by the humorous blue eye and the frequent-smiling lips. He was a farmer, but with singular dexterity had taught himself many a trade, and amused his placid old age with their easy exercise. He was more than a prentice hand in carpentry and could make or mend anything about the place. He was a fair doctor of the lancet and calomel school, and freely treated with rude surgery and vigorous medication those of the vicinity who still had faith in heroic measures and a thrifty distaste for bills. He was lawyer enough to draw wills and deeds the court respected.

He was a greedy reader of nice taste, and a rare conversationalist, whose shrewd observance, stored and storied information, and biting-sweet humor flavored his speech. He wore an obsolete coat, rode in a curious, ancient chaise, yet would have graced by his genuine worth the best society. He knew all about the world's progress and gloried in it, yet was content with the simplicities of his life. He was deeply, but rather secretively pious, with an habitual faith which hid itself in good deeds.

He was a slave-holder who loved freedom, of that class which our abolition fanatics never understood—men for whom slavery was not a political conviction, or a profit scheme, but a sad inheritance of responsibilities, to be borne in the fear of God, until sometime, someway, beyond human foresight, it might happily be done away. He, and his kind, never bought or sold, except rarely, it might be, in the way of mercy, to save some poor wretch from a bad master, or separation from his family, or the dreaded fate of being "sole an' sont down South." Those who were consistent Methodists obeyed the unwritten law of their church in that region, and manumitted slaves at agreed ages, when they had served a few years of maturity to pay for the care of their childhood and were able to take care of themselves. They were taught to read, they were trained to pray, they were nursed in sickness, and watched and guarded for their welfare, so that a misfortune or dereliction in one of them was mourned almost as a family sorrow.

He was a patriot of the finest fiber, of the firmest will. He had borne sword in the War of 1812. He had witnessed the growth of his country through six decades, and loved her glory, her unity, her liberty with all the blood of his stout old heart. The attack on Sumter saddened him and maddened him like some ghastly personal outrage and anguish. He would have laid without murmur his all on the altar of his country. But alas! he could only pray at home with a grieving but unyielding heart. Every evening, after his reverent prayers, the deep armchair was drawn near the lamp and he read, with eyes that saddened or lightened, the daily paper which chronicled his nation's defeats or victories, and the whole struggle was fought over in his venerable face.

The two boys, his pride and hope, who from college had turned to professions in which they attained distinction, had now "gone South"; for this, like many a home of the "Old Line State," was smitten and sundered by the sword. What he thought of it everybody knew, though he never spake. Yet his heart followed those who rode in gray, over the red fields with fiery Stuart in Jackson's train. The fathers of the North who loyally gave their sons for the nation's life never knew the keener suffering, the fire-tried courage, the sublime sacrifice of their fellow patriots on the border, who stood by the nation with divided hearts but unfaltering wills.

He did not live to hail the final victory, but saw its foregleam afar along the crest of Gettysburg, whose cannon echoed faintly in his ears that July day, before he went to a better country, where the war drums beat no more, for good men cannot differ, since they no longer "know in part," but perfectly, "even as they are known."

This style of man, who was not rare in this border land and border time, should not be forgotten, as he easily may and likely will, while his age recedes and history records of it only certain large, dramatic forms and forces.

This manner of life is fading fast, but its virtues are eternal, and will appear anew, in other conditions, among those who bear the old names and inherit the good blood of this fine manhood.

THE SON OF A TORY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF WILTON AUBREY IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND ELSEWHERE, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1777, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED FROM PRIVATE PAPERS.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THAT Sir John Johnson had woven about me a net from which I should find it difficult to escape I had no doubt. He had suspected me from the outset to be friendly to the cause of the Continentals, though he evidently had no proofs to make good his suspicions. He hated me on account of my inadvertent reference to his flight into Canada, and my conduct toward him on at least two occasions since our unfortunate encounter that evening at Oswego had surely not tended to temper his anger. He had maliciously set about to disgrace me in St. Leger's eyes, and he had succeeded. I realized that any attempt to justify myself would be useless. The officers who were present when the quarrel took place would hardly dare say a word in my favor at the risk of incurring the baronet's enmity, even though they believed me to be in the right.

What charge would be brought against me? Had the military tribunal with which St. Leger threatened me any authority over me? It seemed to me not, and yet I knew only too well that the commander-in-chief and his associates could and would do what they thought fit with me. I racked my brains to conjecture what this would be, but came to no conclusion as the afternoon wore to a close.

A few of my belongings were, at my request, brought to me, the guard was changed, and I was given a somewhat frugal supper, but St. Leger did not come to question me, nor did I have opportunity of speaking with any one save my attendants or guards.

About sunset I noticed a stir in the camp. I was not allowed to move from the tent, but I could see much that took place from the doorway. Soldiers stood in groups talking earnestly. Officers hurried excitedly to and fro. It was clear that something was on foot. My guard was pardonably curious, and fidgeted and fretted because no one passed near. Finally he caught sight of one of his comrades who had come on an errand to an adjoining tent, and called to him:

"What's the news?"

After a little the man walked toward us, casting a doubtful eye at me as though debating the advisability of speaking in my presence.

"Indian runners have arrived from down the valley," he said reservedly.

My guard joined him a few yards away, and they talked together in low tones, but I caught enough of their conversation to give me the clue to what had happened. A force was marching to the relief of the fort, and Sir John Johnson, with a small body of troops and a large number of Indians, was going to set out that night with the intention of surprising the enemy as they advanced upon the morrow.

Could I warn the Continentals? The thought leaped into my mind, but I realized, after a moment's consideration, that even were I free this would be well-nigh impossible. Every one in the whole camp was on the alert, Sir John was doubtless even now mustering the savages, I was unfamiliar with the valley road (a rough wagon trail at best), and would be more than likely to go astray in the darkness.

If I could not warn the approaching Continentals I could at least take advantage of the excitement their coming caused, and this I resolved to do. I felt sure that the minds of St. Leger and the baronet would be diverted from me, orders to guard me might be less stringent, and an opportunity to slip away might occur. For this opportunity I determined to watch.

My guard was changed at midnight, and I discovered with delight that the newcomer had been drinking. I resolved not to allow myself a wink of sleep, lest by so doing I should miss the chance for which I was eagerly waiting. It was very difficult many times to keep awake, for the occurrences of the day had told severely upon my nervous forces; yet I managed to overcome each attack of the slumber-god, and, while I frequently appeared to be unconscious, was in reality never so.

For a time my guard strode up and down. Then he seated himself and lighted his pipe, at which he pulled vigorously. He had a flask from which he took an occasional draught when he seemed on the point of succumbing to fatigue and drowsiness. He peered in at me now and again, as I lay rolled in my blanket, muttering under his breath and probably wishing I were as lifeless as I appeared to be.

At last the gray light of coming dawn began to show. This was the hour for which I had waited. It was now, if ever, that I must try my fortune. The wind had blown up rather fresh during the night, and I had fastened down one flap of the tent doorway. Across the narrowed entrance my guard was half reclining, his back turned toward me. Presently he raised himself, gazed at where I lay, listened to my breathing, and then, with a sigh, stretched himself out at full length.

Ten minutes must have elapsed before I dared to stir, and what anxious moments they were! I had already cut one of the ropes by which the tent was fastened to the ground, and my plan was to escape by raising the canvas at this point. I did not wish to risk a struggle with the soldier, unless driven to such an extremity, for a single cry might bring a dozen of his comrades to his assistance.

With what caution I slid from my blanket! How carefully I lifted the canvas of the tent and began to worm my way under it! Every little rustle caused my heart to leap, and when something dry crackled it was as though a thunder-clap had sounded. I was in a cold sweat when I at last stood without my prison. There were other tents to pass, and there might be a sentry to avoid, but the time for caution was gone. I must now be quick and bold, and trust to my heels and to my lucky star. And there it was, the morning star, bright above the distant hemlocks. Its clear rays gave me hope; the sight of it seemed a lucky omen.

Light of foot, I sprang by the neighboring tents toward the open space that led to the border of the forest. I saw no one, and heard no challenge. An instant later I was among the trees—safe. What course should I follow? During the long night I had in a measure thought it out. I had decided that if I escaped I would strike for the cedar swamp a little southwest of the fort, and there conceal myself. My further action must be shaped by later developments.

The east was fast kindling with the dawn. I knew I must cross the clearing to the west of the fort while yet the light was dim, and bent every effort to that end. The birds had begun their matin song in the thickets, and were startled into silence as I sped by. I passed to the rear of the battery on the ridge, ran several rods farther to the west, then pressed to the edge of the open land. No alarm had been sounded, so I was certain that my guard still slept.

The outlines of the fort were taking form in the gray air as I started on my flight toward the swamp. My footfalls stirred fresh odors from the long grass. The dew soaked my gaiters, and the briers tore at my hands. I roused a rattlesnake near a decayed stump, and startled a rabbit, which gave me a thrill of fright, for from the sound I took it to be an Indian. I bounded across the line of the carrying-place, and saw before me the slight declivity that led to the swamp land. I could have shouted loud and long for joy. It seemed to me that I went down that slope on wings. With a swift plunge I was deep among the cedars, and for the first time since my escape from the tent I paused to take breath.

After I had rested, I found myself a snug hiding-place in a clump of thick trees, and, reclining against the trunk of the largest, ate half of the store of hard biscuit I had saved from my evening meal. While thus engaged the sky began quickly to brighten, and peering up through the green gloom I beheld the first glow of the sun.

Almost before I had finished breaking my night-long fast, sleep came upon me. Now I made no resistance. Indeed, had there been reason for resisting, I much doubt if I should have been able to hold out for any length of time. The strain I had passed through had been most severe, and nature would assert itself.

It was ten o'clock when I awakened suddenly, all my senses alert. Into the drowsy quietude of the place there had come a sound. Was it caused by a wild animal making its way from point to point, or was it an Indian? Intently I listened. I had little fear that I should be discovered, so dense was my place of concealment, and I knew no redskin had stumbled upon my trail, for the noise proceeded from the opposite direction—from the depths of the swamp. The spot where I lay was about midway between two Indian encampments, so I could not conjecture why any of the savages should be prowling about with such caution in my vicinity. Moreover, I supposed that most of the Indians had gone out under Sir John Johnson to surprise the Continentals.

Presently it grew clear to me that some creature, man or beast, was drawing near my hiding-place. For a time I would hear nothing save the far-off chirp of a bird, then there would come a suspicious rustle, or a twig would snap. I parted the branches upon my left and looked out. Between the clump where I was reclining and the next dense growth of cedars was a space dotted with hillocks of marsh-grass. Into this space, in single file, advanced three men, cautiously stepping from one secure footing to another. The first I had never seen. He was dressed in homespun, and wore a cap of squirrel skin. He cast his keen eyes from side to side as he advanced, and held his rifle ready for instant use. In the second comer I recognized Adam Helmer, a Whig well known at the settlement, while the third, to my great amazement, was my friend John Demooth.

Here was fair fortune indeed, but how was I to make my presence known without alarming them and imperiling myself? The risk of discovery which they were taking was great, and every man of them would be swift to strike if he fancied danger threatened.

I let the leader and Helmer pass without attempting to reveal my presence, but when my friend was opposite where I was hidden I softly whispered his name. He did not hear me, so I spoke again, this time louder. Both he and Helmer stopped and raised their guns.

"Who speaks?" cried Demooth, his face blanched with suspense.

"A friend," I replied.

"A friend here!" he exclaimed. "In heaven's name who are you?"

I parted the branches and stepped forth into view. Demooth gasped and staggered back.

"You! You! How—" he began, when Helmer interrupted him.

"An ambush!" he cried. "It's that damned young Tory, Aubrey," and up went his rifle to his shoulder.

"Fool," said Demooth, striking aside his weapon, "he is no more a Tory than you are!"

Helmer began to mutter, but Demooth silenced him.

"I know what I am saying," he declared, then he sprang forward and we embraced each other.

"You are not a ghost after all," he said, laughing and gripping my hand. "But how in the name of wonder come you here, when every one supposes your body to be somewhere at the bottom of the Slanting Waters?"

"It's a long story, and will keep till we are in a safer place," I answered, "though now that most of the Indians have left camp I fancy there's little danger here."

"Where are the savages, pray?"

"Why, they marched off last night, with some of the troops, under Sir John Johnson and Brant, to meet your advancing force."

"Are you sure, Aubrey, are you sure?" cried my friend in alarm.

"I know it to be so," I said.

"By heaven, I fear they'll surprise General Herkimer!" exclaimed Demooth.

"Never fear for old Honikol," said Helmer, "they'll not catch him napping."

Nor indeed would they have done so had it not been for his impatient and mutinous officers who forced him to order an advance when his good sense told him to await the signal for concerted action from the fort.

"You bear messages to the commander of the fort?" I asked.

"Yes," Demooth replied. "We were despatched last night by General Herkimer from our camp near the Oriskany Creek, but missed our way in the darkness."

As he spoke he began to move forward, I at his side.

"Is all well at the settlement?" I inquired.

I saw by his hesitancy in replying, although it was but brief, that there was something he would keep back.

"All will be well when you appear again," was the answer he made me.

I forbore to question him further, for our movements now demanded our closest attention, but I made up my mind that at the earliest opportunity I would insist that nothing be concealed from me. My joy at the prospect of a speedy release from a position of peril was clouded by a sense that fate might have in store for me still another blow.

We soon reached the edge of the swamp, where Demooth, Helmer, and their companion tied their kerchiefs to the ends of their rifle barrels. We sprang swiftly up the slight acclivity to the line of the carrying-place. Between us and the fort not a soul was in sight. The three messengers waved their improvised truce-flags as we ran forward. Soon there was a cheer and shouts of greeting from the ramparts, and when we rounded the salient which protected the entrance we found the gates open to receive us.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SORTIE.

We were conducted without delay to the quarters of the commanding officer, Colonel Gansevoort, where we were immediately shown into his presence. He was at the time conferring with Colonel Willett, the officer second in command. Both men received us warmly, and listened with eager interest to Demooth's messages from General Herkimer.

The sortie which Herkimer desired was at once agreed upon, though Colonel Gansevoort expressed grave doubts as to its efficacy in diverting the attention of the enemy, owing to the fact that the messengers had been so long delayed.

"Have the men paraded at once," he said to Colonel Willett, "and call for volunteers to the number of two hundred and fifty to take part in the sortie. The signal guns announcing to Herkimer that his messengers have arrived should meanwhile be fired."

Colonel Willett hastened out to execute these orders, while we remained for further conference with the commander. I was much impressed by the bearing of both these men. They were active and energetic, soldiers every inch of them. Though Colonel Gansevoort was but little older than myself, he had wisdom much beyond his years. He had won distinction with Montgomery at Quebec, and a more valorous and determined officer for his present trying position could not have been found. Having heard a brief recital of my story, he expressed his sympathy for me, and gave me the fullest assurance that I was welcome within the fort. He questioned me closely in regard to the numbers and position of the enemy, and I was glad to be able to give him information which he regarded as most valuable.

Shortly after the echo of the signal guns died away we followed Colonel Gansevoort from his quarters, and found the whole garrison on parade. Colonel Willett was addressing the men.

"Soldiers," he said, "General Herkimer is on the march to our relief. Your commander believes that some of the enemy's forces under Sir John Johnson, and their Indian allies under Brant, have stolen away during the night to meet him. Sir John's camp is therefore weakened. As many of you as are willing to follow me in an attack upon it, and are not afraid to die for liberty, will shoulder arms and step one pace forward."

Two hundred at once responded to this call, and at the second appeal the additional fifty who were desired volunteered.

As I listened to Colonel Willett's speech, and saw the quick response with which it was met, a sudden desire filled me. Walking quickly to where he stood, I saluted him.

"Have you room for one more recruit?" I asked.

He did not understand the motives that prompted me as did Colonel Gansevoort, yet he acceded promptly to my wish.

"Yes," he answered. "Let this man be enrolled in Captain Van Benschoten's company, and give him a uniform."

The officer named greeted me civilly, and directed one of the privates to escort me to the barracks, where for the first time I donned the garb of a Continental soldier.

When I again emerged into the air I saw the west was ominous with dark banks of clouds. Even as I walked toward where those who had volunteered had assembled, great drops of rain began falling. Every second the sky grew blacker. Suddenly there was a flash and a roar, as though a battery of a hundred guns had opened fire.

"To shelter, men!" called Colonel Willett, and we sought cover with all haste.

For nearly an hour the storm raged. During this time I was enabled to quiet the gnawings of my stomach, which had grown rebellious under long neglect. The sun came out from behind the rack burning hot, and the ground began to steam with vapor. The moment there was a gleam of sunlight the men again gathered under arms, and a three-pounder was unlimbered for action.

The success of our undertaking depended upon quick movement, for the sentries at Sir John's camp, who could be plainly seen from the ramparts of the fort, would soon discover us and give the alarm. Much to my delight I found the position assigned to me was with the advance guard. I should have been grievously disappointed had Captain Van Benschoten's company been detailed to protect the rear with the three-pounder.

The gates of the fort were quietly opened, and we emerged at double-quick. The ground was slightly descending, and down we charged with a fierce determination. The sentries caught sight of us and fled without firing a shot. So completely did we take them by surprise that those in camp had no opportunity to form an organized resistance. A scattered volley, which did no damage, greeted us, and then there was a general rush for the river.

I thought I caught sight of the form of Sir John Johnson flying, hatless and coatless, in a most undignified and precipitate fashion, but as I knew he had marched out at the head of the troops the night before I concluded I must be mistaken, unless for some reason he had delegated the command to one of his aides, and unexpectedly returned.

We discharged our muskets at the fugitives as we dashed into their encampment.

"This way to Sir John's tent!" I shouted to Lieutenant Stockwell, whom I saw near me.

I led, and he followed close at my heels.

I confess that it was with a fierce delight that I plunged into the headquarters of the baronet. The spirit of retaliation, of revenge—call it by what name you will—was hot within me. I recalled the contemptible means he had employed to degrade and humiliate me, and overturned his private belongings with a reckless spirit that surprised my companion.

"This will be entertaining reading!" I cried, coming upon Sir John's orderly book. "I will make a present of it to Colonel Willett." I was true to my word, and I believe that gallant officer has it in his possession to this day.

While we were rummaging among the baronet's possessions a part of the force had overrun the adjoining Indian encampment and driven the few savages who had failed to accompany their comrades into the woods. This victorious party now returned, laden with blankets and arms. So great were the spoils captured that Colonel Willett was obliged to send a squad of men to the fort for several old army wagons, which had long ago been used in transporting stores, that the booty might be more easily removed. Three times were these wagons loaded and unloaded before everything had been transferred within the ramparts. A vast amount of camp equipage was taken, together with stores, clothing, arms, ammunition, and five British standards. These last-named trophies were discovered by Lieutenant Stockwell and myself. Various private papers—memoranda and journals—were also found which gave desirable information to the besieged.

While the wagons were being loaded for the last time a small force from St. Leger's camp appeared upon the opposite side of the river. Major Badlam opened upon them with the three-pounder, and they speedily retreated out of range. Presently, however, they were reinforced by a troop under St. Leger himself, and came forward firing upon us. But their shots were ineffectual, and as everything was now in readiness, and nothing was to be gained by an engagement with the river between, Colonel Willett gave orders to retire. This we did, discharging a parting volley, which checked the enemy from further advance. St. Leger was in a violent passion. I distinguished his voice issuing angry commands, and concluded that he had been communing with his boon companion, rum.

Those who had remained within the fort received us with much enthusiasm. The commander congratulated Colonel Willett and complimented the men.

"We should raise a flag in honor of our success," said Willett.

"Unfortunately we have none," answered Colonel Gansevoort.

"Then we'll make one!" exclaimed Willett, nothing daunted.

Hurrying to his room in the commandant's quarters, he soon returned bearing a blue camlet cloak which he had taken from a British officer in an engagement near Peekskill. He selected from the clothing among the booty two scarlet coats and several white shirts.

"There," he cried laughing, "is the material for our flag," and he made his way to the barracks in pursuit of a sergeant who was known to have considerable skill with a needle.

On the 14th of June Congress had adopted the stars and stripes as the design for the national flag. Although this action had by no means become generally known throughout the country, Colonel Willett had heard of it, and so was able to superintend the making of the banner. It was ready before sunset, and amid the cheers of the garrison was raised on the southwestern bastion, with the five captured British standards beneath it. So far as I have been able to learn this was the first time the flag we have now all grown to love was raised upon the land. Thus did the sortie become, in more respects than one, a memorable event.

That night I sought out John Demooth. When, in the late afternoon, the absent troops and the Indians returned to their camp, their rage over what had occurred during their absence was evident. The batteries for the first time opened on the fort with vigor, and yet were able to effect no damage. Now, as my friend and myself paced in the starlight beneath the western ramparts, the savages with more than usual fierceness took up their nightly hooting. The sentries, keeping a sharp lookout, were crouching in the shadow. A subdued hum floated across to us from the barracks and the parade-ground, where knots of soldiers were discussing the occurrences of the day.

"Now for your story," said Demooth.

Although I was anxious to question him in regard to Margaret, I decided first to satisfy his curiosity, and beginning with my last night at the settlement I gave him a detailed account of what had happened to me. He listened intently to the whole recital, rarely interrupting me save with some exclamation of sympathy or indignation.

"There's the hand of Providence in all this!" he cried when I had finished. "Mark my word, Wilton, everything will turn out happily for you. Even now events are shaping themselves to that end. You must realize that your father's life could not, under the most favorable circumstances, have been greatly prolonged. How much better it was for him to slip away as he did, than to live to witness the disappointment and failure that are bound to attend this expedition under St. Leger! I tell you it can't succeed. Think of the hardships, too, that he would have been forced to endure!—for the tide will turn presently, and there will be a marching back, and not a triumphal progress to Albany."

"Yes," I said, "I thought of what my father had been spared when I was confined in disgrace under guard, and was thankful he was not there to witness my humiliation—though it may be had he been present Sir John would not have dared to carry out his spiteful revenge."

"Don't delude yourself! It would only have pleasured him the more."

"But Sir John and my father were friends. In fact it was the baronet who sent word to my father that the expedition was under way, and bade him come to Oswego to join it."

"True enough, but that was before he had taken you into consideration. You were an element he had not counted on. He mistrusted you, and you made him your enemy, and revenge to Sir John Johnson is sweeter than a score of friendships."

I was silent, for I felt Demooth was right. Then I changed the subject suddenly.

"Tell me about Margaret," I said.

He must have known that some such request would come, yet it seemed to put him ill at ease.

"What is the trouble?" I asked, now really alarmed. "Is she not well?"

"No, she is not," he replied. "That is it. I fear your supposed death may have affected her mind. And yet I believe she is sane enough save on one point. She says her brother is a murderer, and has not spoken to him since that night. Poor fellow! I really pity him, though he did treat you abominably."

"You see," my friend went on, "it came about in this way. Hauff told me himself. When he and the others who had pursued you returned from the Slanting Waters, Margaret met him at the door and boldly demanded where you were. He had been intending to take her to task for meeting you had the outcome of the pursuit been different, but under the circumstances had not the heart to do so. He did not attempt to conceal from her, however, the fact of your supposed drowning. When she heard this she told him he was a murderer, revealing to him in a wild burst of emotion that you were not a Tory, but chose to assume that position out of love for your father and fears for his health should he discover the truth. This statement Hauff did not at first believe, thinking you had deceived Margaret, but later, when the poor girl was recovering from the shock—"

"Recovering!" I cried.

"Yes, she kept her bed for two weeks. When she was able to sit up she refused to see her brother, and still called him a murderer. He came to me in his trouble, and I assured him what Margaret had said in regard to you was true. Then a realization of how he had misjudged you and ill-treated you came over him, and he began himself to feel that he had been the cause of your death. His repentance and grief were so sincere that both my sister and myself tried to effect for him at least a partial reconciliation with his sister, but to no avail. He is obliged to absent himself from home, his presence affects her so seriously, and when my sister saw her a few days since there was no mention of his name."

"And is she changed?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Alas! she is. But your reappearance will bring the old look back."

"Would I might start for the settlement this very night!"

As I said this there rose a fiercer outcry than usual from the Indians, and the impossibility of carrying out my wish smote me to the heart.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TARRY WITHIN THE FORT.

As my friend and I were returning from our promenade beneath the ramparts we passed the commandant's quarters and saw

Colonel Willett standing at the door. He recognized us and bade us draw near.

"We have bad news of General Herkimer's force," he said. "Come inside."

We followed him into an inner room, where we found Colonel Gansevoort scanning a letter by the light of two sputtering tallow candles. He greeted us cordially, and handed the letter to Demooth.

"It's written under force," exclaimed the latter, passing it to me after he had hastily run his eyes over its contents. "Provided the British were the victors, which I don't admit, St. Leger has made his prisoners exaggerate his success."

"That's exactly Colonel Willett's opinion and mine," said the commander.

The missive had been delivered by Colonel Butler about an hour previous with a verbal demand to surrender. It was from Colonel Bellinger and Major Frey, officers in General Herkimer's command who had that day been captured. In it Colonel Gansevoort was apprised of the defeat, with great loss, of General Herkimer's army, and of the death of many of the leading officers, including the General himself. The strength of the besiegers was dwelt upon and surrender advised.

"We'll at least wait until morning," said Colonel Gansevoort with a smile, as I finished reading the communication. "You are not especially anxious, I presume, to rush into the arms of your old friends to-night?" This remark he addressed to me as I returned to him the letter.

"I think I shall rest better where I am," I answered. "I fear my bed in St. Leger's camp would not be an easy one."

When I reached the barracks, where I had been lodged with Captain Van Benschoten's company, I found several of the men clustered about a soldier named Fulmer, a wiry, cadaverous fellow who had marched upon my right in the sortie.

"Clement was shot there night before last," I heard him say, "and Buell three nights ago. I tell you I don't fancy it. You may call me a coward if you like, but I don't believe it's real cowardice to be afraid of a ball in the dark. Why, I'd rather stand up in broad daylight before a whole regiment."

I knew that Fulmer's bravery was beyond question, and saw that the men sympathized with him.

"What's he speaking about?" I asked of one of those at the edge of the group.

"He's on for late guard duty to-night in the northwestern bastion, where two men have been shot, and he doesn't like the prospect. None of us would," the soldier answered.

Something I had noticed the night St. Leger sent me to Sir John Johnson's camp flashed into my mind, and I pushed my way to where Fulmer stood.

"What time do you go on guard?" I inquired.

"Two o'clock," he answered, recognizing me at once.

"I'll stand guard with you, if you care to have me."

"Care to have you! Give me your hand on it. You're either a mighty brave man or a fool."

"Oh, no, neither! only a fellow with an idea."

They were all curious to know what my idea was, but I would not gratify them. Telling Fulmer to find a tall stake and something with which to drive it into the earth, and bidding him have me called when he was, I tumbled into my rough bunk and was soon sound asleep.

The Milky Way was a spangle of dancing light as I went out of the barracks with Fulmer. I had donned my own clothes, but carried with me the hat and coat of the uniform with which I had been provided, and a good-sized bundle of straw which I had corded up. My companion had followed my instruction, and with our respective burdens we made our way to the bastion. The sentry who was relieved did not, in the darkness, notice our singular preparations, and departed with a gruff good-night. Fulmer pointed out to me the spot where the two men had fallen.

"Here the stake should be driven," I said.

"I knew what you were up to," he answered, "the moment I saw the coat and hat."

It was not long before we had constructed a dummy that by one standing a few rods distant, provided the light was not too strong, might readily be mistaken for a man.

"Now we'll observe what develops," said I, and stationing ourselves near an embrasure we awaited the first glimmer of dawn.

As the earliest hint of a break in the night showed itself, I bade my companion summon a gunner. The man came, and I asked him to load the four-pounder which stood in the central angle of the bastion with grape and canister. Then I requested him to stay within call.

Fulmer and I returned to our vigil with redoubled intentness, and presently, the veil of gray that shrouded all things growing thinner, our watch was rewarded. The sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and our straw sentinel gave a quick jerk as the bullet struck it. From the bushy top of a black oak which every one had supposed to be out of rifle range a little cloud of white smoke curled slowly upward. The gunner responded promptly to our call, the gun was trained on the tree top, and, ere the echo of the report had died away, a dark form came crashing to the earth. Thus were the two soldiers avenged.

"They'll not try that game again!" cried Fulmer gleefully, and he spoke truly, for thereafter the sentry in the northwest bastion was unmolested.

It must have been ten o'clock when John Demooth came to waken me, saying that Colonel Gansevoort would be glad of my presence at his quarters. Together we hurriedly repaired thither and found the commander and several officers awaiting us in his dining-room. The apartment had been darkened and candles lighted. As I entered, opposite the doorway my eye fell upon Colonel Butler, Major Ancrom, and another British officer whose name I did not know. At sight of me Colonel Butler started to his feet.

"I protest against the presence of that person at this interview," he exclaimed, pointing to me.

"Mr. Aubrey is here at my request, and will remain," said Colonel Gansevoort.

The Tory colonel shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat. Demooth and I were given chairs, and wine and cakes were passed in silence. Presently Major Ancrom, who was the spokesman of the deputation from the besiegers, rose and addressed Colonel Gansevoort.

"I am directed," he said, "by Colonel St. Leger, the officer commanding the army now investing this garrison, to inform you that he has, with much difficulty, prevailed on the Indians to agree that if the garrison, without further resistance, be delivered up, with the public stores belonging to it, the officers and soldiers shall have their baggage and private property secured to them. And in order that the garrison may have a sufficient pledge to this effect Colonel Butler accompanies me to assure them that not a hair of the head of any of them shall be hurt."

Here he turned to Colonel Butler.

"That was the expression the Indians used, was it not?" he said.

"Yes," the colonel answered.

He then continued, addressing Colonel Gansevoort:

"I am likewise directed to remind you that the defeat of General Herkimer must deprive the garrison of all hope of relief, especially as General Burgoyne is now in Albany.

This lie in regard to the whereabouts of General Burgoyne was undoubtedly a part of St. Leger's plan of intimidation.

"Sooner or later," the major went on, "the fort must fall into our hands. Our commander, from an earnest desire to prevent bloodshed, trusts the terms offered will not be refused, as it will not be in his power to make them again. It was with great difficulty that he persuaded the Indians to consent to the present arrangement, since it will deprive them of plunder, which they always set so much store by on similar occasions. Should the terms proposed be rejected," and here the major spoke more deliberately, and with added emphasis, "it will not be possible for Colonel St. Leger to restrain the Indians, who are much exasperated and very numerous, from plundering property and destroying lives. Indeed they threaten to march down the country and burn the settlements and their inhabitants. Colonel St. Leger ardently hopes that these considerations will have due weight with you, that you will be induced, by complying with the terms now offered, to save yourself from future regret when it will be too late."

Colonel Gansevoort signed to Colonel Willett, who sat next to him, and the latter rose to reply. His blue eyes were blazing with indignation as he looked Major Ancrom squarely in the face.

"You say, sir," he began, "that you come from the colonel who commands the army investing this fort. By your uniform you appear to be a British officer. Your speech—stripped of it superfluities—amounts to this: that, if this garrison is not surrendered, your commander will let loose his Indians to wreak their devilish cruelties on defenseless women and children as well as men. Let him reflect, should he do this, that their blood will be upon his head, not ours. We are at the post of duty. This garrison was entrusted to our charge, and we will take care of it. After you leave the fort you may turn and look at its exterior, but never expect to step within its walls again unless you come as a prisoner. I consider the message you have brought a degrading one for a British officer to send, and by no means reputable for a British officer to carry. For my own part, I declare, before I would consent to deliver this garrison to such a murdering set as your army, by your own account, consists of, I would suffer my body to be filled with splinters and set on fire, a practice in which, you are aware, the horde of children-and-women-killers who belong to your army take particular delight."

At this speech a murmur of applause from the Continental officers present ran about the room. Major Ancrom's face had grown fairly livid with rage as he listened to Willett's scathing words.

"Am I to understand that this is your reply?" he said to Colonel Gansevoort.

"You are," answered the Colonel.

"By God, you'll regret it!"

"Not if there's any justice in heaven."

We all thought the conference was now at an end, but Major Ancrom proposed, on behalf of St. Leger, an armistice of three days. After Colonel Gansevoort and Colonel Willett had conferred, this proposal was agreed to. The British officers were then blindfolded, as they had been when they came, and conducted outside the fortifications.

The ensuing three days proved an interval of sore trial to my spirit. Forced to inaction, I was left a prey to the gloomiest forebodings in regard to Margaret. Notwithstanding Demooth's assurances that she would speedily be herself again on my return, I began to picture her with unbalanced mind, wandering Ophelia-like from room to room. So possessed did I become with the idea that unless I could immediately reach her she would lapse into a state of decline, and become permanently demented, that my friend with difficulty dissuaded me from attempting to pass alone through the enemy's lines by night.

"Think what it would mean if you were captured!" he said to me. "Do you imagine that you, a deserter who has incurred the enmity of Sir John Johnson, would escape with your life? You would be handed over to the tender mercies of the red devils, and die in agony at the stake. Why can't you be patient? The siege is sure to be raised shortly, for they can never take the fort, and a few days will make no difference in Margaret's condition."

But be patient I could not, nor could I agree with him in regard to what change even a brief time might make in the state of my beloved.

About noon on the fourth day after the sortie I met Lieutenant Stockwell as I was crossing the parade-ground. He gave me a cheery good-day, and held out his hand.

"It is good-by as well as good-day," he said seriously. "I am off with Colonel Willett to-night on a dangerous mission—that is if the night be favorable."

"Whither," I asked, "if it be no secret?" for I suddenly suspected what they were about to attempt.

"We are going to try to get through the enemy's lines," answered the lieutenant, "and raise another force down the valley for the relief of the fort. Colonel Willett, you know, is much thought of in Tyrone County."

Here was the very opportunity I coveted.

"Would the colonel consent to my joining in the undertaking, think you?" I said.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"You can ask him," he replied, "but a third increases the danger of discovery. Then have you thought of the risk?"

"I have reasons for being willing to run every risk."

I suspect I was terribly in earnest, for his manner changed at this.

"Well, for my part," he said, "I'm perfectly willing you should join us. You'll find Colonel Willett with the commander."

When I was shown in, the two men were discussing the proposed venture. I stated my errand at once, but at first neither would listen to my request. However, when I explained more fully my reasons for wishing to be one of the party, and they saw how much it meant to me, they had not the heart to refuse. As I passed from the room my spirits leaped with their olden buoyancy, and I fairly seemed to tread on air.

(*To be concluded.*)

STREET AND STEAM RAILWAYS IN ITALY.

BY F. BENEDETTI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

IN discussing the relation to modern life of street and steam railroads we must be understood to consider only such lines of the former as are propelled by steam also. For the experiments made up to the present time, which indicate that electricity can rival steam in the matter of transportation, restrict this rivalry to those cases only where few persons are to be carried, at quite frequent intervals, and in single cars. The cost of electrical traction in the conveyance of trains of several cars is much greater than the cost of steam traction. And even under favorable circumstances the cost of transporting one carriage for one mile by electricity is generally greater than the traction of several carriages made up into a train, with steam as a motive power. Still less would be the expense in building and equipping narrow-gauge railways, which differ from the street railroads mainly in that they have their own road-beds while the street roads use the public highways.

Up to June, 1896, there were under operation in Italy 1,770 miles of street railroads propelled by steam, 790 miles of narrow-gauge railways, and 8,800 miles of standard-gauge roads, of which 1,050 were double tracked. Altogether the steam roads at that time measured 11,350 miles, of which 2,560 belonged to lines built and operated on economical principles. The capital employed in the construction, in the rolling stock, and the cost of maintenance and operation of the 11,350 miles can be estimated at not less than $1,066,667,000, of which about $1,000,000,000 was expended by the state and the rest by private parties. In fact in June, 1896, there were 8,380 miles of road opened by the state and leased to the great companies of the mainland of Italy, of Sicily, and of Sardinia. To this original cost should be added the interest on the capital invested, either paid directly on bonds issued or indirectly as an annual subsidy to the corporations which built them. Indeed the annual expense to the public treasury for this account has been reckoned at $53,600,000. The net annual receipts amount to about $11,600,000, so that our railways in actual operation cost the government in the neighborhood of $42,000,000 a year.

In its development of street railways Italy now occupies the first place among

European nations. It possesses about a fifth of all those operated in Europe, while its population represents a little more than a twelfth. In 1895 the only country which had more street railways than Italy was Germany. Then came France, England and Ireland, Belgium, and so on, until we reached Luxemburg with only 7.5 miles. The total number of miles of street railroads in Europe in 1895 was 8,700, of which 2,630 were operated by horse power, 4,600 by steam, 620 by electricity, and the rest with a variety of tractions. At the same time the United States had 13,200 miles of street railroads.

Most of the street railroads of Italy were laid in the public highways, and for this reason they especially abound in the valley of the Po, where there are many turnpikes, and the cost of construction is thus minimized. Including rolling stock these roads cost about $20,000,000, or about $11,300 a mile. If we should estimate the average value of the right of way on the public thoroughfares to be $3,400 a mile we have a total cost of some $26,000,000 for all our street railways, a sum which is in fact relatively small.

The services rendered by these, and the services they can render, are certainly equal and perhaps superior to those offered by not a few branches of the great systems. And in fact, although the tariffs of street railroads are generally somewhat less than those in force on the great systems, yet a good share of the latter give a smaller annual return per mile than some of the street railroads. Besides, it is to be noticed that the gross returns for steam street railways having the smallest possible traffic are in general sufficient to pay the operating expenses, while this does not always hold true for the steam railways, even with a relatively larger traffic.

For supplementary railroads (supplementary to the larger systems) the state paid between the years 1885 and 1896 not only the interest on all the capital invested in them, but in order to run them the government was obliged to add $7,100,000 to their gross receipts. In order to operate 1,925 miles of branch roads about $1,200,000 extra were needed, or some $624 per mile. On the other hand the street railroads run by steam have, even in these recent years of general bad times, not only paid their operating expenses but some of them have also declared dividends on their stock in sums varying from eight tenths of one per cent to two and seven tenths. In short, if we compare the one system with the other, making the comparison general, we find that thirteen miles of street railroads cost no more, if we add expenses of building and operating together, than one mile of supplementary railway. And this result is, it must be remembered, based on the supposition that the present steam street railroads have paid for their own right of way.

The three principal tests of the efficiency of a system of transportation are its convenience to the localities it serves, its quickness of service, and the frequency of its trains. In the matter of convenience street railways can hardly vie with the regular steam roads, since the latter are better fitted to receive any and all sorts of merchandise. Their passengers they also carry with greater speed to their destination, although here the lower rates of the street roads may offer a sufficient compensation to the bulk of the traveling public. And as a matter of fact we find that out of a thousand passengers who take the average railway train hardly more than two hundred and fifty to three hundred travel more than thirty miles. Now the duration of a trip of from sixteen to thirty miles shows but a difference between the two classes of roads of some ten minutes or so. And these ten minutes amount to no more time than the passenger on a steam railroad would take in buying his ticket, waiting for the train, and finally in getting into it. The third test, the frequency of trains, is entirely in favor of the street railroads.

The average annual income per mile from the supplementary railroads controlled by the state is about $1,600, against an expense for operating them of $2,250. The same return is obtained from street railways with an expense somewhat less than $1,600, while the public gets from eight to ten trains a day. For the supplementary railroads of the mainland of Italy the annual income in order to defray running expenses must be in the neighborhood of from $2,900 to $3,200 per mile, while for street railroads it would not cost half so much, without counting in the advantage of having several more trains at our disposal than the six offered by the steam railroads.

The utility of street railways in contradistinction to not a few steam roads is thus made evident, even in relation to the economic interests of the localities served by them. This utility is perhaps not less for the lines having a small traffic than for those serving larger interests. How then can it be explained that the street railroads have not been able to branch out as they necessarily should and form parts of great railroad systems as branches and supplementary tracks? In my opinion the reason is that in the plans for railroads drawn up by the government and Parliament the name given the street railroads to distinguish them from the railroads properly speaking has not been fortunately chosen. Hence a certain prejudice against them both in the circles where such enterprises are undertaken and also among the populations which are interested in their construction. Besides, the enormous expense incurred by the state in building too many and too pretentious railway systems has militated against any recent undertakings along any lines whatsoever, notwithstanding the fact that street railroads are peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of certain localities.

Therefore it seems to me that we should think twice before sanctioning the building of new roads for which projects of laws have been introduced into Parliament. Some 680 miles, involving an estimated expense of $80,000,000, are planned for under existing laws, while if we consider all the demands for charters addressed to the government we find that no less than 1,860 miles of road are desired. In certain quarters it is suggested that railways be built out of private capital, and not, as is our general practice, by the state. The state, however, would be held to advance a subsidy per mile of $2,000 in the one instance and $1,600 in the other, provided the cost of building be not less than $48,300 per mile. This experiment would be perilous, for all experience shows that the subsidy is always increased, and goes on increasing. On the contrary I should favor examining whether, instead of subsidizing new railway plants of considerable magnitude on account of their special character and the manner of management they would demand, it would not be better to favor more modest equipments and those better adapted to the importance of the service they will be called upon to render. It is true that in exceptional cases, by reason of the new laws regarding street railroads and narrow-gauge lines, the latter can use the highways for at least part of their tracks, although they do not on this account forfeit their right to a subsidy where they own their right of way. Still we must remember that in general, and especially in hilly countries, the railroads will not be able to use the public highways unless the latter are built with this particular purpose in mind, and so the railroads, even those of narrow gauge, will eventually be forced to own their road-beds. This would at once imply no small expense for primary construction.

One may object that the street railroads also must have a road-bed, and if there is no turnpike for them a road-bed must be built on purpose. This is true of course, but it is also true that the state is already pledged by existing laws to favor the construction of highways for vehicles and even to subsidize them, as it is no less true that the construction of the greater part of such highways is obligatory on the provinces and municipalities interested in them. In 1891 there were still 17,000 miles to be built. Since that time very few have been undertaken, although some 6,500 miles were already in course of construction at the date mentioned. The average cost of these streets, judging from those already built, is $4,348 a mile, varying according to locality. Now admitting that the new turnpikes cost $4,500 on the average we find that we shall need $76,500 to build the 17,000 miles in question, an amount to be added to the other expenses demanded by the building of new steam railroads. The point I wish to make is that by utilizing the public highways for street railroad traffic we avoid to a certain extent the double expense which the contruction of the ordinary steam railway would incur, not to mention the saving of large annual subsidies. Hence the general economic interests of the country would profit by the adoption of this principle, as well as the special interests of certain populations.

In questions upon which an infinite series of facts depending on a variety of circumstances local in their relation have any influence, the true outcome of estimates made can be known only when the experiment has been tried and all the returns are in. And if the situation holds for matters in general, so much the more should it hold in this particular instance, where the final outcome of the reforms to be made in the construction of railways and in operating them, up to the limit of possibility, must especially depend on extraneous causes, such as parliamentary politics, a most unknown and indeterminable feature.

Hence it is natural that only a somewhat relative importance should be attributed to the facts set forth above and the considerations adduced. However, I have faith to believe that the article will at least make even the least credulous see the possibilities of economies of no small import, which if practiced would exercise a beneficial influence on the approaching governmental budgets, especially if the state should persist in refusing new concessions to lines in any way competing with those already built, and in not extending beyond the present limits the more pretentious and costly railroad systems. And the budgets of the future would also be relieved by curtailing and systematizing the management of the steam roads, so as to make a better proportion between their receipts and their expenditures. And I will close with this parting remark, that we cannot, of course, change from one system, the present one, to another and a very different one without a period of preparation greater or less in extent. But I think that a first step in the transition would be to pass a law regarding the management of street railroads and narrow-gauge steam roads, making the manner of operating them practically the same, and then of extending this same method of operation to the standard-gauge roads which have but small returns from their traffic. In this way all would be gradually adapted to modifications economical in their nature, and the government would be enabled to judge by the amount accomplished what the possibilities might be of inaugurating other and more far-reaching measures.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

BY W. M. BASKERVILL, A.M., PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

IN the far South is a region unique in its scenery, its climate, and its civilization. It is the southern portion of Louisiana and is known as the land of the creoles. The soft, luxurious climate is said to be enervating, but, though its languid airs have induced a certain softness of utterance in the speech of the inhabitants, they have lost little of the old Gallic alertness, intrepidity, and strength of mind and of body. For this civilization was born of purely French enterprise, modified somewhat by Spanish association and control, but steadily impervious to English influences. The pushing, all-embracing American has brought this region into the family of states, but he himself was stopped upon the threshold of its inner life and admitted to the charmed circle only upon the acceptance of the manners and the ideas of the creole.

The creoles, like their French ancestors, are seen to best advantage in the city. By nature and habit they are adapted to society and in their city of New Orleans they have built up a lesser Paris. As her latest and most delightful historian remarks, the creole capital should be personified as the most feminine of women, and her whole character was brought entire from France—her good qualities and defects, her tempers and furies, her gaiety and pleasure-loving disposition, her singular delicacy and refinement, her strength and nobility in sorrow and misfortune. Charming she is, and also individual and interesting, "an enigma to prudes and a paradox to puritans."

GEORGE W. CABLE.

In this capital of the creoles, George W. Cable was born, October 12, 1844. On his father's side he came of an old colonial Virginian family, which left England in the earliest years of the eighteenth century, and is now largely represented in Virginia. Owing perhaps to the early death of Mr. Cable's father, or for some other cause, he has given few tokens of his Virginian ancestry. The old New England stock represented in his mother constitutes, it would seem, the warp and woof of his nature, though it has been not a little influenced by the characteristics of his Gallic neighbors. His father and mother met in Indiana and were married in 1834, and after the financial crash in 1837 they moved to New Orleans. The father prospered for a time in business, then came misfortune, and after a second disastrous failure, in 1859, he died, leaving his family in such straitened circumstances that the fourteen-year-old boy was obliged to leave school and begin life as a clerk to help in the support of the household.

At this occupation he continued till 1863, when he went "through the lines" and entered the Confederate Army in General Wirt Adams' brigade of Mississippians. The hardships of camp and army life quickly transformed the raw recruit into a sober, thoughtful young man; and he is described as having been a good soldier, scrupulously observant of discipline, always at his post, and always courageous and daring. From early childhood he was studious, and he carried his studious habits with him into camp. At such times as he could command, he employed his leisure moments in the study of the Bible, in keeping up his knowledge of Latin, and in working out problems of higher mathematics.

The war left Mr. Cable, as most of his comrades, absolutely penniless. Returning to New Orleans, he became errand-boy, clerked for six months in Kosciusko, Miss., studied engineering, joined a surveying expedition, and in the Teche country and along the banks of the Atchafalaya River he took in enough malaria to keep busy for the next two years nursing himself back into health. Returning again to the bookkeeper's desk, he was in one and another position of trust in mercantile affairs, with the exception of a little less than a year's experience as reporter for the *Picayune*, till he abandoned commercial pursuits altogether to devote himself to letters.

His first experience in writing was as a contributor to a special column of the *Picayune*, over the signature of "Drop Shot." The contributions were critical and humorous papers, with an occasional poem. Then he was attached to the staff of the paper, with the understanding, however, that he was not to be called upon to report theatrical matters. Later it was considered necessary to place him in charge of this column, and upon his refusal to do the work he was informed that his services could be dispensed with. Vowing never to have anything to do with a newspaper again, he went back to bookkeeping. Very soon, however, the fascinating episodes of early New Orleans life again tempted him to use his pen and he now began to put this material into short stories. Three of these had been written, at odd moments in the midst of clerical duties, when the old *Scribner's Monthly*, now *The Century Magazine*, sent a commission to New Orleans to write and illustrate the "Great South Papers." At Mr. Cable's request a member of this commission, Mr. Edward King, sent one of the stories to the magazine, and, though it was returned, a second venture "was not only successful, but called forth a sympathetic and inspiring letter from Richard Watson Gilder, the young associate editor to Dr. Holland." "Sieur George," it was called, and the very first words were significant—"In the heart of New Orleans."

"Belles Demoiselles Plantation," "Tite Poulette," "Jean-ah Poquelin," "Madame Délicieuse," and "Café des Exilés" now appeared at intervals, covering about two years, and then, with the inimitable "Posson Jone," published in *Appleton's Journal*, were issued in a single volume under the title of "Old Creole Days." These stories made a twofold revelation—a new field of romance, rich in the contrasts and colors of an old, unique, and varied civilization, steeped in sentiment and passion and enveloped in the poetic, many-tinted haze of a semitropical clime, and also the master hand of a literary artist, who, to the moral energy and sinewy fiber of English character, added the grace, delicacy, airy lightness, and excitability of the Latin race. They also showed that the author was a born story-teller.

In this first volume there was no suggestion of the amateur, nothing crude, unfinished. The pictures of life are as exquisitely clear as they are delicately tender or tragically sorrowful. Arch humor and playful fancy throw a bright ray into scenes of pure pathos, or give a joyous note to the tender tones of happy loves, which would otherwise grow monotonous; but in the tragic story of "Jean-ah Poquelin" the slow martyrdom is painted in gloomy shadows, and the pathos, imagery, and dramatic force of this sketch first suggested comparison with Hawthorne. These stories are all good, but "Posson Jone" is the masterpiece of the collection.

In "Jules St. Ange," a perfect creation in miniature, Mr. Cable has so perfectly caught the very spirit of the French race that it would seem downright rude and coarse to apply matter-of-fact English words and standards of morals and conduct to the gay, pleasure-loving, kind-hearted, volatile little creole. With rare skill, too, does the author cast the idealizing light of genius upon the awkward backwoods preacher, the street, the drinking-place, the vulgar confidence game, the gambling saloon, the bull ring and motley crew of spectators, the calaboose, the departing boat, the returning prodigal, which lifts them forever out of the realm of the sordid and commonplace into that of pure art and abiding beauty. This elegant little heathen is as much a monument to the author's heart as it is to his dramatic skill.

At the accountant's desk two more years were now spent without further literary activity. But even during the period of convalescence from malarial fever the young man had eagerly applied himself to the study of natural history and laid the foundation for those beautiful pictures of swamp, bayou, prairie, and still life which are such marked features of his writings, in exact scientific knowledge as well as in close observation. So at this time and later Mr. Cable extended his studies and researches into the speech, songs, manners, customs, personal traits, and characteristics of the creoles, covering their entire history from the earliest settlements in Louisiana to the present time.

Thus equipped he was ready to give immediate attention to the request of *The Century Magazine* for a twelve months' serial. The result was "The Grandissimes." Before him lay the story of "Bras Coupé," which had been offered for publication as a short story and rejected, and this now became the central idea of a genuine romance of Louisiana at the beginning of this century. Over the differences of race, the bitterness of caste prejudice, restiveness under imposed rule, jealousy of the alien ruler, and suspicion of the newcomer, which largely constituted the situation at that time, was cast the warm coloring of a poetic imagination.

But a note struck only here and there in the short stories now becomes the theme of all Mr. Cable's writings. It did not occur to him, it would seem, that an artist out of his domain is not infrequently the least clear-sighted of mortals. If the poet is to be our only truth-teller, he must let politics alone. But to this Mr. Cable has answered: "For all he was the furthest removed from a mere party contestant, or spoilsman, neither his righteous pugnacity nor his human sympathy would allow him to 'let politics alone'"; for he doubtless had himself in mind when he wrote these words in regard to Dr. Sevier. Indeed he belongs to the class of thorough-going men governed by thorough-going logic—lovers of abstract truth and perfect ideals, and it was his lot to be born among a people who by the necessities of their situation were controlled by a practical expediency. They were compelled to adopt an illogical but practical compromise between two extremes which were logical but not practical. This conflict between theory and actuality, of abstract truth with practical expediency has so affected the sensitive nature of an extremely artistic temperament as to make this writer give a prejudiced, incorrect, unjust picture of southern life, character, and situation. This domination of one idea has vitiated the most exquisite literary and artistic gifts that any American writer of fiction, with possibly one exception, has been endowed with since Hawthorne, though in respect to intellectuality, to imagination, to profound insight into life, to a full, rich, large, and true humanity, one would be overbold to institute comparison between him and America's greatest writer.

Both the time and Mr. Cable's methods—now that of the ardent conversationalist espousing the extremest measures of partisan politics and again that of the consummate artist holding up a people to the scorn and detestation of the world—were unsuited either to a philanthropic and benevolent, or to a true artistic handling of this theme. The southerners were suffering from the desolations of a devastating war and the humiliating experiences of "reconstruction." Under these adverse and almost blinding conditions many of them felt the call of duty to deal righteously with the most difficult problem any people has ever been called upon to work out, and at last time and the practical common sense of the American people have made it possible to give to this question the solution of a slow, patient, and orderly growth. We are now concerned only with tracing the effect produced upon the writer by this protracted struggle between the artist and the man with a mission, begun in "The Grandissimes" and completed in "John March, Southerner."

In "The Grandissimes" Mr. Cable has forsaken the beaten track of character study, with its brilliant, indefinite conversation and subtle moral and intellectual problems, and returned to the old romance. Yet he is modern and has taken with him into the older field an artist's nice eye for color and the picturesque, an artist's fine sense of workmanship, and an artist's aim of producing effect in a natural way and by dramatic skill. The story itself is interesting. The Grandissimes and the De Grapions emerge from the haze of a romantic past into the actual present with the reader's keenest interest aroused in their fortunes, their feud, the ancient and honorable character of their ancestry, and their pride and family feeling. The hero and heroine, Honoré Grandissime and Aurora De Grapion, who unite at last the fortunes of the two families, are the author's best portraits of higher creole life. Aurora in naturalness and finish is as much a creation of genius as Jules St. Ange, Raoul, Narcisse—a kind of characterization in which Mr. Cable excels. In the delineation of the gentleman, Honoré and Dr. Sevier for examples, this author succeeds about as well as most writers of fiction—that is, very poorly. A few realistic touches, at best a type, are as a rule the most we may expect.

The theme of "The Grandissimes" is the effect produced upon a tropical society by an institution which deprives a human being of his liberty, produces a feeling of caste, and the maintenance of which involves a separation in thought and feeling from the rest of the civilized world. In the portion of the South in which Mr. Cable was reared slavery had fewer mitigating circumstances than in any other; and he seems to have approached the study of the question from the point of view of the French Revolution and with the philosophy of Rousseau. The latter is the basis of the Bras Coupé story. Over the entire romance, over action and incident and scene and character, hangs the pall of slavery, with just enough light and color introduced to deepen the shadows. The effect upon the individual and upon society is brought out admirably, now by skilful word-painting and again by a still more skilful dramatic action. But too frequently the author throws his puppets aside and appears in person upon the scene. The man with a mission throttles the artist. At such times he makes sententious comments or utters commonplaces now universally accepted, and still more frequently he indulges in sharp thrusts and biting sarcasms—all, from the point of view of art, not only blemishes, but "palpable intrusions." The abundance of these remarks in Mr. Cable's writings may perhaps account for the creoles' peculiar affection for him. "Like all other luxuries, the perpetration of an epigram has to be paid for."

Mr. Brander Matthews has drawn a nice distinction between humor and the sense of humor, observing that the ownership of one does not insure possession of the other. "Probably," he adds, "if the sense of humor had been more acutely developed in Dickens he might have refrained from out-Heroding Herod in his massacre of the innocents." But melodrama seems to be a part of the nature of some authors. A sense of humor equal to the author's rich gift of humor would have been necessary to save our nerves from the tragico-sentimental story of Bras Coupé, the wanton murder of Clemence, the revolting death of the pot-hunter in the beautiful idyl of "Bonaventure." In at least two of these instances the author's nice artistic sensibility has been dulled by partisan feeling. Partisanship of any kind implies a more or less one-sided view, for a complete man never takes one-sided views.

In "Madame Delphine" we see the most perfect specimen of the author's literary art and constructive ability. The story is so quickly told and handled so skilfully as almost to leave us unaware of the utter improbability of the plot. While its compass does not admit of the same exhibition of strength as in "The Grandissimes," it also prevents the digressions and extravagancies which mar that story. If the author had been content to leave it a fairy tale for quadroons, we might have accorded it the unalloyed enjoyment that we give to those delightful creations of the fancy. But the ethical element is made so prominent that the story demands nearer scrutiny.

In 1879 Mr. Cable formally entered upon a literary life. Since that time his productions may be divided into four kinds: politico-sociological, editorial, historical, and creative. The writings of the first kind, dealing mainly with the political and social status of the negro in the South, have been collected into two volumes, entitled "The Silent South" (containing also his well-known papers "The Freedman's Case in Equity" and "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States") and "The Negro Question." His editorial work may more properly be classed here, as it was apparently designed to promote rather his political than his literary reputation. The most important effort of this kind is "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

The same style, finish, and spirit found in his literary productions Mr. Cable has carried into his historical writings. His facts have been gathered with abundant research and painstaking labor; but in "The Creoles of Louisiana" particularly they are so highly colored and suffused with prejudice that the value of this vivid, charmingly written volume as history has been greatly lessened. The titles are "New Orleans Before the Capture," "The Dance in the Place Congo" (two short sketches), "New Orleans" in the Census of 1880 and again in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and "The Creoles of Louisiana."

But Mr. Cable is always best in creative work. "Dr. Sevier," in which some of the author's finest and most poetic thought is contained, and "Bonaventure," that pure white flower standing alone in the turbid pool of partisan controversy, are specially noteworthy. Public readings and political writings now kept Mr. Cable from bringing out another work of fiction till he essayed a long novel in "John March, Southerner"—one of the most dismal failures ever made by a man of genius. There are few true notes in the entire volume. "The Taxidermist" and one or two other rare gems of more recent date serve to show that the divine fire yet burns. Would that it could be religiously consecrated to pure art!

DECORATION DAY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

A LONELY grave in sunny land,
They made it where he fell;
The skirmish-line swept back—there was
No time to mark it well.

The May months came on winged years,
But brought the grave so lone
No wreathed blooms bedewed by grief,
No word in love's low tone.

The dear birds sang above its green,
The clouds dropped summer rain,
The thirsty sod drank deep and well,
The sun shone out again.

And one sweet May the lonely grave
Was decked with flowers fair;
No mortal hand had spread their bloom—
'Twas heaven's tender care.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SHRUBS AND BORDER PLANTS.

THE woman who loves flowers but has not a great deal of time to devote to their care should not attempt very much with annuals, because they will make a demand on her which she may not be able to meet satisfactorily, and unless it is met in such a manner her garden will not be what she wants it to be. Annuals require much more attention than any other class of plants. Beds must be made for them, seed sowed, transplanting done, and any amount of weeding. With shrubs and hardy herbaceous plants it is quite different. The work of setting them, in the first place, is not equal to the labor involved in making a bed; and when they are once established they are good for years, and the annual care needed to keep them in good condition is slight. Because of these facts in favor of shrubs and hardy plants, I have always called such a collection the model garden for the busy woman.

To grow shrubs and border plants well, one of the first essentials is a good soil. Let it be made rich by the addition of well-rotted manure from the cow-yard. Work it up well to a depth of a foot and a half, mixing the fertilizer thoroughly with the soil. Do this in spring after the moisture of melting snows and early rains has drained out the ground to some extent. When too wet it cannot be worked to advantage. Nothing is gained by being in too great a hurry, therefore it is advisable to wait until work can be done well before beginning to make the garden.

Most women know more about the preparation of a garden than they do about what to put in it. They have an idea of what they would like to have in it, but they do not understand enough about shrubs and plants to be sure of choosing sorts from which it is reasonable to look for successful results. In this paper I shall name a few of the most desirable kinds for cultivation at the North. They will be found hardy, and not exacting in their demands. They are all standbys, and if you grow them well they will be sure to afford you a great deal of pleasure.

First of all, among the shrubs, I would name the rose. No garden is complete without a Provence, a Persian yellow, and a moss-rose. And there ought to be at least one plant each of the beautiful white Madame Plantier, and the exquisitely sweet old damask. If you have room for more, have two or three varieties of the mossed class, and a plant each of the charming little Scotch and Austrian roses. I would advise half a dozen of the hybrid perpetuals, but unfortunately this class is not really hardy at the North without more care in fall than most roses are likely to get. If you are willing to lay the bushes down, in November, and cover them with dry earth, leaves, or litter, try some of them. If you cannot do this, do not attempt their cultivation. An ordinary northern winter will kill most of the bush back to the roots, if it is left without protection.

The lilac is a favorite shrub of mine. Its flowers are beautiful and deliciously fragrant, and the plant is as hardy as it is possible for a plant to be. There are several very desirable kinds. The Persian is more symmetrical in habit than any other variety, and is probably the best one for lawn use. Its flowers are a violet-purple, and are produced so freely that the branches bend under their weight. The white lilac should be in every collection. Some recent introductions are tree-like in habit, and give us several new shades of color.

The spireas and weigelias are among our

best shrubs. They are easy of cultivation. So is the flowering sumach, with its panicles of pure white feathery flowers. This shrub is one of the most useful of the entire list, because of the availability of its flowers in cut-flower work. They combine well with all other flowers—something that can be said of but few.

Exochorda grandiflora is a comparatively new shrub, but it is one that should find a place everywhere. Its flowers are of the purest white, in loose pendant clusters, and borne so profusely that the bush seems covered with snow. It is as hardy as the lilac.

Another extremely hardy shrub is the *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*. This has the merit of blooming late in the season. Its flowers are a pleasing ivory white at first, gradually taking on a tinge of green or pink. They last until the coming of winter.

Among the hardy vines we have nothing better than the well-known Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*), with its vividly beautiful autumn coloring, and the bitter-sweet (*Celastrus scandens*). These will flourish anywhere. The native *Clematis flammula* is a most charming vine, with its feathery white flowers, and the recently introduced *Clematis paniculata*, with its wonderful crop of snowy bloom lasting almost to the edge of winter, is something that no flower-lover can afford to be without. If I were restricted in choice to one flowering vine I would choose this. It is all the more to be prized because it comes into bloom so late in the season.

Among the biennials and perennials there are so many fine plants to choose from that one is puzzled to make a selection. Every garden ought to include the peony, with its great blossoms of most brilliant color, and there should be at least half a dozen lilies, like the good old-fashioned tiger and the Japanese sorts.

And of course there should be hollyhocks. A garden would hardly be a garden without them. Have the white, rose, and yellow kinds, by all means, and as many more as you can find room for. I have never yet seen a garden with too many hollyhocks in it to suit me.

The larkspur (*Delphinium*) should also be there. *Delphinium formosum* has the most intensely blue flowers of any plant I have any knowledge of. It can be made extremely effective if grown alongside the pale yellow hollyhock. The two colors contrast vividly, and harmonize perfectly, and one heightens the beauty of the other.

Dicentra is an early blooming plant. Its long racemes of pendant pink and white flowers are very beautiful. It is very hardy. It increases rapidly in size, and should be given a conspicuous place.

The herbaceous spireas are most beautiful flowers, especially useful for cutting, because of their light, airy race. Have the white and rose-colored sorts by all means.

The herbaceous coreopsis is an excellent border plant. It begins to bloom early in the season, continues in bloom until the coming of frost, and its rich golden flowers brighten up the garden like veritable sunshine. It is a most desirable plant in all respects.

We have few lovelier plants than the asters, which our florists have taken into the house garden from the field and pastures. Good cultivation has improved them wonderfully in size and color. One of their great merits is their habit of late blooming. They come at a season when we have but few other flowers in the garden, and they stay with us until snow comes. The rosy-purple and soft lavender-blue varieties are very lovely, and no flowers are more useful for cutting.

Another native plant that deserves especial mention here is the golden-rod. It is far more beautiful than many foreign flowers. Give it a place alongside the asters, and I venture the assertion that they will make their particular corner the most attractive portion of the garden.

The *Aquilegia* (columbine) is a delightful flower, blooming quite early in the season. One ought to have at least one plant each of the blue, white, and yellow varieties.

Perhaps the most showy of all herbaceous plants is the hardy phlox. It begins to bloom about the last of July, and from that time on until frost comes it will give greater masses of color than any other plant I know of. Each stalk will have a cluster of flowers a foot in length, and as much in width, and there will be scores of stalks from each strong clump of roots. The range of colors is a wide one—white, rose, scarlet, crimson, violet, purple, and magenta. Some sorts are dwarf in habit, others attain a height of four or five feet. We have no more desirable plant than this for general use. Any one can grow it. Give it a moderately rich soil, and keep the grass from choking it, and it will ask no further care. It is to the outdoor garden what the geranium is to the window-garden, and ought to be called everybody's flower.

The soil should be dug up about shrubs and herbaceous plants each spring, and thoroughly manured. Keep the grass away from them for at least a foot on all sides. This is very important. If it is allowed to grow close to them the plants will suffer. In spring, go over the shrubs and remove all dead or weak wood, and prune them into symmetrical shape, but avoid formality. The attention required by them each season is slight, but if it is given regularly they will keep in fine condition for years.

In setting out shrubs great care should be taken to spread their roots out naturally and to have the soil about them firm. It is a good plan to sift the soil in among them and then settle it by the application of liberal quantities of water.

GROWING OLD.

BY PAUL VON SCHÖNTHAN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

GROWING old—a hateful expression, is it not? And because it is so hateful we never apply it to ourselves, but where possible to our companions, in whom we would much rather note the perishableness of youth's splendor than in our own persons.

Growing old! It is the common fate of humanity. To be and then to pass away is the great obtrusive law of nature.

Approaching age is the secret and public lament of most of those entering upon the prime of life. It is the hobby of melancholy *dilettanti* in life's work, who realize with growing anxiety that the feast must come to an end and that they must rise from the table still unsatisfied. So now they torment themselves, they worry before the mirror, they study the appearances of their friends, compare themselves with others of their age, seek to find out how old strangers take them to be, the while trying their best to conceal their age, and finally they become morose self-scrutinizers.

The surest way to become prematurely old is to cultivate this fear of age, this pitiful revolving of the thought, self-suggested, "I am growing old."

An indication of this unresigned, troublesome sinking into old age, or rather into aging, consists in considering the present as of no account and mentally withdrawing to the memories of the past for companionship, and finally exacting of others this same reverence for these venerable, shadowy companions of the memory. Such people, if otherwise they see clearly, should be able to observe that the youth and younger people who belong to the present expect something from the next morning, the approaching evening, the coming minute, and have little desire to turn backward into the past. They might at least recall what Goethe tells them on this subject:

An old man is forever a king Lear.
Who hand in hand with him would be
  Is soon left in the distance.
What has been joy, what woe to thee,
  Has found, in other lives, existence.
Fresh youth there is for thee. Dost thou not see
  'Tis folly, all thy blind insistence,
  'Come and grow old with me'?

Certainly Goethe himself bore the burden of age as lightly as a demigod. At the age of seventy-three years he fell in love with a maiden of seventeen, Ulrike von Levetzow, and went through love adventures such as he might have known in his student days.

Thus it seems that the hero poet remained proof against every insidious disease that spoils the gladsomeness of love. It seems that in his greatest age he was not crippled by that doleful treasure of years—that his aspirations were not limited by his looking back on the lost past. In this he differed from the younger poet Emanuel Geibel, who in one of his most beautiful poems says:

Oh, that alone the cheek's fair bloom
Were doomed with years to fly;
But this the thought surcharged with gloom,
That the heart must also die.

Growing old! A dreadful, doleful, daily tragedy! The first gray hair, the crow's-feet coming around the eyes, wrinkles and blemishes here and there, the rapidly growing "high forehead" with men, the worldly tonsure, and finally the symptoms of rheumatism, of dyspepsia, and other kindred ills, the protest of one organ or another, defective sight, deafness, etc.—lovely prospects! Were not the Greeks right in saying: "Whom the gods love, die young"?

A man can endure it to the end. He receives attention long after he begins to age, and even after he exemplifies the couplet:

There comes a day when life's springtime goes
And the cheeks' red shifts into the nose.

At any rate he can remain at his post, though it is taken for granted that old gentlemen without red noses are much more highly prized. So roguish and impertinent is "good mother nature" that the cheeks' bloom vanishes and the nose becomes red, the flesh dwindles here and there, making the skin look wrinkled and dry, and piles up in undesirable places, the hair forsakes the skull and sticks out from the ears, forms a ruff around the neck, and changes the eyebrows into bushy porches. Everything goes wrong. What matters it to men?

But to women!

Well for those who have preserved safely and fully their little capital of good looks! But the others, the aging ones who find no contentment in their hearts, who always are watching and waiting around, who will not forsake the ballroom though it becomes more and more empty? They often become "old coquettes." They hope to look young and keep up the deception, still angling for admirers. Their countless artifices and devices to remain young, or at least to retain the appearance of youth and beauty, are really not worth their weight in gunpowder. Interest in life, a cheerful disposition, firm health, temperance, and good care are the conditions which are able to ensure the retention of youthfulness and defy a guess on the number of years passed temperately and peacefully. Where the inner warmth and intensity of life is wanting, decay rushes in, the well-spring of life becomes exhausted, and the fountain of youth dries away.

Women fear age more than do men—and rightly, too. At one stroke it sets them to battling with gruesome time for the sake of winning something which perhaps, in the end, dwindles to neglect, deprivation, queerness. Well for those who have become wives and mothers, and who therefore can countenance the decline of their beauty with more equanimity; because close beside them, copied in their children, their beauty lives again.

Youth does not realize how quickly time flies. At first it passes slowly and one does not bother about her age till she gets in the the thirties; about forty one becomes more sensitive and cautious, and begins to hate tactless persons who pursue one with the question: "How old are you?"

While this always is a rather inconsiderate question and usually indicates a general lack of delicacy in the questioner, it may here be remarked that the interrogator has at heart no other interest than by a comparison of you with his own person to arrive at a conclusion consoling to himself. After all, the question is useless. One meets thirty-years-old "old men," bankrupts, who are done with life in every respect, and there are strong, energetic, fresh and warm-hearted men in advanced age, ripe, sedate men, who make more and deeper impressions on women and girls than the downy-bearded sparks, in spite of the greater youth and freshness of the latter—privileged lovers and wooers. Every one can recall in his circle of acquaintances a marriage exemplifying this discrepancy of age in the wedded pair; instances of men sixty years of age wedded to young girls are no rarity. It should not therefore be concluded that the riper the individuals of the stronger sex grow the better they become—as husbands perhaps they do so, for younger men are less fitted for that capacity—or that older men are more in demand as marrying men. But as the conditions of the marriage market stand to-day, every year—to retain the figure of speech—they are marked up as high as the younger issue, yes, they are even more in demand, being considered as a safer investment.

The aging of an artist, a musician, a modeler, a poet is a double tragedy that plays itself out in an idle workshop, noiseless and thrilling—a twofold aging, a twofold decline. It is hard, almost enough to craze one. The new crowds in, rushes over the old, throws it to the ground with relentless, conquering activity, insisting, "The present belongs to youth, each in its place."

Very easily said!

Deplorable are those creative artists who when age presents its warning still cling to the laurel leaves which the world is just weighing out to them. They feel a double bitterness that life still owes them everything, that life has given them no return for their efforts and labors.

About those others who have gained the laurel? Does this honor reconcile them to the fate of growing old? The German poet Hofrat Rudolf Baumbach attained much distinction and satisfaction, and fortune smiled on him many years, yet when the autumn of his life came on, in a sentimental poem he sighed to a friend that if the friend only would relieve him of his last thirty years, his gray hairs, and his superfluous flesh he would gladly give with them his wealth, his title, and his laurels.

So gnaws and burns in every aging breast the longing for escaping youth, the anguish of the burden of old age. A few old men like Cicero and Cato there may be, or certain poets who praise constantly the quiet joys of age and try to offer consolation with the maxim, "Every age has its joys." Of what use are their efforts?

'Tis only a dissembled green
That over graves doth grow.

Contemplative observations, unheartfelt resignation, the peace in one's own breast, occupying one's self in the cultivation of flowers and in caring for and loving the grandchildren—lovely things all, but who would not jump at a chance, without waiting for consideration, to exchange this sunny, peaceful old age for the prime of life? Who is able to banish the sad mood when the sigh, "Oh, youth, oh, greenwood!" sweeps through the soul mournfully, tearfully? One must endure the unavoidable with dignity, and above all not succumb too soon to the harrowing thoughts that will and must come.

The worst way to adopt—and that adopted by many mothers and misses—is to coquette with one's age and seek consolation in the polite prevarications of gallant men. A woman never should speak of her age, and never, never make any reference to it in order to draw out compliments. At the first mention the most amiable listener disregards her complaint, the second time he becomes a trifle suspicious, and the third time he really believes the poor thing realizes that she is growing old. A little self-deception and deception of others is quite permissible in this case, especially when the outward self does not give the lie to the allurements of youthfulness, when the deception can be kept up without the aid of treacherous cosmetics.

Balzac made himself immortal among women by his praise of heroines thirty years of age, but to-day it is the vogue to go farther than that. Modern French writers have made even women of forty years the central attraction of their romances. Why not? Are there not women as old as this who exercise a powerful charm, in whom the force of life and love has not grown old, whose soul and appearance still defy the tyrant time? But really one must believe it of herself or she can convert no one else to believe it of her, at least unless she is exceedingly beautiful and clever. There once was a beautiful, witty woman who like a girl made conquests without number and who even in her fortieth year found genuine admirers; she alone could no longer believe in the might of her charms, and when, on her confession that forty springs had passed over her, a gentleman politely and sincerely answered, "But still that isn't old," she mockingly retorted, "No, not for a cathedral." Poor woman!

THE CARE OF A HOME AVIARY.

BY SOPHIE ALMON HENSLEY.

HAVING secured your captive, handle him carefully and treat him kindly. You may bring him home in your trap or you can have a box large enough for his comfort with holes in the top and sides for air. If you use the trap be sure to cover it with a cloth.

At home hang the cage containing the captive in a quiet place, rather high. If the prisoner seems very wild and dashes against the bars, keep the cage covered for a few days; allow only a little light to enter. Leave him alone for the first forty-eight hours, except when you give him food and water. After that talk pleasantly to him whenever near the cage. The oftener birds are noticed and kindly talked to the quicker their attachment to their owner. When in their immediate vicinity always be gentle, so as not to startle them. Occasionally offer your pet a meal-worm or fly in your fingers, dropping it into the cage if not taken. Stand close by until the bird eats. It won't be long before he will gain confidence enough to take the worm out of your hand.

Some birds will tame quicker than others. The American goldfinch, purple finch, or linnet, brown thrasher, and hermit thrush are soon at home. The song thrush, bobolink, and song sparrow are naturally wilder. The first and last of the three would better be taken from the nest when young and raised by hand.

In taking a young bird to bring up he should be removed from the nest when the pin-feathers show; that is, before the little fellow knows too much. He should be fed on crackers and milk, with a little hard-boiled egg mixed in. At first feed every hour, a little at a time; as the bird gets older, five or six times a day, and rather more than usual at the last meal.

Seed birds have strong and thick bills. Their regular food should be canary and cape seed, and as a treat now and then a seed or two of the hemp. This will aid a bird that is dumpy; more is too heating. For green food, a little lettuce, celery, chickweed, or seeds from the plantain given on the stalk, once in a while, are very beneficial.

Soft-bill birds need the preparation sold under the name of mocking-bird food. That of a light gray color is best. Grate a third as much carrot as mocking-bird food daily, and mix it with the food. This will prevent the birds from becoming bound.

Give meal-worms one a day. They tend to make the bird sing better. They can be bought at bird stores or found in horse-feed troughs or dovecotes. If not to be had, very small pieces of raw beefsteak will serve as a substitute. A piece of apple or berries in season give desirable variety at that time.

Give frequent baths, first removing the tray containing the gravel. Scrape the perches whenever rough. Now and then allow the bird a flight around the room for exercise. Avoid placing the cage where there is the slightest draught, as it is often fatal. Change the sand in the bottom of the cage every twenty-four hours.

The amount of pleasure and profit that you and your friends can derive from your aviary is beyond calculation. Caged and kindly treated, the shy singers become in time quite domesticated and wholly fearless of each other and even of unfamiliar human beings. The bobolink from the open field is the companion of the timid wood-thrush whose home was in the densest thickets, and the orchard-loving oriole chums with the southern mocker. And the birds from all regions vie with each other in song, at times becoming so excited that the hermit thrushes, after singing their loudest, will fairly shriek in their efforts to lead the others.

The brown thrush, or thrasher, is an amusing pet, especially when caught young. He is a large bird, with a long tail and bill, and needs a big cage. In his home in the thickets he is one of the loudest and most melodious singers we have. Caged he is chary of song, singing low and stopping at the least disturbance. A young one, caged and carried through the winter, would however, as spring approaches, probably sing to the full power of his throat. To enjoy this bird and see some queer antics, give him plenty of room, then put a piece of hard bread or a peanut within his reach. This he will take in his long bill, run about with it, then dropping the object will raise himself on tiptoe and pound it with the precision and strength of the woodpecker. When the peanut is broken in pieces he is delighted. When let out he makes for the door, exploring the nooks and crannies on the run, with head and tail cocked sidewise at opposite angles.

The flight of the pretty indigo-bird, with his deep blue plumage and artless but pleasing song, is the very poetry of motion, as he darts from the top of his cage to a perch below, with so swift a flight that the eye can hardly follow him. Yet his command over himself is perfect, for when in most rapid motion he will suddenly pause and hover motionless, except for the rapid whirring of the wings. A hawk over his prey, a kingfisher the moment before he drops for the minnow in the stream, and the humming-bird over a flower have a like power.

The song of these wild birds is usually a succession of three or more notes, which are continued during the same interval, mostly without interruption. It could be likened to a musical bar of four crotchets in *adagio* movement. The song of each variety is distinct and quite uniform. The nestling apparently learns the notes of the parent, disregarding the songs of other birds that may occasionally be heard. It is the male only of nearly all the species that sings. There are two exceptions among the birds of the United States—the female of the Baltimore oriole and the Virginia redbird both sing. Sometimes a hen canary develops quite a range of notes.

It is almost impossible to express bird song by musical notes, as they are delivered with great rapidity and the pitch of most birds is considerably higher than the highest notes of the instruments having the greatest compass. Besides the intervals used by birds are too minute for a musical instrument. The song-sparrow has six or seven distinct songs or themes. His voice is clear, sweet, and very spirited. Beginning with one theme, he repeats it with brief intervals fifteen to thirty times before he makes a change. This he will continue to do until he has gone through his repertoire.

A very different bird, both beautiful and rare, is the showy rose-breasted grosbeak, whose song is as fine as his splendid plumage. It consists of a number of rich, rolling notes, varied now and then by tender and plaintive tones. The song somewhat resembles the robin's, but is more varied and charming. The grosbeak caged is slow in his movements, and needs more exercise than the rest of the birds.

Sometimes the bluebird and the goldfinch after they have become well acquainted will sing together. The song of the goldfinch resembles that of the canary but is far sweeter, keyed high enough in the scale to be called a tenor, while the notes of the bluebird are soft, deep, and rolling, with the sonorous quality of bass. In duet these birds will sing with as sweet and harmonious effect as that of the violin and piano played together.

Everybody knows what an accomplished mimic the mocking-bird is. Some others have powers in this direction which are really surprising. The catbird can mew like a cat, he can shriek like a hawk, he gives also a fair imitation of the robin and brown thrasher, and sometimes pours out a queer but melodious song that is patched together from the songs of half a dozen others. The brilliant bluejay is a good imitator, especially of the hen-hawk. Besides his harsh cry commonly heard, he has one or two deep notes, which are very musical and rich. Our robin, the canary, European bullfinch, English thrush, blackbird, and Virginia nightingale are all capable of being taught airs other than their own. For affection and high intelligence there is no bird superior to the nightingale.

Robin redbreast, taken young from the nest, is a very satisfactory bird to have. He is a persistent singer, and seems happy in confinement. He has imitative powers of a high order. Robins have been known to learn to whistle a simple air from an opera or other short tunes, and once a Kentucky robin was proficient in piping "Over the Water to Charlie." A robin redbreast to be taught properly should be placed in a room alone, out of sight and hearing of other birds. The tune to be taught must be whistled frequently in the same key and manner, especially during the morning hours, his owner standing near him.

A hearty and persistent singer is to be found in the merry bobolink. He is easy to care for, being a seed-bird, though he never refuses a meal-worm when offered. His song is a rush and jumble of notes, delivered with such rapidity that they run into each other. In the spring he is so full of it that the notes ripple from him, it would seem involuntarily, from early dawn until six in the evening, while for originality his song is not surpassed by any other bird.

DOMESTIC COOKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

THE Greek writer Atheneus affirms that "cooks were the first kings of the earth." In the luxurious ages of ancient Greece, Sicilian cooks were most esteemed, and received high wages. In the palmy days of Rome a chief cook had £800 a year, and Antony gave the cook who arranged his banquet for Cleopatra the present of a city.

It is evident that the cooks of ancient times were more respected and esteemed than those of the eighteenth century, when Garrick says of them: "Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks." We of the present day in America might feelingly echo this sentiment.

The whole subject of cookery in its entire range is a most important one, and really forms an essential factor of our daily life. For no matter what other branch of the household machinery may stop, what illness or afflictions may visit us, still, as the old Dutch proverb says, "People must eat, if every tree were a gallows."

There seems to be no especial school of American cooking, to be designated as such, although we have cook-books innumerable, and there is no end to the cooking lessons given at present, to both rich and poor, all over the country.

One leading characteristic of American cooking is its elegant simplicity. Our roast and broiled meats are cooked *au naturel*, which is quite different from the French method of serving the *réchauffé* or the *fricasée*. But if one typical feature of our cookery may be called its plainness, or lack of accessories, its principal defects are the extravagance of its methods and the indigestibility of certain of our national dishes.

A good housekeeper should be not only able to keep accounts and manage her household, but she should have a knowledge of chemistry, sanitation, and hygiene. In looking over a list of our distinctively national dishes, it strikes one that they are all, to put it mildly, difficult of digestion, and some of them are quite innutritious. Take for instance our buckwheat cakes, fried fish cakes, our doughnuts and crullers, our saleratus biscuit, and various other forms of hot bread. What could be more unwholesome than these? Add to them copious draughts of our national drink, viz., ice-water, and you have a case of indigestion quite complete. Other distinctively national dishes, which are, however, less harmful, are strawberry shortcake, corn boiled on the ear, soft-shell crabs, fried and stewed oysters, planked shad, raw clams, clam chowder, diamond-back and canvas-back ducks, and pumpkin pie.

We have viands, too, which are peculiar to especial localities, cities, or states. For instance, although it may be found all over the United States, yet baked pork and beans is distinctively a New England dish, and is never seen in Europe, except in an unsuccessful attempt at imitation, as in some *pensions* of Paris which are largely patronized by Americans. All over this country you may find fried scrapple, but as you taste that succulent dainty, though you may be on the Pacific slope, visions of respectable, staid Philadelphia rise before your memory, where that delectable food originated. Fried chicken takes us at once back to Maryland, and gumbo soup translates us to the creole restaurants in New Orleans, while steamed oysters suggest Washington, and stewed terrapin brings memories of Baltimore. Rhode Island gives us the fragrant clambake, and Albany the New Year's cake of our childhood.

When one returns to America after living abroad for some years, the wasteful extravagance of our nation in all things, but especially in household economy, is very apparent. French cookery has had a most perceptible influence upon American cooking in many ways, but unfortunately it has not yet converted us from our natural sin of extravagance. The food material which is thrown away every day in the kitchen of a well-to-do family here would comfortably feed a French or Italian family of the working class.

The head of a household comfortably circumstanced in France gives her woman cook so many francs a day to supply all necessary food, and the sum to us would seem infinitesimal for the comforts, and even luxuries, which it procures. These daily purchases are selected with infinite care and calculation, with equal regard to the quality and nourishing ingredients which the food contains.

The kitchen of an ordinary French household has no range, but only a charcoal stove with four or five holes, and it is astonishing to see how many saucepans and kettles, pots and stew-pans the cook can manipulate at once. After the meal is cooked, if a bit of charcoal the size of a walnut is left, water is sprinkled over it, the blaze is extinguished, and it is used another time. No baking is done in the kitchens of private households. All bread is purchased at the bakeries, as well as the delicious breakfast rolls and crescents so universally used. The French bakeries are not allowed to sell bread fresher than the standard of time allowed, which is, I think, six hours. Meats are roasted in a *rôtissoire* and turned on a spit before the live coals. Delicious desserts may be purchased at the numerous *confiseries*, or may be cooked' at home and browned on the top by the use of the salamander. The kitchen utensils are legion in number, half of them being unknown in an ordinary American household, and they are kept faultlessly clean and bright.

Of the distinctively national French dishes served in our home in France I recall the following as particularly attractive: *crème de l'asperge*, *cervelles de veaux en sauce blanche*, *filet de bœuf à la jardinière*, *poulet au riz*, *harengs marinés*, *lièvre en salmis*, *laitue farcie*, *laitue à la crème*, *rognons sautés au vin*, and *abatis à la bourgeoise*.*

Italian cooking follows somewhat along the same lines as the French, and is distinguished by the characteristics of even greater economy and somewhat less delicacy. All fried fish is cooked in olive oil, which is cheaper than butter and is not objectionable if of first quality. Much less meat is found in the Italian menu, and more *pâtes*, or preparations of flour paste, which have been brought to perfection in Italy. I have never tasted such macaroni as is manufactured in Naples, and do not wonder that it is the favorite dish of the Italians. It is yellow, rich, and most nutritious, quite different from the whitish gray substance we eat here as macaroni, which is sometimes the inferior article made in Genoa or Rome.

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*Cream asparagus, calves' brains with white sauce, fillet of beef with mixed vegetables, chicken with rice, pickled herrings, stewed hare, stuffed lettuce, creamed lettuce, stewed kidneys with wine, plain giblets.

The *polénta** served in Italy is a most attractive dish, and *risotto*† is also very popular. I remember a dish frequently served to us at our second breakfast by our Italian cook, which contained a mound of cockscombs and dice of chicken in the center, with a rich brown sauce and a wall of *risotto* around it.

Italians make fruit a staple article of their diet, and poor families who in this country would make a frugal meal from bread, butter, and tea, in Italy will feed the household on a meal of oranges or dates. I was told in Naples that many of the wealthy and aristocratic families, among those whose gorgeous equipages are daily exhibited in the Villa Nazionale park, when the Prince of Naples takes his afternoon drive there, are so poor that they have only two meals a day. The morning rolls and coffee are served them about nine o'clock, and at four in the afternoon the dinner, which, if all accounts be true, is a meager enough meal in itself.

German cooking is not, to my taste, even as delicate as the Italian, and is washed down by enormous quantities of heavy beer. Beer is served in *pensions* and hotels with the luncheon, but the lack of fruit and salads is much felt when journeying from France into Germany. Sauerkraut and various preparations of cabbage, *broccoli*, and *kohlrabi* are in frequent use, all of the coarser and few of the more refined and delicate vegetables, salads, and fruits being seen on the tables of private families.

Viennese cooking is far superior to that of Germany, and is more like that of the French. Their coffee, that beverage which "makes the politician wise," cannot be excelled in any country in the world. I should place Austrian home cooking next to French, with Switzerland as the third in the list. Wherever you come across a hotel kept by a Swiss there you are sure of finding the table tempting, wholesome, and generally satisfactory.

Savarin says, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." Very truly, man does not live by bread alone; still food constitutes an important factor in every walk of life, and it is not beneath the notice of every housekeeper to remember that the catering for a family involves more than the tickling of the palate or the pleasing of the artistic sense.

In the United States we have every sort of mechanical and scientific aid to enable us to advance our cookery to the first rank in the whole earth. With our electric kitchens, our steam cookers, our aladdin ovens, and our easily manipulated chafing-dishes, we may look down upon our sister housekeepers across the sea. And when we return from a long journey abroad, how delicious to the American palate are those viands we have longed for—our oyster broils with cold-slaw, our refreshing and delicious home-made ice-cream, our delicate raised biscuit and home-made bread, our johnny-cake, waffles, gems, and breakfast cakes! So that, after all, our palates are likely to whisper to our consciences that even in cookery one must acknowledge,

East or west, hame's the best.

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* Chestnut-flour pudding.

† A stew of onions, butter, rice, olive oil, chicken broth, etc.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE WAR IN CRETE.

CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE.
Commander of the Greek Troops in Thessaly.

Even under the fire of the allied powers the Greeks have remained firm in their resolution not to abandon the Cretans. On March 13 the powers decided upon a pacific blockade to begin March 21. They notified the Greeks and Cretans to this effect on March 19. On March 18 an Austrian gunboat was reported to have sunk a Greek schooner carrying insurgents and ammunition. This act elicited a protest from the Greeks as inhuman, being perpetrated before the blockade was announced. Meanwhile the Turkish soldiers' anticipated trip to Crete having been made unnecessary by the allied powers' bombardment of the Greeks in the island and vicinity, the Turks indulged in a massacre of seven hundred Armenians, at Tokat, early in March. On March 19 Gladstone published another effective letter on the eastern question, stirring up public opinion against the course of the powers regarding Turkey and in favor of England's taking a stand for the suppression of Turkish atrocities. In spite of foreign bombardment in these and other cases, the Greeks have captured many of the towns from which they were warned by the powers, including all the strategic positions about Canea except the town at the source of Canea's water supply, and are in control of the interior of Crete. On March 27 Crown Prince Constantine of Greece left Athens for Larissa to command the forces on the frontier. Russia is massing troops in her southern provinces.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

If it be war, then, every lover of liberty and justice throughout the world will sympathize with Greece, and will wish for her victory in this new crusade.

(Ind.) The Washington Post. (D. C.)

Clearly the United States is under no sort of obligation to recognize such a blockade [of Crete].

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

At present Europe is represented to the people of Greece and Crete not by men of peace, carrying justice in their hands, but by men employing the weapons of deceit and force—by admirals. As a starting point, we have at least the general proposition that our government will not be bound to recognize a pacific blockade of Greece if established.

(Rep.) Boston Journal. (Mass.)

His [Gladstone's] pamphlet on the Cretan question is the most vigorous and searching arraignment of the cowardly subserviency of the Christian powers of Europe that has been made.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Every day of delay counts in favor of peace. If time be allowed for the Greek people to realize the position in which they find themselves, and get over their excitement, their government will regain its liberty of action, when it will no doubt work for peace, unless it has secret pledges of support from one or more of the great powers.

(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

While we strongly disapprove the foolhardiness of the Greeks in seeking to go to war with Turkey in the teeth of the positive prohibition of the powers, it must not therefore be understood that we approve the attitude of the powers in this Cretan question. Far from it, indeed. Their disgraceful jealousies of each other and their dominating selfishness have not only dashed the legitimate hopes of the Cretans and Greeks, but have even paralyzed their own action to the extent that they cannot do what they would.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

Mr. Gladstone's letter regarding the Cretan question has the right ring to it, but it should be remembered that when he was at the head of the English government he was as subservient to the money power as Lord Salisbury appears to be at present.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

If King George decides that the present is the suitable time to make a bold stroke for Hellenic unity, he may be coerced by the powers as threatened, but he will register a protest that sooner or later must be heeded by Europe in the settlement of the eastern question.

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* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the French Nation," constitutes a special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

While the Greeks are so anxious for war, it is clear enough that their king and his advisers will seek with all the skill they possess to avoid an open conflict, the results of which might be exceedingly disastrous to the whole kingdom, as well as to the reigning family.

(Rep.) San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

The war fever in Greece continues unabated, and it is not likely to diminish until the Greeks thoroughly understand that the expressions of sympathy indulged in by the English are meaningless, or at least will have no practical backing. When they grip this fact firmly they will pull in their horns, for, pugnacious though they are, King George and his subjects are not ready to defy the great powers.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

Plucky Greece has set the "most Christian powers" an example which fills the whole world with admiration. Which one of the powers dares fire the first shot if she refuses to withdraw from Crete?

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The floods now raging in the Mississippi Valley are the most extensive and most disastrous ever known to that region. On March 14 the Mississippi River at Memphis reached the highest water-mark on record there. The neighboring regions rallied to the rescue of the sufferers and through their organized efforts accomplished much, but as the flood kept swelling instead of subsiding their labors proved inadequate to the task, and on April 6 representatives of the Citizens' Relief Committee of Memphis, Tenn., applied to President McKinley for aid. They reported that at least fifty towns were then under water between Marion, Ark., and Greenville, Miss., and the waters were still rising, though the levees had been beaten down at many places. The devastation already extended over a stretch of country three hundred miles long and varying from five to forty miles in width. In this area hundreds of thousands of acres covered with growing crops and thousands of head of cattle were destroyed. Persons to the number of fifty or sixty thousand have suffered the loss of their property and the suspension of their business. The great mass of these are small farmers, largely negroes, and will be left destitute and powerless to resume work after the flood. About seven thousand refugees were cared for by the Citizens' Relief Committee of Memphis. As a result of the reports made to President McKinley he sent a special message to Congress on April 8 asking aid for the flood victims, and Congress responded with an appropriation of $200,000 for the work of relief.

The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

No wiser engineers can be found than those whom the government has employed to consider the Mississippi problem, but thus far their skill has been baffled. Perhaps the man will come with a plan. Meantime let Congress and the public in general prepare to relieve what is a national disaster and one for which no one is accountable.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Whatever opinion may be formed of the jetty and levee theory, it is universally admitted that one of the chief causes for these annual deluges is the destruction of the forests.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Those who have studied the problem involved in the Mississippi do not need to be told that there should be wiser work in Congress to keep that stream within bounds. The log-rolling of past years in Congress has been a chief factor in obstructing effective measures.

The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

The preservation of the forests by replanting as fast as cut away will hold back the waters, and this must in some way be enforced by either state or national authority. But the most immediate resource, beneficial to North and South alike, is a readjustment of the drainage system in the farming regions of the North.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

If the levee system so signally fails, after having been brought so near a state of perfection, is it not time to think of other methods of treating the great river in its vagaries?

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Nothing could more clearly define the thoroughly national aspiration of President McKinley's purpose and policy than his prompt and sympathetic interest in the great calamity which has befallen the Mississippi Valley.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The problem of controlling a great river like the Mississippi is no easy one to solve. Whatever the best method of holding its waters within bounds may be, it is pretty well demonstrated that it is not the levee system.

The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

The planters to prevent their hands from wandering off will feed and care for them, and will plant as soon as the overflow goes down, and they recall the encouraging fact that crops planted after an overflow, when there is time to plant, always yield bountifully.

OUR NEW FOREIGN DIPLOMATS.

THE several nominations as yet made by President McKinley cover the more important diplomatic positions. His appointees to the four posts of the first class are: for ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain, John Hay, of the District of Columbia; to France, Horace Porter, of New York; to Germany, Andrew D. White, of New York; and to Italy, William F. Draper, of Massachusetts. Henry White, of Rhode Island, becomes secretary of the embassy of the United States to Great Britain. Among the other nominees are: Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, for envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Mexico; William McKinley Osborne, of Massachusetts, consul-general at London; John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, consul-general at Paris; Charlemagne Tower, of Pennsylvania, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary; Alfred E. Buck, of Georgia, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Japan; James Boyle, of Ohio, consul at Liverpool, England; E. S. Day, of Connecticut, consul at Bradford, England; Fenton R. McCreery, of Michigan, secretary of the legation at the City of Mexico.

COLONEL JOHN HAY.
Ambassador to Great Britain.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It is certain that President McKinley has expressed his own preference in the choice of an ambassador to England, and that Colonel Hay will sustain the best traditions of the American legation in London. To say that he is ideally equipped to represent the United States at the Court of St. James is to say not a word too much. The nomination of our distinguished fellow townsman [General Horace Porter] for ambassador to France is a welcome and appropriate recognition of his character and accomplishments, his loyal services in war, and his good citizenship.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.
Ambassador to France.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Mr. McKinley's selections for the more important diplomatic posts strike people generally as satisfactory. With one or two exceptions the new ambassadors and ministers have yet to be tested in office, but it is something to start in with the prestige of favorable sentiment here at home.

ANDREW D. WHITE.
Ambassador to Germany.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The American public may look forward with confidence to a very creditable administration of the embassy to St. James. Mr. Hay, if not as talented as Lowell or as tactful and gracious as Bayard, is a man of broad intelligence and wide experience in foreign affairs.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

Mr. White has a large diplomatic experience, having served as the American representative in Germany from 1879–81, besides being engaged in a number of missions that brought him in touch with

WILLIAM F. DRAPER.
Ambassador to Italy.

affairs in the Old World. During the early years of the McKinley tariff law, ex-Congressman Draper was president of the celebrated Home Market Club of Boston, and during his two terms in Congress was a leader of the protective majority in the House. His service as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee put him in direct line for a diplomatic appointment.

(Ind.) Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

Col. John Hay and Gen. Horace Porter have been well placed by President McKinley. Both are men of the highest type of American citizenship, and they will reflect credit on the American nation. If the diplomatic service of the United States is made up all the way through of men of this character and stamp we will indeed be fortunate.

POWELL CLAYTON.
Minister to Mexico.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The nomination of John Hay and Horace Porter, the former to London and the latter to Paris, will receive the unstinted approval of the whole country. No more fortunate appointments could have been made.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

The nomination of Mr. John Hay as ambassador to England, accompanied as it is by that of Mr. Henry White as first secretary, will be received with satisfaction by everybody who knows the requirements of the position and the difficulty in the way of making good selections.

(Rep.) The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

The president is making some excellent appointments these days. Andrew D. White, appointed ambassador to Germany, is admirably qualified for the position in every respect. Ex-Congressman Draper, the new ambassador to Italy, has an excellent war record, having entered the army a second lieutenant and come out a brevet brigadier-general, and he also made a good record in Congress. The president is not making any mistakes—at least not many.

WILLIAM McKINLEY OSBORNE.
Consul-General at London.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

There is no reason to doubt that the appointees [Hay and Porter] will acceptably fill the diplomatic places to which they are assigned—as did their predecessors.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.
Minister to Austria-Hungary.

END OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

THE Fifty-fourth Congress, which expired by limitation on March 4, is unique in history for the great number of its bills that became law without the president's approval. These number about two dozen public bills, one of which was passed over the president's veto by both houses, and more than one hundred and twenty private bills dealing chiefly with pensions and relief measures. The laws of more general interest enacted since the beginning of the last congressional session, that is since December 7, 1896, are those reducing the number of pension agencies from eighteen to nine, establishing thirteen more forest reservations, granting to officers who served in the regular Confederate Army permission to bear the title and appear in the uniform of their highest rank on ceremonial occasions, providing the National Guards of each state and territory with Springfield rifles in exchange for the older rifles with which they now are supplied, amending postal laws to insure limited indemnity for loss of registered mail matter, and authorizing the nation's representation by commissioners at any international monetary conference to be called. The bills which were passed by both houses of Congress and then failed of enactment for want of the president's signature number fifty-five besides the appropriation bills.

(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

While the Fifty-fourth Congress has been distinguished for its sins of omission, it has been guilty at the same time of the most flagrant and bumptious jingoism. It has welcomed every opportunity to get the country into hot water, and ever since the outbreak of the Cuban revolution it has sought to embarrass the State Department and bring about a rupture of our peaceful relations with Spain.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The Congress which has just passed out of existence has been charged by critics with extravagance. The billion-dollar mark was passed, it is true, but that has been passed before, and it is no sign of extravagance. We are growing as a people, and our needs grow with us.

(Com'l.) The Journal of Commerce. (New York, N. Y.)

That the largest appropriations ever voted should have been made with the conditions of business and of the treasury what they have been the past two years is sufficient to give the Fifty-fourth Congress a distinction for which we trust no subsequent Congress will enter into competition with it.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The public will without the least hesitation acquit Mr. Cleveland of any responsibility for the Senate's lack of appreciation of its high duties, and will agree that he did well to withhold his signature to documents the full and exact terms of which he had no means of knowing, and especially since these measures emanated from bodies both of which were inimical to him and diametrically opposed to the policies of his administration.

(Rep.) The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

Among the many things that the country has to be thankful for in connection with the change of administrations, is the passing away of the Senate of the Fifty-fourth Congress. It will probably go down to posterity as the most incompetent and mischievous in the history of the country. Certainly it is to be hoped that we shall not be troubled with its like again. As a convincing illustration of "how not to do it" it has no equals.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

President Cleveland did right to refuse to sign the swollen appropriation bills which Congress threw at him, giving him absolutely no opportunity to consider them in detail.

WILL JAPAN ADOPT THE GOLD STANDARD?

A DECISIVE step in the direction of adopting a gold standard has been taken by the Japanese legislators. After about four years' deliberation the commission specially provided by the government on Japanese monetary affairs reported last January in favor of the gold standard, and on the commission's recommendation a gold standard bill was formulated by the ministry. This bill was introduced into the House of Representatives on March 2, and, according to press despatches received the last of March, was passed by both the upper and lower houses. It provides for nine kinds of coin, namely, gold in denominations of twenty, ten, and five *yen*; silver in denominations of fifty, twenty, and ten *sen*; nickel five *sen*, and bronze in one *sen* and five *rin* pieces. The bill if it becomes a law will take effect on October 1, 1897.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Sound principles of finance are to rule in the Orient as well as in the Occident, and Japan, as the most enterprising and enlightened of the eastern nations, appropriately leads the way.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The Japanese know which side their bread is buttered on.

(Ind.) The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

We have had a gold standard now for twenty-four years, and values have fluctuated downward fifty per cent, and we have had something of a depression, almost as great a one as though we had been on a silver basis. Now, our belief is that what Japan has done has been to fix the value of silver so that, as compared with gold in the exchange of that country. it will fall no farther. Japan cannot do business with gold money. The transactions of her people are too small to be measured in gold money.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

It is particularly unfortunate for the men who wish to retain the gold standard in Europe and the United States. The demand for gold in Japan will make a drain upon the gold stocks of Europe and this country. This will enhance the value of gold, force down prices, make burdens of gold monometalism all the harder to bear, and thus make it more difficult for Wall Street and Lombard Street to hold the people in subjection to their robber policy.

(Dem.) The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

The effect of this decision will be to relieve Japan from the fluctuations in values, and consequent depression in business, resulting from the silver basis, and to put the developing industries of that country on a stable foundation. The broader effect will be to align that empire with the great powers of civilization financially and commercially.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

Japan's abandonment of the silver standard is an *et-tu-Brute* blow to our Silverites, both of the free and independent kind and the slavishly international sort. Japan, alluded to in a large way as "the Orient," has long been a tower of strength to them.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

This does not necessarily mean that the Japanese are convinced that a single gold standard is absolutely the best; it merely means that in the present condition of things the world over they do not care to wait any longer for international bimetalism nor yet to keep their fortunes tied up with the cheaper metal.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Japan's new departure will be observed with very great interest by students of finance everywhere.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S MESSAGE.

CONGRESS lost no time waiting for the president's message, it having been sent to that body on the first day (March 15) of the extraordinary session. This message the president devoted largely to a statistical comparison of the state of the government's revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, with the condition of the revenues thereafter. Since the year 1893, he said, "the receipts of no fiscal year, and, with but few exceptions, of no month of any fiscal year, have exceeded the expenditures." Having shown the excess of the government's expenditures over its receipts since 1893 and how these deficits were met by the appropriation of part of the gold reserve held in the treasury for the redemption of greenbacks and by the resort to loans, he added: "Not only are we without a surplus in the treasury, but, with an increase in the public debt there has been a corresponding increase in the annual interest charge from $22,893,883.20 in 1892, the lowest of any year since 1862, to $34,387,297.60 in 1896, or an increase of $11,493,414.40. It may be urged that even if the revenues of the government had been sufficient to meet all its ordinary expenses during the last three years, the gold reserve would still have been insufficient to meet the demands upon it, and that bonds would necessarily have been issued for its repletion. Be this as it may, it is clearly manifest, without denying or affirming the correctness of such a conclusion, that the debt would have been decreased in at least the amount of the deficiency, and business confidence immeasurably strengthened throughout the country. Congress should promptly correct the existing condition. Ample revenues must be supplied not only for the ordinary expenses of the government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions and the liquidation of the principal and interest of the public debt. In raising revenue, duties should be so levied upon foreign products as to preserve the home market, so far as possible, to our own producers; to revive and increase manufactures; to relieve and encourage agriculture; to increase our domestic and foreign commerce; to aid and develop mining and building, and to render to labor in every field of useful occupation the liberal wages and adequate rewards to which skill and industry are justly entitled. . . . . Before other business is transacted, let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the government without the contracting of further debt or the continued disturbance of our finances."

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The president's statement of the conditions which confront us is an indictment; his declaration that Congress must promptly act is a truism; and his forbearance on every other subject and his economy of words regarding even the business now in hand constitute a promise that, whatever this administration may do or leave undone, it does not intend to be a talk-shop. That is a rainbow.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

President McKinley's first message to Congress is very direct and to the point. It invites attention to the necessity for more revenue, and proves that the necessity exists.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

Those who have attempted to belittle the tariff issue by exalting the need of legislation affecting our monetary system are answered so completely and withal so neatly that it is worth while to repeat his words until they shall be fixed in the memory.

(Rep.) Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

The president presents the whole situation in a few words and sets forth the remedy. The mass of the people, if they had an opportunity, would entreat Congress to act as promptly as has the president, feeling that with the enactment of the tariff bill the drain upon bond sales to fill the treasury would be stopped, and confidence would come from the improved conditions which would bring to industry and business better days.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The president has the cart before the horse. He ought to begin his sermon with a strong condemnation of extravagance, that amounts to dishonesty, and not start off by virtually asserting that the appropriations of the last Congress, and the three preceding the last, have been economical. The statement is untrue.

(Ind.) The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

The first message of President McKinley to Congress is a model of simplicity and lucidity. His patriotic sentences are a fitting conclusion to a deliverance that is strong, forceful, and fearless in its splendid grasp of a situation that calls for prompt and courageous action by the Fifty-fifth Congress.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

The president's setting forth of the financial situation in his message to Congress is sufficient to convince any candid citizen who has not already arrived at that conclusion, that the duty of Congress is to prepare and pass a tariff measure that will produce the required revenue. That is the one thing desirable.

(Dem.) The Courier-Journal. (Louisville, Ky.)

Certainly the method which President McKinley proposes and which Congress will doubtless follow, aiming at both increased revenue and increased protection, is bound to be an unnecessarily costly and unjustly burdensome one.

(Ind.) Boston Herald. (Mass.)

We sincerely trust that there is no thought of adding to the pensions burden, which is sufficiently onerous at present; yet, unless some such purpose exists, at least in a nebulous state, we do not see why the subject was introduced in the message, for, assuredly, there never has been the least delay in the payment of pensions.

THE CUBAN WAR.

GENERAL RUIS RIVERA, MACEO'S SUCCESSOR.

THE Spaniards' complete change of policy toward Americans in Cuba, and the patriots' daring raids on Spanish posts, together with the few claims for great victories by the Spanish, have made March a conspicuous period in the Cuban War. In the province of Santiago de Cuba General Garcia won a victory (reported March 6) over the Spaniards near Manzanillo, one thousand Spaniards being left dead on the field. The Spaniards report on March 24 the capture of General Garcia's camp near Jiguani, but according to news of March 27 the combined rebel forces of Generals Garcia and Rabi defeated the army of General Linares. In Santa Clara Province, to offset several minor Spanish victories, on March 7 the rebel leader Alberto Rodriguez badly defeated the Spaniards at Manacas, when many of the enemy deserted to the rebels. General Weyler arrived in Cienfuegos from Sagua la Grande on March 28. In Havana Province General Aranguren and his associate leaders have made raids into the very jaws of Spain's forces at Havana and its suburbs. At Guines they captured the Spanish major, at Bejucal the Spanish colonel, and at Calabazar General Tello Sanchez captured Major Albuerna and nine other Spanish officers, including five captains. In Pinar del Rio Province the rebels' activity, though unchecked by the capture of their lieutenant-governor on March 7, received a blow on March 28 at the battle of Cabezdas when their leader, General Rivera, Maceo's successor, was wounded and captured. Since March 5 prompt trial has been given Americans imprisoned in Cuba, followed by the release of the innocent and the expulsion of the guilty from the island. Still on March 22 the Senate repeated its request for the Ruiz correspondence withheld by the former administration and on April 1 called for the entire Gomez correspondence with this government. On April 5 the Senate, by a unanimous vote, asked the president to protest against the execution of General Rivera by the Spanish.

(*Rep.*) *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (*Pa.*)

The very fact that no stories as to Spanish victories have been coming as they did at one time is evidence that the authorities see the uselessness of further trying to impress the world with the idea that the work of "pacification" is going on successfully.

(*Ind.*) *Providence Journal.* (*R. I.*)

As to whether the president is contemplating any change of policy there are as yet absolutely no indications. No doubt, however, if it should be found that Ruiz was really murdered in prison, the administration would demand full reparation from the Spanish government.

(*Rep.*) *The Kansas City Journal.* (*Mo.*)

There are those who feel disappointed that President McKinley has not formally championed the cause of the insurgents and warned Spain to cease hostilities. But the intelligent, thinking class of American citizens will be satisfied with the policy which has been inaugurated and is being so watchfully and firmly maintained.

(*Dem.*) *The Chattanooga Times.* (*Tenn.*)

Whatever may become of the Cuban struggle for independence, it is now certain that Spain cannot finally conquer the Cubans.

(*Rep.*) *The Mail and Express.* (*New York, N. Y.*)

No such army as is now fighting for liberty under the lone star can suffer the loss and contemplate the probable execution of a leader like Rivera without feeling it keenly; but the loss of no man—even Gomez himself—can at this day diminish the hopes of Cuba or change the relative positions of the contending forces.

(*Dem.*) *The Times.* (*Hartford, Conn.*)

General Rivera will probably be shot as soon as the form of a drum-head court-martial has been gone through with by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. His capture will probably put an end to active operations by the insurgents in the western part of the island.

(*Dem.*) *The Chicago Evening Post.* (*Ill.*)

Rivera has violated the laws of his country and must accept the consequences of his deliberate conduct. But if Spain is desirous of retaining the friendship of the United States she must not outrage our people by revolting and inhuman treatment of the insurgents.

THE NEW TARIFF LEGISLATION.

THE new tariff bill passed the House on March 31 without essential changes, excepting the "retroactive amendment." Two hundred and five votes, one hundred and ninety-nine of them Republican, five Democratic, and one Populist, were cast for the measure and one hundred and twenty-one, of whom one hundred and fourteen were Democratic and seven Populist, against it. When introduced in the House, on the first day of the special session, March 15, the bill was announced by its chief author, Mr. Dingley, to have two purposes, namely "to raise additional revenue and to encourage the industries of the United States." The report given by Mr. Dingley on this occasion states that on the basis of the importations of the last fiscal year, the bill would increase the revenue about $112,000,000, divided among the several schedules roughly as follows:

A. Chemicals	$ 3,500,000
B. Crockery and glassware	4,000,000
C. Metals	4,000,000
D. Wood	1,750,000
E. Sugar	21,750,000
F. Tobacco	7,000,000
G. Agricultural	6,300,000
H. Liquors	1,800,000
I. Cottons	$ 1,700,000
J. Jute, linen, and hemp	7,800,000
K. Wool	17,500,000
K. Manufactures of wool	27,000,000
L. Silks	1,500,000
M. Pulp and paper	58,000
N. Sundries	6,200,000

Aside from its increase of rates, the bill's chief feature is its change of duties in many cases from *ad valorem* to specific. The retroactive section (Number 27) makes the bill operative on April 1 instead of May 1 as was stipulated in the original schedule. According to this measure, on all goods brought in between April 1 and May 1, a lien is imposed covering the difference in duties required by the Wilson-Gorman Act and the rates to be levied under the new tariff bill, while a rebate is allowed by the government in cases where the new rates are exceeded by the duties of the Wilson-Gorman Law. The bill went to the Senate on April 1 and was referred to the Finance Committee.

(*Rep.*) *New York Tribune.* (*N. Y.*)

The one objection to the Dingley Tariff Bill which has a semblance of sense, and which has weight in the minds of some Republicans, is that on higher classes of goods in various branches it imposes heavier duties than those of the McKinley Act, while on all the medium and lower classes its duties are either the same or lower than those of the act of 1890. Yet this is exactly what an intelligent and progressive system of protection should do. It was this very principle which rendered the act of 1890 so effective.

(*Dem.*) *The Sun.* (*New York, N. Y.*)

The papers which are engaged in snarling at the

Republican administration and Congress because they are going to give the country a new tariff do not represent popular sentiment. The people want a new deal. They are tired of the Wilson humbug and the business disasters which have been coincident with it. They demand something else, and the sooner the better.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The new tariff bill will differ from the Wilson affair inasmuch as its discriminations will favor American and not European interests.

(Rep.) Globe-Democrat. (St. Louis, Mo.)

Predictions as to the Senate's course on anything are ordinarily hazardous, but it seems safe to assume that that body will in this exigency show intelligent appreciation of popular desire.

(Dem.) Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

The power to collect the Dingley rates one or two months before they were adopted, if conceded, would make a most dangerous precedent. If the act of 1894 can be superseded two months before it is repealed, why not two years?

(Rep.) The Commercial Advertiser. (New York, N. Y.)

The whole scheme is unjust, unwise, and impracticable, irrespective of its legality. The Republican party cannot afford to shoulder the responsibility for such an innovation.

(Ind.) The Washington Post. (D. C.)

Section 27 is a bluff, pure and simple. It should not frighten the average schoolboy for one fraction of an instant.

(Rep.) Boston Journal. (Mass.)

Any senator of any party who seeks to prevent action on the new tariff after reasonable time for discussion has been allowed will deserve to be branded by public opinion as a traitor to the interests of his country.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Though the action of the House be a mere "bluff," it is a dangerous usurpation of power.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE distinguished biologist and writer on religious subjects, Prof. Henry Drummond, died on March 11, at Tunbridge Wells, England, after a long illness. The son of a wealthy merchant and town justice of the peace, he was born, in 1851, at Stirling, Scotland. Here he received his early education and later was graduated in turn from the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, from the Free Church Divinity School of Edinburgh, and from the University of Tübingen, Germany. At Tübingen he took the degree of Ph.D. Though never ordained to the ministry, Mr. Drummond early showed himself a leading spirit in evangelical work and on his return to Edinburgh he assisted Mr. D. L. Moody in his revival work, going with him on a tour in England. In 1876 Mr. Drummond was appointed professor of natural science at the Free Church College of Glasgow. In 1883, while he was on a scientific expedition along the Zambezi River, Africa, his book entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was given to the public and immediately brought him to world-wide attention. On his return from the Dark Continent he published "Tropical Africa." In 1887, while on a tour of the world, he stopped in America and at Moody's Summer School at Northfield, Mass., lectured on "The Greatest Thing in the World—Love," which has proved to be his most famous production. Twice since then he has visited the United States on lecturing tours, once in '89 and again in '93. His works entitled "Pax Vobiscum" and "The Ascent of Man," though not so widely known as the above named, have obtained great popularity. Mingling freely with the aristocracy Mr. Drummond never held himself aloof from the common people, but labored for and with both. He had a beautiful home in a quiet part of Glasgow, where he entertained largely. Mr. Drummond never married.

(Evang.) The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

Prof. Henry Drummond was a fair, but not a great authority in biology. It was in the field of apologetics that he made his fame. His volume "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" appeared at a time when the church was about ready to accept some doctrine of evolution, and was anxious to be told just how evolution could be Christianized. This Professor Drummond did in a way that mingled science and religion so delightfully that one was charmed into the belief that there had never been anything but harmony between them. His best work was not in the line of his direct teaching, but rather in the influence he exerted in showing the supreme value of the central truths of the religion taught by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount and by Paul in the twelfth chapter of Romans. He had an immense influence on our younger generation, broadening their Christian sympathy and deepening their Christian life.

(Meth.) Zion's Herald. (Boston, Mass.)

His peculiar charm of style and lucid method of exposition made his contributions to science popular. His teaching, however, has always had more value and significance for religion and ethics than for science. His fine literary style is hardly suited to the severe methods and studied exactitude of definition and exposition of the latter, in whose domain he is somewhat discredited to-day.

(Evang.) The Outlook. (New York, N. Y.)

Young men thronged to hear him because his manly nature appealed to their manliness, and because he solved their doubts without asking them to deny their reason.

THE TRANS-MISSOURI RAILROAD DECISION.

A DECISION of the Supreme Court of the United States against railroad pooling is the outcome of the case of the government *versus* the Trans-Missouri Freight Association. The case has been in the courts since 1892, when suit was brought by the United States district attorney of Kansas to dissolve the Trans-Missouri Freight Association by virtue of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890. In contradiction to two opinions of lower courts the Supreme Court on March 22 decided that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 is applicable to railway combinations for fixing and maintaining rates. This opinion is supported by five of the nine justices of the court. "Does the agreement restrain trade or commerce in any way so as to be a violation of the act?" says the court. "We have no doubt that it does. The agreement on its face recites that it is entered into 'for the purpose of mutual protection by establishing and maintaining reasonable rates, rules, and regulations on all freight traffic, both through and local.' . . . While in force and assuming it to be lived up to, there can be no doubt that its direct, immediate, necessary effect is to put a restraint upon trade or commerce, as described in the act." On March 30 a bill to legalize pooling by railroads was introduced into the Senate.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Obviously, legislation is needed to meet the exigencies of the situation. One step was taken in that direction in the introduction by Senator Foraker of a bill legalizing and regulating pooling. But it rests with the railway managers themselves in the meantime to concert measures for maintaining rates by acting in good faith with each other, even if the traffic associations are dissolved. All that is needed is that they keep faith with each other. When they do that, public confidence will be restored and all railroad properties will have permanent and substantial value.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

One source of great injury and infinite wrong to the American railroads continues to exert its baleful influence upon their traffic, and this is all the more inexcusable because it is fully within the power of the federal government to abolish it. Of course, we refer to the bonding privileges and the treasury regulations under which the Canadian railroads, and especially the Canadian Pacific, are permitted to engage in the interstate carrying trade along our northern border.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

In the view of the majority of the justices, the statute is enough effective if utilized as it was intended to be, and represents no more than the plain and salutary right and power of Congress to legislate on behalf of the people.

(Rep.) Omaha Bee. (Neb.)

Had the decision been favorable to the railroads they would have been masters of the situation and in a position to do with the public as they pleased. Therefore the decision must be regarded as distinctly in the public interest.

(Dem.) Atlanta Journal. (Ga.)

If joint traffic agreements among railroads are in violation of the anti-trust law, then those agreements among manufacturers which fix prices, limit production, and adopt the other expedients of trusts certainly can be reached under the same law. The decision is one of the most important the Supreme Court has handed down in a long time.

(Rep.) Toledo Blade. (Ohio.)

The anti-trust law is proved competent to smash a railway trust. If it can do this, it can smash every other trust whose operations are not confined to a single state. Now let us see of what metal the new attorney-general of the United States is made!

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The judgment rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States will be heartily commended by all right-thinking citizens, and it should not fail to have an important influence on the future welfare of the country.

American Grocer. (New York, N. Y.)

As the court of last resort has declared this to be the law, it only remains for all classes to coöperate in changing the law, so that such reasonable agreements and regulations may be made.

Wool and Cotton Reporter. (Boston, Mass.)

The amount of capital invested in the railroads is so enormous and so widely contributed, that anything which tends to paralyze the efforts of the roads is pretty sure to have a disastrous effect upon the whole industrial situation.

Journal of Commerce. (New York, N. Y.)

Such a conclusion we should regard as a disaster of the first magnitude, because, as experience has shown, in default of agreement among the railroads themselves, the interstate commerce law has but little influence in maintaining the equality of freight charges. It demands both steadiness of rates and active competition, things which necessarily kill each other.

(Ind.) The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The decision seems to have been rendered in the interests of the majority of the people and a vigorous enforcement of the law as thus interpreted cannot fail to result favorably to many classes of citizens.

WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS ("OLIVER OPTIC").

WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS ("OLIVER OPTIC").

The popular novelist William Taylor Adams, better known by his pen name "Oliver Optic," died on March 27 at his home in the Dorchester part of Boston, Mass. Born in Medway, Mass., on July 30, 1822, he soon moved into Boston with his parents. Here he spent all his spare time about the wharves and piers, where he acquired the nautical knowledge contained in his stories of the sea. Having gained a common-school education in Boston he taught school in Dorchester. Later he taught for twenty years in the common schools of Boston. In 1846 he married Miss Sarah Jenkins. It was soon after he first began to teach that his first story was published, appearing in the magazine called the *Social Monitor*. From that time on Mr. Adams made frequent contributions to the newspapers. He published his first book in 1853. It was entitled "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave." His third volume, a boys' book published in 1855, the first of the Boat Club Series, brought him fame. Thereafter he devoted his talents entirely to juvenile literature. While engaged on his novels Mr. Adams was at various times editor of the *Student and Schoolmate*, *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, and *Our Little Ones*. His works number one hundred and twenty-six long stories and more than a thousand newspaper sketches. Some of his best-known books are the Riverdale Series, "The Boat Club," "Woodville," "Young America Abroad," "The Starry Flag," "Onward and Upward," "The Yacht Club," and "Great Western." Mr. Adams was a great traveler, a skilful mechanic, and a practical yachtsman. He is survived by two daughters.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

To be the favorite tale-teller of his majesty, the boy, is no slight or unimportant task, and "Oliver Optic" filled the position admirably for many years.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Mr. Adams was a conscientious and painstaking writer. He wrote always from observation, always in a way to hold the attention of his readers, and never in a way to mislead or demoralize. He was the pioneer in many fields, and many people received their impressions of Mexico and of European countries from his stories of travel and adventure. He might have done better work in a literary sense, but he could not have exercised a greater influence than he did through his hundreds of stories written for boys and girls.

The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

"Oliver Optic's" stories were wholesome and entertaining. He combined instruction with amusement, and his gift of story-telling made a boy's pulse hop. He will be mourned by the old boys and the new. He was until the last a genial and kindly gentleman.

GREATER NEW YORK CHARTER.

Whether the United States shall have a metropolis ranking in size among the great cities of the world as second only to London now depends on whether the mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City, and Governor Black of New York State, shall affix their signatures to the Greater New York charter. The bill passed the state assembly on March 23 by a vote of one hundred and eighteen to twenty-eight, all but six of the Republicans voting in its favor, and on March 25 it was passed by the senate, without amendments. It was then passed over to the mayors.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The city of New York intends to remain a part of the state of New York, and no disturbance of the geographical proportions of the latter is either contemplated or desired. Talk about erecting the city and its environs into a new commonwealth is of no sapience or validity, the words thereof being words of no wisdom, biblically likened to sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

To pass a confessedly bad bill without any attempt to amend it, on the ground that it may be amended after its passage, is on the surface a joke. But it is not as funny as it would seem to a stranger.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The history of the American metropolis shows that with the exception of a few virtuous intervals it has been constantly ruled by a political machine which was corrupt beyond description. The consolidation which is about to take place will enlarge the opportunities of this machine and intensify the evils which have marked its rule. It is like placing splices on the arms of the devil-fish.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

First, the inhabitants of the New York district are to be congratulated upon the practical achievement of this consolidation, long and wisely desired. Secondly, all the inhabitants of the state are to be congratulated upon the conclusive evidence afforded that the New York Legislature is situated in the capitol at Albany, and not in the casual meeting-rooms of private societies and gatherings in this town.

(Ind.) The Washington Post. (D. C.)

We hail the passage of the bill for the charter of Greater New York as a distinct and pronounced advance in the direction of good-fellowship. All the signatures necessary to make the Greater New York an accomplished fact should be promptly forthcoming.

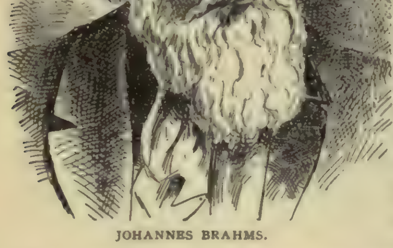
(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Great as the provocation is, the remedy for hayseed assaults upon New York City is not the creation of a new state, to include the metropolitan territory. The territory above the Bronx boundary-line is as essential to the prosperity of the Greater New York as is that imperial metropolis to the eminence of the greatest of states. Not liberty by disunion—but liberty and union, one and inseparable.

(Ind.) Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The machinery of government is rather cumbersome, but it is argued that after it gets into working order things will run smoothly, and that the city will be as well governed as London, which has an equally cumbersome machine. Every city in the country will wish the Greater New York the greatest meed of success under her new charter, and that she may always be free from the hand of the plunderer.

JOHANNES BRAHMS, GERMAN MUSICIAN.



JOHANNES BRAHMS.

One of the greatest musical composers of his day, Johannes Brahms, died on April 3, at his home in Vienna, Austria-Hungary. Born in Hamburg, Germany, on March 7, 1833, he was the son of a musician and was trained in music almost from infancy. As he showed a talent for piano, his father had him instructed in theory by a teacher of Hamburg and later by Edward Marxsen of Altoona. Brahms made his first appearance as a pianist at the age of fourteen. Six years later while on a concert tour he won the interest of Joachim and Liszt. Through the former he was made acquainted with Schumann and that musician pronounced him a musical genius. In 1854 Brahms became director at the court of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold. A few years later he removed to his native city, then to Switzerland, and finally in 1862 took up his abode in Vienna, where he steadily grew into public favor. He frequently made short journeys, working industriously all the while on his compositions. In 1872 he was elected director of concerts of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna. After three years of this service he abandoned it and plunged wholly into composition. His first symphony dates from 1876. His works consist of three other symphonies; two overtures, two serenades, and a set of variations for orchestra; two concertos for pianoforte and orchestra; one for violin and orchestra; and a double concerto for violin and violoncello, with orchestra; choral compositions ranging from "German Requiem" to mere part songs; and many volumes of songs and short piano pieces. In fact he contributed to all branches of music except the opera. In 1874 he was made a member of the Academy of Arts of Berlin; and in 1880 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Breslau. He was a member of the Prussian Order of Merit for Art and Science, and had received honorable recognition from nearly every nation of Europe.

CENTENARY OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I.'S BIRTH.

EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

It is noticeable that the recent ceremonies at Berlin in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emperor William I. of Germany ignored both the statesman Bismarck and the warrior Von Moltke, who labored shoulder to shoulder with the emperor in achieving a united Germany. The 21st and 23d of March were devoted to the celebration, as well as the anniversary day, March 22. Elaborate preparations had been made for a brilliant display and the city was gorgeous in gala attire. The chief features of the program were the parading and reviewing of troops on March 21 and 22, processions of school children, societies, and veterans, the unveiling of the Kaiser Wilhelm I. monument, the state banquet on March 22, and a historic procession on the last day. The pedestal of the monument bore the inscription: "William the Great, German Emperor, King of Prussia, 1861–1888." The state banquet took place in the White Hall of the *schloss* and was the occasion of an address by the present emperor, William II., in eulogy of his illustrious grandfather.

Vossische Zeitung. (Berlin, Germany.)

It might be as well to leave the phrase "William the Great" to the verdict of future generations.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

That the old Emperor William was a grand monarch, well worthy the imperial crown he won, is already a commonplace of history. But that he was the demigod and saint that Emperor William II. has lost no occasion to assert he was, seems to have been left to the present kaiser to proclaim.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

It is not surprising that the present emperor makes as much as he can of the memory of William I. Doubtless he believes honestly and sincerely that his grandfather was a great man apart from the advantages which his royal birth conferred upon him. He appreciates also that the more the old emperor is magnified the better will it be for the royal house of Prussia. But William I. will not rank in history as a man of remarkable ability.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Bismarck can stand that kind of work. The question is, how long can the emperor stand it?

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

No surer course [than ignoring Prince Bismarck] could have been taken to render the present sovereign unpopular, and to revive the gratitude of the German nation to Bismarck.

WOMEN ADMITTED TO THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

At a recent meeting of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, the second place in the graduating class of 1897 was awarded to Miss Emilia Grace Briggs, the daughter of Prof. Charles Briggs. She is the first woman who has ever been graduated from a Presbyterian seminary. In speaking of her graduation, Prof. Thomas S. Hastings, the president of the seminary, said: "When we consider how conservatively 'blue' all Presbyterian theological seminaries are, and then consider that one of these seminaries has opened its doors to women, we must certainly admit that the cause of woman's rights has gained a most notable victory. Miss Briggs' examination papers were of such a high order of excellence that she would have been placed equal with Mr. D. S. Mussey, the first graduate, who obtained the '97 fellowship, had it not been for the fact that she spent four years at the seminary, whereas our rules require that fellowships shall only be given to those who have made the course in three years. Though she is now the graduate of a Presbyterian seminary, of course Miss Briggs cannot speak in any of our churches. And, by the way, Miss Briggs is by no means the only young woman who is at our seminary. Last fall fourteen young women applied for permission to attend our biblical class, for the purpose of pursuing a course of higher biblical interpretation. We granted them permission, and everything went along so smoothly that at a recent meeting we had fifty young ladies in attendance at Professor Briggs' lecture, 'The Teachings of Jesus.' Our experience with these young women has been so satisfactory that we are firmly persuaded that in opening our doors to women we did a wise thing, and hereafter women will have all the privileges at our seminary that men have for so long exclusively enjoyed."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE widow of Henry Ward Beecher, whose name with that of her husband is identified with the anti-slavery movement, died on March 8 at Stamford, Conn., while on a visit to her daughter. Before her marriage Mrs. Beecher was Eunice W. Bullard. Born in August, 1812, at Sutton, Mass., she was one of a family of nine children. Her father was a practicing physician, but reared his family on a farm in typical New England fashion. Miss Eunice was given a higher education at Hadley, Mass. It was there she met Mr. Beecher. Their marriage took place seven years later, on August 8, 1837, at her home in Sutton. The bridal pair went to Laurenceburg, O., where Mr. Beecher had received a call to a church. Their life on the then western frontier served Mrs. Beecher as a theme for several popular newspaper sketches. After residing here three years they spent six years in Indianapolis, and then moved to Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher having been offered the pastorate of Plymouth Church. Mrs. Beecher was the mother of eight children, four of whom survive her. After her husband's death in 1887 she continued to live in Brooklyn, and became known as a contributor to various periodicals. Her published books are: "From Dawn to Daylight," "Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers," "Letters From Florida," and "All Around the House; or, How to Make Homes Happy."

X-RAY DISCOVERIES AT HARVARD.

The Sunday Herald. (Boston, Mass.)

HARVARD, as represented by Professor John Trowbridge, now leads the world in the matter of X-ray discoveries. In the course of experiments which he has been conducting during the past few months, the professor has succeeded in throwing light on many points pertaining to the Roentgen rays, and he has also solved several questions which have been puzzling the leading scientists of Europe and America.

Not the least of his achievements has been the invention of the apparatus which made his discoveries possible—an apparatus seemingly very simple now that its mechanism is known, but so difficult of conception that it has baffled the genius of other inventors. Most important of the professor's discoveries is the amount of energy necessary to produce an X-ray photograph. Incidentally, Professor Trowbridge has found that a discharge of lightning a mile long does not encounter any more resistance than a discharge only a foot in length. In discovering the amount of energy in a given number of volts it is believed that Professor Trowbridge has accomplished much for the benefit of future generations. Given a practically unlimited voltage with which to experiment, the professor put this power to use in the study of electrical energy, and, in particular, the energy required to produce the X-ray. In doing this he brought into play a Crookes tube, a revolving mirror, and a camera ten feet long.

"A Crookes tube," said Professor Trowbridge, "is almost a perfect vacuum, and it is usually said that a vacuum does not conduct electricity, but my experiments have shown that when the discharge which produces the X-rays is forced across the tube by a very high electrical pressure the vacuum breaks down and conducts. This is the most striking thing that I have discovered, and it has never before been suspected by any one. At the moment before the charge goes over from one end of the tube to the other there is the greatest resistance, but at the instant of going there is hardly any resistance at all. The conclusion of all my work is that I have made it possible to compute energy in terms of horse-power. The amount of energy required to produce the X-rays is one million horse-power acting in one ten-millionth of a second. This is a computation which could never before be made. Hitherto the voltage required to cause the rays has been greatly underestimated. I have proved the amount necessary to start the rays to be at least one hundred thousand volts. The tremendous power in the X-rays shows us how they can go through brick walls and penetrate flesh."

When Professor Trowbridge communicated his discoveries to foreign scientists the news created no little commotion in all parts of Europe.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

March 8. Capt. John D. Hart at Philadelphia is fined $500 and committed to two years' imprisonment for engaging in a filibustering expedition to Cuba.

March 9. The new cabinet holds its first regular meeting at the White House.——The Leadville mine-workers' strike, begun June 19, is declared ended.

March 10. The Monon Railway is sold at Indianapolis to a syndicate of bondholders for $3,001,000.

March 15. The House of Representatives re-elects Speaker Reed and the other officers of the last House.——The Interstate Commerce Commission investigates the charges of the New York Produce Exchange against the Joint Traffic Association.

March 16. A mob at Blue Spring Station, Fla., lynches three negroes.

March 19. The Michigan Supreme Court decides that the mayorship of Detroit became vacant upon Mr. Pingree's inauguration into the state governorship on January 1; the court orders a new election.

March 20. A celebration is held at Portland, Me., in honor of the ninety-third birthday of Neal Dow, the father of prohibition.——Japanese official diplomats at Washington, D. C., deny ex-Minister Thurston's assertion that Japan has designs on the Hawaiian Islands.

March 25. Bills to prohibit kinetoscope pictures of the Nevada glove-fight are introduced in several states.

March 28. The coal-field of Jackson County, O., is bought by a London syndicate for $4,000,000.

March 29. For the crime of filibustering, Dr. Joseph J. Luis is sentenced in Baltimore, Md., to eighteen months' imprisonment and fined $500.——President McKinley nominates for home offices Thomas Ryan for assistant secretary of the interior, Henry Clay Evans for pension commissioner, and William S. Shallenberger for second assistant postmaster-general.——Secretary of State Sherman appoints Joseph P. Smith, of Ohio, for director of the Bureau of American Republics.

March 30. President McKinley nominates Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, for public printer.

March 31. President McKinley nominates Thomas W. Cridler for third assistant secretary of state.——A meeting of the American members of the International Maritime Conference is held at Washington, D. C., to revise navigation rules on inland waters.

April 1. The president nominates Oliver L. Spaulding and William B. Howell for assistant secretaries of the treasury and Benjamin Butterworth for commissioner of patents.

April 2. The flagship *Philadelphia*, of the Pacific Squadron, is ordered to sail for Honolulu on April 3.

FOREIGN.

March 8. Fanatics severely defeat the Brazilian troops in Bahia.

March 9. The revolt in Bahia, Brazil, assumes an alarming aspect.——It is reported that an expedition officered by Frenchmen has seized the town of Broussa, located on the west coast of Africa in territory claimed by the British, and that threats for the eviction of the French by force have been made by the British Niger Company.——Troops are called out to suppress riotous workers on the Panama Canal.

March 12. President Krüger visits the capital of the Orange Free State to urge a closer union of that country with the Transvaal.

March 13. War is reported in Samoa.

March 21. Rioting follows a water famine in the island of Jamaica.

March 25. In a letter of protest Secretary Chamberlain of England charges President Krüger of the Transvaal with violations of the London Convention.

March 26. Dr. L. S. Jameson's testimony on the Transvaal raid is given before the Parliamentary South African Committee.

March 29. Charges of implication in the Panama scandal are made against several more members of the French Chamber of Deputies, and the prosecution of three of the accused is ordered.

March 30. Peru's refusal to release the American seaman Ramsay from unwarranted imprisonment arouses America to vigorous measures.

April 2. The Austrian cabinet resigns.——Oxford wins over Cambridge in the annual inter-university athletic games at London.

April 4. At Malaga, Spain, a riot breaks out among people out of work and starving.——Peru liberates from prison the American seaman Ramsay.——Beneficial rains in India cause a fall in prices.——Emperor Francis Joseph, of Germany, will not accept the resignation of the Austrian ministry.

NECROLOGY.

March 18. Yoshito Haranomi Ya, crown prince of Japan.

April 1. Archbishop Plunket, of Dublin.

April 3. Johannes Brahms, famous German musical composer. Born March 7, 1833.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter X. concluded.
"A History of Greek Art." Chapters IV. and V.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 95. "Lyra."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Victor Hugo as a Poet."
Sunday Reading for May 2.

Second Week (ending May 13).

"A History of Greek Art." Chapters VI. and VII.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 96. "Hercules."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Story of Victor Hugo."
Sunday Reading for May 9.

Third Week (ending May 20).

"A History of Greek Art." Chapter VIII.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 98. "Cygnus."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables.'"
Sunday Reading for May 16.

Fourth Week (ending May 27).

"A History of Greek Art." Chapter IX.
"A Study of the Sky." Pages 99 and 100. "Draco" and "Sagitta."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"At Victor Hugo's House."
Sunday Reading for May 23.

Fifth Week (ending June 3).

"A History of Greek Art." Concluded.
"A Study of the Sky." Page 101. "Scorpio."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Characteristics of Hugo's Work and Career."
Sunday Reading for May 30.

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 10).

"A Study of the Sky." Pages 103 and 104. "Libra" and "Delphinus."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Paris the Magnificent." II.
Sunday Reading for June 6.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Five Minute Talk—The characteristics of Greek sculpture in the archaic period.
2. Essay—Plutarch and his works.
3. A Paper—The commercial interests of Greece.
4. General Discussion—Are genius and labor equal elements in the production of the highest works of art?
5. General Conversation—The events of the week.

SECOND WEEK.

1. A Paper—Historical conspectus of France in Hugo's time.
2. Discussion—The influence of environment on the character and literary works of an author as exemplified in the life of Victor Hugo.
3. Memory Exercise—A description of Myron's Discobolus.
4. The Recital of a Myth—The story of Hercules.
5. General Discussion — Periodic freshets and methods of preventing them.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. A Paper—The story of "Les Misérables."
2. Select Reading—The battle of Waterloo from "Les Misérables."
3. A Literary Study—The most important characters in "Les Misérables."
4. Select Reading—Hawthorne's description of the Faun of Praxiteles in "The Marble Faun."
5. General Conversation—The proceedings of the Fifty-fourth Congress.*

FOURTH WEEK.

Phidias Day—May 24.

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.—*Ruskin.*

1. Roll Call—Each response to be a quotation on art.
2. A Talk—The character of Phidias.
3. A Reading—What Plutarch says of Phidias and his relation to Pericles.
4. A Talk—The Parthenon.
5. A Paper—The works of art executed by Phidias.

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*See *Current History and Opinion.*

*See *Current History and Opinion.*

FIFTH WEEK.

1. A Literary Criticism— Hugo's "Ninety-three."
2. A Paper—The story of the corvette Claymore as told in "Ninety-three."
3. Essay—The general tendency of nineteenth century literature.
4. Select Readings from "Ninety-three"— The streets of Paris; the night attack on the Vendeans in Dol; "La Tourgue."
5. Table Talk—The representatives of the United States at foreign courts.*

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* See *Current History and Opinion.*

FOR JUNE.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Paper—The kings of France, and their influence on the development of the nation.
2. Essay—The revolutions of France.
3. A Talk—The presidents of the French Republic.
4. Essay—A presidential election in France.
5. A Talk—The position France occupies in education and literature.
6. A Review—French *literati.*
7. Table Talk—Current events for the week.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR MAY.

THE present impression is the last of the special numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN promised for this year. Each of these numbers has been devoted to literary subjects, three to French literature and one to classical literature of Greece.

To some may come the questions, why these special numbers, and why give prominence to the particular subjects with which they have been concerned? Several objects have been aimed at in this plan, the accomplishment of which depends in a great measure upon the zeal and interest of the reader. The first answer is found in the fact that for the C. L. S. C. course of reading for the French-Greek year no book was provided which directed the attention of the readers to the intellectual development of the French people or to the product of progression along this line. Therefore this branch of history has been the special topic of consideration in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Again, the literature of a country, bearing a close relation to political and historical life, forms one of the mediums through which we may study into the dominant causes of momentous events, for it reflects the sentiments and feelings of the age of which it is the product.

There is one period in French history, the Age of Louis XIV., so conspicuous for its literature and art that it is now reckoned as one of the great epochs in the world's development. Almost every form of letters had its devotee and composer, but dramatic literature surpassed all the others and seems to have reached its culminating point at this time in the works of Molière, who perceived the immense educational power of the drama and proceeded to use it to satirize social and political abuses as well as individual foibles. As a representative of this period, and of dramatic literature, Molière, the great poet-dramatist of France, was chosen for the first study in French literature. In the Molière number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN the story of Molière's life is accompanied by articles showing his influence on dramatic literature and describing the French drama of that period. These, with the edited extracts from two of his popular plays and discussions of his women characters, give the reader a comprehensive knowledge of this great personality himself, of his works, and their influential character.

This extensive survey of the predominant form of literature in the golden age of France was an excellent preparation for the historical view of French literary work as presented in the January issue, the French literature number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. This was distinctive in that the discussions were grouped about great personages, showing through their work the general progress of letters and education in France. Beginning with the Hôtel de Rambouillet, out of which grew the French Academy, THE CHAUTAUQUAN of January contains a very complete account of that historic institution which is so little understood in this country. In articles by authoritative writers the Academy itself is described, prominent names and incidents connected with the institution are given, and the French Immortals are portrayed, each article being accompanied by illustrations, among which are nearly forty portraits of prominent writers. The newspaper and periodical press and present-day literature are also treated, giving the reader an excellent notion of what France is now doing in this line of progress.

The representative author of the present century selected for the last of the special studies in French literature is Victor Hugo, known best as an eminent French novelist. In this, the Hugo number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, he is presented to us by the pen of able scholars as a writer of fiction and as the author of exquisite verse as well, thus showing the remarkable versatility of his genius. The article, containing extracts from what is popularly called Hugo's masterpiece in fiction, affords a pleasurable exposition of his style and a pleasant introduction to modern French literature. Three other articles of equal interest show us another side of Hugo's nature. A short biographical sketch, the picture of Hugo's home life, and "Characteristics of Hugo's Life and Career" reveal the man in private and public life and show the influence of his peculiar nature and of environment on his poetical and fictional compositions.

To the Greek divisions of this year's C. L. S. C. course belongs the Homer number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, published in March. In this are included papers by scholarly writers on subjects of great interest and importance. Homeric art is ably discussed and pictorially presented, which, with the account of the Homeric Age, gives a vivid impression of Achean civilization. But these lyrics, the Iliad and the Odyssey, are offered for study not merely for their archeological significance but also as masterpieces of classic literature. To this phase of the subject the conspectus of the poems, the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the article on "Homer's Women Characters" all appertain.

This brief recapitulation of the contents of the special numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN discovers the relation of the subjects treated to each other, to the remaining numbers of the magazine, and to the text-books; and if by the presentation of these various subjects there has been created in the mind of the reader a desire to pursue still further the study of history and literature there will have been accomplished one of the objects for which this reading course was founded and which was one of the causes of these special numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

P. 117. "*Xoana*" [zō´a-nä]. The plural of *xoanon*, an image carved in wood.

P. 122. "Chryselephantine" [kris-el-e-fan´tin]. This word is derived from a Greek word meaning of gold and ivory.

P. 123. "Acroteria." The plural of acroterium, a pedestal for a statue, supported on the apex of a pediment. The name is also applied to the ornament placed on the pedestal.

P. 123. "*Anathemata*" [an-a-them´a-ta]. The plural of *anathema*, a term used in the Greek classics to denote that which was set apart as an offering to the gods, referring especially to the votive gifts in temples or on public altars.

P. 124. "Aristogiton" [a-ris-to-jī´ton].

P. 134. "Gigantomachy" [jī-gan-tom´a-ki].

P. 145. "Isocephaly" [ī-sō-sef´a-li]. From two Greek words, *isos*, equal, and *kephale*, the head.

P. 157. "Provenience" [prō-vē´niens]. The place where anything is produced, particularly in fine arts; source, origin.

P. 168. "Pentathlon" [pen-tath´lon]. Primarily from two Greek words meaning five and contests; in the ancient Greek games, the contest which included the five exercises mentioned in the text-book was called by this name.

P. 170. The "Lateran Museum." A museum in Rome containing works of art for which there was no room in the Vatican. The building was formerly a palace erected on the property of Plautius Lateranus, whence its name.

P. 171. "Hera" [hē´rä]. In Greek mythology, the queen of heaven and the goddess of the atmosphere, who when she married Jupiter was declared the goddess of marriage. Juno is the name by which the corresponding Roman deity is called. ——"Actæon" was a hunter who, for having discovered Diana, or Artemis, goddess of the moon and of the chase, in the act of bathing, was transformed into a stag and torn in pieces by his pack of dogs.

P. 172. "Enceladus" [en-sel´a-dus]. According to Greek mythology the giant Enceladus was defeated and bound with chains in a fiery cave under Mount Ætna. At first his rage caused him to breathe out fire and flames; "but time, it is said, somewhat cooled his resentment and now he is content with an occasional change of position, which, owing to his huge size, causes the earth to tremble over a space of many miles, producing what is called an earthquake."

P. 172. "Œnomaus" [en-ō-mā´us].

P. 174. "Pirithoüs" [pī-rith´ō-us].

P. 182. "Alcamenes" [al-kam´e-nēz].

P. 182. "Giustiniani" [joos-tē-nē-ä´nē].

P. 194. "Carrey" [kä-rā´].

P. 202. "Agoracritus" [ag-ō-rak´ri-tus].

P. 202. "Hegeso" [hē-jē´sō].

P. 204. "Eurydice" [ū-rid´i-sē].——"Persephone" [per-sef´o-ne].

P. 208. "Diadumenos" [dī-a-dū´me-nos]. A title derived from a Greek word which means binding the hair.

P. 213. "*Tour de force.*" A feat of strength or skill.

P. 217. "Meleager" [mel-e-ā´jer]. The Argonaut who killed the Calydonian boar.

P. 218. "Cephisodotus" [sef-i-sod´o-tus].

P. 228. "Eros." The god of love.——"Phryne" [frī´nē].

P. 230. "Leochares" [lē-ok´a-rēz].——"Silanion" [sĭ-lā´nĭ-on].

P. 240. "Apoxyomenos" [a-pok-si-om´e-nos].

P. 244. "*Genre* statues." See page 256 of the text-book.

P. 272. "Penthesilea" [pen-the-si-lē´ä].

P. 278. "Giotto" [jot-tō]. An Italian painter.

P. 279. "Chiaroscuro" [kiȧ-ros-koo′rō]. See page 237 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

P. 284. "Corneto" [kor-nā′tō]. A town about forty miles northwest of Rome.

P. 286. "Fayyum" or Fayum [fī-oom′]. An Egyptian province southwest of Cairo.

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

P. 311. "Ephorus" [ef′ō-rus]. A Greek historian who lived in the first part of the fourth century B. C.——"The-o-pom′pus." A Greek historian who died near the close of the same century.

P. 313. "Ister." The Latin name of the Danube River.

P. 314. "*Fiscus.*" Latin; public treasury.

P. 316. "Borysthenes" [bō-ris′thē-nēz]. The Dnieper River.——"Tanais" [tā′nā-is]. The Don.

P. 316. "Getæ" [jē′tē]. The name applied in ancient times to a Thracian people living in modern Bulgaria.

P. 316. "Phocylides" [fō-sil′ĭ-dēz]. An epic poet born in Ionia about 560 B. C.

P. 317. The "Gnomic" poets were those who expressed their observations on life and morals in a sententious style. When reference is made to Greek poets the term "Gnomic poets" usually signified Solon, Phocylides, Theognis, and Simonides of Ceos.

P. 322. "Bema." A stage or platform on which speakers stood while addressing an assembly.

P. 323. "Pillars of Hercules." The two promontories at the eastern extremity of the strait of Gibraltar, one being in Europe and the other opposite, in Africa.

P. 325. "*Placita.*" Latin for opinions, maxims.

P. 328. "*Grand seigneur.* Great lord.

P. 331. "*Exedra*" [eks′e-drä or ek-sē′drä]. A raised platform on which were seats for repose and conversation. They were built in the open air, sometimes by the roadside, or in any other public place.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"THE STORY OF VICTOR HUGO."

1. "*Impériale.*" Imperial. This style of beard is said to have been so called because it was worn by Emperor Napoleon III.

2. "Fra Diavolo" [frä dē-ä′vō-lō]. An Italian robber hanged at Naples in 1806.

3. "Feuillantines." "The members of a congregation of nuns organized in the last part of the sixteenth century."

4. "Moi, qui," etc.

I who, always fleeing from the cities and courts,
Have scarcely seen the course of three lusters completed.

A luster was a period of five years.

5. "*Aux Grands,*" etc. The grateful fatherland to great men.

6. "*Il n'y a,*" etc. It is only a step from the capitol to the Tarpeian Rock. The Tarpeian Rock was a cliff on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, over which condemned criminals were thrown.

7. "Les Misérables [lā mē-zā-räbl′].——"Les Travailleurs de la Mer." The Toilers of the Sea. ——"Chansons des Rues et des Bois." Songs of the Streets and of the Woods.

8. "L'Art d'Etre Grand-père." The Art of Being Grandfather.——"Quatre Vents de l'Esprit." Four Winds of the Spirit.

"VICTOR HUGO AS A POET."

1. "Les Deux Iles." The Two Isles.——"À la Colonne," etc. At the Pillar of the Place Vendôme.

2. "Les Feuilles d'Automne." The Leaves of Autumn.

3. "Prière pour Tous." Prayer for All.

4. "Les Chants du Crépuscule." The Songs of Twilight.

5. "De l' Allemagne." About Germany.

6. "Génie du Christianisme." Genius of Christianity.

7. "Les Voix Intérieures." Inner Voices.——"Les Rayons et les Ombres." Lights and Shadows.

8. "La Vache." The Cow.

9. "Tristesse d'Olympio." Sadness of Olympia. ——"Oceano Nox." Night on the Ocean.

10. "Brumaire." The second month of the calendar of the French Republic, beginning October 22 and ending November 20.

11. "Autrefois." Formerly.——"Aujourd'hui." To-day.

12. "Lusiad." An epic by Camoens in ten cantos, published in 1572. It is the national epic of Portugal.

13. "*Liard*" A small coin formerly in circulation in France. The first *liards* were made of silver but afterward of copper.

14. "Le Doigt de la Femme." The Woman's Finger.

"CHARACTERISTICS OF HUGO'S WORK AND CAREER."

1. "Quatre-vingt-treize" [ka-tru-vaɴ-trāz]. Ninety-three.

2. "*Truands.*" Vagrants.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

1. Q. Of what nature are the creations of Greek sculpture which have been preserved to us? A. They are partly original Greek works and partly copies executed in Roman times from Greek originals.

2. Q. What material was used for the earliest Greek temple-images? A. Wood.

3. Q. What were the choicest varieties of marble used in sculpture? A. The Parian and Pentelic.

4. Q. Of what was an early Greek marble statue or group frequently constructed? A. Of several pieces of marble joined together.

5. Q. To what may be ascribed the freedom, the vitality, and the impulsiveness of Greek marble sculpture? A. To the sculptor's habit of working freely as genius inspired him instead of copying with the help of exact measurements.

6. Q. To what fact which is often forgotten does the author call attention? A. That Greek marble scupture was always more or less painted.

7. Q. Of what materials besides marble were Greek sculptures constructed? A. Bronze, gold and ivory, and terra-cotta.

8. Q. Under what classes does the author group the varieties of Greek sculpture? A. Architectural sculpture, cult-images, votive sculpture, sepulchral sculpture, honorary statues, and ornamental sculpture.

9. Q. What were the principal subjects of architectural sculpture? A. Mythology.

10. Q. To what age does the development of realistic portraiture belong? A. To the age of Alexander and his successors.

11. Q. What is shown by the works which can be dated about the middle of the sixth century? A. A degree of advancement which implies more than half a century of development since the first rude beginnings.

12. Q. What do tradition and the sculptural remains teach concerning the diffusion of artistic activity? A. That the centers of artistic activity were numerous and widely diffused.

13. Q. In the early archaic period what were some of the characteristics of the heads of the figures which long persisted in Greek sculpture? A. The protuberant eyeballs, prominent cheek-bones, the square, protruding chin, and a mouth with slightly upturned corners.

14. Q. Where were the earliest known pediment-sculptures found? A. On the Acropolis of Athens in the excavations of 1885–90.

15. Q. What is the most primitive of these? A. A low relief of soft *poros* representing Hercules slaying the many-headed hydra.

16. Q. What has been a favorite subject of Greek art at all periods? A. Gigantomachy, or the battle of gods and giants.

17. Q. By what is indicated the development attained by Ionic sculptors about the middle of the sixth century? A. By the group reliefs from the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

18. Q. By what are the works of the second half of the archaic period of Greek sculpture marked? A. By a simplicity and sincerity of purpose, an absence of all ostentation, a conscientious and loving devotion on the part of the sculptors.

19. Q. What is meant by the principle of *isocephaly* in Greek relief-sculpture? A. The convention whereby the heads of figures in an extended composition are ranged on nearly the same level.

20. Q. To whom are to be attributed most of the standing figures in the new treasures of the Acropolis Museum? A. To Ionian sculptors and Athenian sculptors brought under Ionian influences.

21. Q. What is the usual position of these figures? A. They stand with the left foot a little advanced, the body and head facing directly forward with primitive stiffness.

22. Q. What is meant by the transitional period of Greek sculpture? A. That stage in which the last steps were taken toward perfect freedom of style.

23. Q. To what period of political history does the "transitional period" correspond? A. To that period beginning with the year of the Persian invasion of Greece under Xerxes and extending to the middle of the century.

24. Q. What cities were the leading artistic centers? A. Athens and Argos.

25. Q. What is the earliest example preserved to us of a group of sculpture other than a pediment-group? A. Statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

26. Q. What was the chief material used by Myron and what did his range of subjects include? A. His chief material was bronze and his subjects included divinities, heroes, men, and animals.

27. Q. Of what noted work is Myron the sculptor? A. The Discobolus.

28. Q. For what do Myron's works show a fondness? A. For the expression of movement.

29. Q. Of what do most of the original works of the "transitional period" consist? A. Of architectural sculpture.

30. Q. What remains of the sculptured decoration of the temple of Zeus at Olympia have been found? A. Two pediment-groups, sculptured metopes, and the acroteria.

31. Q. Toward what do the pediment-group sculptures show a tendency? A. Toward realism.

32. Q. What are the characteristics of art in this age? A. Simplicity, purity, and freshness of feeling, and a not quite complete emancipation from the formalism of an earlier day.

33. Q. What period has become proverbial as one of extraordinary artistic and literary splendor? A. The Age of Pericles.

34. Q. Who was the great Athenian artist of that period? A. Phidias.

35. Q. What was the supreme architectural achievement of the Periclean age? A. The Parthenon.

36. Q. Of what does the Parthenon frieze present an idealized picture? A. The procession from the market-place to the Acropolis on the occasion of Athena's chief festival.

37. Q. What are the sublimest creations of Greek art that have escaped annihilation? A. The pediment-figures of the Parthenon.

38. Q. Of the sculptured remains of the Erechtheum what is the most interesting? A. The Caryatides of the southern porch.

39. Q. What is the best preserved copy of the identifiable works of Polyclitus? A. The Naples copy of the Doryphorus found in Pompeii in 1797.

40. Q. Of what noted work was Pæonius the sculptor? A. A Victory.

41. Q. What character did art take on in the fourth century B. C.? A. A cosmopolitan character.

42. Q. Who is the first great sculptor of the fourth century? A. Scopas.

43. Q. What is the obvious characteristic mark of Scopadean heads? A. A tragic intensity of expression.

44. Q. What characteristic of the new era is seen in the group Eirene and Plutus? A. The tenderness expressed by posture.

45. Q. Among the works of Praxiteles to which must the place of honor be given? A. To his Hermes with the infant Dionysus on his arm.

46. Q. What was the most famous work of Praxiteles? A. The Aphrodite of Cnidus.

47. Q. Of what character was the genius of Praxiteles? A. Preeminently sunny, drawn toward what is fair and graceful and untroubled, ignoring what is tragic.

48. Q. What is the most beautiful Greek portrait statue known? A. The Sophocles of the Lateran.

49. Q. For what works of sculpture was there a demand in the Hellenistic period of Greek sculpture? A. Sculpture to be used as mere ornaments in the interior of palaces and private houses, as well as in public buildings and places.

50. Q. How did this demand affect Greek sculpture? A. Greek sculpture gained immensely in variety, but at the expense of its elevation of spirit.

51. Q. What were the principal classes of sculpture belonging to the Hellenistic period? A. Religious portrait-sculpture, *genre* sculpture, and pictorial reliefs.

52. Q. Of the actual productions of the Rhodian School of sculpture what is the only group we possess? A. Laocoön and his sons.

53. Q. Examples of what kind of Greek painting are very abundant? A. Vase-painting.

54. Q. Of what character are the subjects of the decoration of the François vase? A. Almost wholly legendary.

55. Q. What method of vase-painting began about 540? A. The red-figured style of painting.

56. Q. Who was a noted vase-painter in early Greece? A. Euphronius.

57. Q. What kind of painting was chiefly practiced by Polygnotus? A. Mural.

58. Q. What other branch of painting began to attain importance in the time of Polygnotus? A. Scene-painting for theatrical performances.

59. Q. When was the golden age of Greek painting? A. The fourth century.

60. Q. Who was the most famous of the painters of that time? A. Apelles.

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

1. Q. Of all the works on the theory of art left by the Greeks what is the most modern and enlightened? A. The tract "On the Sublime."

2. Q. What was the general attitude of the author in regard to genius? A. The author claimed that though genius is distinctly heaven-born, its splendid results are attained by using the resources of art.

3. Q. What is to be inferred from Dio's orations regarding the condition of Greece? A. That the decadence of Greece was hopeless and complete.

4. Q. From certain evidence what conclusion is to be reached concerning Greece in the days of Dio? A. That the days of Dio were not the worst which Greece had seen, but that a considerable revival had taken place since its complete exhaustion after the great civil wars.

5. Q. What do Dio's orations show in regard to the intelligence of the lowest and poorest country people and the distant settlements belonging to the Hellenic nation? A. That they maintained that high level of intelligence and of taste which made them the models and the instructors of surrounding nations.

6. Q. From what place did Plutarch send out his treatises? A. From Chæronea in Bœotia.

7. Q. What was the condition of public life at that time? A. Political life of a serious kind was gone and public questions were of little importance.

8. Q. What justifies Plutarch's portrait of the ideal Greek citizen? A. The altered state of public life.

9. Q. With what historian is Plutarch compared? A. Polybius.

10. Q. For what form of government does Plutarch express a preference? A. Monarchy.

11. Q. At this time what was the only thing a popular politician could gain? A. The responsibility and burden of expensive honorary duties.

12. Q. What were probably the most exacting of the duties required? A. The journeys to Rome.

13. Q. In regard to Greek religion what does Plutarch show? A. A great conservative persistence.

14. Q. What did Plutarch try to show concerning the rituals of the Egyptians and Greeks? A. That they were the same in idea.

15. Q. As a thinker what was the character of Plutarch? A. He was narrow and bigoted.

16. Q. What was the real secret of the decay and downfall of Greece? A. This ingrained bigotry.

17. Q. What do Plutarch's utterances on art show? A. Stagnation in Greek art.

18. Q. How is Greek housekeeping pictured? A. As lacking in cleanliness and order.

19. Q. At this period what was the condition of Greek women? A. Their life was freer than in the preceding periods.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VIII.

1. What was the cause of Victor Hugo's exile from France?

2. When did he return to his native country?

3. What political distinction was conferred upon him in 1876?

4. In which of his dramatic works did he violate almost all the rules of the old French stage?

5. What two novels written by him appeared simultaneously in ten languages?

6. Who is the most successful living French author from a financial point of view?

7. Who founded the Royal Library of Paris?

8. How did Napoleon regard the savants of his time?

9. What was the first newspaper in France?

10. What famous church in Paris is copied from the antique style of building?

FRENCH HISTORY.—VIII.

1. What was the motto of the French Revolution?

2. What did an English statesman writing just before the French Revolution say about the then existing condition in France?

3. At the beginning of the Revolution who constituted the great bulk of the nation?

4. Which class constituted the most intelligent portion of the French nation?

5. What declaration did Voltaire make in regard to the work he had accomplished?

6. Of how many members was the Estates-General of 1789 composed?

7. Why probably were the commons allowed to have a larger number of representatives in the Estates-General of 1789 than both the other orders?

8. Who was the president of the Third Estate and the Assembly?

9. With what remark did the president welcome the clergy and the nobility when they joined the assembly of the Third Estate?

10. What remark was made by Fox, the great statesman, when he heard of the storming of the Bastile?

ASTRONOMY.—VIII.

1. What is meant by the expression "the aspects of the planets"?

2. What are the aspects to which most frequent allusion is made?

3. When is a planet said to be in quadrature?

4. At what position in its orbit does Mars appear distinctly gibbous?

5. When, if at all, does Jupiter exhibit a slight phase?

6. When does Jupiter remain visible all night?

7. What is the position of the plane of Saturn's ring in regard to itself during its period of revolution?

8. What is the result of this position of the plane of Saturn's ring?

9. Which side of the ring is now in view?

10. Which are the only planets ever visible at midnight?

CURRENT EVENTS.—VIII.

1. Through how many years does a Congress continue?

2. When did the Fifty-fourth Congress assemble?

3. Where and when did the first Congress convene?

4. Which was the first Congress to convene at Washington?

5. What is the monetary unit of Japan? What is its value in United States currency?

6. Of what does the fractional silver currency of Japan consist?

7. By whom was the charter for Greater New York drafted?

8. In what does the proposed charter vest the legislative power of Greater New York?

9. To what official is granted almost unlimited power?

10. What has lately been done toward preventing floods and droughts in the Mississippi Valley?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR APRIL.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VII.

1. Jules Michelet (1798–1874). 2. He brings back the past with unexcelled vividness. 3. The school of critics. 4. Theocritus, Anacreon, Hesiod, Homer, Sophocles, and Æschylus. 5. Joseph Joubert. 6. Madame Swetchine. 7. Pointed architecture. 8. Amaury-Duval, Motez, and Delaroche. 9. Napoleon. 10. Jacques Louis David.

FRENCH HISTORY.—VII.

1. By remitting succession dues, recalling Parliament, and reforming the law which made those who payed *tailles* conjointly responsible for the payment of the taxes. 2. His advocacy of an economical administration and his favorable attitude toward reform. 3. Maurepas. 4. Director of the finances. 5. Freeing the serfs of the royal domain and destroying the right of pursuit by which the lord obtained possession of all the property his fugitive serf gained in a foreign country. 6. A treaty of commerce arranging for *ad valorem* duty on merchandise common to the two countries. 7. By his schemes for economy. 8. To secure the registration of an edict for the loan of a large sum to be realized in five years. 9. Marie Antoinette. 10. They fell upon their knees and uttered the prayer "O God! guide and protect us; we are too young to govern!"

ASTRONOMY.—VII.

1. Apollo when seen in the morning, and Mercury when it was the evening star. 2. In September and October. 3. In its position, the amount of light and heat it receives, the eccentricity of its orbit, the rapidity of its movement, its diameter, and mass. 4. Near May 7 and November 9. 5. Because the earth passes the nodes of the planet at those times. 6. In November, 1901. 7. In the latter part of August; near the end of February. 8. The period between two successive oppositions or conjunctions. 9. About 780 days. 10. The length of time required to perform a revolution around the sun.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VII.

1. He must be a native-born citizen of the United States at least thirty-five years of age. 2. Eight; $8,000. 3. Secretary of interior and secretary of agriculture. 4. By the president with the consent of the Senate. 5. The second Monday in January. 6. The second Wednesday in February succeeding the meeting of the electors, in the hall of the House of Representatives. 7. The Congress of the Confederation passed a resolution September 13, 1788, the last clause of which read, "and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time . . . . for commencing, proceeding under the said constitution." The "first Wednesday" was the 4th of March. 8. The secretary of war. 9. In 1854 by Commodore Perry. 10. The right of Japan to regulate her own tariff relations with the United States.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1900.

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"*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

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Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.

THE Romans have nearly reached the goal. One member of this class writes from Michigan: "I am glad in one sense that I am so nearly through with the course, for I realize the benefit it has been to me. I have thought perhaps I should review the most interesting portions of the readings, but as yet my plans are not definite as to what I shall do after graduation. Sometimes there is a month that my time is so occupied that I cannot give any attention to the readings, but I manage to catch up some way, and expect to graduate with my class."

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

" *The humblest life that lives may be divine.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Frances R. Ford, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. W. V. Hazeltine, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. W. T. Gardner; S. H. Clark, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. M. Buckley, New York, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. H. S. Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

A young man who appreciates the value of the Chautauqua plan, a member of the Class of '98, writes from Minnesota as follows: "This is my third year as a reader of the Chautauqua Course. I have always enjoyed the work, and can appreciate it better each year as its advantages become more apparent. No matter how busy a person may be, I believe the cases are very rare where time cannot be found to do as much reading per week as is outlined in the Chautauqua Course, if there be first the desire and determination to accomplish it. I took up this course because I felt as a young man the great need of a systematic course of study along literary and scientific lines, and of more general information concerning men and events to supplement, to a certain extent, the more practical experiences, and relieve the monotony of a business life. The greatest benefit, it seems to me, that can come to a young man from the reading of such a course is to get his mind so filled with the higher things of life that there may be no room for anything degrading and impure."

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

" *Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, McKeesport, Pa.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, Eng.; Miss Alice P. Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tien-Tsin, China; Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.
CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

The Class of '99 has a loyal representative in Maine who writes as follows: "I belong to the Class of '99, and wish to say that although I am an individual reader and have not the assistance which I would receive as a circle reader I find the work pleasant and beneficial. I find the course for the French-Greek year even more interesting than the American." We trust that the next two years of the course will prove equally interesting to this reader, and can say that such is certainly the prospect.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

" *Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A Green, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. John A. McKamy, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, Canesteo, N. Y.

Secretary—Miss Mabel Campbell, Cohoes, N. Y

Trustee.—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

A circle composed of members of this class has developed a plan that might be marked with good results in almost any small town. The secretary writes: "Our reading circle is doing excellent work. The plan of constituting the ministers of the town a faculty of instruction works admirably. 'French Traits,' instead of being the burden of the course, has become its chief delight. The attendance each Monday night has been nobly sustained. The ministers of the four denominations have thus been frequently associated in a truly fraternal way, and our young people have been unconsciously taught a practical lesson in church unity."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

A member of the Class of '86, who feels that she has but just begun to enjoy the benefits of the C. L. S. C., says: "I have experienced both pleasure and profit by the reading. I am seventy-two years old. The C. L. S. C. means more to me than to most members, and I wish to thank the originators of the plan for the privileges received."

A member of the Class of '96 who is just receiving her diploma writes: "If there is one thing of which I shall be very proud it will be my Chautauqua diploma and the four years of systematic reading which it represents. Its value cannot be overestimated. I shall endeavor to keep up the reading for this year in order to get the French history."

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*"
"*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

Opening Day—October 1.
Bryant Day—November, second Sunday.
Milton Day—December 9.
College Day—January, last Thursday.
Lanier Day—February 3.
Special Sunday—February, second Sunday.
Longfellow Day—February 27.
Shakespeare Day—April 23.
Addison Day—May 1.
Special Sunday—May, second Sunday.
Special Sunday—July, second Sunday.
Inauguration Day—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
St. Paul's Day—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1896–97.

Charlemagne Day—October 30.
"Saint Louis" Day—November 30.
Joan of Arc Day—December 4.
Richelieu Day—January 4.
Homer Day—February 12.
Socrates Day—March 5.
Epaminondas Day—April 24.
Phidias Day—May 24.

Bishop John H. Vincent sailed from New York on December 1. His trip was a visit to South America to preside over conferences and supervise the mission stations of the church which he serves as bishop. From a private letter which the editor of The Chautauquan recently received from him we quote:

"My trip has been satisfactory, albeit the ocean voyage was anything but agreeable. But this is a marvelous country, and it would be a good deal of an eye-opener to multitudes in North America if they were to visit these republics. I am well along in my journey and begin to look toward the Andes, the plains of Chili, then Peru, then Panama, and then home. The climate in these parts, Argentine and Uruguay, is lovely. The weather has been hot and dusty, and the locusts are here in great numbers, but they don't come every year. In Montevideo there is talk of revolution, but such talk is perennial. Buenos Ayres is a great city, enterprising in some respects as Chicago, brilliant as Paris—the city of business and society and pleasure. It has a population of seven hundred thousand and is growing. I have visited Paraná, six hundred miles up the Paraná River, and next week I go five hundred miles up the Uruguay to Concordia.

"My health is good and I have greatly enjoyed my official work. I held a Chautauqua Vesper Service one Sunday evening in this city, and, to my surprise, at Rosario, nearly two hundred miles up the Uruguay, I found a flourishing Chautauqua Circle. It is made up of representative English and Scotch people. The organizers are a lady from St. Louis who has lived here many years and a young Methodist Episcopal preacher who was once a reporter on the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, and who is now pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rosario."

Maine.—Unity of purpose, which is the sure road to success in any undertaking, characterizes the circle at Belfast, of which one of their number writes: "Our Seaside Circle meets every Monday afternoon and we have an attendance of nine, all interested in the readings for the year." Each meeting is put in charge of a leader, and the outlined programs are carried out.

Massachusetts.—From the original three who comprised Keep Pace Circle at its beginning, has sprung up an organization of wonderful power and excellence. It is divided into three branches, situated at Atlantic, Everett, and Waltham, with some members at West Newton, and numbers forty readers, part of whom are postgraduates, but the majority of the Classes of '99 and 1900. From a meritorious poem written by one of the class, entitled "An Ode to Chautauqua Education," we quote the following:

Chautauqua! for no fairer brow can we the laurel twine;
No kindlier mission blesses man than this sweet work of thine—
To broaden knowledge, train to thought, the mind with truth to fill,
In all his works our God to know and find his wisdom still.

—International Circle at Hull was so named from the remarkable fact that in the seven who organized the class last year were represented seven different countries. One of the members lives in Cambridge, but keeps in touch with the work through correspondence. Their motto is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But vaster.

——The Hiawathas at Holyoke meet every second week and vary their programs with music and recitations.

New York.—We note with pleasure the work and progress of the Norwich Circle. The secretary writes: "The Norwich Chautauqua Circle was started in '94 with three members; last year there were twenty-eight and this year we number fifty-seven. Our meetings, held every two weeks, are well attended and a committee appoints a leader who prepares the program. At each meeting we have for a closing number of our program a game of some description, as an old-fashioned spelling-match, or the guessing of the authors of selected quotations." The following program will perhaps give an idea of their work:

Roll Call—Quotations from French authors.
Character Sketch—Napoleon.
Reading from "Madame Sans-Gène."
Reading—"Waterloo" from "Les Misérables."
Reading from "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica."
Pronouncing Game.

——The circle at Ithaca hopes to keep steadfast, and is trying to get others to join in the Chautauqua enterprise. They were recently favored by a lecture on astronomy by a professor of Cornell University.——A new name is added to the Mahaffy Circle of Brooklyn.——The class at Bath is composed of members from the Classes of '99 and 1900.——Arbor-vitæ Circle at Cohoes sends list of officers.

New Jersey.—Verona Circle does noble work in the Chautauqua cause.

Pennsylvania.—The circle connected with Spring Garden M. E. Church, Philadelphia, has a membership of about sixty and an attendance of almost a hundred.——An alumni association has been organized by the graduates of the York C. L. S. C.——Encouraging reports come from Fort Lebœuf Circle at Waterford.

North Carolina.—The middle of summer will find the large circle at Tarboro with a clean record. This class is presided over by an old Chautauquan, who handles the subjects with a masterly hand, making the meetings so profitable and interesting that all delight to attend.

Florida.—A grand procession marked the successful close of the Assembly at De Funiak Springs, when nine graduates passed through the arches; five hundred joined in the march, including fifty flower girls, the choir, the normal school, officers, etc. Dr. Davidson recognized the graduates.

Ohio.—Otterbein Circle at Westerville gives much attention to the work of the C. L. S. C.

Indiana.—Kokomo Circle is to be congratulated on a successful entertainment and reception, which is described in the following letter: "The Chautauquans send greetings of good will to all interested in this course of reading. Our circle consists of sixteen members—eight graduates and eight belonging to the Class of '99. We gave an entertainment recently, to which six hundred invitations were issued. The cards bore this quotation:

> Attune your hearts to mirth and merriment,
> Which bars a thousand ills and lengthens life.
> —*Shakespeare.*

The reception was held in Grace M. E. Church, which was beautifully decorated with flags, palms, and ferns, emblems of the Class of '99. An orchestra of stringed instruments furnished music in an alcove of the main auditorium. The ladies received the guests as at home. The husbands of the ladies distributed programs and seated the guests. Little girls in bright attire distributed favors—red, white, and blue ribbon inscribed with 'C. L. S. C., '97,' and this quotation from Homer: 'This pledge receive, a gift, memorial of our friendship.' After the guests were seated, a very short address of welcome was made by one of the ladies, touching on the Chautauqua work and introducing Mr. Leland Powers, whom we greeted with the Chautauqua salute. Mr. Powers captured the hearts of our guests with his matchless impersonations. As this was his first visit to Kokomo, our people are loud and enthusiastic in praise of him and of the C. L. S. C. that brought him here. We succeeded in what we undertook, as true Chautauquans—in pleasing and entertaining our friends and in bringing our work to their notice."——Besides the regular circle of eleven members, the class at Knightstown has eleven graduates and a Bible class of sixteen.

Wisconsin.—The Classes of '98, '99, and 1900 are represented in Holmes Circle of Portage. In addition to the regular course, they are making a study of French literature and Greek history. They have also made a very interesting study of Paris with a map, locating and describing noted objects of interest. Portage also has a large Society of the Hall in the Grove.

Minnesota.—The Perian Circle of Stillwater is loud in the praises of Chautauqua work, and the report for the last few months gives evidence of their energy in carrying out their plans. At almost every meeting a paper on some special topic is read, which they find encourages original thought. At their last quarterly meeting about a hundred guests were present and listened to a very delightful program, which consisted of papers on popular themes, with music and recitations. An efficient set of officers have the circle in charge, and the thirty-six members aid them to the best of their ability.——Circle readers at Jackson are assisted in their study of astronomy by lectures on that subject which the pastor of the Presbyterian Church gives every week.——A class at Madelia has fifteen enrolled members and eight others are reading and are becoming very much interested in the C. L. S. C.

Iowa.—Last year's Membership Books have been forwarded to students in Blairstown.——Enrollments in the Class of 1900 come from Columbia

C. L. S. C., Cedar Falls.——The circle at Castana is alive.

MISSOURI.—Names are received from circles at Saint Louis and Maysville.

KANSAS.—The readers at Paola are doing excellent work under efficient leadership.——Names are enrolled from Pittsburg.

CALIFORNIA.—Vallejo Circle continues progressive in studying the required reading. A course of lectures on Greece were successfully given.——A unique folded envelope is received, inclosing an invitation to an open meeting and informal reception to be given by the Central Chautauqua Circle of San Francisco, at the Central M. E. Church.

OREGON.—A large number of '99's belong to the class at Prairie City.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

AT the examination, August 19, under the auspices of the "Chautauqua New Education in the Church," the following candidates received the highest number of marks: May Wightman, Pittsburg, Pa., 225; Mrs. E. J. Burgess, Silver Creek, N. Y., 212; Miss Ella A. Stowell, Chautauqua, N. Y., 190; Mrs. A. G. Plestel, University Park, Col., 190.

The "Lovat Medal" therefore goes to Miss May Wightman of Pittsburg, Pa.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

A History of Methodism.

Of the many able and scholarly men in Methodism no one is more favorably or more widely known than is Dr. J. M. Buckley, the author of "A History of Methodism in the United States."* His long service in the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he has occupied places of honor and responsibility for many years, and his large experience in literary lines peculiarly fit him for the authorship of a work of this kind. In his usually happy and forceful style he has set forth all the salient points of the development of Methodistic Christianity from its first inception to the present time. By a brief but comprehensive *résumé* of the condition of morals and religion before the opening of the sixteenth century the way is opened for an intelligent study of the progress of Christianity in England, beginning with medieval times and following the development of Protestantism from the reign of Henry VIII. through the various governmental changes to the time of William and Mary. Then the author introduces the Wesleys, and with rare skill shows the growth of Methodistic ideas through the biographical medium, and as the history proceeds the names of many of those who helped in the propagation of Methodism in the United States are brought into the narrative. The opposition and persecution to which Methodists were subjected are fully brought out, and the questions which caused heated controversies and disunions in earlier days are fully and clearly elucidated. The General Conference receives a large share of the author's attention, not, however, to the exclusion of the various societies for the propagation of Methodism or the educational and philanthropic institutions. The appendix also contains several papers of interest to the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A large number of excellent portraits of men prominent in the work of the organization accompany the text of both volumes, which are full of judiciously chosen facts that every Methodist ought to know.

Essays.

When we know that Hamilton Wright Mabie is the author of "Essays on Nature and Culture"* we feel sure that they contain sentiments both charming and inspiring. After an examination of the contents we are not disappointed. From a study of nature he draws lessons which only a close observer with trained powers of thought would discern, and he expresses and applies them in a style which is delightful in its simplicity and directness.

Another series of admirable essays by the same author, "Books and Culture,"† is an excellent companion-book to his "Essays on Nature and Culture." It is delightful reading and those particularly interested in literature will find in these essays entertainment, refreshment, and inspiration.

Of the many booklets written on the subject of marriage, few express more sound sense than is contained in the short essay by Anthony W. Thorold, D.D.‡ His opinions are offered in an interesting way and are worthy of more careful attention in the reproduction than seems to have been accorded by those who had the typographical work in charge, if for no other reason than that "anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

"The Sense of Beauty"‖ is a book which cannot be lightly skimmed over. To comprehend fully the discussions the reader must follow carefully the arguments from page to page. It is really a work on esthetics, in which the author, after an introduction on the methods of this science, proceeds to discuss the nature of beauty, defining it as "pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing," or "pleasure objectified." The materials which constitute beauty, its form, and its expression, are the subjects to which the remainder of the book is devoted.

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* A History of Methodism in the United States. By James M. Buckley. Illustrated. Two vols. 489+489 pp. $5.00. Sold by subscription only. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

* Essays on Nature and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. 326 pp.——† Books and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie 279 pp. $1 25.——‡ On Marriage. By Anthony W. Thorold, D.D. 77 pp. 50 cts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

‖ The Sense of Beauty. By George Santayana. 284 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In opening his "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler"* the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone emphasizes the importance of Butler's method of argument in the "Analogy," claiming that it constitutes the most forceful among the reasons adduced to show that "this [the 'Analogy'] is no obsolete or antiquated treatise." After noting the application of this method to the Scriptures, the author comments on the most important critics of Butler and sets forth his mental qualities, the salient points of his positive teaching, and the influence of his life and work, closing the first part of the essay with a summary of the arguments for the study of Butler's writings. In the second division of the treatise there is an investigation and discussion of the doctrines of Butler, helpful especially to those interested in the study of the "Analogy."

The theories demonstrated by the facts contained in an essay on history,† by Brooks Adams, are, he tells us, "the effect, and not the cause, of the way in which the facts unfolded themselves." It is his opinion that laws govern the succession of historical events, to prove which he has presented in a lucid manner many interesting facts in the world's history from the early days of Roman dominion to modern times. This second edition is neatly bound and printed in clear type on excellent paper.

The volumes bearing the title "Occasional Papers"‡ contain selections from papers which the late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L., contributed to periodical literature between the years 1846 and 1890. The papers deal with books by prominent authors and with various subjects of general interest. Carlyle, Stanley, Merivale, Epictetus, Renan, Bishop Wilberforce, and Dr. Newman are some of the many names which appear in the table of contents, concerning the works of whom Dean Church has written interesting criticisms.

The Last Quarter-Century in the United States.

One of the most difficult tasks which writers are called upon to perform is that of setting forth the events of contemporaneous history in a disinterested and unprejudiced manner. This the president of Brown University, E. Benjamin Andrews, has undertaken to do in "The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States,"* the main portion of the contents of which recently appeared in magazine articles. A short *résumé* of events in the ten years immediately preceding 1870, followed by an account of the situation at the beginning of President Grant's administration, comprises the opening chapter. As we read on through the two volumes the exciting events of the crucial period through which our government passed in the early seventies are brought to our attention and the incidents of the succeeding years, as late as 1895, are so vividly presented that the reader actually lives again the rapidly changing experiences of the last quarter of a century. A complete history the author has not purported to produce, hence the reader will not be disappointed when he finds a narrative including only the occurrences of national import. Interest in the work will be increased by the wealth of splendid illustrations, which picture several hundred persons, places, and events, and the extensive index at the close of the second volume is a valuable adjunct to books of this kind.

Fiction.

The moral side of the struggle which has been agitating South Africa is forcefully presented in a small volume called "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland,"† by Olive Schreiner. The injustice, the cruelty, and the barbarity which characterize the acts of raiders in South Africa are strongly impressed upon the reader's mind, and Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company are set forth in no enviable light. In a really unique and original way the author has related her story, which brings a plaintive and touching message from the oppressed native of the Dark Continent.

Three unmarried women, denominated "old maids"‡ by the author, went to Hawaii, one to study into the Hawaiian question and the other two as companions. Their experiences, the customs of the people, and the beauties and grandeur of the island scenery are admirably described during the course of the story, into which just enough sentiment, jealousy, and intrigue are interwoven to make it pleasant reading.

A story full of pathos is entitled "The Green Graves of Balgowrie." The latter part of the eighteenth century is the time in which the author has placed the characters, and the scene of the tale is a country parish of Scotland. It is the sad story* of two sisters whose mother, a widow, having her own plans for their education, isolates them from all society, leaves them to their own resources, and refrains from showing them any parental affection. From these conditions there has been constructed a picture of life in which there is little happiness. In spite of this there is an attractiveness in the author's style and character-sketching which is hard to resist.

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* Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 370 pp. $2.00.——† The Law of Civilization and Decay. By Brooks Adams. 407 pp.——‡ Occasional Papers. By the Late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L. Two vols. 429+500 pp. $3.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, 1870–1895. By E. Benjamin Andrews. With more than Three Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. Two vols. 412+439 pp. $5.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. 133 pp. $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‡ Three Old Maids in Hawaii. By Ellen Blackmar Maxwell. 394 pp. $1.50. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts and Jennings.

In "Witch Winnie in Holland"† are pleasantly narrated the incidents of a few months' stay in Holland, where the principal characters are pursuing art studies. People of the sort we all like to know are actors in the story, and through them we learn much of art and artists in Holland, and reproduced in the illustrations are pictures from Vandyke, Rubens, Franz Hals, and other eminent artists.

The sepoy mutiny has furnished Flora Annie Steel material for a story of unusual interest, which she calls "On the Face of the Waters."‡ From the first to the last page the recital gives evidence of thorough research and a complete comprehension of existing conditions in India at the time of the revolt. The historical facts, which the author tells us in the prefatory remarks "are scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather," are given with great minuteness of detail, and from them the reader may obtain a good notion of the causes and progress of the mutiny. The story also portrays the character of English officials in those days, and gives a vivid picture of the superstition and customs of the natives.

An interesting and amusing story into which touching strains are introduced is "The Gingham Bag."‖ An old heirloom in the Potter family was this gingham bag, and strange as it may seem it caused much trouble to the owners. It is a tale of rural New England, and in it are depicted energetic, conscientious people of long ago.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In recent Napoleonic literature one of the most extensive and for the most part impartial works is Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."§ In magazine form Dr. Sloane's work first appeared, and he won many encomiums both for the literary quality of his composition and for the accuracy of detail. In the first of the four volumes into which these magazine articles are to be bound the author has followed closely the life of Napoleon from his birth to the possession of Venice by the French troops in 1797. It is an historical biography in which the author exhibits the characteristics of the man Napoleon through his relation to the events of the period of which he is a representative. Each peculiar trait of his character is brought out and no one characteristic is emphasized. Indeed the frankness of the author leads him to conceal nothing, not even the disagreeable in Napoleon's nature, thus leaving the reader to weigh for himself the evidence of this man's greatness and form his own estimate of a great personality. The style in which Dr. Sloane has given us this biography is quite simple and generally lucid. However, the simplicity which characterizes the author's work does not enter at all into the mechanical make-up of the book. The covers are quite gorgeous, with back and corners of brilliant red leather, and the evidence of sumptuosity does not stop with the binding; it continues in the pictorial division of the volume, which begins with a reproduction in color of Meissonier's "1814." This is followed by about seventy full-page illustrations of great artistic merit, many of them reproducing noted works of art appropriate to the subject treated. Typographically also the volume is all that can be desired, being printed in large, clear type, on heavy paper. Broad marginal spaces are left on each page, in which, at the top, appear the number of the chapter to which the page belongs and the date of the events described.

Religious.

A treatise called "Evolution or Creation"* presents a critical review of the various opinions in regard to the first appearance of the human race on the earth. The theories of evolutionists are discussed, in confutation of which the remarks of many scientists are quoted. Geological and archeological science and written history are made to contribute their share of proof against naturalistic views of the origin of life and the hypothesis of evolution. The Bible is given a place among the authorities on the question of the origin of the species, concerning which it teaches, according to the belief of this author, that Christ previous to his birth in Palestine appeared in Eden and created man and woman, endowing them with life.

The book called "The Prophets of the Christian Faith"† is a collection of papers by eleven men having a high reputation in theological and literary fields. The opening discourse, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, defines a prophet and his office, and the succeeding papers give us portraitures of several who may, according to the definition, be classed with the inspired interpreters of the Divinity, among whom are the Apostle Paul, St. Augustine, John Wycliffe, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, and Horace Bushnell. Other writers who have contributed to this collection are the Rev. Francis Brown, Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, Rev. T. T. Munger, and the very Rev. F. W. Farrar.

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* The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By Jane Helen Findlater. 341 pp. $1.25.——† Witch Winnie in Holland. By Elizabeth W. Champney. With Numerous Illustrations. 324 pp. $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company.

‡ On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Annie Steel. 483 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‖ The Gingham Bag: The Tale of an Heirloom. By Margaret Sydney. Illustrated. 369 pp. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

§ Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By William Milligan Sloane, Ph.D., L.H.D. Vol. I. 299 pp. New York: The Century Co.

* Evolution or Creation. By Prof. Luther Tracy Townsend, D.D. 318 pp. $1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

† The Prophets of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the very Rev. F. W. Farrar, and others. 241 pp. $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A helpful little book on questions which often trouble the Christian is called "The Secret of Guidance."[*] Burden-bearing, the duty of signing the pledge, the result of perfect faith, and kindred subjects are simply and lucidly explained.

The interests of Christian civilization, self-preservation, and philanthropy are subserved by missionary work, Dr. Behrends says in "The World for Christ."[†] For these reasons as well as because Christ commands it he maintains that it is the Christian's duty to help in the evangelization of the world. In this book, which contains a series of addresses delivered at Syracuse University, the author carefully and plainly brings to our attention some of the methods for successfully conducting missions.

A series of interesting lectures on doctrinal theology delivered by Dr. Joseph Agar Beet at the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology in 1896 has been published in book form under the title, "Nature and Christ."[‡] After an explanation of the terms religion and theology there are discussions forceful and convincing on the revelation of the divine in nature, in Christ, and in man, and the relation of the results to the life of the Christian. The book is full of instruction and furnishes much food for thought.

The purpose of Dr. R. J. Cooke's exposition[‖] of Methodist orders and of the claims of the Anglican Church to an historic episcopate is to promote "peace and unity in the Church of Jesus Christ." He brings forth historical evidence to prove, as he tells us, the invalidity of Matthew Parker's consecration in the continuation of the apostolic succession and the rejection by the Church of England, established in the Reformation, of the principles "now maintained by High-church teachers as the original doctrines of the Church of England." The arguments are clear and cogent and make a very interesting study.

A book valuable to the student of the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1897 is the "People's Commentary on the Acts."[*] Among the many excellent features of this book are the analyses of the contents of the chapters, the "suggestive applications," the printing of each clause and number of the verse in full-faced type, and the insertion of the authorized and revised English version in parallel columns at the bottom of the page. The introduction presents historical facts relating to the Acts, and excellent maps and illustrations add much to the value of the commentary.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Adventures of Hatim Tai. A Romance. Translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes. Revised and Edited, with Introduction by William Rounseville Alger.
Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. (Halle).

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Spalding, Elizabeth H. The Problem of Elementary Composition: Suggestions for its Solution.
Hatfield, James Taft, assisted by Jessie Everss, Ph.B. Materials for German Composition, Based on Storm's "Immensee." 12 cts.
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See page 257.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

PARIS THE MAGNIFICENT.

BY H. H. RAGAN.

II.

THE most remarkable addition to Paris architecture within recent years is the Eiffel Tower erected in the Champ-de-Mars for the exhibition of 1889.

It stands opposite the Trocadéro Palace, not far from the Seine. From its upper platform at a height of more than nine hundred feet above the river can be seen Paris, its suburbs, and the country in every direction for fifty miles, the hills and the valleys all smoothed away to a dead level and the whole vast city and its surroundings grasped within one view.

THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

We referred in the preceding article to those twelve fine avenues which radiate from the triumphal arch of Napoleon. One of those avenues would take us away out through the fortifications to the principal park of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne. This park has an area of over two thousand acres and is celebrated for its beauty. It was formerly the hunting-ground of the kings, but finally one of them presented it to the city, on condition that the city should thereafter assume its maintenance as a park. It lies close against the fortifications, and during the Franco-Prussian War many of the trees in the park were cut down in preparation for the siege, and many more were destroyed during the bombardment.

Among numerous smaller parks within the city proper, that is, within the line of fortifications, one of the most beautiful, though one of the smallest, is the Parc Monceaux. It lies in the heart of the fashionable residence quarter, and is much frequented. The ground was once the property of Prince Philippe, who called himself Philippe Égalité — Equality Philippe—in the vain object of currying favor with the mob. When his head had been taken off by the sharp guillotine in 1793, the property was seized by the people. Later Napoleon, as emperor, in a fit of generosity presented it to his great chancellor, and that gentleman, in a fit of prudence, finding it to be decidedly an elephant on his hands, gave it back to his imperial master.

Away toward the western end of Paris, in the Quarter St. Antoine, whence come revolutions, stands a memorial of one of them—the July Column. A little more than a hundred years ago the place was occupied by the Bastile, a famous prison, filled not with criminals and desperadoes, which a just law had separated from their fellows, but with some of the best men and women of France, who, for one reason or another, had incurred the displeasure of the ruling faction. In those days to know anything to the discredit of the court favorite was the most heinous of crimes, and the banishment was swift and sure. It seems incredible that those *lettres de cachet*, as they were called, secret orders of imprisonment with the space for the name of the victim left blank, were granted—yes openly sold by the king's ministers to his powerful nobles, who had only to fill the blank with the name of the victim to consign him to a fate worse than death. No wonder the Bastile came to be regarded as the very emblem of oppression. No wonder that when oppression had done its work, when the fires of hate and revenge which had been smoldering and gathering strength for ages leaped into a roaring conflagration, their first fury swept the Bastile from the earth. The first Napoleon proposed to adorn the spot where it had stood with a colossal bronze monument; but before the design could be carried through another revolution had restored the Bourbons, and still another had sent them flying for their lives. The Revolution of 1830 seemed to afford a fitting subject for the commemorative column, and the erection of the shaft was then decided upon. But the country was ten years older, and more than half-way to another revolution, before it was finally set up. Upon the

BOULEVARD DE LA MADELEINE.

summit stands a gilded figure which many people believe to be the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissed hill. The mistake is not unpardonable, for the figure closely resembles that of the messenger god; but it is intended to represent the genius of liberty, holding a torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other.

THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

Turning westward at this point, and walking along the bank of the Seine, we soon reach an important historic locality. As we stand here and look down the river, eight of the twenty-two bridges which cross it within the line of fortifications are in sight. The section on the left, across the Seine, is the old island of the city, where Paris had its birth, and where, in ancient days, its whole life centered. Here, bordering the river, stands the great Palace of Justice, or court-house. It occupies the site of the royal palace of the early kings, and still encloses some of the structures built by St. Louis early in the thirteenth century. It has suffered from many conflagrations. The central portion is a part of the old Conciergerie, the famous prison of the Revolution where Marie Antoinette and many other victims of '93 awaited the

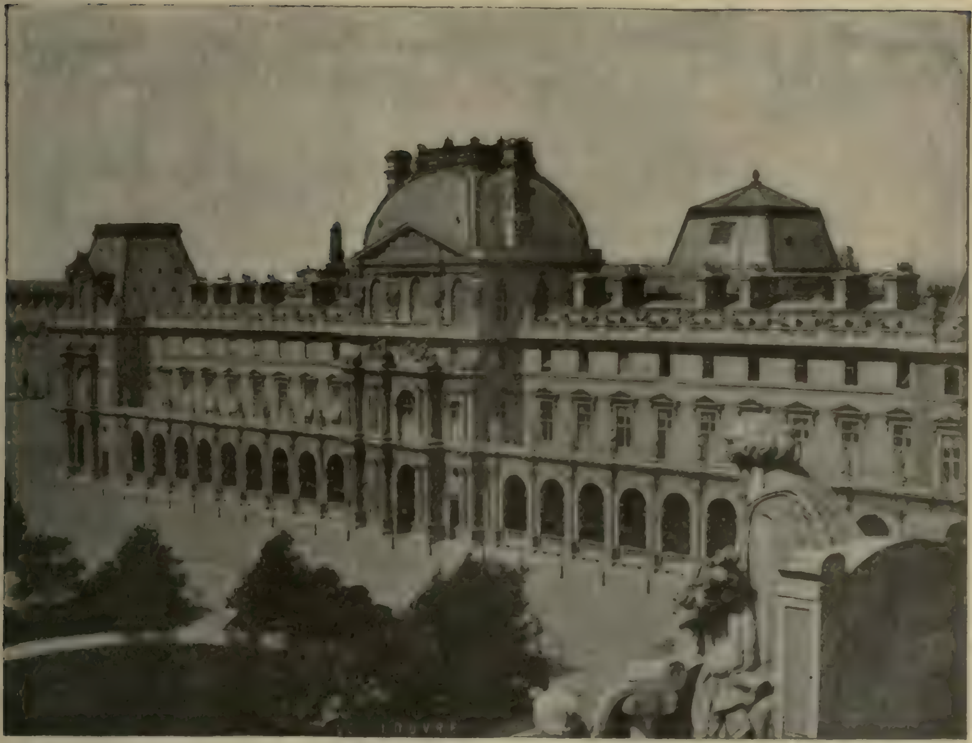
THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

THE PANTHEON.

sharp guillotine, and where, too, Dickens' Sidney Carton, in the "Tale of Two Cities," substituted himself for the condemned Darnay, to die in his stead. In the six days from September 2 to 9, 1792, three hundred and twenty-eight persons were butchered in this building, besides those murdered in other prisons of Paris. The gloomy cell where Marie Antoinette was confined, and whence on the 16th or 18th of October she was led to execution, is now a chapel, and on its altar stands the crucifix she kissed as she went to death. Connected with this cell by an arched passage is another, to which, on the 27th of July, 1794, the fanatic Robespierre was dragged, to perish the next day by that same bloody guillotine to which he had himself consigned so many victims.

But a few rods from this place is the principal flower-market of Paris, where on Wednesdays and Saturdays the display is particularly fine; and it is decidedly refreshing to step in here and inhale the fragrance of the rose after spending an hour or two in the gloomy dungeons of the Conciergerie and the vaults of the ancient

MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE, GALERIE D'APOLLON.



THE LOUVRE.

chapel, filled with the memories of departed glory.

Over on the right bank of the Seine stands the Hôtel de Ville, or town hall. The old structure begun in 1533 was for three hundred and fifty years the focus of Parisian life and the rallying-place of the Revolution. On May 24, 1871, the Communist rabble, then in possession, seeing the end of their brief reign approaching filled the building with powder and combustibles and set it on fire. The entire structure, with a library of a hundred thousand volumes and historical documents and works of art of inestimable value, was burned to ashes, and the mob who perpetrated the deed perished in the flames they kindled, or were shot down by the guard in their efforts to escape. But the spirit of the French people is not broken by such calamities as this, and on July 14, 1882, they dedicated the new Hôtel de Ville, risen on the ashes of the old. The new structure is on a larger scale, and is practically a reproduction of the old, but with its new white, fresh marble it can give little suggestion of the thrilling historic associations which clustered round the spot.

Walking on a little further we reach another locality intimately associated with one of the most thrilling episodes in French history. It is the little church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, whose foundations date back to the time of Charlemagne. It was the bell hanging in one of the towers of this church which, on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, pealed out the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a crime which, though often charged to the account of religion, had in it far more of politics than of religion, and far more of personal hatreds than of either. There are those who tell us the world is steadily growing worse. Let those who think so try to picture a St. Bartholomew's, coolly planned and deliberately executed in any civilized nation, and under any pretext, in the nineteenth century.

Away over in the heart of the Latin, or Students' Quarter, rises the great dome of the Pantheon. In the year 512, St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, a young girl who once saved the city from an attack of the Huns, was buried on this spot. The little chapel which rose over her remains soon gave place to a great church, which in its turn fell into decay, and in 1764 Louis XV. began the erection of the present building—the same year, by the way, in which he began the Madeleine. The revolutionists of '89 turned it into a temple of glory, and dedicated it to the great men of France. The building was, however, for many years restored to its original design as a church—only to be closed again in 1885, after the obsequies of Victor Hugo, since which time it has remained a secular building. In the vaults of the Pantheon Voltaire and Rousseau were buried, and their tombs are still pointed out, though their ashes have long since been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES AND THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

Walking a little way down the Boulevard St. Michel, which is the chief street of the Latin Quarter, we stop a moment before the Hôtel de Cluny, which now constitutes a very interesting museum. The building is one of the oldest in Paris, and occupies perhaps its most historic site. For here the Roman governor of Gaul had his palace, and here Julian the Apostate was proclaimed Roman emperor by the troops in 360. Here also the early Frankish kings resided. The building, which is of medieval architecture, was built by the Benedictine monks of the Abbey of Cluny about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Here Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England and widow of Louis XII. of France, resided for some time, and the chamber she occupied is still called the chamber of the "White Queen," from the white mourning which she wore, in accordance with the customs among the queens of France. Here also were married

James V. of Scotland and Madeleine, daughter of Francis I. of France, the parents of the unhappy Queen of Scots.

Walking on down to the end of this broad boulevard, and crossing a branch of the Seine, we stop upon the old island of the city where ancient Paris stood, before its most historic structure, the great cathedral of Notre Dame.

The great church has occupied this spot from the fourth century, but no portion of the present edifice dates farther back than 1173, and the west front was completed in 1222 and is considered an excellent specimen of the earliest Gothic architecture. The great rose window in the center of the front is forty-two feet in diameter. The front is divided into three distinct stories, or buttresses, and these into three upright sections. At the base of each section is a deeply recessed portal, which is very elaborately and beautifully engraved with figures of saints and angels and demons, for the Gothic architects did not hesitate to represent the Prince of Darkness himself upon the sacred edifice. The scene from the central portal is the "Last Judgment." Upon the wooden platform erected for that purpose, just in front of the central doorway, on August 18, 1572, Prince Henry of Navarre, afterward king of France as Henry IV., was married to Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX., on which occasion, as all the grave historians take especial pains to inform us, the blushing bride, for some reason best known to herself no doubt, declined to make any answer whatever to the interesting question, "Do you take this man," etc., etc., whereupon the king, her brother, who stood opposite her, placed his royal hand upon her head and pushed it down for her in a decided and emphatic, if not very graceful, nod of assent.

The lofty columns and grand old arches of this church have looked down upon many strange pictures. Strange indeed the scene on that day in '93 when, the church having been converted into a temple of reason, a painted ballet dancer, enthroned in regal state as the goddess of reason, sat here to receive the worship of the people. Here also Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French by Pope Pius VII.—or, rather, he crowned himself to signify that he owed the scepter of France to no other arm than his own.

Following the right bank of the Seine westward we come to the vast pile of buildings which comprise under a single roof the Louvre and the Tuileries. The Palace of the Tuileries owes its origin no doubt to Catherine de Medici. But it has been extended, adorned, and beautified by every ruler of France from that day to this. It has been sacked and plundered by the mob no less than four times. On the last occasion, in 1871, the ruin was made complete. Two wings and a portion of one were soon rebuilt, and the central portion was permitted to stand for several years in ruins, a witness to the latest Reign of Terror in France. It has now, however, been completely swept away and its site converted into an extension of the Tuileries Gardens.

The Louvre is, as you are aware, one of the largest and richest galleries of painting and sculpture in the world. The most extensive of its halls is the Grand Gallery, which is very nearly one sixth of a mile long. The room is divided by arches into sections, each section being devoted, as a rule, to the works of a particular school of art. The handsomest of the galleries in the Louvre is undoubtedly the great Gallery of Apollo. It was named from the ceiling paintings depicting Apollo's victory over the python. The portraits upon the walls, which represent distinguished French artists, are not painted, but are worked in gobelin tapestry. It would require months to form anything like an adequate conception of the vast treasures of the Louvre. But even the hurried visitor may carry away in his memory some image of beauty to add to his life's happiness.

The chief treasure of the Louvre, the *piece de resistance*, is the famous Venus dug up by a poor peasant on the island of Milos in 1820. The peasant was working in his garden, when his spade slipped from his hand and disappeared in the earth.

He had, by his digging, broken through the roof of a little summer-house belonging to an ancient villa which in the progress of the ages had been covered by the slowly accumulating soil and lost from the sight and memory of man. Here was found this famous figure, which, say the authorities, is the only statue of Venus handed down to us in which she is represented not merely as a beautiful woman but as a goddess. You may see the Venus of Milo once, perhaps, without being particularly impressed, but I doubt if you can see it often without feeling the marvelous beauty of that face.

There are, of course, many other galleries in Paris which would well repay a visit, among them the Luxembourg. The Gardens of the Luxembourg are the chief breathing-space of the Latin Quarter, in the heart of which they are situated.

A visit to the French capital would not be complete without at least a glance at the palace of Versailles, situated about eleven miles southwest of Paris. Louis XIV. became very much disgusted with the court residence at St. Germain, because he could never look out of his window without seeing the towers of the old cathedral, St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France; so he determined to remove to Versailles. Apparently it was the last place in the world for a royal residence. But obstacles which would have daunted an ordinary sovereign only stimulated the vanity of this monarch. So he set an army of men and horses at work to convert a wilderness into a paradise. It was done, and the bills for palace and park footed up, in round numbers, two hundred millions of dollars.

This royal palace and grounds have been the scene of many stirring historical events. It was in the tennis-court that, in 1789, the members of the Third Estate, finding themselves excluded from the Assembly hall, met and took a solemn oath to stand together and keep up their agitation till such time as the constitution should be established on a firm basis. To this place that same year surged the Parisian mobs, until the king and queen were forced to take up their residence in Paris. Here, on the 18th of January, 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany, and in Versailles now take place the elections of presidents of the French Republic. Owing to the enormous expense of keeping up this magnificent property it has fallen into disuse as a residence, but a great part of it is occupied by the museum of French history.

From the time of Louis XIV., the personification of absolutism, who built these walls, to the present day France has taken a long stride forward. In a little more than a century she has changed her form of government to a greater or less extent nine times. It cannot be said that each of these changes has been for the better. The progress has sometimes been in the wrong direction. But on the whole the nation has moved forward, and France is a greater France to-day than ever before.

MIRABEAU IN THE REVOLUTION.

BY A. M. WHEELER, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN YALE UNIVERSITY.

THE States-General met on the 5th of May, in 1789. The situation at that time may be summed up as follows:

An absolute monarchy nominally all-powerful, really so weak as to be contemptible; the army, its main support, already in process of dissolution; the finances so disorganized that national bankruptcy seemed inevitable; the brilliant foreign policy of earlier times under total eclipse; rank administrative abuses of all sorts, and complete failure of all attempts to remove them; rivalries, jealousies, and bitter quarrels among the governing classes; a government demanding the maximum of service from its subjects and giving the minimum in return; an unenlightened despotism.

Twenty-five millions of people, vain, impulsive, easily excited; one million privileged, that is, holding places, honors, and emoluments for which they rendered no equivalent; twenty-four millions bearing, in very unequal proportions, the burdens of the state, and hampered in their activities by manifold restrictions and monopolies; the lower orders living in great poverty; the once powerful sentiment of loyalty greatly weakened; no political discipline, and no local organization; discontented masses of people feeling their way blindly toward something better without knowing what they wanted; an atmosphere filled with portents and vague rumors of coming change.

A body of twelve hundred men, half of them representing the one million, the other half the twenty-four millions; elected amid great excitement, and closely bound by minute and often conflicting instructions; strangers to each other; without political experience and ignorant even of the rudiments of parliamentary usage; with no acknowledged leaders and no definite program; many of them men of ability, but unpractical—enthusiasts, dreamers, dilettante politicians, metaphysical statesmen; all of them under the influence of the same prejudices, the same delusions and illusions as the nation itself.

At the head, as nominal sovereign, a king, kind-hearted, well-meaning, but absolutely incapable of governing or of selecting and steadily supporting a really capable minister; by his side a queen, intellectually his superior, but thoughtless, perverse, emotional, and already cruelly compromised in the eyes of the masses; as chief adviser, a successful private banker of many virtues, fertile in temporary financial expedients, possessing the confidence of the nation yet not deserving it,' with no definite policy, and withal utterly unable to interpret the mighty forces in action around him.

Apart from all, isolated alike by his virtues and by his vices, stood Mirabeau, conspicuous for his talents, but an object of suspicion and distrust. He had already built the barrier which proved to be insurmountable.

Chateaubriand tells us that, when quite young, he was presented to Mirabeau, then at the height of his fame. "He looked at me," he wrote fifty years later, "with his eyes of pride, of vice, and of genius; and, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said to me: 'My enemies will never forgive me my superiority.' I still feel the impress of that hand, as if Satan had touched me with his claws of fire."

It was natural that the intense old Royalist, looking back through the mist of years, should see something demoniacal about the shadowy form of the great popular tribune. But in truth there were many who took essentially the same view of him during his lifetime. On moral grounds alone the nation which had endured Louis XV. had no right to reject Mirabeau. He was no worse in this respect than many men of his own class would have been if they had had the same capacity for evil. Nor was there in his political opinions, which were already well known, anything so extraordinary as to account for the bad preeminence he occupied. But there was something so lawless, so volcanic in his nature, that he startled, repelled, frightened more than he attracted. It was his misfortune that, persuasive as he was, he could not remove existing prejudices without creating new ones. The whole of his political career was a concentrated and desperate effort to get a foothold—to gain the confidence of the Assembly, the court, the nation; and, with all his splendid abilities, he failed. There is something immensely pathetic in the herculean struggles of those two years, ending in the grave.

The summoning of the States-General was a confession of weakness on the part of the king. Reduced to impotence by the selfish action of the nobles and clergy, he took this step with great reluctance, and as a last resort. It was really an appeal to the Third Estate—to the nation at large—against the privileged classes; but neither he nor his advisers imagined for a moment that it could result in the transfer of sovereignty from himself to the nation. Nor was such a result at that time desirable; and perhaps it was unnecessary. The twelve hundred men were in no sense fitted to govern France, and the French people had yet to pass through a tremendous experience before they were fitted for self-government. On the other hand, a wise and capable minister, by taking boldly the initiative, might possibly have kept control. Mirabeau said: "If Necker had a grain of sense he could get from us, within eight days, sixty millions in taxes, one hundred and fifty millions in loans, and on the ninth day send us home. If he had any character he might play the rôle of Richelieu." This was said, however, on the assumption that the minister was ready to make very important and permanent concessions. Mirabeau was fully convinced that the time had come when personal government was no longer possible in France; and, from his point of view, the great work to be accomplished was to make the change from personal to constitutional government in such a way as to cause no upheaval, and no essential loss to the royal prerogative. To this object he devoted all his efforts.

Manifestly the best way—perhaps the only way—to accomplish it was through the government itself. It must take the lead and act instantly. There had been too much delay already. What would happen if the six hundred delegates of the Third Estate should once get hold, no man could tell. If the government wanted help Mirabeau was ready to help it. He had a sublime confidence in his ability to do the work. Perhaps he overestimated his own powers; he certainly underestimated the forces in opposition. The overtures which he promptly made to the king and to Necker were received with scant courtesy and promptly rejected. What else could be expected of such men? Their attitude forced him to act against them. Abandoning for a time the policy of his choice, he determined to win a commanding position in the States-General, and from that vantage-ground compel the minister to treat with him, or drive him from power. That was a resolution big with fate. In seeking to accomplish his main object by this indirect method the chances were that he would conjure up revolutionary forces which would not down at his bidding.

Now, when once in motion in the new direction, he was swept along with the tide. He took a leading part in the great struggle over the question of organization; he did more perhaps than all others toward transforming the twelve hundred men, who had come up to Versailles to present their grievances to the sovereign and to vote him some money, into a body which assumed on its own authority the right to make a constitution for France. The 23d of June, the day on which the States-General virtually became the National Assembly, was a day of great glory for Mirabeau. He richly deserved his triumph. But the new power which his tact and energy had created was already beyond his control. Even the name it bore had been adopted against his wishes.

The partisans of the old *régime*, chagrined at Mirabeau's victory, would not acknowledge themselves beaten. They foolishly attempted to overawe the National Assembly by a display of force. Mirabeau, in one of the noblest pleas ever made, urged the king to withdraw the troops which had been assembled around Versailles. But the forces of reaction had the upper hand. Necker was dismissed, the Breteuil ministry came into power, and the answer to that was, as Mirabeau had predicted, a terrific outburst of "the people's wrath," the capture of the Bastile, the murder of Foulon and Berthier, the burning of the *châteaux*, and the more or less general breaking down of law and order throughout the land.

While the old monarchy was thus tumbling into ruin around it, the great Assembly, now the only authority in which the nation had any confidence, instead of taking up at once the work of framing the new organic law, was busily engaged in discussing a fad of Lafayette—the declaration of the abstract rights of man. The Americans had prefaced their Revolution with a similar declaration, and the "hero of two worlds" could see no reason why that which had been done on the banks of the Schuylkill by a new people occupying a virgin soil could not be done just as appropriately under totally different circumstances on the banks of the Seine. If anything was certain in France at that time it was that this Assembly, if it was to retain the confidence reposed in it, must act quickly, wisely, decisively; otherwise the power it had usurped from the king would pass from it to the mobs of the capital. It utterly failed to realize the gravity of the situation. Flattered by the adulation bestowed upon it, puffed up with self-importance, it allowed itself to be repeatedly interrupted in its work, split up into factions, went off into endless digressions, became involved in numerous contradictions, and finally closed its career with one of the most stupendous acts of political folly on record.

Its work had a very direct and important bearing upon the career of Mirabeau. His natural sphere of influence was in the Assembly, and he worked with tremendous energy to accomplish through it the objects he had in view. With the overthrow of the old *régime* the Revolution was to him practically ended and henceforth the great problem was how best to secure the liberties already won. These must be accepted frankly by king and Assembly alike. Any attempt to restore the old order would be madness; further and more radical changes would lead to anarchy. He therefore stood forth, often at the risk of his popularity, sometimes at the risk of his life, as the steady champion of the royal prerogative against the onslaughts of the radical majority. If he varied the program from time to time and played the demagogue, it was only that he might keep his hold on the Assembly and overawe the reactionary tendencies at court. His great hope through the summer and autumn of '89 was to bring king and Assembly together. Hence his strenuous efforts to form a parliamentary ministry of which he himself was to be the head. That hope was defeated by the famous decree of November 7, declaring that no man could at the same time be a member of the Assembly and minister of the king. It was a crushing blow, and it really destroyed him.

There followed a series of secret intrigues, and at length, in the spring of 1790, the well-known agreement with the court.

Since the destruction of the old *régime* the king and queen had been helpless spectators of events. Marie Antoinette looked on in mute protest while the Assembly was destroying the royal prerogative bit by bit; she did not attempt to intermeddle. She thought at first that this "French sickness" would cure itself; that, without any effort on her part, there would come a change in public sentiment which would surely bring the unfortunate nation back to its allegiance. Only time and patience were necessary.

But as the months rolled on without bringing any signs of change, she naturally began to consider ways and means. The change might come if the royal family could escape from hostile Paris to some point on the frontier, where, in the midst of loyal troops, the loyal portion of the nation could rally to its support. It was with this project in mind that she consented to the arrangement with Mirabeau, whom she regarded as her most dangerous enemy, and had hitherto utterly abhorred. In the preceding autumn she had met his offers of assistance with a disdainful "Not yet so low as that." Now she was led to think he might be of service. Perhaps he might assist her in the execution of her plan; at any rate he might be kept from doing further harm. And so the bargain, for such it was from her point of view, was struck. The terms she offered were liberal—the payment of his debts, a generous monthly stipend, and at the end a princely sum in case he proved faithful. He in turn stipulated for the entire confidence of the royal pair, and pledged unswerving loyalty to them and to the monarchy. The arrangement was to be a profound secret, unknown even to the ministers, and the sums of money were to be paid, not to him, but to a third person for his benefit. Thus the man who aspired to become prime minister of France lost all possibility of independent action and dropped to the position of a hired servant.

What is the explanation? It is true, as has often been said, that Mirabeau did not sell his principles. In the remarkable series of state papers which he prepared for the king there is nothing at variance with his previous utterances. It is also true that he never abandoned the cause of the Revolution. His aim was to induce the king to put himself at the head of the movement and bring it back to the point where he himself had tried to stop it, and beyond which it ought never to have been allowed to go. But the object of the queen was utterly different. She wanted to restore the old *régime*, and to that end she sought to disarm its bitterest enemy. Her letters tell us that she never gave, and never intended to give, Mirabeau her confidence. She never consulted him except as to measures relating to her personal safety. She never referred to any of the larger features of his policy, and probably never comprehended them. She granted him only one personal interview.

Was he simply deceived? How could a man who had such a profound insight into men and affairs be outwitted by a woman who knew nothing about politics? If he had not her confidence how could such a capital fact have escaped his notice? He knew the betrayal of his secret, known from the start to at least five persons, would ruin him, and yet how could he reasonably expect that it would not be betrayed? His sudden acquisition of wealth, as evinced by his foolish and lavish expenditures, was sure to set all tongues wagging, and in fact no long time elapsed before Paris was resounding with "the grand treason of Count Mirabeau." What foundation was there for the hopes he cherished? How could he fail to see that the means to be employed were ridiculously inadequate to the end proposed?

If there was originally any doubt in his own mind as to his position, it must have been dispelled by the events of the summer and autumn of 1790. In September the Necker-ministry was dismissed, but the change brought no advantage to Mirabeau. Though bitterly disappointed, he remained faithful to his promise, doing his work, however, in a way which was often displeasing, and sometimes incomprehensible, to his royal patrons. In November he made a speech in the Assembly which the queen regarded as a direct attack upon the government, and she charged him, unjustly, with a violation of his plighted word. That he was making no progress, that on the other hand he was rapidly losing ground, became painfully apparent. The queen in fact had gotten through with him. To her, as she told Mercy, his scheme for saving the monarchy "was utterly absurd from beginning to end." Hitherto she had dallied with it simply to gain time. Now she determined to try her own scheme, and she made her preparations under cover of another scheme, devised by Mirabeau and the minister Montmorin, with her knowledge and assent.

This was a modification and extension of Mirabeau's earlier plan, and was based upon the cooperation of Mercy, Bouillé, and Breteuil, all her devoted adherents. As a preliminary step a great change was to be wrought in public sentiment throughout France. Scores of newspapers, hundreds of writers, were to be subsidized, and hundreds of secret agents were to exert their influence through the clubs. Where the millions of money which would be needed for this purpose were to come from nobody knew; that was a petty detail to which Mirabeau gave no attention. When the French mind had reached the correct stage, the loyal troops under Bouillé and Breteuil were to gather at Fontainebleau, the king was to place himself in their midst, dissolve the National Assembly, and summon the nation to elect a new body which should revise the work of the old one. Thus liberty was to be established through the engines of despotism. The scheme was simply fantastic.

Meanwhile the queen, with the aid of her devoted friend, Count Fersen, was energetically pushing her plan of escape to the frontier, a move which Mirabeau had repeatedly assured her would be disastrous even if it should be successful. She negotiated with Bouillé and Breteuil, with her brother, the emperor, with Spain, Savoy, and the papacy. She was ready to negotiate with the hereditary enemy, England, and to make such sacrifices as might be necessary in order to bring about some sort of concert between the powers. This, in the opinion of her advisers, was an indispensable condition of success. Delays occurred, owing chiefly to the hesitations of foreign sovereigns, but she kept steadily at her purpose. Mirabeau's death, on the 2d of April in 1791, in no way interfered with her plans, and made no impression upon her; she did not even mention it in her letters. If he had lived a few weeks longer he would have had the supreme mortification of witnessing the attempt at flight, on the 20th of June, which involved her, and would have involved him, in irretrievable disaster.

A great statesman working heroically, at a monthly wage of six thousand *livres* with other valuable considerations, in behalf of a cause which he knew he was not aiding, which he knew he could not aid, and which, owing to the absurd and impossible conditions imposed upon him, he knew he could only help to ruin, yet continuing the work, and accepting the wage which his vices imperatively demanded, until death balanced the account—that was the penalty which Mirabeau had to pay for the sins of youth.

THIERS.

BY PROFESSOR DANA CARLETON MUNRO, A.M.

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LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Marseilles on April 16, 1797. It seems as if he could hardly have entered the world under more inauspicious circumstances. The troubles of France had caused the marriage and separation of his parents. His mother was an ardent Royalist, of Levantine extraction, young and beautiful. His father belonged to one of the most influential *bourgeois* families of Marseilles, but in spite of great brilliancy and enterprise failed in all his undertakings. He was a Republican, and in the reaction of Thermidor was compelled to flee for shelter, which he found with the father of his future wife.

He, a widower with several children, was attracted by the wit and beauty of the daughter. She fell in love with him for his misfortunes, his brilliancy, and his plausibility. The parents opposed the match in vain. But within a few weeks the newly married couple quarreled about politics and about the husband's habits. M. Thiers deserted his wife and began a strange career of adventure. He had been a lawyer. He became at different times a dock porter, manager of a theatrical company, proprietor of gambling houses, merchant, protégé of kings, and circumnavigator of the globe, if his own story can be believed. He was a veritable Micawber, and in his later life he was a decided thorn in the flesh to his great son. His extravagant habits made him the prey of Jewish money-lenders, who compelled the son, then a minister of Louis Philippe, to pay the father's debts in order to avoid scandal. When Thiers was to be married, he made sure that his disreputable parent should not be at the wedding by buying up every seat in every stage-coach plying between his father's home and his own for three weeks in advance.

It is well to dwell at some length on the father, because by his career we can better understand the son. The two were much alike; in fact, the father has been called a caricature of the son. They had the same brilliancy, the same *ensemble* of mediocre qualities, but the father lacked the ability to succeed. Undoubtedly his career was a bitter but salutary lesson for the son.

The misdeeds of the father, who never

supported his family, caused Thiers' youth to be miserable. In early childhood he was happy enough, living in the country with his grandmother, who had adopted him. But when she lost her property he had to go back to his mother to run wild in the streets of Marseilles. He was not sent to school until he was eleven, and then he was the bad boy of the school. Although brilliant in some of his studies, he gave full promise of following in the footsteps of his father.

His character was developed by misfortune. When he left school in 1814 it was to live in a garret with his mother and grandmother. He earned some money by painting miniatures, but his life was wretched enough. In 1816 means were found for him to enter the law school at Aix. Here he became intimate with Mignet, the future historian, who was also connected with him later in his journalism. Here too he had access to excellent collections of paintings, in which he formed his taste, a fact of great advantage to him later at a critical moment.

His great achievement at Aix was in winning a prize offered by the academy for an essay on Vauvenargues. The way in which this prize was secured was characteristic of Thiers. He wrote one essay which would have been successful but for the fact that it was known to be his. The essays were sent anonymously, but Thiers had been unable to refrain from reading his to a literary society. The Royalists on the committee, knowing its authorship, were unwilling to grant it the prize and postponed the decision. Thiers at once wrote another in a different style, which Mignet copied and sent in anonymously. This essay won the prize and the whole town laughed at the clever scheme. The money which he received enabled him to go to Paris.

He had hoped to practice law, but found he had not money enough to be admitted to the Paris bar. He tried unsuccessfully writing, fan-painting, and the duties of a private secretary, but earned barely enough to keep from starving in his garret. Finally he got a chance to write for the *Constitutionnel*. The editor, to whom he had an introduction, had thought to get rid of him by asking him to write a review of the Salon for that year. He supposed that Thiers must fail in such a task. The artistic taste which had been developed at Aix made this review a literary event. While doing justice to David's great service to French art in the past, Thiers urged emancipation from the fetters with which David had bound the French School, and in contrast called attention to Delacroix, then an unknown painter. This single article did much for French art and also secured the author a position as a journalist. For this he was eminently fitted, as he was clear-headed, went right to the heart of affairs, and always wrote with his audience clearly before his mind. These same qualities were afterward prominent in his speeches.

The next eight years were given up to journalism and to writing the "History of the French Revolution." This work aroused the greatest enthusiasm as it appeared in monthly parts. This was due to its revolt from the judgments usually held up to that time. Opinions about the Revolution were changing and Thiers dared to defend the Convention and the Republicans. This explains the influence and importance at that time of a work which has really little value as history.

He also undertook and planned other literary tasks. But as the government of Charles X. became more arbitrary, Thiers devoted himself to politics and to a strife against the reactionary course of the crown. Finding the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* too timid to go as far as he wished, he founded a new paper, the *National*, with the avowed purpose of goading the government into some rash act which would be its destruction. He did this not because he desired a republic, but because he thought the actual government unsatisfactory. He believed in a liberal constitutional monarchy. His favorite maxim was "The king reigns, but does not govern." The *National*, by its bold editorials, accomplished its object. Charles X., irritated by the constant attacks, passed the July Ordinances. These caused the fall of the Bourbon monarchy, and the appointment of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and ten days later as king.

No one had done more to bring about "the July monarchy," as the reign of Louis Philippe was then called, than Thiers. He immediately became a member of the government. At first he was in a subordinate position that he might study his new duties; then he became a minister, and finally on two occasions prime minister, but each time he held this office for only a few months. He was always consistent in wanting a firm, liberal, constitutional government. This France seemed to have for the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign, and accordingly Thiers supported the king, much to the chagrin of the ardent Republicans who had hoped to find in him a leader.

His position was difficult, as he lacked the confidence not only of the Republicans but also of the Conservatives. The leader of the latter party was Guizot, the historian, his great rival. The difficulties in his way led Thiers to try some expedients, of which the morality was doubtful to say the least, and which secured for him the reputation of a tricky politician.

In 1840, as prime minister, he adopted a strong war policy about Egypt, opposing the wishes of Lord Palmerston and the English cabinet. For a time it looked as if Thiers would plunge France into war. But Louis Philippe was anxious for an English marriage alliance and dismissed his bellicose minister, after the latter had been in office for only a few months. From this time Thiers was a member of the opposition. As he was out of office, he employed his time in writing his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," a work very greatly superior to his earlier production, but far from impartial, not always honest, and having the fault of too great diffuseness. It is in twenty volumes and occupied much of his time for over fifteen years.

In the meantime the July monarchy was tending toward reactionary principles. This led to "reform banquets" and to the Revolution of 1848. Thiers had no active share in the revolution, but he had no hostility to it. He did not believe in a republic, but became a member of the Constitutional Assembly and voted with the party of order for Louis Napoleon. As the latter showed his purpose of founding an empire, Thiers passed into the opposition, and was exiled in 1851. The next year, when the government of Napoleon III. was firmly established, he was allowed to return, but was not active in politics for some time.

Ten years later he was again elected to the legislative body. This was the period in which the empire was growing weak and unpopular. The war with Germany was looming on the horizon. By his histories and his previous policy Thiers had done much to foster the war spirit, but he now opposed the war. He did this not from principle, but because he thought the war inopportune and because it furnished him the means of attacking the government.

Consequently when the war proved disastrous he was in a most favorable position for advancement. He was offered a seat in the provisional government, which he declined. But he voluntarily undertook missions to London, St. Petersburg, Venice, and Florence, to plead for France. In these missions he had little direct success, but he aroused sympathy in the foreign governments and became very prominent in the eyes of his countrymen.

When the Bordeaux Assembly was elected to treat for peace with Germany, Thiers was returned as a deputy by twenty-eight out of the eighty-three departments of France. By this he was clearly designated as the head of the new government, or chief of the executive, as his position was called. For over forty years he had been an influential factor in French politics. Thirty years before he had been prime minister. Now, at seventy-four, he was chosen to guide the state in the darkest hours France has ever known. Furthermore the Assembly was composed of so many discordant factions that he had to use the utmost address in order to command a majority of votes for his measures. But for over two years he might have said with truth, "L'état, c'est moi," and until his herculean labors had been completed his enemies dared not remove him.

The first task before him was to make peace with Germany. The hard conditions demanded by the victors are familiar. But few know how Thiers, day after day, pleaded with Bismarck for France, which was so terribly humiliated, had suffered so much, but was still dangerous if pressed too hard. Many Frenchmen demanded the strife *à outrance*—to the bitter end. Thiers felt that peace was absolutely necessary, and in tears, but with dignity, he demanded some mercy. Bismarck was moved, and finally the indemnity was reduced and Belfort was saved to France. It was little enough, but no other Frenchman could have secured as much. The importance of Belfort lay in its geographical position, commanding the pass by which in all ages invaders had entered France from Germany. The Assembly ratified the peace, although one sixth of the members voted against it, preferring war *à outrance*, in which France would be destroyed but not conquered.

The preliminaries of peace were hardly signed when Thiers was called to confront a new danger, the rebellion of the Commune at Paris. This movement had been in preparation for a long time. Now the leaders did not hesitate to precipitate it on France in the time of her greatest danger. Without any army on which he could rely, without funds, and with the Germans threatening to begin the war again on account of the action of Paris, Thiers was compelled to fight the Commune. For over two months victory hung in the balance. In these days Thiers was everything, did everything. The Assembly was only a hindrance to him. He reformed the army—one hundred and seventeen of the hundred and twenty French regiments had been made prisoners at Sedan or Metz—regulated the finances, received deputations from the insurgents, argued down opposition in the Assembly, and persuaded the Germans to remain inactive.

When the contest with the Commune was ended and Paris taken, Thiers turned his attention to raising the money necessary for the indemnity and for the support of the army of occupation. Eight billions of francs in all had to be raised, and it was accomplished in two years. What is more strange, it was done without any financial crisis either in France or elsewhere in Europe. Only a financier can appreciate the difficulties attending the transfer of such enormous sums from one country to another in such a short time. The indemnity was paid two years before it was due, and France was freed from occupation by a foreign army. For this magnificent achievement Thiers well deserved the title of "liberator of the territory."

During these two years the majority in the Assembly had been slowly withdrawing its support from Thiers. It was composed of Monarchists, who began to distrust him on account of his belief in the republic, which had been proclaimed and of which he was president. No one of the three sections of the Monarchical party was strong enough to impose its own candidate on the other two, but all agreed in their dislike of a republic and in considering the present government only a temporary expedient. Thiers, who had always been a Monarchist, had come to believe in the possibility of a republic as the safest form of government. He was working quietly, but effectively, to strengthen the existing government.

The Monarchist majority were plotting to overthrow him, but did not dare to do so until the negotiations with Germany were over. He knew his power and threatened several times to resign unless his measures were voted. The Assembly always yielded to the pressure, but was clearly biding its time. As soon as the final treaty with Germany for the evacuation of France was signed, the majority in the Assembly passed a vote of lack of confidence, and Thiers resigned. He felt bitterly the ingratitude and "compared himself to a pilot engaged to bring a shattered hulk safely into port in the face of a raging and dangerous sea, with a jealous captain and a mutinous crew, who threw him overboard the moment he had refitted the ship."

Until his death in 1877 Thiers was the leader of the Republican party in France. In fact he more than any one else was instrumental in making the republic a success. When he resigned he already had the majority of his countrymen at his back, and if he could have appealed to them he might have remained president. Since then the republic has gained in strength, and the services of Thiers are better understood.

It is manifestly unfair to judge Thiers from any one standpoint. Like so many able statesmen he combined literature and politics. Possibly he was prouder of his title as a member of the French Academy, "the Immortals," than of his position of president of the republic. Yet of his writings his histories are the best known and we have already spoken of their faults. Although very popular in their time, they have been harshly and justly criticised and will sink in estimation as they grow in age. As a journalist he was instrumental in overthrowing a government, but has left no editorials of lasting merit. Judged wholly by his statesmanship, his policy was not always wise or above reproach. Even if he was not "a tricky politician," as he has been called, he was certainly in his earlier career not a trustworthy and safe guide.

His oratory was his most effective weapon. He was a short, homely man, with a thin, nasal, quavering voice, "half way between a squeak and a scream." He appeared insignificant, and the huge goggles which he wore made him look ridiculous. But no one thought of his appearance when he began to speak; then all listened and admired or envied. His enemies feared his oratory so much that they attempted to prevent him from speaking at all, and did succeed in stopping him from taking part in debates. Yet his oratory owed its success not to eloquence, or the ordinary arts of speakers, as much as to its clear logic and the common sense which was apparent in every word. He was eloquent on some occasions, but his most effective speeches were chatty and anecdotic in manner.

In fact, if judged from any one standpoint, it is easy to depreciate the man to whom the French Republic to-day owes her greatest debt of gratitude. Bismarck was right when he said, "Talk on, talk on, I beseech you; it is delightful to listen to one so essentially civilized." It was this, his high development along so many lines, that fitted him for his task. If instead of having an *ensemble* of mediocre qualities, guided by common sense, he had been great in one, he might not have been fitted to guide France after her shipwreck, and to make her again one of the great powers of Europe—strong and invincible.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*June 6.*]

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty, *et seq.*—*Ps. xci. 1-10.*

THIS psalm breathes throughout a lofty confidence, of a kind which is scarcely so fully or completely expressed elsewhere. The psalmist finds a refuge in God, from which he can look out calmly and undismayed, not upon the rage of his enemies, or upon the snares and temptations that beset the righteous, but upon some destructive pestilence which, with invisible steps, stalks through the land, and silently smites its victims by night and by day. While the hearts of others are sinking with a nameless terror, he fears no evil, and is confident that the unseen foe will never come near his dwelling. Not only so, but his faith takes a loftier flight, assumes a more exultant attitude, as he realizes the perfection of his safety, and he rejoices in an assured immunity from every stumbling-block that may lie in his path, from the beasts of prey that may spring upon him from unsuspected coverts, and indeed from every possible source of peril.

Rarely, if anywhere, has faith made so complete a shield of God, or planted itself so firmly within the circle of his defense. No wonder we find this psalm called in the Talmud a "Song of Accidents," that is, a talisman or prophylactic in times of danger. And no wonder the ancient church used it as its "Invocavit," to rally and encourage the hearts of the faithful in troublous and stormy times.

The question is, How are *we* to understand it? Is it true? Can a man, because he is a Christian, and fears God, count upon such immunity as is here described? Does he lead a sort of charmed life, clothed with impenetrable armor, which no shaft of pestilence can pierce, so that while thousands or tens of thousands may fall at his right hand he shall never be touched? We know that is not so. Facts contradict the supposition in the most emphatic and unceremonious way. Nothing is more striking than the impartiality of some epidemics.

If there is an occasional expression of surprise that the rich who can avail themselves of the resources of science are cut down, as well as the poor who cannot, no one even pretends to be surprised that Christians suffer as well as other people. Must we, then, quietly but regretfully let the psalm go, as a beautiful but utterly extravagant assertion of faith, a song which might have been sung in the childhood of the world, but which later experience has shown to be hopelessly at variance with the realities of life? Or is there any way in which we can interpret it, so as to use it with intelligence and profit to ourselves? May faith not rise on as steady a wing, and still utter notes as triumphantly careless and void of fear? Let us see what answer we can give to such questions as these.

Observe, first, that the difficulty we feel in connection with the psalm is not that it assumes a special providence, as we call it. This is taught everywhere in Scripture. It is difficult, indeed, to see how there can be any providence at all if it does not condescend to particulars, and take the individual, as well as the community or the race, into account. God's providence became distinctly special when he selected first a family and then a nation, to fulfil a purpose peculiar to itself, and when in consequence of this he entered into relations with them of a corresponding character, dictating the laws which were to govern their lives, and leading them along the appointed pathway of their history. It became still more special in the lives of those who were used as the chief instruments in guiding the people toward their divinely determined goal—in the judges, prophets, and kings who were raised up from time to time to be the exponents or executors of the divine will. They were God's delegates or vicegerents, through whom he conveyed certain benefits to the rest of the community, or accomplished certain results on their behalf. But, as a rule, God reveals himself in the Old Testament as the God of Israel. It was Israel's future and the steps which led to it that were the objects of his solicitude. And the individual came under consideration only as belonging to the covenant people, or contributing to the advancement of their interests, while he shared, in so far as he was faithful, the blessings which were its peculiar and distinguishing portion.

[*June 13.*]

In the New Testament the doctrine of a special providence becomes even more clear, detaching itself from its temporary connection with a particular race, and entering into even closer relations with all who know and are obedient to the divine will. Religion is no longer embodied in a national history; it is an individual possession. "If thou," whoever thou art, "shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Christ is pledged to be with two or three who are met together in his name, anywhere and at any time. His promises and those of the apostles are rarely to the church as a corporate society, but almost always to Christians as such. Moreover, the divine providence is not confined to spiritual things. It extends to the food we eat and to the raiment with which we are clothed. We are told expressly that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered, and that if the sparrows are the objects of our heavenly Father's care, much more so is all that belongs to the welfare of his children.

In both Testaments, then, we see that a special providence is distinctly taught, though with a characteristic difference. In the Old Testament its primary concern is with Israel as a people, and with the individual only in a subordinate and secondary degree. In the New Testament the individual is more distinctly and definitely an object of divine regard. He, and the community of which he forms a part, are equally essential to one another, and that because the church is not moved and governed from without, but from within; and such a government is impossible except by the indwelling of the Spirit of God in the heart of each individual believer.

The difficulty which meets us here, then, is not that of a special providence, but of the manner in which it is said to act. And, to understand this, we require to distinguish more sharply between the teaching of the Old Testament and that of the New.

In the Old Testament the divine providence was specially concerned in so guiding and controlling the history of Israel that in it as a nation the kingdom of God, or of the Messias, should be realized. To this the great prerequisite was, of course, the coming of the Messias himself, whose advent was eagerly expected, as inaugurating the fulfilment of the glorious promises of the past. His kingdom was to be heavenly in character, but to be located upon earth. He was to judge the world with righteousness, and the poor with judgment. His reign was to be an era of peace and prosperity which should know no end. Those who were to be more immediately about him, and to occupy the chief places of honor and authority, were to be his own people, to whom in a special sense he belonged. And around them, in ever widening and more distant circles, were to be the other inhabitants of earth, all under the sway of the same benignant scepter. Jerusalem was to be the seat of his government, and in those happy days the concourse of all peoples should be to the mountain of the Lord's house. What we call the future life was vaguely conceived, and it is doubtful if its relation to the kingdom of the Messias was at all clearly defined. In later days the doctrine of the resurrection gradually asserted for itself a place in the popular creed. It was the necessary complement to truths which it was felt could not be harmonized, or held in their integrity, without it. Those who had passed away before the glorious reign had begun were to be raised up at its commencement, though the question whether death should then cease to be seems not to have been distinctly raised, or at least to have received an unambiguous answer.

[*June 20.*]

Here, then, was the goal, as it presented itself to the faith of the Old Testament, to which God was leading the covenant people. But as regards individuals, what did his guidance contemplate for them? What was its province or purpose so far as they were concerned? It was partly shown, as we have already observed, in the case of certain select personalities, in preparing them to be the special organs of the divine will, and in using them as such. But apart from this, and generally speaking, it was conceived as operating so as to prolong the lives of the faithful, and thus extend their prospect of seeing and welcoming the Messias. As subordinate and accessory blessings it was believed to secure their material prosperity, and freedom from those evils which lie upon the lot of the wicked. If this seems to assign to it a very modest and limited rôle, it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. It is in keeping with what was understood of the national destiny, which of necessity determined its scope. That destiny was only gradually and at the best dimly revealed.

If it is almost impossible to reduce it to a consistent presentation, or to harmonize all its characteristics, so as to combine them into one well-arranged and intelligible picture, it is because revelation was historical and progressive, and came in divers portions and in divers manners. The truth had to accomodate itself to national idiosyncrasies, and to struggle into light through the medium of a comparatively immature spiritual intelligence. It could only clothe itself in the vesture of the time. It was conditioned by the life and institutions of those to whom it came. Poured into such a mold, it could not but take and retain its impress. The kingdom of God that was to be could only be conceived as a development of that kingdom as it then was. For it was impossible that the main lines of prophecy should proceed on the assumption that Israel should prove false to its vocation and reject its Messias. That would have involved the paralysis and final destruction of faith. For it would have appeared equivalent to a dissolution of the divine kingdom altogether, and the future of Israel would have vanished, its *raison d'être* would have ceased to exist.

So much for the Old Testament. In the New Testament the point of view is entirely different. Religion is not embodied in a national history, nor is the kingdom of God an earthly kingdom, as even the disciples believed it would be up to the day of Pentecost. Its essential characteristics are spiritual—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Its seat is no longer the earthly Jerusalem, for the time has come of which Jesus spake to the woman of Samaria, when neither on Gerizim nor Mount Zion should men worship the Father. It has no central shrine which possesses a monopoly of the divine presence, but the temple of God is the hearts of his people. "Know ye not," writes St. Paul to the Corinthians, "that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The Jew enjoys no preeminence among its citizens, for "in Christ Jesus there is neither circumcision nor uncircumcision." His long program of privilege was exhausted when to him first the Gospel was preached. Now and henceforth there is no difference. The blessings which the kingdom provides are not temporal, nor in any wise dependent upon time or place. They are inward and spiritual.

[*June 27.*]

Jesus, in speaking of the calamities of the last times, described them as so terrible as almost to involve the destruction of the elect; and that these should escape was to be due, not to any special interposition removing them from danger, but to the shortening of the calamities themselves. As they had been exposed to a common risk, so they were to be saved by a common respite. But does a Christian, then, derive no advantage from his Christianity in such visitations? If they fall upon him with as much severity as upon the godless and profane, what does his Christianity profit him? Is it not a useless, and, so far as they are concerned, a superfluous possession? By no means. For he has placed himself under God's care, who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, and who cannot allow his servant to suffer, simply because he will not take the trouble to save him, or grudges what the effort might cost. Moreover, he is persuaded that God is acquainted with every particular connected with his trial, the very hairs of his head being all numbered, and that if he chose he could secure his absolute safety.

And what reconciles him to the fact that God does not choose? What, but the conviction that there is thus to come to him a larger blessing than he would otherwise receive? The character of the blessing he may not at the time be able to discern, for we are often blind to some of our deepest needs, and ignorant of the lessons we require most to learn. But he is sure his faith will be justified by the result, and that he will emerge from the ordeal a humbler, less worldly-minded man, with a character more chastened and trained to spiritual uses. In other words, his sufferings will issue, as those of Jesus himself did, in a more perfect and complete obedience. Even should the trial end in death, death does not undo the effects produced upon character. And what is death to the man whose trust is centered upon Christ? Its nature is changed, for its sting has been extracted. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." And if the sting of death is removed, what is it that remains? The remainder is gain—a release from all that has been painful and burdensome; an introduction to all that is essential to perfect our character and consummate our bliss. In short, the faith of Christ makes an end of all ills. For nothing that befalls a Christian can be so described. The very afflictions, that are not joyous but grievous, bring forth the fruits of righteousness. All things work together for good to them who love God, who are the called according to his purpose.

And how, then, are we to sing this Ninety-first Psalm? Not, indeed, precisely as the Old Testament church was wont to use it, though that surely does not imply that we are any poorer, or less worthily provided for than they. It only implies that we are provided for differently. And the difference is immeasurably to our advantage. The blessing which they received from the favor of God was a negative one—that no plague should come near their dwelling. The blessing which we enjoy is a positive one—that, if it does come, it shall be a minister of God for good. Grace hath so much more abounded toward us and produced so much stronger a faith, that what sometimes staggered Old Testament saints, viz., that God's rod lay upon the lot of the righteous, only leads to a livelier hope, a clearer vision, a will and character wrought into a more perfect meekness and resignation to the will that orders all things best. The rod is no longer the instrument of divine displeasure, but the means by which miracles of transformation are produced. It is wielded exclusively for our profit.

When we sing this psalm, therefore, we make it the utterance of a more enlightened faith. It is the expression of a firm and joyful confidence that God has and will have us so securely in his keeping that nothing shall truly hurt us, or prove a messenger of evil. "He will give his angels charge concerning us, to keep us in all our ways." "For are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" And the perils that seem most terrible, the foes that are ready to devour us, even over these he will make us more than conquerors. "We shall tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shall we trample under foot." "The trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, shall be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—*Rev. Charles Moinet, M. A., St. John's Presbyterian Church, Kensington, England.*

FRANCE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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PROFESSOR TURNER has lately described for the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN "The Rise and Fall of New France." As his story shows, the fall of French power in America was complete by the year 1763—a year which has been called one of the turning-points in the history of the world, and which may be taken as the starting-point in the story of the American Revolution. By the treaty of Paris, 1763, France was humiliated. She relinquished her hope of empire in India, she lost disastrously in her merchant and military marine, and she retired from the continent of North America. At the opening of the eighteenth century France's hope of commanding an empire in the Mississippi Valley was bright indeed. As Victor Duruy, the great French historian, says, France then "held North America by its two ends—by the mouths of its two great rivers." She also had rich possessions in the West Indies. But in 1763 all was changed. By the treaty of that year France relinquished Canada to

England and Louisiana to Spain, and French power in America was at an end.

The attitude of France toward the revolt of the American colonies and the dismemberment of the British Empire comes logically in order in studying the influence of France on the western world. We may be sure that France did not surrender her possessions in America without some lingering jealousy and resentment toward the great rival who had caused her overthrow. French statesmen looked forward with expectation to our colonial quarrel. The language of Choiseul, the French minister, after the treaty of 1763, is familiar. Speaking of the colonies and their relation to England he is reported to have said: "They stand no longer in need of her protection. She will call on them to contribute toward the burdens which they have helped to bring on her, and they will answer by throwing off all dependence." This notable prophecy was probably not uttered until after the colonial controversy with the mother country had begun, but Choiseul's hope was not an exceptional one among the statesmen of France. Montesquieu had said, before the middle of the century, that England would be the first nation deserted by her colonies.

Turgot, the great economist and statesman of France, looked upon the English colonies as growing fruit. "When they are ripe they will drop from the stem," he said. The conduct of France during the American Revolution goes to show that whether or not she believed that the English colonial fruit was ripe, she was ready to help on in the process of separation from the mother stem. Whatever embarrassed her rival was supposed to be advantageous to France, and French statesmen candidly admitted that in her attitude of friendliness toward American independence France was not entirely disinterested. They held it to be to the interest of France that the power of England should be diminished by the loss of her American colonies.

There were several reasons why it was to the interest of France to promote the independence of America. French humiliation for the loss of Canada would be in a measure avenged. A blow would be struck at the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, and France could thus obtain a share in the American commerce from which she was excluded by the English Navigation Acts and by the old colonial system. Also the French West Indies would be safer with the harbors of a neighboring continent in the hands of a friendly neutral. These considerations are urged by Mr. Lecky, the great historian of eighteenth century England, in accounting for the attitude of the French statesmen toward the American contest. Whether France hoped to regain her power in America, or to use the independent colonies as an ally in subsequent international contests, are matters only of curious speculation. Whatever may have been her motive, it is certain that without her aid, so far as human judgment can determine, our struggle for independence would have been much more discouraging, if not entirely hopeless.

The American colonists thought of French assistance as early as 1775. Congress formed a secret committee to correspond with friends in Europe, and early in 1776 Silas Deane, a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale, was selected as our agent in France. Deane went to France by way of Bermuda, under the guise of a merchant of that island, and, following his instructions, he applied to Vergennes, the French minister, for clothing and arms for twenty-five thousand men and for ammunition and field-pieces. Deane was also to find out whether, if the colonists should declare themselves independent, France would be disposed to recognize them. While the French ministers were ready to encourage the revolt of the colonies by secret gifts of money, they would not commit the power of France to the public policy of aiding our cause until we had declared our independence and given some guarantee of being able to maintain it. The recognition of our independence involved the risk of war with England. This risk France was not willing to take while there was a probability that the colonies would be conciliated to the mother country by constitutional concessions, and thus be converted into loyal subjects of England and enemies of France. The Declaration of Independence and French aid were very closely connected. France wished to know that the Rubicon had been crossed and that there was no turning back.

Some military success and a promise of victory on the part of America seemed also essential to bring France openly and fully to our aid. France, it is true, gave us secret aid during 1776–77, as we have said. Deane negotiated loans and gifts through Beaumarchais, a secret agent of Vergennes, ostensibly as in a commercial transaction. Three vessels loaded with goods—thirty thousand stands of arms, thirty thousand suits of clothes, two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and other quantities of military stores—with over three million *livres* in money came from France to America in this way. Lecky says that Vergennes thus subsidized our revolt, and that his letter to the king proposing this secret policy was "more like the letter of a conspirator than of a minister of a great nation."

It was the battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne which fixed the public policy of France toward America. With this military success of the Americans a new aspect was put on the face of affairs. The French interpreted the tidings of Saratoga as "the knell of British dominion in America and of English greatness in the world." When the news arrived in France Vergennes informed our commissioners—Adams and Lee had joined Deane—that the king had determined to acknowledge our independence and to enter into a treaty of amity and alliance. The only condition France wished to impose was that the Americans should make no peace relinquishing their independence and returning to obedience. On February 6, 1778, the French-American alliance was consummated, an event of the highest moment in the American Revolution. On that day two treaties were made between France and America.

The first was a treaty of amity and commerce. It provided for a firm and inviolable peace. Each nation should treat the other as well as it treated the most favored nation; either might deal with the enemies of the other; it was agreed that "free ships should make free goods"; that is, if the ship were a neutral ship, free from the restraints of a current war, the goods which it carried were not subject to capture by a belligerent; the vessels of war and privateers of either party might bring prizes into the ports of the other, which privilege was to be denied to the ships of the enemies of either. This favorable commercial treaty was of great benefit to us at the time. It recognized our commercial independence and gave us access to French ports on that footing.

But in 1793 this French treaty rose to trouble us. Genet, the French minister to the United States, interpreted it, and proceeded to carry it out, in such a way as would have made it impossible for Washington to have preserved an attitude of neutrality in the pending war between France and England. We took the commercial treaty of 1778 to apply to a defensive war, such as we were then engaged in with England, but not as applying to any offensive war which France might subsequently declare.

The second treaty with France, in 1778, was one of friendship and alliance. Having made a treaty of amity and commerce the two countries thought it necessary and wise to consider how they might help one another in future. Great Britain might resent French interference in America and declare war on France. In that case France and America should stand together. It was therefore agreed, if war should break out between France and Great Britain during the continuance of our struggle, that France and America should make it a common cause and aid each other mutually with their good offices, their counsels, and their forces, as good and faithful allies were wont to do. The end of this alliance was to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence of the United States, politically and commercially. It was especially stipulated that neither of the two parties should conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain without the formal consent of the other; and the two countries mutually engaged not to lay down their arms until the independence of the United States was assured.

When we remember that at this time France was one of the most powerful nations of Europe, we are led to some appreciation of the importance of this alliance to the struggling colonies. There is no doubt that France was zealous and powerful in the promotion of our independence. She made our cause her own. Her motives have been questioned, and it is no doubt true that it was our independence, not our liberties, which she was anxious to promote. She went into the war against England on our side not that she loved the colonies and wished to promote their interest, but that she opposed England and wished to dismember her empire. It is known that in the negotiations closing the War of the Revolution Vergennes sought to confine our western boundaries to the Alleghanies. For these reasons it has been said that, while we had a right to take advantage of French aid, we were under no obligations of national gratitude, and that there was an estoppel put upon that plea on the part of France when in 1793 she sought our aid and continued alliance against England.

The influence of the French alliance, or the fear of it, may be seen in that immediately there was proposed a change of policy toward the colonies on the part of Great Britain. Early in 1778, after the French treaties were signed but before they were announced, Lord North brought into Parliament his famous proposals of conciliation with the colonies. He was too late. Though his proposals could not affect the course of events, it is interesting to notice the liberality of his proposals. The government of George III. now stood ready to concede all that America had ever asked. The Massachusetts Act and the tea duty were unconditionally repealed. Parliament would promise to impose no taxes upon the colonies for the sake of revenue, though the ancient right was to be retained of imposing duties for the regulation of commerce—the old external taxes, the fairness of which America had always conceded; but all commercial duties were to be applied to public purposes in the colonies themselves. Commissioners were to be sent out to America empowered to negotiate a peace, to declare a cessation of hostilities, to grant pardons, and to suspend the operations of all acts of Parliament relating to the colonies passed since 1763.

Three years earlier America would have asked no more. But now we distrusted the ministers who had seemed such inveterate enemies of the colonies, though they came bearing such liberal gifts; and the final decisive obstacle to the conciliation of North was found in the French alliance. We had ultimately committed ourselves to France and to independence. When North's project of conciliation was rejected by the colonies and the French alliance was announced in England, the old English pride against France was aroused and there was a tendency toward a closer union of parties and a determination to suppress the colonial revolt at all hazards. Chatham, the great friend of the colonies and the most powerful statesman in Europe, deserted our cause. He struggled from a sick bed to raise his voice, as he expressed it, "against the dismemberment of this most ancient and most noble monarchy." Thus, we see, the French alliance served to encourage us upon the one side, while it made Great Britain more determined upon the other, and the war for our coercion went on.

In the progress of this war how did France abide by the obligation of her treaties? Did she heartily enlist in the war until our independence was achieved? The limits of this article will admit of but brief descriptions of her services to our cause, services political, financial, military, and naval. These services were of such an important character that the average historical judgment considers it reasonable to say that they were essential to the achievement of our independence. Mr. Lecky, giving the judgment of an Englishman, says that it was evident in 1780 that the revolutionary movement depended almost entirely upon the assistance of France. He sustains his judgment by the frank admission of Washington that it was impossible, at least under existing circumstances, to accomplish, without it, either of the two great objects of the war; i. e., the capture of New York and the expulsion of England from the Southern States. And Rochambeau, who was in constant communication with Washington, speaking of this late period of the war, states that the "American general feared, and not without foundation, considering the absolute discredit of the finances of Congress, that the struggles of this campaign would be the last efforts of expiring patriotism."

But I have asked, What substantial aid in these troublous times did France render? The story of her naval and military expeditions in aid of the Americans is a familiar one. In July, 1780, a French fleet and army arrived in Newport. There were seven ships of the line, besides frigates and transports, and six thousand men under Rochambeau. The French government sent out instructions, generously placing their own troops under the command of Washington and ordering that, when the French and American armies were united, American officers were to command French officers of equal rank.

Early in 1781 Admiral De Grasse sailed for America with twenty-five ships of the line, six thousand soldiers, and a convoy of over two hundred ships. He made some conquests against England in the West Indies, but his objective point was the waters of America. In August, 1781, he arrived in the Chesapeake with the force destined to bring the American war to a close.

Meanwhile financial distress was burdening America. Laurens was sent to France for a new loan. Washington said that without another loan the remnants of his army could not be kept together for the campaign. Vergennes complained of the lack of coercive power in Congress in raising revenue, and he seemed reluctant and skeptical. But through the influence of Lafayette and the representations of Franklin, now our influential ambassador at the court of Versailles, a generous loan was secured to enable the Americans to continue the war. Besides a loan of four million *livres* to secure claims already assumed by Franklin, the French king gave six million *livres* as a free gift, and also agreed to guarantee in Holland an American loan of ten thousand more.

Under these encouragements the Americans renewed their endeavors. With De Grasse's fleet combined with the squadron already in America the English naval forces in American waters were outclassed. De Grasse blocked up the York River and cut off Cornwallis from communication by sea. The French admiral landed French soldiers, reenforcing the army of Lafayette. The Rhode Island fleet combined with De Grasse, Washington and Rochambeau united their land forces and moved southward to join Lafayette. Cornwallis was hemmed in, and Yorktown was the inevitable result.

In this account of the allied struggle for American independence I have emphasized the French side of the story, as my subject required me to do. It would be entirely too dogmatic to assert that we could not have achieved our independence without French assistance. Three and a half millions of people, united in defense of their liberties, might have "proved invincible against any force" which their enemies might have sent against them. It is profitless to speculate on what might have been. But the consensus of opinion is, in considering this great historic struggle, that in our fight for independence we could not have fought successfully independent of France. At least no one has pointed out by what other means success could have been reasonably expected.

The story of France in the American Revolution would not be complete without a recognition of individual services. Many a young French officer, moved by love of adventure or by a sentimental desire to fight for the liberty of America, applied to Deane for enlistment in the American cause. The services of De Grasse and Rochambeau have been mentioned. Count d'Estaing cooperated with De Grasse in the command of the French fleet. Baron De

Kalb was a German, but he came to America in 1768 as a secret agent of Choiseul, and when the war broke out he hastened to place his sword at the disposal of the Americans.

But preeminent among the names of all the foreigners who assisted in the achievement of our independence is the name of the Marquis de Lafayette. The story of his services in America reveals a life of strangely unselfish devotion. It was mainly his personal efforts and personal influence which caused the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse to be sent to America. He was of the greatest assistance to Franklin in negotiating the last French loan. He shared with Washington and Rochambeau the honors of the campaign at Yorktown. Throughout the struggle he was unceasing in his activities in the American cause. He was a constant friend and counsellor of Washington, and his devoted sacrifices for a country not his own won the love and gratitude of the American people. Whatever may be said of Lafayette's later failures in France, no one can doubt the triumphs of his devotion to America.

THE DIRECTORY, THE CONSULATE, AND THE EMPIRE.

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NOTHING is more absurd than the attempt to divide off periods of history into definite sections, each of which is supposed to have no connection with its fellows. One of the great truths always insisted upon by modern teachers is that history is continuous and that each epoch blends insensibly with its successor. It is convenient, perhaps, to speak of the French Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, and the First Empire, but care should be taken that this convenience does not imply a sharp separation between these different periods. Furthermore it is right, at the very outset of this article, to insist upon the continuity of the period to be considered with that known as the French Revolution, which was dealt with in a previous number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN (December, 1896).

The chief point upon which weight was laid in the article just alluded to was the influence of the interference of foreign nations upon the working out in France of her own destiny. It was shown that the particular development of characteristic manifestations of the French Revolution, notably the Reign of Terror, was due to the attempt of European nations to interfere in purely French matters. But France had her revenge. Not only did she with unrivaled efforts defeat Europe in arms, but in her turn she began, by means of the patriot armies which had repulsed the foreign invaders, to interfere in the internal affairs of her former foes and after a career of conquest to change the face of Europe. Then Europe reacted upon France. The soldier who had absorbed the French Revolution menaced the freedom and the independence of other countries. The peoples of Europe rose against him. The Spaniards and the Germans in particular became once more conscious of their ancient nationalities; Napoleon was overthrown and a new era opened in European history, in which France ceased to be the central factor in European affairs and the doctrine of the concert of the great powers came into existence to represent in the nineteenth century what the doctrine of the balance of power had represented in the eighteenth.

It will be seen, then, that whereas the leading characteristic of the period from 1789 to 1795 is the Revolution in France, acted upon by the other nations of Europe, the chief point to be borne in mind from 1795 to 1814 is the reaction of France upon Europe, culminating with the overthrow of Napoleon and the reduction of the limits of the direct government of the French nation to the area comprised at the time of the commencement of the Revolution in 1789.

The year 1795 marks the turning point; in that year certain of the powers of Europe, notably Prussia and Spain, made peace with the French Republic. The Thermidorians had abandoned the revolutionary propaganda which certain enthusiasts had started for the extension of Republican principles, and the logical result of this change of policy was the possibility of peace, a possibility which became a reality as soon as some of the enemies of France perceived that they had interests of their own which did not demand any further struggle with the invincible Republicans.

The treaties of 1795 left France at war only with Austria, with the southern states of the Holy Roman Empire, with England, and with the kingdom of Sardinia. To meet these powers France possessed a mighty military force. The energetic government of the Committee of Public Safety had brought under arms the flower of the nation; the patriot soldiers who had hurried to the front in the moment of danger had become experienced in war, and the national excitement had brought to the front young generals to whom nothing was impossible. When, therefore, the National Convention ceased its sessions in October, 1795, and the government of the Thermidorian Committee of Public Safety gave way to the government of the Directory, the course of future foreign policy was already marked out.

It was true that in the place of arbitrary and unconstitutional control there was established by the constitution of the Year III. a definite system of government in which the departments of the executive and the legislative were carefully defined and in which the authors fondly hoped the permanent salvation of France might be found. The Directors who formed the executive under this constitution inherited with regard to foreign affairs the policy of their predecessors, the Thermidorian Committee of Public Safety. The Thermidorians had resolved, when the first steps were taken toward abandoning the revolutionary propaganda, that the nations of Europe might indeed have peace with France but that they must compensate France for what she had been forced to suffer at the hands of the invaders by recognizing what Frenchmen had regarded since the days of Richelieu as the natural limits of France; namely, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. This meant the cession to France of the Austrian Netherlands, now known as Belgium, of the German-speaking provinces that stretched along the left bank of the Rhine between Belgium and Alsace, and of the province of Savoy.

It was for this territorial increase of France that the Directors, like the Thermidorians, determined to fight. Prussia had recognized the principle in a secret article in the treaty of 1795, but it was a cardinal principle of English policy that Belgium, including as it did the great port of Antwerp, should never belong to France, and Austria had the chief interest in the maintenance within the Holy Roman Empire of those German provinces upon the left bank of the Rhine, whose chief rulers had ever been supporters of the House of Hapsburg. The Thermidorians showed their sincerity by refusing to annex Holland, which they had conquered and which was organized as the Batavian Republic, and the Directors were equally consistent when the successes of Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy gave them the task of reorganizing governments in that quarter. It was not until the government of the Directory had given way to the government of the Consulate that this principle was forgotten and that France began to annex districts and countries beyond what she had formerly held to be her natural limits.

It so happened that, within a few months of the installation of the first Directors in office, a soldier of genius was placed at the head of the most important of the French armies. The career of Napoleon Bonaparte as an actor upon the stage of European affairs begins with his celebrated campaign of 1796 in Italy. Of this marvelous series of operations it is enough to note that Sardinia was at once brought to terms and that in October, 1797, Austria was forced by the treaty of Campo Formio to recognize the Rhine as the eastern limit of France. There remained but England.

General Bonaparte, disliking the task suggested to him of invading the island itself, undertook, to the relief of the Directors, who feared so famous a soldier, to strike a blow at England's power in the East, and started upon his famous expedition to Egypt in 1798. Then it was that England in her turn found a naval genius whose achievements in war almost rival those of Bonaparte himself, and Nelson, by destroying the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, shut up the French expedition in Egypt without hope of succor or reinforcement. Austria, this time aided by Russia, believing that French invincibility depended upon the presence of Bonaparte at the head of French armies, tore up the treaty of Campo Formio, and once more France had to meet the attack of vast land armies. At the moment of crisis, Bonaparte left his army in Egypt and, evading the blockading fleet of the English ships, escaped to France. Hurrying to Paris, he overthrew the government of the Directory on the 18th Brumaire, year VIII. (November 9, 1799) and established the new government of the Consulate, which he soon showed meant the government of himself, for as First Consul he entirely overshadowed his two colleagues.

The government of the Consulate, that is, the government of Napoleon Bonaparte, before increasing success made him assume the title of ruler of the French people, is of greater importance in French than in European history. The young general declared himself the champion of peace both at home and abroad. The victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden forced Austria to recognize by the treaty of Luneville, as she had formerly done by the treaty of Campo Formio, the Rhine as the eastern limit of France. The czar Paul of Russia, disgusted at the conduct of his allies during the late war, declared his enthusiastic admiration for the First Consul and suggested that Bonaparte should take the title of King of France. Even the English government was forced to yield to pressure at home, and the signature of the treaty of Amiens in 1803 closed the doors of the Temple of Janus and gave Europe a short breathing-space of tranquillity.

At home the government of the Consulate was a government of reconciliation. By a concordat made with the pope the Roman Catholic Church was officially reestablished in France. Exiles returned; the odious punishments of confiscation of property and judicial assassination decreed against them were repealed, and those who returned were encouraged to take service under the new *régime.* A strong civil administration was organized; brigandage was suppressed; the Vendeans were pacified; manufactures, commerce, and agriculture revived, and the blessings of peace brought about a new era of prosperity. The finances further were set in order and a rational system of fair and equal taxation was for the first time inaugurated in France. Not least in importance among the works of the Consulate was the promulgation of the Civil Code, which replaced an anomalous and antiquated system of jurisprudence and judicial administration by a simple, intelligible, and modern system. The era of the Consulate is the halcyon time of the transition period between old and new France. Unhappily it was of but brief duration. Regenerated France did not and could not with its force in the hands of one ambitious man prolong the age of peace, and the breathing-space of the Consulate was followed by the wars of the Empire.

This is not the place to discuss the causes which led to the outbreak of war between France and England which closed the period of the Consulate. It is certain that during the peace the First Consul had been busy preparing for war, and that from the superb material bequeathed to him from the wars of the Revolution he had organized the Grande Armée. This force, consisting as it did of men in the height of their physical strength while yet of old experience in military operations, longed for employment in its professional capacity, and its master was equally anxious to use his tempered weapon lest it should turn against himself. However, before the Grande Armée set forth on its career of conquest the young war lord resolved to show Europe that he was in name as well as in fact the ruler of France, and assumed the title of Emperor of the French. To add greater luster to his title and to signify that he intended to be not merely ruler of France but arbiter of Western Europe, the pope was induced to come to Paris to assist at the coronation of the new Charlemagne.

Europe was resolved to resist Napoleon's ambition. Toward the close of the Consulate he had shown by his interference in Switzerland and his annexation of Piedmont that he had abandoned the policy of the "natural limits" and intended to extend his dominion indefinitely. The feeling of apprehension thus created, more than anything else, caused Austria and Russia, the latter now ruled by the young son of the murdered czar Paul, to listen to the advances of England and to form the third coalition against France. Great events rapidly succeeded each other. Napoleon, despairing of invading England, turned against her continental allies. The victory of Austerlitz in 1805 humbled the power of Austria. In the following year Prussia was overthrown at the battle of Jena. Finally, in 1807, after the battle of Friedland, Napoleon and the czar Alexander met at Tilsit and discussed the rearrangement of Europe. To his sentimental young friend Napoleon held forth the idea of restoring the ancient empires of the East and West, attributing to Alexander the dominions and the power of the Byzantine Empire, while he declared himself satisfied with the share of the Cæsars of the West.

Fully adopting this idea, Napoleon proceeded to reorganize Germany, abolishing ancient duchies and principalities and creating new kingdoms in Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony; Prussia was permitted to exist, but shorn of the greater part of Poland and of all territory to the west of the Elbe; brand-new states were called into being, the kingdom of Westphalia for the conqueror's youngest brother, Jerome, and the grand-duchy of Berg for his brother-in-law, Murat; and throughout Germany French influence brought in French ideas, equality before the law, simplicity of administration, religious toleration, and the abolition of serfdom and other degrading relics of medieval feudalism. Even beyond the actual limits of French influence the reforms which France had won through the Revolution were extended. Notably was this the case in Prussia, where a great minister, Stein, laid the foundations of modern Prussia.

But the activities of the Cæsar of the West were not confined to Germany. In 1806 the Batavian Republic ceased to exist and was replaced by the kingdom of Holland, of which the throne was conferred upon Louis Bonaparte. In Italy the northwestern portion, including Tuscany, was added to the French Empire; the northeastern portion, including Milan and Venice, was formed into the kingdom of Italy, of which Napoleon himself was titular ruler, while he conferred the actual government upon Eugène de Beauharnais, his step-son; in the South the kingdom of Naples was given to Joseph Bonaparte. One quarter only of Western Europe retained its ancient independence. In the Iberian Peninsula the kingdom of Spain still remained under its Bourbon ruler, while the kingdom of Portugal, owing to its ancient alliance with England, was especially obnoxious to the French emperor.

The one enemy in arms against Napoleon was England. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar had so thoroughly destroyed the French and Spanish navies that the master of the Grande Armée thought no more of invading the island kingdom. He resolved instead to ruin its commerce and by establishing the continental blockade hoped to extinguish English trade. To do this effectually all the ports of Europe had to be closed to English ships and Napoleon resolved to attack Portugal. Speedily thereafter a pretext was afforded for interference in Spain; French troops entered Madrid and Joseph Bonaparte gave up his throne at Naples for the grander title of King of Spain and the Indies.

From 1808 to 1812 Napoleon seemed to be the mightiest monarch that ever ruled in

Europe, but signs were not wanting to those who had eyes to see that his permanent tenure of inordinate power was impossible. During these four years the limits of the French Empire were still further extended; Rome was annexed and the pope taken prisoner to France; Holland and the coastline of Germany to Bremen and Hamburg, with Lubeck on the Baltic Sea, were included within the administration of French officials, while French garrisons occupied the fortresses of Prussia and of Poland. Austria in 1809 tried once more to oppose Napoleon in arms, appealing to the half-formed sentiment of German nationality, but in vain. The campaign was followed by the French emperor's marriage to the Austrian archduchess Maria Louisa, and the birth of a son seemed the foundation of a Napoleonic dynasty. In France itself the dazzling successes of the emperor silenced all opposition, and a splendid court symbolized the restoration of a monarchy as autocratic as any the Bourbons had exercised.

But during these four years of seeming triumph there had developed in Spain a national opposition to the French invading armies. For the first time Napoleon met with the resistance of a nation and not with the government of a state. Supported by an English army commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, the Portuguese recovered and afterward maintained their independence, and in 1812 Wellington was able to afford effectual aid to the Spaniards. Elsewhere the national spirit made its appearance, notably in Germany, and only needed an opportunity to show itself in all its force. The opportunity was given by Napoleon's disastrous expedition to Russia in 1812. Of the causes of this expedition it is enough to state that the French emperor's head was turned by the giddy height of power to which he had ascended and that he no longer was ready, as he had been in 1807, to share Europe with another. Great was the failure of the Russian invasion; what was left of the Grand Armée after the previous frequent campaigns was destroyed by the frosts and snows of Russia.

It was true that Napoleon did not immediately confess himself beaten. With an army of invalids and conscripts he fought the campaigns of 1813 in Saxony until the battle of Leipsic consummated its destruction and drove him across the Rhine, just as Wellington, having freed the peninsula from French armies, forced his way across the Pyrenees. The day of reckoning had come. The French people refused to rise *en masse* to resist the enemies of Napoleon, as they had risen in 1793 to resist the enemies of France. The emperor was unable to drive back the invaders, and in 1814 Paris was occupied by the allied armies, Napoleon abdicated, and the First Empire was at an end.

This rapid *résumé* of the great events of the Empire is intended to bring out two points, the extent of the influence of France over Europe when represented by Napoleon and the Grande Armée, and the chief cause of the overthrow of this enormous power. The French armies carried with them over Europe the destruction of the relics of medieval governments and ideas, and extended those of the principles of the French Revolution which affected the individual. Napoleon had, before the Grande Armée started on the campaign of Austerlitz, extinguished the political ideals of the revolutionary period in France itself, and therefore they could not be transmitted to other nations. Napoleon's fall illustrated the force of a third principle which had come to the front in the days of the French Revolution in addition to the principles of individual freedom and popular sovereignty; namely, the principle of nationality. It was the outburst of French national sentiment that had made France victorious in 1793; it was the outbreak of Spanish and German national feeling that made the overthrow of Napoleon inevitable. His inordinate ambition indeed had its share in bringing about his fall, but his overthrow was largely due to the fact that he had preferred to be the ruler of a French state instead of being the hero of French nationality. It was the master of the Grande Armée who conquered Europe, not the representative of the French people.

(End of Required Reading for June.)

MAYOR WILLIAM L. STRONG OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY ANDREW C. WHEELER.

THE wave of reform that swept New York in 1894–95 brought to public attention in the mayor's chair a man unlike his immediate predecessors in character, vocation, temperament, and ambition. However positive the impulse of indignant revulsion—and it was really a profound feeling of disgust brought about by the Parkhurst and Lexow exposures—the selection of Mr. William L. Strong was rather a negative choice. So fearless and audacious had been the activities of professional politicians that it seemed to be the part of prudence to look in the direction of that matured calmness that is content to hold fast that which is good. Put into the one word that is oftenest used, this means conservatism, and as reform movements are, as a rule, at least in politics, radical movements we are here met by the first notable feature of the New York crisis.

The reform elements looked away from the indignant impulses of the hour to the cooler and calmer promises of a man securely grounded in the common but abiding virtues of good citizenship, commercial integrity, and unimpeachable private worth.

Mr. Strong was avowedly a Republican. The city was overwhelmingly Democratic. The best evidence that for once partisan fealty and clan adhesiveness were broken into and routed by the sudden energy of public indignation is that Mr. Strong was elected.

A great many local and confusing interests were focused in this fight. It is not necessary to inquire what they were. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that the Republican party of itself could not have elected Mr. Strong, and that, therefore, whatever results were accomplished by his election were due not to the public belief in the inherent virtue of a party but to the momentary breakdown of party lines.

The selection of Mr. Strong was made by the conservative commercial element of the community. It cast about first of all for a man with an acknowledged business and administrative capacity. It would not, perhaps, be straining a point to say that there was a sudden desire to see an old-fashioned gentleman once more in the mayor's chair. The traditions of the office were not entirely lost. Plenty of independent burghers there were still living who remembered the time when the mayor was honored and respected as a chief magistrate, and fitly represented the dignity, the virtue, and the pride not only of commercial, but of social, New York. They too, no doubt, had seen the office pass into the keeping of clan chiefs, uninformed political adventurers, buffoons, and mischief-making brawlers. Oakey Hall dressed himself in a suit of green on St. Patrick's Day and walked the plaza in front of the city hall. After he retired from the mayoralty he wrote a play, opened a theater, and acted the part of a Sing Sing convict. Fernando Wood conceived the idea of imitating South Carolina and taking New York out of the Union, and at one point in his career it required the Seventh Regiment to coerce him to a sense of duty. The claim of satire no less than of justice compels me to say that Fernando Wood was a reform mayor.

If the desire of the community in 1894 could be put into a phrase I think it would read like this: We want something with character, comfortable and clean, and strong enough to stay so till we get through with it.

At all events that is what the community got of its own free choice. Mr. Strong was not an aggressive champion of reform. He was not in any sense an energetic leader of the suddenly marshaled forces of revolt. He unquestionably blushed with the people at the exposures, and must have groaned with them at times under the double burden of dishonesty and disgrace; he unquestionably sympathized with the whole movement of reform. But it was not as a statesman or a moralist, or even as a doctrinaire, but only as a practical, methodical, and clear-minded business man, who, when he had anything to do, went about it in the straightest way, or got the men to go about it for him who would also select the straight way. He was not a brilliant man, hardly a creative man, but there are sterling abilities that neither open new paths nor scintillate. As a rule they prefer old paths that are narrow and straight. He was trained in administrative measures by long experience, and he had learned to judge men from their centers and not from their circumferences. He was marked by the patient sagacity of an old, rather than by the competitive intrepidity of the new, school.

It is hardly conceivable from what we have seen of him that he had any ardent political ambitions. He had arrived at that period of life when if a man has earned repose he is inclined to look for it. The honor of being the immediate successor of Gilroy, or Grace, or Grant was not to an old New Yorker very dazzling.

These considerations lay bare the supposition that Mayor Strong accepted the office with no more longing than is felt by the citizen who serves upon a petty jury. He was chosen, and I think he consented to be uncomfortable for the sake of the community. The Chamber of Commerce and the business interests looked his way with an instinctive sense of relief.

So far then as the mayor was a part of the reform movement of 1894 it was a return to normal and rational methods, as when the physician throws away speculation and drugs and tells the patient to open the window and let in the uneventful sunshine, the platitudinous air, and live properly.

To know just what such a method accomplished one has to know what the condition of the patient was before Mr. Strong took office. No magazine held down to chastity of events as well as chastity of language would consent to print the diagnosis. It is at least incredible in its authenticated and complicated iniquity. Two summary facts have outlived in popular reproach all the nauseous particulars. New York on its human or organized side was the wickedest and stupidest, and on its material side was the wealthiest and dirtiest city in America. Matthew Arnold said it was the dirtiest city in the world, with the possible exception of Mecca. Other cities have been sacked while their inhabitants were steeped in incidental debauch, but you may search history in vain to find an example of a city that consented to be plundered and ravished for a quarter of a century uninterruptedly. Whether New York was dirtier than it was dishonest will probably forever remain a subject of dispute between the doctor of divinity and the doctor of medicine; but it is very certain that this inheritance of dirt was the heirloom that every successive Tammany administration wore upon its breast as its proudest totem.

The writer of this article was born in New York and has lived in it with short intervals of travel for over fifty years. He can conscientiously say that for every year of that time the complaint of the citizens and the contempt of the stranger have gone up together. Millions of dollars were appropriated during every administration to clean the streets; the greater part of the money went into the pockets of political contractors, most of whom built suburban villas or club-houses at a safe remove from their own filth.

Dirt was a Democratic precedent. It never at any of its stages had even the redeeming feature of novelty. When Dickens visited America the hogs were rooting in front of the Astor House, and when the Prince of Wales came they were running wild in the Bowery. They had only gone up town in the general movement of enterprise. No cleanly New Yorker can in his heart blame Rudyard Kipling for his barrack-room opinion that New York was a hog-pen between two sewers. It is a fact that up to 1894 there was hardly a crossing on our business streets or handsomest promenades that in wet weather was fordable without the voluntary preparation of the mendicant sweeper. Born and bred adjacent to an everlasting sty, New Yorkers came at last to regard metropolitan nastiness as one of the irremediable perquisites of democracy, and settled into a cynical apathy that was unrelieved by anything but the habit of echoing their forefathers' hopeless humor. Seven times the city has suffered from a filth pestilence, and we saw our great thoroughfares white with the chloride of lime that was meant to neutralize the feculence that could not be removed.

The reason why I have dwelt upon this aspect of recent New York is that one day I was talking to a woman at a mission about a profligate and almost irredeemable young man in whom I had taken an interest, and she told me that she had some hope that he had experienced a change of heart, for she had noticed that morning that he had taken a bath. I suppose that cleanliness in a mission or in a metropolis is not only a grace but a necessity if it would be next to godliness. And I want to say that it would be an adequate if not a complete testimonial to put upon the future monument of our present mayor these words: "William L. Strong was made chief magistrate of this city in 1895, and for the first time in its history it became clean."

If the accomplishment of this Augean task of cleaning New York had not been the result of the application of the simplest, the oldest, and the easiest of methods it would not be worth mentioning, and the initial application of it was made by Mayor Strong. He simply used common sense and common honesty in his selection of a street commissioner.

It sounds incredible to say that this had never been done before. But in our century-end condition the simplest things are the most incredible. How much bravery it required to turn a deaf ear to all the politicians and to remain unperturbed and confident that the work well done would be the best answer both to the people and to the parties, we shall never know. But with all precedents and traditions before us we can see that it was a right-angled departure from every fundamental law of New York politics. Mr. Strong's childlike notion that a man ought to be appointed to clean the streets who would clean them filled the air with sardonic laughter. However, the man cleaned them, and the moment New York found to its astonishment that it was clean it began to have something like an open desire to be honest.

The moral sense of the community had been paralyzed. The possibility of getting honest men into the public service was hardly entertained without a sneer. It was said with all the emphasis of experience that the forces that held the city captive did not want honest men, and the honest men would not respond if they did. This fallacy had eaten into the bones of the body politic. Wherever there was wealth or social influence it shunned politics as one shuns a leper. The chasm between Dives and Lazarus was opened between Fifth Avenue and the city hall. Under our present charter Mayor Strong had the opportunity to break into this condition by his appointments and confirmations; and that he proceeded to do with admirable equanimity. Both Commissioner Waring of the street department and Commissioner Roosevelt of the police department are examples of the complete insulation of public duty from party pull. It is true that all of Mayor Strong's appointments have not been such signal examples of the right man in the right place, but it is the general opinion that in his selection of men he has demonstrated the feasibility and the advisability of going directly to the unfettered man of character if one is to fight dirt and depravity.

It is not necessary to go back to the malodorous expositions of 1894 to show that the police were almost as bad as the streets they patrolled under ring rule. The captains retired rich; the rank and file were recruited from the classes they were employed to arrest. The whole force was used as an enormous conduit through which Tammany Hall drew its blood money from outlawry.

Recent events have shown that the moral status of the police has undergone a change equivalent to the sanitary improvement in our streets. In short, as Carlyle says at the end of his "French Revolution," "A man having arrived, things began to straighten themselves out." It is that simple fact that gives whatever warrant there is for this article. It is indeed the conspicuous fact, if one thinks of it rightly, that the civic revolution has left for us, bringing us abreast of the serene and abiding factors that in the tumult of politics are obscured and forgotten.

Somewhere under the surface of life, so wildly insurgent and wearisomely distraught, there abide the serener simplicities and the secure humilities—the everlasting commonplaces of character that, like the stone tables of the law, have been wrought in the storm and stress of individual Sinais, to be dug from the debris of disaster afterward, arcane, imperishable and touched by the finger of the Infinite.

It is to the accessible and immutable centers that man turns in defeat and despair—individually looking up to their origin and socially casting about for some human evidence of them. So often has this been the case in the history of our country that we have learned to say that when a crisis arrives God makes a man to fit it. As if God were not always helping men to make themselves, in unobtrusive ways, deep down—nurturing, annealing, disciplining, not indeed for special dramatic occasions, but for all occasions in which the sunshine of common duty and the equitable storms of self-sacrifice make up the heroism of common and uneventful lives, and store the world of man, as the world of external nature is stored, full of the power for all emergencies.

Men like Mayor Strong are really storage batteries of conventional power; they draw, one might say, their latent energies unconsciously from the environment of long-adjusted conditions, in which the primal truths of social stability have passed over from explicit statement to implicit acceptance. They have simply organized the truth into the common sense of action. Taken from the flatboat, the counting-room, or the workshop and given the reins of government, they have often brought with them the lessons of patience, obedience, and a faith in the puissance of well-doing that have proved of inestimable value.

Mayor Strong, in any fair survey, must represent, not the exceptional, but the average American gentleman of conservative training—just such a man as every city and hamlet of our country can produce, for such men are always in reserve; a man of thrift, of unperturbed shrewdness, of equable judgment, of large, well-disciplined sympathies, of conforming reverence, of fixed habits of thought and conduct, with a broad, quick knowledge of men and affairs, unaggressive but deep-rooted, somehow signifying on the deck of action the anchor rather than the banner; in demeanor more like the retired English merchant than the unretired American banker; with pronounced staying power in the breadth of his face, but with a flickering sensibility in the amiable tenacity of his eyes; in a word, a solid man, and therefore to the solid men of New York a buttress, rather than a flying battalion.

Any one can see how interesting it is to New Yorkers to watch this old-time experiment of going back to the cool pleasaunces of life for a representative, instead of resorting again to the noisy potato-patch of politics.

Mr. Strong stands for the best, though not the most conspicuous social element of New York. By the best I mean that portion of the community that has conserved in unostentatious but elegant homes both the virtues and the graces that distinguished the fathers and the mothers of the republic. It is pleasant to know that all those patriarchal and even parochial tap-roots have not been swept away in the rush and roar of the cosmopolitan inundation.

Mr. Strong's acceptance of the mayoralty, it has been said, brought to the office the flavor of musk pink and bohea, and I dare say it is true, but the remark is only valuable as a comparison. We must not forget that the flavor of boiled cabbage and whiskey has been displaced.

Not the least important of the mayor's functions are social. He ought to be able in his own person to bridge the growing chasm between wealthy New York and poor New York; to lend the dignity of his official position and presence to such charitable, religious, educational, and commemorative occasions as need him, and thus identify the body politic with the more gracious purposes of the body social. The old myth of an alderman who was actually recognized in society turns out to be no myth at all, but a human possibility, and to our astonishment the recognition doesn't hurt an alderman or even a police commissioner.

It is of interest to know that the advent of such a man as Mr. Strong is coincident with the enlargement of the city under the Greater New York scheme. This magnificent act of consolidation which creates out of several municipalities and outlying burghs a city of 3,294,865 people puts an entirely new face on our metropolitan problems, and at this time of writing all views of the practical working of the larger commonwealth must be more or less speculative. One thing may, however, be said with something like certainty: William L. Strong will not be the mayor of the Greater New York, unless his emphatic utterances on the subject are absolutely meaningless. He has said very distinctly that he has no desire to remain in public life, and does not intend to remain in it. From what we know of the man this is a decision. Any one who knows what the duties of the mayor have been under the new *régime* will appreciate his desire for absolute rest. But his retirement will not affect the impulse he has given to good government. He was elected for two years, but under the new constitution of the state, which requires municipal elections to be held on odd years, his term has been extended and he will therefore not retire until January 1, 1898. In the two years of his administration that have passed, New York has experienced something like a renaissance of local pride, and nowhere has this been shown so gratifyingly as in its efforts to improve its public buildings, domains, and approaches. A new activity and a new emulation entered into all the departments the moment it was understood that there was an official desire for honest work.

New avenues have been laid out and others projected, some of them the finest in the world; new docks, new parks, new schoolhouses are under way, condemned tenements have given way to breathing-spaces. On the other hand licenses have been refused to immoral shows and public violators of decency have been indicted. To all of these things the friends of Mayor Strong point as evidences that he has kept faith with the people, and it is believed that if they have received the object-lesson aright they will not go back to the system of spoliation and worse than feudal vassalage of former conditions. In this belief we look forward to a metropolis second only to London in population, and one which ought to be second to none in good government, as it is second to none in natural advantages.

THE LARK.

BY NELLIE FRANCES MILBURN.

THE lark his sweetest carol pours
When there is no one near him;
For joy of life he soars and sings,
Nor cares if no one hear him.

Then, if thou hast a message, speak
The thought to thy lips welling;
Care not at all if no one heed,
But find a joy in telling.

A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

BY THORPE GREENLEAF.

"WELL! This is the first time I ever saw a man beat rock by note."

The speaker was a horseman watching two young men, one white, the other black, breaking rock on a turnpike. His scrutiny was returned with compound interest from under the lowering brows of the negro, but was unnoticed by his companion on account of the latter's being doubly occupied. Besides breaking the rock the white laborer had a Latin grammar propped up in the pile before him and his hammer kept time with the cadences of a Latin conjugation. When his attention was attracted by the stranger's voice he paused to say:

"Were you speaking to me, sir?"

"Not exactly. I rather think I was speaking to myself. What book have you there, that seems so fascinating?"

"It's a Latin grammar."

"Indeed! Not so very lively reading, then?"

"No, you would hardly expect that of a dead language."

"No, hardly. But you seemed so absorbed. Are you learning anything from it out here in this broiling sun?"

"Oh, yes," the youth replied, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "you see I am getting pretty well warmed up to the task."

"No doubt of that," the stranger said, evidently bent on pursuing the conversation. "But judging from the steady swing of your hammer I should call it a rather dark outlook for the grammar lesson."

"Never got more light on the subject all the time I was in Transylvania University."

Blinking sympathetically the horseman exclaimed:

"Ah, so you are a university man?"

There was no more levity, but a half-breathed sigh in the answer:

"I was last year, but I shall not go again till next year."

Was it pity for the country's misfortune in being thus deprived of the fine football material he saw in the young man that stirred the horseman's heart and reechoed in the next remark?

"It seems like some man who admires grit and struggling genius and who has the cash would help you through."

"Sir?"

The speaker was attired in "tow linen," but the haughty surprise with which he addressed that "sir" to the stranger belied his humble garb and occupation. The horseman saw his mistake and in hurried deprecation stammered:

"No offense, my dear sir, no offense. Of course you are well able to paddle your own canoe and will be all the better for it."

Then deftly changing the subject he asked:

"Will you attend the one mile foot-race at Lexington Saturday week?"

The mention of sport, as was anticipated, aroused all the Kentucky blood of the young rock-breaker, and he eagerly inquired, though with no intention of committing himself again:

"Who will run?"

"I shall run against Kentucky."

"And you are ——"

"John Hurst, the champion of Virginia. It takes one thousand dollars to enter and I will cover five such entries. The winners, should there be any," and Mr. Hurst smiled self-complacently, "can settle the championship of Kentucky among themselves. Come to the race, Mr. ——, Mr. ——"

"Rosser, sir — Lovick Rosser, at your service."

"Come to the race, Mr. Rosser."

"Thank you, sir; perhaps I may."

"Good morning, Mr. Rosser."

"Good day, Mr. Hurst."

The champion of Virginia ambled off in

the direction of Lexington, and for a half-hour nothing was heard but the steady clack, clack, clack of the hammers as the workers toiled on. Then the negro spoke:

"Mars Lovick, you can beat de hin' sights offen dat Figinian a runnin'."

"You never saw him run, Tom."

"I knows dat, Mars Lovick, but I *has* seen *you* run, an' I jist nachilly *know* dat no little dried-up 'scuse of a man like him can run wid you. Now, Mars Lovick, jist listen to reason. Sence George died it takes you an' me a year to keep you in school a year. You jist run dis race, an' in fifteen minutes you'll make 'nough to finish you up. Den in three years you'll graduate, but ef we go 'long dis here way it will take six years; don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, and if I had the money I'd run the race, but I haven't the one thousand dollars and that ends it," was the impatient reply.

"You's got *me*, Mars Lovick, an' I's cheap at fifteen hundred dollars."

"Tom, you don't think I'd sell you to get money to run a foot-race with, do you?"

"You could borrow de one thousand dollars of Square Tedgood, an' give him a mortgage on me."

"Hush, Tom, I won't listen to such talk. Don't bother me any more now. I must get this lesson."

The young fellow resolutely put the thought of the foot-race from his mind as he bent to his book and hammer.

He was a magnificent creature. In a region justly celebrated for large men he stood whole inches above his neighbors. He was a widow's son, and as his share of his father's estate had been given two negro men. At the age of seventeen he entered school, intending to use the labor of his two slaves to keep himself there, and at graduation he was going to manumit George and Tom. But George had died the first year, and he was now working with Tom to get money for his second year's schooling.

Tom's physique was little inferior to Lovick's. They were born, one in the "big house," the other in the quarters, on the same day. The same faithful black breast had nourished them both. They had been inseparable chums, with the well-defined distinction of master and servant perfectly understood from an early day. Lovick, in view of giving Tom his freedom, had taught him to "read, write, and cipher." A thousand common joys and a thousand common griefs bound the African's being to the Caucasian's fate in a way that people brought up since the war can scarcely appreciate. Tom was a pagan in so far as Lovick was his demigod.

Mrs. Rosser lived near at hand, and when dinner was over that day her son went with her into the negro quarters to give some directions to her servants. At the door they heard Tom talking to Aunt Aggie.

"I tells you, mammy, he can jist beat de United Earth a runnin'. Don't I 'member when he run 'round de man from Louisville in a three hundred yard dash? An' haint he beat everything in dis 'lection precinct? Why, on de las' day of 'lection, when Joe Hungate had packed up his saloon traps ready to leave, de young fellows begin ter jump offen de counter onto de groun'. Well, Mars Lovick loafed 'roun' tell de bes' jumper had made his bes' jump, den Mars Lovick he jist kindlely keerless-like got on de counter, beat de bes' jump six inches, turned 'roun', toed his own heel-marks, an' hopped back on dat counter jist like a bird."

"Yes, Tom," said Lovick, entering, "but none of those men were professionals. This Hurst runs races for a living, and I suppose he knows all about the business."

"An' I s'pose ef you fetch one or two of your big jumps you'll git so everlastin' far ahead o' him that what he knows 'bout de business won't do him no good."

"If it was a short dash I believe I could beat him, but I never ran a mile."

"Dis is Monday, an' de race don't come off tell next Saturday week, an' you can practice tell then."

Right here Tom's poor idolatrous heart overflowed, and in impassioned speech he drew a vivid picture of Lovick's future; he dwelt with pathos upon the hardships his young master was then undergoing; he spat vile contempt at the insignificant Virginian, and lauded his master's prowess in almost Homeric periods. He had a habit of stringing together words that might have come in the same column of a spelling book, and he wound up by saying:

"Mars Lovick, ef you run wid de Figinian you'll salivate 'im! Yes, you'll decimate 'im, propagate 'im, sublimate 'im, devastate 'im, palpitate 'im, indurate 'im, graduate 'im!"

If "eloquence is the art of persuasion," then Tom was a high-grade orator, for he convinced his little audience that the race ought to be run. Lovick's foster mother was weaving back and forth under the spell of the harangue, and his real mother was more affected than she would have admitted. Lovick really wanted to run the race, but had sternly repelled the desire. He was now wavering, when Aunt Aggie tremblingly said:

"Honey, yo jist go to Square Tedgood an' put up dis yere niggah for de one thousand dollars, like he says, an' den go an' run de race."

"I believe I'd run the race if I were you, Lovick. It seems almost providential that you have the opportunity," said Mrs. Rosser.

Thus persuaded, Lovick yielded. The strongest arguments in the temptation came from the one most vitally interested. The young student was indeed peculiarly tempted. So he spent the remainder of the day in negotiating the loan from Squire Tedgood, who promptly advanced one thousand dollars on a note that was secured by a mortgage on Tom's person.

The interim until the race was occupied by rigid training, and on the appointed day Rosser was driven by Tom to Lexington with the one thousand dollar stake, and entered for the race.

Hurst and Rosser were the only entries. As Tom took his master's duster he whispered:

"Mars Lovick, you'll beat him so bad he'll be 'shamed to tell his name."

At the start Lovick sprang forward and seemed easily to lead by two or three yards to the first quarter post. Of course the crowd was in sympathy with him and lustily cheered. Tom was wild. He waved the duster around his head, and cheered louder than the loudest. But after the first quarter it was evident that Hurst was gaining upon Rosser. The enthusiasm of the crowd subsided and Tom wailed out:

"He's a ketchin 'im! Good Lord, he's a ketchin' 'im! Fetch one o' your big jumps, Mars Lovick, or he'll ketch you shore."

The racers neared the second post abreast, and soon afterward Hurst began to draw ahead. Tom sprang up and down frantically, beat the earth with his duster, and cried:

"R-u-n, Mars Lovick! Run! run! run! He's a gwine to beat you shore ef you don't run hard."

Hurst was still slowly gaining. Tom was now at the end of his own strength, so he fell upon his knees and poured forth the Lord's Prayer at the top of his voice. Opening his eyes, he saw the distance between the runners still widening. Closing them again, he repeated "Now I lay me" in the same high key and loud tone.

Even this was inefficacious, and Tom, for the first time in his life, composed his own petition.

"My good Lord," he cried, "is you gwine for to let Mars Lovick git beat? You shore won't 'low no sech skin an' bones 'scuse of a man beat de bes' man in de Blue Grass! Why, Lord, it'll be a owdacious shame for him to come over here in our country an' beat de bes' man in it. 'Sides dat, Lord, you don't know what Mars Lovick is gwine to do wid dis here money. Maybe he'll educate himself for a preacher. An' den, Lord, ef Mars Lovick loses I'll b'long to Square Tedgood, an' who'll take care of my young marster den? Oh, Lord, stop dis here fool Figinian 'afore he beats my marster. Send a earthquake, or a cyclone, or a lightning bolt an' knock 'im endways, Lord, so my marster will win. Paralyze 'im, pulverize 'im, dramatize 'im, mesmerize 'im, stigmatize 'im—do anything, Lord, jist so you don't let him git here fust."

Tom now opened his eyes to behold the contestants on the home stretch. They were running toward the crowd, and for a moment Tom got the notion that Lovick was ahead. In delirious joy he sprang to his feet and shouted :

"Hooray for Mars Lovick Rosser! Hooray for de bes' man in de Blue Grass!"

Just then he discovered his mistake. Rosser had indeed gained on Hurst, but the Virginian was still leading. There was yet a chance that some accident might befall Hurst and give Rosser the race, and the Kentuckian was holding on with that hope. But Tom's tune now changed, and he screamed :

"R-u-n, Mars Lovick! Run! run! run! He's gwine to beat you ef you don't run hard."

He besought the Lord to give Lovick the race, he boasted that Lovick could win too easy to talk about, and implored Lovick to run harder, all in the same breath. Many of the bystanders said that they had never heard a man hold out so long in such a high, loud tone. The young master heard it and strained every nerve. It seemed to him that he must win somehow, for the poor negro's sake. But the trained skill of the other man triumphed, and he was declared the victor.

Tom wrapped Lovick in an overcoat and helped him into the buggy. As he was about to drive homeward, Hurst came to the side of the vehicle and said :

"Mr. Rosser, you made me run harder than I ever want to run again. If you had had a month's training I could not have beaten you. But what is the matter with your man? He is spitting blood!"

Lovick glanced toward Tom. Every moment the negro was spitting a mouthful of blood.

"What's the matter, Tom?" was Lovick's excited query.

"I hurt myself a hollerin'," came in a whisper. His shouting had brought on a hemorrhage.

"Here, Dr. Gwartney! This way quick! Something is wrong with my servant."

The physician, after a glance, said :

"It is a hemorrhage of the lungs. Who would have thought that such a strong looking man had weak lungs! Get him to bed immediately, Mr. Rosser."

Lovick took the reins and drove rapidly to neighboring negro quarters. The doctor followed, and after a brief examination said he could do nothing for the man, and that he would have to die. Utterly dismayed, Lovick sank upon his knees and cried :

"Oh! Tom, my best, my kindest friend, do not die and leave me. Oh why did I consent to run? Say that you forgive me for murdering you, Tom, or I shall go wild."

The dying slave turned to his master and said :

"Mars Lovick, you haint murdered me; please take dat back before I die, for it seems like I can't die easy wid you a feelin' dat way. Take it back, Mars Lovick."

"All—right—Tom, I—take it—back," came in choked sobs from Lovick, as a crimson stream burst from Tom's lips. After a moment Tom could speak again :

"No, Mars Lovick, it's all my fault. You wouldn't a run ef it hadn't a ben for me. But don't you worry for me, marster. It wouldn't be like livin' to b'long to any one else, an' sence you've lost de race I'd radder go dan not."

A more violent hemorrhage than ever here set in. The doctor forbade any more conversation, but when he could speak again Tom resumed :

"I can't save mysef by bein' quiet, an' I've got some things I must say to my marster before I go. Mars Lovick, you've got anudder race to run. De prize ain't a thousand dollars, but it's a crown of glory. I begged you to run dis race to-day, an' now I want you to run de big, long race an' git de big prize. Will you run, Mars Lovick?"

"Yes, Tom, I'll run."

The coughing and hemorrhage occurred almost uninterruptedly now, and his strength failed with alarming rapidity. After an hour the slave searched nervously about for the master's hand. He got it in one of his, and with his expiring ounce of strength bore that loved hand to his lips. He smiled then, and as Lovick bent low over him he said :

"Good-by, Mars Lovick. Run—hard—an'—git—de—big—prize."

HISTORIC CONCORD.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, LL.D.

"WON'T you hurry me?" "Not a bit, sir," answered McManus, the hackman, who, with his cab, stood ready for the first pilgrim who might arrive by the morning train from Boston and wish to see dear old Concord.

"Will you really let me take all the time I want? Not get a bit disturbed if I overstay in some house? Tell me everything you know, or ought to know?" These were in substance my questions to my first acquaintance in the town, and he answered them all to my complete satisfaction. In truth be it said, too, that McManus kept his word to the letter. He let me linger in Hawthorne's sweet Old Manse, hang around the bronze Minute Man and gaze steadily at his flintlock, pick up pebbles or bits of shrubbery as souvenirs, gather golden-rod and gorgeous sumac sprays from the roadside, and overstay in the Town Library and in the Historical Collection; and all without an impatient word or motion. Of course the next time I go to Concord McManus will be again my man. For all future excursions I suspect he will stand supreme as my ideal of a tourist's cabman, in patience, easy manners, and downright knowledge of his themes.

THE OLD MANSE.

It was a cool, fresh day in last August. The hours passed swiftly by, and only great and world-known names were heard or thought of. What with halting before the simple home of some one whose books had introduced a new epoch into literature, and now at some memorable spot where the great ball of the Revolution was set in motion by the sturdy New England yeomen, one's thoughts became divided between a certain veneration for the magicians of the pen and the plain wielders of the musket for a new republic.

My driver took me according to his own will.

Frank B. Sanborn's house is bright and sunny, and has the air of the present rather than the past. The house of Louisa Alcott brings one back to other days, when her father used to teach his wonderful school by conversation, and expound high philosophy to the little folk. Louisa, the gifted daughter, grew up in that bracing ozone, and the wonder would have been had there not come from her pen such fancies as could bloom only in such rare environment.

THOREAU'S HOUSE.

Margaret Fuller used to be much in Concord, visiting her sister, nominally, but really bothering Emerson much with her questions, dreams, and literary impossibilities. The calm soul of our great American aphorist was disturbed, but he said nothing. He simply endured, and

CONCORD BRIDGE AND MINUTE MAN.

hoped for a better day on the morrow.

I was next taken to the Old Manse, the first of Hawthorne's two Concord homes. To the right is the very spot where the farmers "fired the shot heard round the world." There is a little enclosure, surrounded by a chain, which marks the burial-place of the few British soldiers killed in the first engagement. Here was fought the first battle of the Revolution—our loss, two killed and four wounded! Small as the cost was, the reward was beyond all arithmetic or chronology. Who has a better right to speak of Concord and of Concord memorabilia than Emerson? And here is what he says: "We have no need to magnify the facts. Only two of our men were killed and four wounded. But here the British army was first routed and driven back, and if only two men, or only one man, had been slain, it was the first victory. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground but the light of it fills the horizon. The British instantly retreated!"

CONCORD BRIDGE.

But of the Revolution, and of Concord's part in beginning it, one can well read in the books. What book, however, could tell of the Old Manse, and how it now appears, and what it is to American literature?

The orders on the weather-beaten board were strict—"No one admitted." I have often seen that before. Once, when a pedestrian in the Oberland and a companion of an Oxford student, I asked my associate how to see the Oxford University buildings to best advantage. He replied: "Go to any door, and if it is not locked walk in." I remembered his advice on reaching Oxford, and for that matter ever since. This will do for public buildings; but with private houses all the proprieties must be observed. I knocked softly on the door of the dear Old Manse.

The proprietors were away, but a young collegian had charge, and he was good enough to give me a welcome, take me around the various rooms of the lower floor, and meander with me through the

THE MINUTE MAN.

grounds. The present owner has a fine domestic library of about five thousand volumes. The rooms have no longer the old-time furnishings and paper-hanging, but the aroma of the shrine still lingers, and I read again in memory the precious "Mosses from an Old Manse." One well knows that Hawthorne had no anticipation of what large work he was doing when he was writing the "Mosses." One sees in them the dreamer, the worker, the poet who never wrote rime, and the philosopher who never knew metaphysics. I came out of that weird place with a strange feeling, as if I had caught a whisper from the shy magician himself. I had seen for a moment only what he saw every day.

The streets of Concord are lined with trees. Oaks are everywhere. Their very trunks and boughs harmonize with the tough fiber of the men and women who made Concord a memory and a perpetual joy.

Sleepy Hollow is the cemetery of the immortals. Oaks stand about as watchful sentinels, and intertwine their gnarled boughs. Pines, too, look down from their spires upon the plain graves which their roots interlace. The modest tombs of the Alcotts are just across the path from that of Hawthorne. The latter is protected by a loose wire screen from possible intrusion, beside which, as a double safeguard, is a hedge of arbor-vitæ, but all loose and free, and so low that one can see everything he may wish. Myrtle creeps over the whole grave, while both pines and oaks look smilingly down upon the calm spot. The only stone to mark the grave is a simple headstone.

EMERSON'S HOUSE.

THE DINING-ROOM AT THE WAYSIDE.

Thoreau's grave is close by. Near it I saw pines which were exuding limpid streams of turpentine. The fragrance was in the air. Are not the odors from Thoreau's charming pages, which never sold while he lived, to-day in all atmospheres, quickening and never harming?

Emerson's grave is marked by a rough stone, and lies between two great pines, one at the head and the other at the foot. The stone itself is rugged, sharp-angled, ivied, and for all the world like a miniature Matterhorn as seen from the hill above Zermatt. But size against size, who would not take one vital Emerson for a thousand gneiss and granite Matterhorns? Grass covers the grave. It is a picture of sweetest repose.

Here I saw the snap-box woman. She turned the thing on Emerson's grave, and then came the click, at the moment of my greatest exaltation. How one could wish that machine in the mid-Atlantic! Why doesn't the owner buy a picture at the shop and take the first train for elsewhere?

OLD FIRST CHURCH.

The whole cemetery is fascinating, both in the memories it suggests and the natural beauty which greets the eye. One can hardly take a step without seeing the name of some one whose book made its way through criticism to fame and a universal scepter.

Emerson's house is enclosed in fragrant pines. Near by, however, are lilacs and trailing arbutus, while two horse-chestnuts guard the entrance to the spacious yard. A niece of the calm thinker who used to occupy this memorable house gave me prompt admittance and showed me all the main rooms. The house is double, and on the right side of the hall was Emerson's library and working room, quite as he had left it. What associations throng about you as you cross the threshold! The Alcotts, Thoreau, Sanborn, Margaret Fuller, and whom else shall I say?—from far and near, came here frequently, and always were kindled into new activity by the master's unconscious oracles.

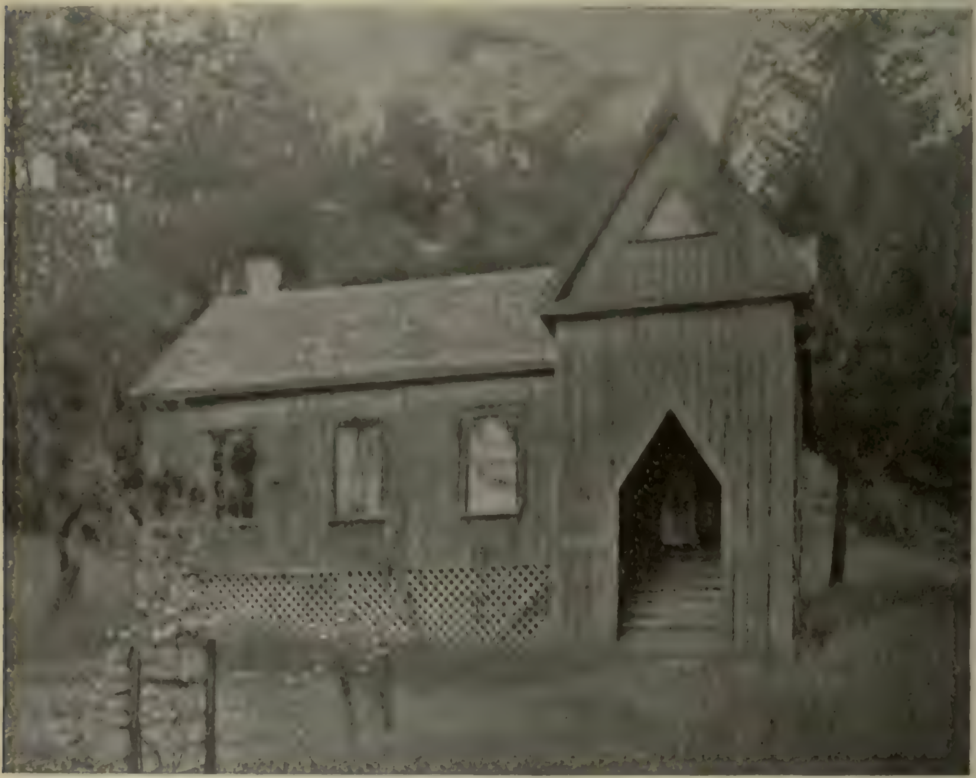
Books are everywhere in the Emerson house, and much the same as when the gentle hand of the poet used to fondle them, as Southey in his last days caressed his idols in sheep and calf. They stand without order as to subjects, but properly enough as to size. A goodly number of first editions I noticed, many of them presentation copies to Mr. Emerson. A strong current of orientalism pervades them—history, myth, and poetry from the land of the sunrise. Goethe's "Divan" has its place close beside the "Secret of Hegel." Bindings do not figure in the least. Precious volumes prevail, gowned in well-worn and faded cloth. Where there is a glossy calf or a gilt edge, be pretty sure it was an author's gift. Souvenirs of travel and friendship are not infrequent in the spare spaces on the walls. Here, for instance, is a portrait of John Knox, presented by Carlyle, with the Chelsea sage's statement that the picture is "the only one I ever saw which I believe to be a genuine portrait."

THE WAYSIDE.

A little beyond the Emerson house, on the left side of the road leading toward Lexington, is "The Wayside," Hawthorne's home long after he had occupied the Old Manse, and, indeed, his final home. The main part is old, but the additions have given it something of a modern air. It had come into Alcott's hands from the elder days, and he sold it to Hawthorne in 1852. From time to time the owner improved it. After returning home from his Liverpool consulate and his journeys through England and Italy, and dreaming out his "Marble Faun," he set a big square room, like a box, right on top of the main building.

This he called his "tower," and it served him henceforth as a study. This house was the place in which, more than anywhere else, he achieved the largest work of his latest period. Here he spun out his sweet "Tanglewood Tales," his delightful pictures of English scenery and life which we read in "Our Old Home," and, last and saddest of all, "Septimius Felton," over whose unfinished pages fell the magician's wand. Hawthorne's son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, sold it in 1883 to Daniel Lothrop, the publisher of juvenile literature, to whose widow, the "Margaret Sidney" of fiction, it now belongs.

The Concord Antiquarian Society has a fine historical collection. The house is itself a charming bit of bric-a-brac, quaint, old-timey, and homelike. It fairly shimmers with the blaze of sweet colonial memories. My time of day was during the hours when it is generally closed, but Mr. George Tolman, who is the secretary, received me most kindly at his home, and told me he would shortly join me at the society building. Here he gave me ample time and every attention. His conversation was worth a thousand guide-books. He knew the men who had given Concord its sacred immortality—that of thought and pen. He submitted patiently to all my inquiries, and never once reminded me by word or manner that I was trespassing on his good nature. But, for that matter, everything and everybody in Concord seemed to have caught Emerson's peace.


ALCOTT'S SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The collection is an old one, having been a half century in the making. Little money has been spent in acquiring historical objects, but the citizens of Concord have done more wisely; they have given of their own possessions, such as domestic and literary objects of all kinds, weapons, family treasures, and objects associated with the celebrated characters, not only of America, but of other lands. Here, for instance, is a cream pitcher of Robert Burns' and a bit of tapestry from Mary Queen of Scots' bedchamber. If one wants to know how the New Englander lived in the simple colonial days, here he can find out. The house itself is so arranged as to show it all. The broad fireplace, the high-backed settles, the pewter dishes, the churn, the spinning-wheel, the tables with spider legs and claw feet, the straight-back chairs, the grandfatherly clocks, furniture from the Old Manse, chests of drawers, high-post bedsteads, tall tortoise-shell combs, fans of the Puritan girls, snuff-boxes, and many another thing which played its part in the charming colonial life. Here, too, was the very lantern which Paul Revere carried in his hand on his heroic ride from Boston to Lexington and immortality.

The Thoreau house is one of the chief Concord attractions, at least to one pilgrim. It has a small ell in the rear. What could such a scanty extension mean? It served as a diminutive lead-pencil factory. The father of Henry D. Thoreau was a manufacturer, in a small way, of lead-pencils. On them was marked "Made by Thoreau and Sons." One son died, and Henry and the father were the makers of the pencils. I saw one of their make at the Town Library, and heard this story: The pencils did not satisfy Henry. They were not good enough. He decided that he would continue to make until he had achieved a perfect one, and then he would stop. He reached his goal, and then did stop, as did also the business a little later. At the family auction a few of the pencils were found and sold. A druggist of the place made a corner of the ware by buying all of them. Of course he gets a good price from visitors to Concord for the few that remain.

Objects of rare historic interest confront one on all the streets and along all the paths of Concord. Here is the Wright Tavern, built in 1747, which Major Pitcairn entered on the morning of the famous Concord fight, and boasted over his brandy, but in vain, that he would win the day. Here, too, is Old First Church, where the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts met, in 1774, and from which the thunder of revolution went out to every nook and corner of the colonies. "Merriam's Corner" was a turning-point, in its own great way, of destiny. A boulder preserves its history: "The British troops, retreating from the Old North Bridge, were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns, and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown."

The next fighting, on a large scale, was at Bunker Hill. Then on it went—southward and at all points of the compass, until, after seven years, came silence and independence. Thus has it come about that the glare of Paul Revere's lantern shone out on a longer path than the few precious miles between the Old North Church in Boston and brave little Concord.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MATCHES.

HOW CAN IT BE MADE HEALTHFUL?

BY DR. E. MAGITOT.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

INDUSTRIAL conquests constitute the riches and the prosperity of nations, but like all human conquests they are often bought at the price of sacrifices and dangers. Work, the universal law of humanity, has the right to be protected; life is a capital whose security ought to be assured. This is the part of hygiene, of that science, the youngest of all, perhaps, which has gained in our modern societies within a few years an importance so considerable, an extension so great, a favor so marked. Applied to the study of trades and professions, hygiene has found a vast field open to its investigations and experiments by reason of the constantly increasing multiplicity of inventions and discoveries, origins of most varied industries.

Thanks to an infinity of processes, varied or graduated according to particular cases, it can be said that at the present time the industries remaining unhealthful are at the minimum. Why must the manufacture of matches yet be counted among them?

The match is certainly one of the most astonishing marvels of modern civilization, and if our present generations were not familiarized with it from infancy we would know better how to appreciate the advantages and the importance of this admirable discovery—fire within reach of every one.

It is Kammerer of Ehningen in Wurtemberg to whom must be attributed the real invention of the match, in 1832. With a mixture of chlorate of potash, sulphur of antimony, and gum, he made a paste with which he coated the extremity of a small stick of wood. The dried mixture took fire by simple friction upon a rugose surface.

As is seen, the first match did not contain phosphorus—a curious detail when compared with the last endeavors of the inventors, who strive to suppress phosphorus in the new inflammable pastes. But the same rock awaited the first attempts as well as the last: sudden explosive conflagrations occasioned numerous accidents. The matches of Kammerer were already falling into complete discredit when he conceived the idea of replacing the sulphur of antimony by phosphorus. It was a considerable advance from the standpoint of inflammability of the match, but there still remained a step to take, and, while waiting, the persistence with which chlorate of potash was maintained in the pastes continued to produce burns and explosions, so much so that in certain states of Germany the new manufacture was for several years interdicted. It was then that a series of experiments was made which brought about, first the reduction of the proportion of chlorate, and finally its complete suppression, by substituting for it potassium nitrate (saltpetre) and manganese peroxide.

For every observer who possesses even elementary notions of chemistry, phosphorus is a truly extraordinary body and endowed with properties so special and exclusive that at first sight it seems illusory to seek its equivalent in industry. It is a marvelous and infallible agent to give at any moment, in all climates, in all latitudes, fire and light with a simplicity and a surety that no other process could equal.

Matches of white phosphorus answer, indeed, to every need. They ignite upon any surface whatever, without noise, without conflagration, without risk of explosion. Their manufacture is simple, easy, inexpensive. Covered with a protecting varnish, they defy inclemency, even humidity. The workman of the country as well as the city, the traveler, the hunter allured far from inhabited places, is always assured, with matches in his pocket, of being able to make a fire wherever he finds himself.

Is any other substance capable of offering the same advantages? No, assuredly; there is none which is comparable to it. There is no substitute for white phosphorus.

But it is a poison; it threatens workmen with the gravest dangers; it mutilates and kills them.

Let us see first of all why and how white phosphorus is so dangerous to handle.

White phosphorus is volatile; it diffuses, in the atmosphere of workshops where matches are being made, acrid and irritating vapors which darken the air. Penetrating into the respiratory passages, the vapors are slowly absorbed by the system, become fixed in the blood and the tissues, and produce there that particular state which has been designated by the name phosphorismus.

Phosphorismus represents the slow and chronic poisoning by phosphorus. All the workmen who are exposed to phosphorized vapors are doomed, with few exceptions, to phosphorismus, with this restriction, that its intensity varies according to the quantity of the vapors; so that in certain works, well arranged and carefully ventilated, if the totality of the vapors is drawn outside, phosphorismus can be reduced to zero.

The work is then in a state of complete salubrity.

Phosphorismus manifests itself by general phenomena and disturbances of the health easily recognizable. The workmen are pale, anemic, emaciated. They have a certain color of the skin, a color called icteric; their breath has the very odor of phosphorus. Investigation has shown that there is a very marked diminution in the proportion of mineral elements in the system—that what may be called the demineralization of the economy, and at the same time of the skeleton, is taking place.

This so grave a perturbation in the chemical composition of the bones explains certain cases of compound fracture with slow and defective consolidations among workers of phosphorus. This demineralization can be calculated, and if it be represented by a coefficient, you see that the figure it reaches compared with the normal state becomes the true criterion of phosphorismus.

But this is not all, and another still more startling phenomenon of this demineralization of the skeleton consists in the characteristic accident, most grave and at the same time most dramatic: necrosis of the jaw-bones, which the workmen have themselves qualified by the name of the chemical sickness.

It is a strange disease and one which appeared at first entirely unusual and inexplicable—a destruction of the bones of the face, a mortification of the maxillaries, which become detached in fragments in the midst of sores and abscesses of the mouth. The lesion has a singular tendency to extend and propagate itself; and it invades then even to the bones of the cranium, often entailing death, while those who live through it remain frightfully mutilated.

Nevertheless, in spite of the *cortège* of signal dangers accompanying it from its origin, the match industry had a prodigious extension. In Germany first, then in France, in Belgium, in England, and successively in all parts of Europe factories were established and, thanks to the *régime* of absolute liberty and to the absence of all surveillance and all control, the installations came in all quarters into the most deplorable conditions. Matches were being made almost anywhere, in the workmen's lodgings, in the homes, in cellars; phosphorus was found in clothing, in the midst of food, within reach of children, and from this came fires and acute poisonings. The workmen, recruited from no matter where, and not looked after at all, were crowded together in insufficient habitations where the atmosphere was irrespirable.

The hospitals of Vienna, Berlin, and Nuremberg received the first necrosis patients, and, while the most celebrated physicians were studying the new malady, surgeons endeavored by early operations to arrest the march of the scourge. In France the alarm spread with the same rapidity; the first factories were almost all grouped in a suburb of Paris, La Villette, and in conditions as pitiable as those of Germany. The physicians ascertained with stupefaction the development of an unusual form of osseous mortification, and looked on powerless at the invasion of the destruction. Before this ignorance every idea of remedy remained illusory. Only the hygienists, in the common ignorance, were, at least upon a certain remedy, in perfect accord.

The cause is unknown; very well! but the morbid agent is white phosphorus. Consequently what could be more simple? Let us suppress phosphorus.

In France repeated unsuccessful attempts were made to have the use of white phosphorus prohibited by law, and at length a reward of ten thousand dollars was offered for the discovery of the best match without it. Unfortunately the different attempts presented a common fault, which became at the same time a peril: the new matches were explosive. Thus phosphorus came off conqueror in this new trial.

Doubtless one has not the right, in a period of discoveries and inventions such as that we are now traversing, to affirm that this famous substitute for white phosphorus, so much sought after even to the present time, will not be discovered to-morrow and that the ideal match will not appear triumphant; but as long as such a result is delayed, it must not be forgotten that there are grave interests at stake, human existences threatened. The situation cannot then be further prolonged. There is spread abroad among the public, in the press, and among workmen an agitation and an emotion that has reached the highest degree. A solution is demanded; it must be sought and formulated.

We are in the presence of three solutions: (1) the legal prohibition of white phosphorus in the industry, (2) the employment of machines, (3) the application of hygiene.

The legal interdiction of white phosphorus is the radical solution; it makes the pathogenic agent disappear. But is this interdiction realizable? Here we do not hesitate to reply in the negative. No, to suppress the employment of white phosphorus is not possible in the present state of the match industry.

Of all the countries of Europe, one only has had to accept (by a law of 1874) the *régime* of the match without white phosphorus—Denmark, the native land of the match of amorphous phosphorus, called the Swedish match. Its inconveniences are known; they consist especially in that it does not ignite except upon a special surface which is coated with phosphorus, while the match bears only a mixture of chlorate. Furthermore, the phosphorus-coated surface under the least humidity is struck in vain; or it may lose its inflammable properties with use so that the last matches of a box do not find the phosphorus necessary for ignition.

These causes explain why its total consumption has remained so inferior compared with that of the ordinary match. White phosphorus continues to rule the industry. In England, in Italy, in Spain its manufacture is free; it is neither regulated nor watched.

In Switzerland the Federal Council passed a law in 1882 forbidding the employment of ordinary phosphorus, in all the works of the confederation. This law remained in effect for two entire years, at the end of which the experience appeared decisive, for the law was repealed upon a recital of which the text is worth remembering: "The substitution of amorphous phosphorus for white phosphorus is industrially impossible."

The Belgian government was aroused in its turn, and the minister in 1895 prepared a bill prohibiting the employment of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. However, before submitting the bill to Parliament, an inquiry was instituted, and the principal manufacturers of the kingdom were interrogated. The replies were invariable. The suppression of white phosphorus, they said, would deal a mortal blow to the Belgian industry. The bill had to be abandoned.

In France, without doubt, as everywhere else in Europe and in the entire world, the government will abandon the idea of interdiction; and our academies as well as our sanitary commissions, if they have the courage to reverse their decisions, will cease to make vows which cannot be executed.

Thus there is presented for consideration the second solution, which rests upon the employment of machines.

Numerous innovations have been for a long time applied to the operations reputed most unhealthful. One of the most dangerous parts of the work is moistening the matches with the inflammable paste. This was formerly performed, and is still performed in many countries, by the direct presentation of the press containing the matches to the slab covered with warm paste exhaling thick vapors. To-day the moistening is done by a roller. The roller occupies the center of a sort of cage, powerfully ventilated, at whose entrance a workman presents the press, which traverses the apparatus, passes upon the roller, and is received at the outlet by another workman, who directs it upon the dryers. The operation has thus become rapid and almost inoffensive.

Other automatic processes have been contrived for emptying the presses after the drying. But they can hardly be operated in a closed apparatus and hence do not succeed in withdrawing the workman from the vapors which the matches disengage.

There is indeed one operation which machines cannot accomplish; that is sorting. Its amelioration consists only in the energetic ventilation of each workman's station. The boxing of the matches is effected by a machine very rapidly and without too much diffusion of foreign vapors.

But besides these machines of details, there is another which has been much considered recently—the American machine invented in Chicago, which accomplishes in itself the whole series of operations in match manufacture, even to the boxing. The machine is from sixty-five to eighty feet long, with an endless sheet-iron plate carrying the matches to be coated. The different parts of the apparatus are in the open air and watched by several sets of workmen. It seems rather difficult to enclose the machine so that no emanations will be diffused outside. It thus remains a source of vapors which are collected and condensed into a relatively restricted space. Only one advantage seems to contribute toward the prevention of disease: the number of employees is reduced to a third or a quarter of the ordinary number.

This machine seems called upon to realize considerable progress and would facilitate the selection of a limited personnel.

We are now in the presence of the third solution, that by hygiene. We shall see that it is at the same time the only truly scientific and rational one.

Phosphorismus is the slow and chronic poisoning of the workman by the noxious emanations of the workshops; then these emanations must be suppressed. The task is here perhaps a little more difficult than for other industries in which the gases or vapors are less dense and of less diverse composition. But the present systems of aeration and ventilation are of extreme variety and almost unlimited energy. Sometimes there is employed the simple draft of ventilators placed at the top of buildings and often sufficient to draw away the gases lighter than air; sometimes recourse is had to mechanical ventilation by vapor, applied not only to the atmosphere of a workshop, but to each workman's isolated station. The Blackmann system, based upon this principle, has been administratively imposed upon all the works of Belgium, and has given the best results.

There is another system of ventilation which ought to be noted; it is Geneste and Herscher's machine for inhalation by the injection of air, which has succeeded in certain industries and in some industrial laboratories in carrying away the most dangerous gases.

The getting rid of deleterious gases by neutralization has also been attempted. A first effort in this direction rests upon the employment of extract of turpentine, to which is attributed the property of stopping the oxidation by free air of the vapors of phosphorus. Confidence in this means has remained such in certain manufactories that extract holders are placed upon the work-tables, and each workman, in addition, carries at his neck a flask containing the supposed neutralizer.

Necrosis rests not only upon phosphorismus but it implies another condition, the previous existence with the workman of a certain lesion of the jaws and dentition, known as dental caries, a common lesion ordinarily, but one which plays here an important and decisive part. Dental caries is the entrance door for the chemical sickness; without it, no necrosis.

The preventive in this case is one of extreme simplicity. There must not be allowed to enter a match factory nor be maintained there at any price a workman bearing a single lesion of this nature.

To sum up, in the ideal manufactory of white phosphorus matches, the workshops are large and roomy, as the cubature of air is proportioned to the number of workmen; the mechanical ventilation is complete, so that no vapor of phosphorus penetrates into the atmosphere; a visible reagent does not disclose pressure of vapors and implies only insignificant traces of them; the force of employees is the object of a selection upon entrance, practiced with most complete rigor, and periodical selection assures the maintenance of the same conditions.

THE SON OF A TORY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF WILTON AUBREY IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND ELSEWHERE, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1777, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED FROM PRIVATE PAPERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PERILOUS VENTURE.

THE night proved most auspicious for our undertaking. The tumbled masses that hid the stars were of a murky hue, and a sobbing wind was stirring among the trees. It was hard upon midnight when we crept out of the sally-port, and began making our way cautiously toward the river. A short distance up the stream I recalled having seen some logs floating in an eddy near the bank, and thither we bent our steps with the intention of using the timber to assist us in crossing to the other side. Several years previous there had been a sawmill in existence near by, and the logs were undoubtedly some that had been hewn and floated down, but found too defective for use.

Without incident we gained the point sought. Here we divested ourselves of coats, breeches, and foot-gear, each one of us fastening his possessions to a piece of the water-logged timber. Thus we pushed from the bank, the colonel and Lieutenant Stockwell taking the lead. We could but faintly distinguish the outline of the opposite shore, so black was the night. Not a sound did we hear save the sough of the wind and the hoarse murmur of the current. For some reason the Indians were silent. It was our plan, after crossing the river, to strike for a distance to the north of the stream, then to return, and follow its course to the settlement.

At first we had little difficulty in keeping near one another, but in mid-current a strong swirl separated me from my companions. My log, being heavily water-soaked, proved hard to manage, and when I reached the shore I had no idea where the colonel and Lieutenant Stockwell had landed. The bank was slippery with slime, and after having floundered noisily in one spot in my attempt to find them I concluded that rather than further endanger my safety by still endeavoring to discover their whereabouts I would better strike out for myself. I selected what seemed a likely place to gain the land, and was crawling noiselessly up out of the water when my hand fell upon the bow of an Indian canoe. I had chanced upon one of the points of communication between the two shores.

In an instant my plans were changed. I decided that I would appropriate the canoe and follow the river to the settlement. I groped about but could not find the paddle. While I was considering what I should do I heard footsteps approaching. There was nothing left but to take to the river again. This I did, drawing the canoe after me. If I could not avail myself of it, I could at least prevent another from putting it to use, perhaps to my peril.

The current took me swiftly away from the spot. With one arm I gripped fast upon the log, and with the other kept firm hold on the canoe. I soon realized, however, that this method of procedure was impracticable. It was impossible for me, while in the water, to transfer my clothes, which were bound tightly to the log, to the canoe, and without a paddle the little craft was useless; so, although not without regret, I let it slip from my grasp. I now conceived the bold idea of keeping in mid-stream, and drifting past Sir John Johnson's camp and the redoubt he had erected on the river-bank to guard the carrying-place. I felt confident that even the sharpest-eyed sentry would discover nothing suspicious in a log floating with the current, if, indeed, in the thick gloom he saw it at all.

For a time I was favored of fortune. In fact I was about congratulating myself that I was safe, when my log encountered a snag and became so wedged among the debris collected by the obstruction that I began to despair of getting it loose. I could hear a sentry pacing his beat upon the bank, and consequently had to be most guarded in my endeavors to free my tree-trunk pilot. I was on the point of abandoning it, when, by a supreme last effort I succeeded in parting it from the rest of the mass of wreckage and went drifting on again unobserved.

I now began to feel the effects of my long immersion, and yet I did not dare to leave the river. I was fully a third of a mile from the carrying-place before I ventured to quit the stream, and then it was with difficulty that I could pull myself upon the bank, so exhausted was I. Unfastening my clothes from the log, I took a deep draught from the flask I had had the forethought to bring with me. This set my blood stirring. I wrung out my dripping undergarments, reclad myself, took another swallow of spirits, and set out to seek the Albany road, for I had risked landing on the south side of the river.

It was not long before I found the rough highway which had been cut through during the French and Indian War, and over this I went stumbling blindly and weakly, intent on putting between myself and the fort as great a distance as might be before dawn.

As I paused where the road dipped into a swale, just as the night was lifting, I detected the foul odor of carrion. The sickening smell grew when I began descending, and presently, with a startling swish of wings and a furious clamor, a great flock of crows swept upward to the hemlock tops. Upon the scene of what dread tragedy was I advancing? I hesitated, but considering that if I turned back and sought another route I might lose myself in the wilderness, I pressed resolutely forward. As I reached the base of the declivity where the road—logs laid in the mire—crossed the swamp land, a wolf with an angry snarl sprang from my path into the tangled thicket.

I could see but dimly, yet I now knew that I had come upon the battle-field, the spot where Herkimer and his men had encountered Sir John Johnson and the Indians. Before me was heaped a pile of corpses, friends and foes who had expired in the death grapple. Here lay one who had fallen face downward in the swale, only his legs being visible; there was stretched another whose head and shoulders only showed. When the grisly horror of it all smote me, a temporary strength was infused into my tottering limbs. I leaped over the prostrate forms, I fled up the opposite slope, panting, straining, as though all the fabled fiends of the under-world were at my heels. But this effort was the last desperate brightening of a dying flame. I blundered from the roadway into the woods, reeled a few paces among the trees, caught my foot upon a projecting root, and fell at full length, unconscious.

When I recovered my senses the sun was high above me. Every bone in my body ached, and my head snapped with pain. I crawled into the sunlight, propped myself against a mossy hillock, and lay there for hours with closed eyes. The sun-bath seemed to do me good, for late in the afternoon my head ceased throbbing, and my joints were a trifle less stiff. The nausea which I had experienced on awakening also left me, and I was able to partake sparingly of the cheese and hard biscuit which I had brought with me. I discovered a spring, too, near by, and the copious draughts I had from it helped to relieve my distress.

Further progress that day, however, was out of the question, so I set about making myself as comfortable as possible for the night. From the scrub hemlocks I cut a great heap of boughs, and, burrowed among these, I slept restfully and soundly. I was much encouraged the next morning to find how little soreness remained in my limbs, and after breakfasting (I managed to eke out my meal with blackberries, which grew about me in abundance) I set out toward the settlement, having first cut a stout hickory staff to prop my steps.

I made a brave start, but soon discovered that I had little endurance. So frequently was I obliged to pause for rest that when sunset came I had traversed little more than ten miles. The place I selected for my night's encampment was a willow copse close to a ford in the Mohawk, and not very far distant from the site of the present growing town of Utica. Very near there was a clearing on the river-bank used as a camping place by voyagers to Fort Stanwix and the West and North. I was debating whether I could with safety start a fire, when I was startled and astonished to hear the murmur of voices. Creeping to the edge of the clearing I was just in time to see appear from the direction of Fort Stanwix a dozen or more white men and nearly as many Indians. The leader of the party was Walter Butler, the son of Colonel Butler, at this time a lieutenant in the "Rangers," and later one of the most bitter and cruel of all the Tory leaders. Much to my surprise, and not a little to my regret, I discovered that my quondam companion and friend, Schroepel, was acting as guide to the expedition. That they were bent upon some sort of mischief I had no doubt, and I resolved to thwart them if I could.

From my hiding-place I watched them make hasty preparations for supper. As luck would have it, during their meal Butler, Schroepel, and several others sat within ear-shot, and I was able to catch bits of their talk.

"You know this man Shoemaker?" I heard Butler say. "There's no doubt about his loyalty?"

"Not the slightest," answered Schroepel. "His house is a mile and a half, or thereabouts, from the settlement, as I have before told you, and is just the place for a meeting. No one will dream of our presence there."

"And you think the gathering will be a large one?"

"I am sure of it. Our coming has been announced to all sympathizers with the king's cause by the most trusty messengers. The affair will be a great success."

"Certainly the proclamation should influence any who are halting between two courses of action." .

"Aye! it should, and will, if there chance to be any such present."

Here a third broke in with something that failed to reach me, and I could not gather the drift of what followed. Soon, however, Butler turned to Schroepel again.

"Eight is the hour for the rendezvous, I think you said."

"Yes. It seemed best to wait until dusk, though there's not the slightest danger of an interruption."

"We shall not need to make an early start, then."

"No, we had better not. Midday will be quite soon enough. We are much less likely to be observed here than in the vicinity of Shoemaker's."

This was all I cared to know. I stole from the spot, and when I finally stretched myself out for the night I was half a mile distant from the Tory and Indian encampment.

It was five o'clock on the following afternoon that I came within sight of the houses of the settlement. So worn was I that I could hardly drag one foot after the other. My appearance was ragged and unkempt, and I realized that I looked like a veritable outcast. I was anxious, for the present, to escape recognition, so I pulled my hat over my eyes, kept my gaze upon the ground, and effected a limp that was anything but natural to me. The scraggly growth of beard upon my face assisted in the disguise.

A settler whom I knew slightly met me at the outskirts of the settlement, and took me for one of Herkimer's force who had been left for dead and was making his belated way homeward. It was from the lips of this man that I learned the brave general was still living, though sorely wounded, and had not been slain it battle, as Colonel Bellinger and Major Frey had reported. Alas, that he was not destined to recover, but was fated to lose his life at the hands of a bungling surgeon!

After I had passed unrecognized through the first encounter I took courage, and went more boldly forward. Fortunately the afternoon was sultry, and there were few folk abroad.

Without further challenge I reached the fort. Here I felt more at ease, for I was quite unknown save possibly by name. To the guard at the gateway who demanded my business I replied that I wished to see the commander of the post. The fellow looked at me suspiciously, which caused me no surprise. However, he summoned an officer who chanced to be within hail, and as the latter drew near I addressed him.

"I have important news for your commandant," I said. "Will you take me to him at once?"

"Whence do you come?" he asked.

"From Fort Stanwix."

"Ah! then you are the young man of whom Colonel Willett spoke."

"Yes, I left Fort Stanwix with the colonel and Lieutenant Stockwell. Are they here now?"

"No, they went on toward Albany this morning to meet General Arnold, who is marching to the relief of the fort."

I was shown into the presence of the commanding officer, Colonel Weston, who, when I revealed to him my identity, was exceedingly gracious to me.

"Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell feared that the most serious of all mishaps had befallen you, Mr. Aubrey—that you had fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"I should certainly not care to repeat my experience," I said, "though I was at no time in actual danger of being captured."

I then related to him my adventures. His face glowed with satisfaction when I told him how I had overheard the plans of Butler and his companions.

"We'll prepare a little surprise for the lieutenant; eh, Mr. Aubrey?" cried the colonel. "I suppose you wouldn't mind taking part in the surprise after you have rested a bit and had some dinner? And, by the by, you look as though dinner were the thing of which you were most in need."

"I have been doing a hermit's penance for two days and a half," I answered, "and feel as though a change to the part of the returned prodigal would be most agreeable."

He laughed merrily at this, and bade me be his guest. When I sat down at the plain yet plentiful board a brush and a razor had wrought a decided change in my outward appearance, and when I rose there was quite as great a change in the inner man.

"I must see this affair through," I thought, "for I cannot well avoid it, and then—Margaret!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AT SHOEMAKER'S.

Promptly at eight o'clock I left the fort in company with fifty men under command of Captain Borring, the officer who had conducted me to Colonel Weston. He proved to be a cheery fellow, with a lively fancy for an adventure; one who entered thoroughly into the spirit of our undertaking.

"We'll give them an opportunity to become fully engrossed in their counsels," he said, "and then walk in and take them red-handed, as it were."

This was exactly my idea of procedure. I had already told the colonel that I knew of a spot adjoining Shoemaker's where our men could conceal themselves until it seemed best to advance and surround the house. This fact I now communicated to the captain. There was, in the rear of the farm-buildings, a shallow gully filled with a brawling brook in spring, but perfectly dry in midsummer. The edge of this depression was fringed with a rank growth of weeds and a few clumps of elder bushes. Making a detour, and marching quickly, we entered the gully at some distance from the Shoemaker residence, moved quietly down it, and were in hiding, all within half an hour.

Captain Borring and I at once crept forward to reconnoiter. It soon became evident that the Tories did not dream of being disturbed, for they had not even taken the precaution to set the Indians on guard. Apparently the whole company was within.

While we stood watching the house from the shelter of a wood-pile, a late comer arrived, and we discovered that there was a sentinel stationed at the door. As the light streamed out, when the late arrival was admitted, it fell upon the figure of the sentinel. I recognized the man immediately. It was Schroepel.

I had previously made up my mind, were he captured with the others, that I would intercede with Colonel Weston in his behalf, for I would not have it supposed that I was so ungrateful as to have forgotten the debt I owed him. Here, however, might be an opportunity to allow him to escape, provided I could prevail upon him to accept the chance. I resolved to try.

"I will keep my eye on the house," I said to Captain Borring, "if you will bring up the men."

"Very well," he answered.

"If for any reason I find it desirable to change my position, what signal will you give on your return?"

"I will whistle twice."

"And I will reply, if everything is ready for our seizure."

As soon as he had gone I slipped from the wood-pile to the well-sweep, and thence to the corner of the house. Passing with all possible haste around the building, I reappeared at the corner whence one coming from the highway would naturally approach. Stepping briskly toward the door, I exclaimed in a muffled voice as I drew near:

"I am sorry to be late!"

"Your name, sir," said Schroepel.

I halted as he spoke, perhaps ten feet distant from him.

"Mr. Schroepel, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "And who may you be?"

"One who would have a word with you before he enters," I replied, still disguising my voice.

"Well, out with it!" he exclaimed.

"Not here," I said, "it might look suspicious should another arrive."

I led the way to the further end of the house, and he followed me unhesitatingly. Here I removed my hat and spoke naturally.

"Don't you know me?" I asked.

"By God, it's Aubrey!" he cried. "How come you here? They told me you had deserted."

"It's true," I cried. "I'll be frank. My heart was never with the king's cause. It was on my father's account I joined."

"And you were a Whig all along?"

"Yes."

"Then why, in heaven's name, are you—" He stopped short. The reason for my presence dawned upon him. "Damnation!" he almost shouted in his rage. "You've got us trapped."

"Hush!" I cried, grasping his arm. "There are fifty armed men within call. In two minutes—three at the most—the house will be surrounded. Now the way is clear. You see I haven't forgotten that you did me a good turn once. At last we are quits. Quick, go!"

"Go, and leave my friends unwarned? That's not old Schroepel's way, young man," said he, and tried to push by me.

"You are in the enemy's country," said I, "and were you caught it might be hard to prove that you were not a spy. They hang spies."

At that instant, low, yet distinct, came Captain Borring's signal. Schroepel wavered, swore under his breath, then seized my hand.

"I like you, anyhow," he said, "if you have bested us. Good-by. You have seen the last of old Schroepel."

And so he vanished in the night, nor indeed did I ever put eyes upon him, or hear aught of him, again. But I still keep his rough presence green in my memory, for despite his prejudices and uncouth ways he was true at heart, and a friend.

Schroepel gone, I hastened to answer Captain Borring's signal, and the house was speedily encompassed.

"Has the sentinel stepped within?" asked the captain as we paused before the door.

"No," I replied, "he took to his heels."

"Ah!" said he, "how did that happen?"

I did not know in what manner he would receive my news, yet I was determined not to deceive him.

"I was in his debt," I answered, "and deeply. There seemed to be a chance of squaring accounts, and I took advantage of it. He was, after all, only a poor instrument. The leading spirits are within."

"I don't blame you," said the captain, and never afterward did he mention the matter.

Everything now being in readiness, Captain Borring threw back the door, and stalked through a narrow entrance into the room where the gathering was assembled, I pressing close at his heels. Lieutenant Butler was in the midst of his harangue, exhorting his listeners to submit to royal authority, and urging them to send a deputation to Fort Stanwix advising the garrison to surrender.

For a moment there was the wildest confusion. Cries and oaths were mingled, and some who had weapons drew them.

"Gentlemen," shouted Captain Borring above the din, "it is useless to resist. The house is surrounded. We have a troop here from the fort."

A hush now fell upon the crowd. Looks of dismay and chagrin showed on many faces, while on others there was an expression of stoical indifference. But as my countenance began to be recognized there arose renewed exclamations of anger and indignation. I heard the word "traitor" hissed at me from all sides, and had not Captain Borring, pistol in hand, taken his place at my side serious bodily violence might have been done me.

"I suppose we have you to thank for this!" sneered Butler, coming toward me menacingly.

"No," I answered, "you may thank your own carelessness. The woods sometimes have ears, and if foolish people will talk, why, what can you expect?"

"It was an ill hour when the Slanting Waters gave you back to life," said one who lived in the vicinity, and who shared the general belief at the settlement that I was dead. The sentiment he expressed seemed to be unanimous, but I was not cast down thereat.

Those from the neighborhood who had answered the call issued by Sir John and Colonels Claus and Butler were allowed to depart, with the admonition that they keep the peace. The others, Butler with his troop and the Indians, were marched away to the fort to await the arrival of General Arnold, and the action of the court-martial.

CHAPTER XV.

MARGARET.

At the fork in the valley road I took leave of Captain Borring. I had been much preoccupied on our return march, answering the captain's sallies at haphazard, and no doubt he was glad enough to be rid of me. In truth, now that I considered my duty done, my mind was too full of my beloved to admit of any other thoughts. Had her health further declined since Demooth left the settlement? Should I be able to see her that night? How should I manage to reveal myself to her and to her mother without causing them alarm? These questions passed through my brain, but instead of pausing to consider any plan of action I only hastened on the faster.

In the southeast the light of the rising moon was beginning to give to the fleecy clouds a faint silvery glow. The locusts were still rasping in the stubble, but save for their rhythmic though strident noise there was a great calm over the earth and in the sky.

I went forward, hat in hand, letting the refreshing night air play about my temples, my breast filled with conflicting emotions—with courage and with fear, with the gravest misgivings and with the fondest hopes. As I rounded a turn in the highway, I saw, but a few yards distant, a man with bowed head coming toward me. He could not have heard my footsteps, for the dust deadened them, yet something made him conscious of my presence, and as he straightened his figure to its full height I knew it was Heinrich Hauff.

So full had my mind been of Margaret that the possibility of meeting her brother that night had not occurred to me, though previously I had often wondered in what manner we should greet when we did for the first time encounter. That we should eventually be friends I had no doubt, now that Hauff understood my motives, but I could not deny to myself the probable awkwardness and constraint of our first coming together.

The moment I recognized the advancing figure I stood stock still. I would have avoided him until after I had seen Margaret had I been given my choice, but here he was before me, and I had no option. He came on a pace or two, then he likewise paused, and we peered at each other through the vague light. He fancied that he saw in me a resemblance to one he thought dead, and the resemblance startled him. The fact, too, that I had halted as though to bar his way was not without its effect upon him. There was not a grain of superstition in Hauff's make-up; he would have scoffed at the idea of a ghost, yet I truly believe (although he would never confess it) that a fleeting sense of something supernatural was at that instant present in his mind. His hesitation, however, was but brief. Presently he moved a few steps toward me.

"In God's name, what man are you?" he exclaimed.

"One whom you would have for an enemy against his will," I returned.

He came nearer, incredulously, and I saw that his right arm was in a sling.

"Wilton Aubrey must have had a brother," he said, not seeming to comprehend me, "for, by heaven, you are his double!"

"He had—he has no brother," I answered. "Don't you see that I am he?"

"Not unless the age of miracles has returned," he cried, still unconvinced. "Do you think I can believe that Wilton Aubrey is alive when his drowning cries are still ringing in my ears?"

"My dear Hauff," I said laughing, "you never heard his drowning cries, for while you were listening to what you supposed were those sounds he was lying concealed beneath the bank just behind you."

"Aubrey," he exclaimed, "I'm my own man again! Can you overlook the past? Can you forgive the wrong I did you? Will you give me your hand? I promise I'll be as true a friend as I was a bitter enemy."

"As there's a sky above us," I said, taking his proffered hand, "I cherish no unkind feeling toward you."

At that we began walking onward together, plying one another with eager questions, he in regard to my adventures since the night by the Slanting Waters, I in regard to Margaret. I learned incidentally that he had been in the battle at Oriskany, and had there been wounded, which accounted for his useless arm.

"You had best let me go forward and try to break your coming to my mother," Hauff said, as we approached the house.

"But Margaret—" I began.

"Margaret was above stairs when I left my mother a few moments ago," he observed sadly. "I'll not go in if she is below."

There was that in his tone and manner which told me the man had changed. His experience with his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, had touched the soft spot in his somewhat rough nature.

The warm August moon was now flooding the landscape with its light. As we passed in front of the house to the gateway, I fancied I caught a glimpse of Margaret's face at one of the upper windows, though the only sign of life came from the open hallway where the reflection of a pale flame showed.

"Mother!" It was the excited voice of my beloved.

"Mother," she cried again, and I heard her feet upon the stair.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, coming from a rear room into the hallway.

"I have seen Wilton!" By this time she was at the door, gazing toward me standing alone in the open gateway, for Hauff, at the sound of his sister's footsteps, had moved on a few paces to the shade of a great elm.

Her keen eye had indeed seen me, for I had been walking on the inside, and strangely the sight of me had not alarmed her. An instant she paused in the doorway, while her mother endeavored to calm her, not so much as looking out to discover if any one were visible; then, with a glad cry that brought tears of joy to my eyes, she sprang down the path to meet me, and in another second I had folded her, alternately laughing and sobbing, to my breast. Then her mother approached timidly and touched me, as though to assure herself that I had actually returned in the flesh, and presently we went into the house, they too full of wonder, and I of happiness, to speak a word.

But erelong our lips were unsealed, and then what a flood of talk was unloosed!

While we were in the midst of multitudinous questions there was a soft step on the threshold, and Hauff came slowly, almost timidly, into the room. Margaret greeted him without a trace of her past antipathy.

"It was all a bad dream, Heinrich," she said. "Now we have awakened, and know it was not true."

And so, far into the night, the four of us sat and talked, the dear girl's hand ever in mine, and her sweet eyes ever on my face.

A few days later, when General Arnold and his army arrived, I renewed my acquaintance with Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell, both of whom I had the pleasure of presenting to Margaret. The ingenious ruse by which Fort Stanwix was relieved is a matter of history, and a record of it would be out of place in the memoirs of a private gentleman.

There is, then, but one more matter which calls for mention—a quiet wedding which took place in mid-September, when the unselfish and patriotic Samuel Kirkland tarried a few days at the settlement on his return from a mission to Congress to resume his chaplaincy at Fort Stanwix.

(The end.)

COLLEGE THEATRICALS AND GLEE CLUBS.

BY EDITH CARRUTH.

THE man who goes to college and does not become a member of some secret society as soon as he has proved himself worthy by running the gamut of "hazings" is rarer than the proverbial white blackbird. He finds it necessary to be identified with at least one, if he would have any part in social life at college, and no matter how poor he may be, or how hard he may be working to pay his way through the university, some few of his dollars find their way to a society coffer, and he appears in its rooms. While on the surface these clubs may seem but an added expense to college life, and but one thing more to divert a man from his books, they are really an incalculable advantage. The average freshman, comparatively speaking, knows none of his own class and but few in any other. He has to make himself known and establish himself, as it were. Alone it would take the greater part of the term to accomplish that which, by joining a society, he does in a few weeks, and it is but a short time after his entrance that he has a large set of acquaintances, has picked his friends from among those who are most congenial to him, and forms one of a coterie that keeps together through college, forming ties that sometimes last during life, and at least are always remembered with pleasure.

No matter how small or poor a society may be, it has its own room or set of rooms. Some of the richer ones own their houses, but in either case it is the rendezvous of the members, where the men drop in and meet with greater frequency than they would ever call at each others' chambers, and where all manner of things are discussed and varied and original lights thrown on any topic that may be started.

College societies have the regular diversions for their members that any simple social clubs have. There are the papers, magazines, music, and games, and with these and gossip the hours are whiled away. But like any set of original young minds they demand certain other healthy and timely amusement, and out of this demand has grown the organization of glee and theatrical clubs. The theatrical clubs have, in every case, originated in secret society gatherings, and some have attained almost national reputations; the "Hasty Pudding" of Harvard, and the "Mask and Wig" of the University of Pennsylvania probably stand first, while "The Strollers" of Columbia are well known in New York, with

Princeton and Cornell coming rapidly to the front with the clubs they are sending out.

Until very recently Harvard was known as the college where the drama flourished, just as Yale is now regarded as the "singing" college, and the fame of the "Pudding's" theatricals still lives from the years they gave performances in New York. But within two years President Eliot of Harvard, who is bitterly opposed to publicity in college societies, forbade any performances which required the principals' absence over night from Cambridge, and so struck a hard blow not only to theatricals but to the musical clubs as well. Since then the Pudding plays only in Boston, but with all the old zest and enthusiasm that characterized the performance of "Fair Rosemond" in New York in 1879.

That year was the first in which college theatricals had ever been brought before the public as being anything but a "lark" for the participants, but "Fair Rosemond" was given with a care and elaborateness of detail that brought the Pudding preeminently to the fore. In 1882, when the same club, but composed of different members, gave "Dido Æneas" in New York, it had the distinction of introducing the ballet into college theatricals. In the light of later developments it is interesting to know that "Dido" was written by Owen Wister, now so well known as a story-writer. The D. K. E.'s, or "Dickeys," as they are commonly called, give plays of no mean merit, and the policy of construction and management is followed by both societies, as it is indeed by all others, with slight variations.

The Hasty Pudding, which is a typical college society made up of representative men and may be taken as an illustration, by general consent selects one member who is to write the play. This in itself is an honor, for they choose the man whom they consider the cleverest and most original, and he is at once put on his mettle. The plays are always burlesques with "song and dance" interspersed, and they teem with timely "gags," puns, and wit of the sort that appeals to college men and their audiences. The Pudding burlesques were usually built on plots (?) of Burnand of London *Punch*, but by the time they had passed through the adapter's hands, and were further embellished by whatever originality the cast possessed, it is safe to say that the author could never recognize the child of his pen.

The play being written, a "play committee," usually of three men, is appointed by the club, and the management is wholly in their hands. They first issue a notice that on a certain evening the cast will be selected. Any member is at liberty to apply for a part, and the selection lies in the committee's discrimination. It is not at all uncommon for a man to throw up a part after two or three rehearsals, finding it either more work than he expected, or that he is *persona non grata*. His place is at once filled and rehearsals proceed. They are under the direction of the committee, who, for the last rehearsals and the performances, sometimes call in a professional "coach," but this is at their own option. Rehearsals take place usually once a week at first, and later with greater frequency, until at the last they are on every night. A man is always fined for "cutting," and if that fails to make him regular in attendance he is dropped. The principals and chorus—there is always a chorus—do not rehearse together until toward the end, but rehearsals are always occasions of great hilarity and other members are not admitted. Whatever originality a man may put into a part is always hailed with approval, and under the inspiration of the moment many a "gag" is heard at the first performance that was not before thought of.

Beginning it in the winter, it is not until late in the spring that the play is given. It has been urged against college theatricals that they take too much of the student's time from the serious side of his life, but when it is taken into consideration that months are allowed for preparation, and that during weeks of examinations rehearsals are practically stopped, it will be seen in the end that a man takes no more time from his books than if he were making calls or going to parties. Harvard is the only college that does not encourage theatricals among the students, and there they are discouraged solely because of President Eliot's personal attitude.

The Pudding, and all other societies that give public performances, make up a list of patronesses for the play, composed of representative society women in the cities where the burlesque is given. The more there are the better, as they not only insure social prestige, but, what is perhaps more to the point, a certain financial return is guaranteed by each woman's taking a given number of tickets, which she either distributes among her friends or uses in making up parties.

At the dress rehearsal, held in some available place, members are admitted, and in the meantime the play committee, whose post is no empty honor, has hired a hall or theater for the performances, looked after the printing of tickets and programs, called on the women who are desired as patronesses, inspected costumes and arranged scenery, and engaged a professional "maker-up," to whose skilful hands the men owe the graceful forms of girls that later send the audiences into bursts of laughter of keenest appreciation. This difference in outward semblance is not the least amusing thing connected with college theatricals, and to see a man admiring his feminine form, or trying to get accustomed to it as he flirts his skirts, is calculated to bring a smile from the most pronounced misogynist.

The number of performances varies from three to six, and the expenses incurred are paid from the receipts. What surplus there may be is donated to the boat crew, that impecunious set that has no way of making money for itself and is the beneficiary of many a college entertainment.

Another set of societies which, while social, make that side of secondary importance, are the musical clubs—the glee, the mandolin, and the banjo. They exist in every college, while Harvard has one that is unique: the "Pierean Sodality." The Sodality is an orchestra composed wholly of string and wind instruments, and is under the management of a president and a leader, who conduct it on the same principles that govern other musical societies.

Harvard's glee can hold its own with any other, but owing to touring being impossible it is comparatively little heard of. Yale's glee is probably better known than any other, for their tours are more extended, and as a consequence more advertised.

Yale has always been a singing college, and it is a tradition there that the glee club grew out of the students' custom of congregating about a fence surrounding a field and singing choruses. The oldest alumnus cannot remember when the club was not in existence.

A good voice is not the only qualification necessary for admission to the club. It is required that a man shall have social standing, or at least be one who may be introduced socially without bringing discredit to the other members.

Shortly after college opens a notice appears in the *Yale News* that applicants for admission to the glee club may present themselves on a certain evening at Calliope Hall. There the voices are tried by a musician familiarly known as "Shep," and accepted or rejected, as the case may be. It matters not if the applicant has no special technical knowledge of music; if his voice and ear are correct he quickly learns all that is necessary. The membership is limited to twenty or twenty-two, and the list being filled rehearsals are at once begun under the direction of "Shep."

A man once elected remains in the glee club throughout the college course, and it is only because of graduation that vacancies occur, unless indeed a member is expelled, which rarely happens. There is no assessment in the club, the running expenses, which are few, being paid from the proceeds of the concerts. Those deducted, the greater part of the surplus is devoted to what is known as the "Poor Students' Fund." Just what is done with the fund, and who disburses it, is not generally known, and the greatest care is taken to preserve its secrecy. A portion of the concert returns are made over to the boat crew, besides the entire receipts of the one given in New York City in the spring.

The voices being picked, rehearsals are called three times a week with the club, but it is not until a few weeks before Christmas that the new men formally become members through election by a majority of votes. During this initial course a man may be found ineligible, from some personal reason, or because his voice is not what it was believed to be, and he is then quietly dropped and his place filled. The same man may apply for admission at the beginning of each term, and it is not at all uncommon that one who has been once or twice rejected may be found eligible and desirable in his junior or senior year. All through the college year rehearsals are regularly held and strictly attended, and woe betide the man who attempts to "cut," for he is fined for non-attendance and at last dropped for continued absence.

The president is elected by the members a year in advance, and is chosen because of his popularity in the club. Him they rely upon to sustain the dignity and position of which they are so proud, and he, realizing his obligation, fulfils it with the inward hope that his fame may descend among the "undergrads" as the most popular president the club ever had. The office has practically no business connected with it; that is attended to by the business manager, who is appointed solely because of his executive ability, and is rarely a member of the club. He in turn is given a secretary, who looks after the correspondence, runs errands, and makes himself generally useful to his chief. The manager plans their tours, makes dates and engagements, hires halls or theaters, and has the same relation to the club that the business manager of a theatrical troupe has toward his company. He does the drudgery, and draws a salary.

The club makes two tours annually, beginning in the winter, when, during the Christmas holidays, it goes as far west as Denver, stopping at the principal cities on the way. Before leaving the college all detail of the trip is planned, and the manager issues his orders like a general.

A notice is posted in the club office of the hour they are to leave town, and every man must be at the station on time. They travel in two special cars, and on entering a city each member is assigned to his hotel, where arrangements have already been made for their reception. This "advance work," as it may be called, is done by an alumnus. The manager in planning the tour has a list of Yale men who have recently graduated. To one of them in each city he writes, asking what are the prospects of giving a successful concert there and whether the graduate will make the arrangements. When the reply is favorable the alumnus looks after the advertising, hires a hall, and organizing himself into a reception committee of one, but frequently accompanied by chums, meets the club at the station.

Before separating at their hotels orders are issued to rendezvous at the place of entertainment some time before the hour of the concert. The club is always met by a number of invitations to teas, dinners, etc., and these come within the province of the president. Following the advice of the graduate he decides which shall be accepted and which regretted, and then makes known his wishes. The men by that time have become so accustomed to doing as they are told that when they hear that certain of them are to go to Mrs. Jones-Smith's tea, and the others to Mrs. Robinson-Brown's, they array themselves in all meekness of spirit and start forth to the separate functions. And they like them! Let it not be thought they go in any martyrlike spirit! What mortal college man but revels in meeting pretty maidens and hearing sweet words of praise from girlish lips—of how charming the concert was the night before, or how impatient they are for the evening and the joy in store!

From the bevy of fascinating damsels the glee-club man tears himself away, rushes back to the hotel to eat dinner with an appetite entirely ruined by the tea and cakes he has absorbed, and getting into his dress clothes hurries to the hall to report before the concert. Whether the very tired but altogether jolly crowd of college men leaves town that night depends upon the distance they are to go, and the date of the next concert, but they travel quite like a professional company.

Yale has too what is called the "second" glee club, which has its own president, but which has practically become part of the first. It makes no tours of the country but sings about the college. If for some reason a man is dropped from the first club his place is filled from the second, and in a way it is a waiting list for the older organization.

The tour that the club makes of the country not only reimburses the "Poor Students' Fund" and the crew, but it also serves to bring the college to the notice of people and places who are too far removed from the *alma mater* to be particularly interested until made aware of it in some such way as this. This is so well understood by colleges that tours are encouraged, though never in any way that might lay the university open to criticism, or detract from its dignity. But undoubtedly this fact has much to do with President Eliot's refusal to permit Harvard clubs to travel.

In the Easter vacation the club makes its second trip, going south to Fortress Monroe, and stopping in Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, and New York.

A description of Yale's glee applies equally to those of other colleges, for any difference lies only in detail of management.

Secret society theatricals where the tickets are not sold, as at Yale, which may serve as a case in point, are conducted on different principles from those like Harvard's, that are public. At the former they are really secret society diversions and only members are allowed to see them.

Each society selects a "play committee" of five or six men, each of whom is required to write or adapt a play or opera to be acted by the committee. The members are assessed for the expenses and the supper, which invariably follows the performance in the society rooms. Each member may bring one or two friends, not more, and the fun waxes fast and furious. It is the chance of a lifetime for a man to display originality, and jokes, puns, and topical songs abound in a quantity to make a professional vaudeville manager wring his hands in envy. The plays are really elaborately costumed and set; expense would seem to be of no consideration, and each committee man exerts all his powers to eclipse those which have preceded him.

The D. K. E. and Psi U., two of the best known college fraternities that had given burlesques, finding themselves in 1889 sore pressed because their exchequers were low, combined forces and gave "Robin Hood," for which, contrary to all precedent, tickets were sold. It had an enormous artistic as well as financial success, and the clubs followed it by two others in the next two years. The fraternity coffers were heaped and riches seemed perennial, when, alas! it was discovered that by the two societies' rehearsing together, and having the freedom of each others' club rooms, they were getting into a way of discussing each others' affairs and being cognizant of matters belonging only to the initiated. In a word they were ceasing to be "secret" societies, and sooner would the college man lose his right hand than that such a thing should occur; so, closely hugging its mantle of secrecy, each club retired to its own rooms, and, closing the door behind, went on its college way alone. Since then the outer world has never witnessed any theatricals at Yale, and while the policy of secret societies remains what it now is the amusement is for the few.

Theatricals and glees are the two chief recreations of a man's college life. Surely if, as is sometimes said, too much time is devoted to such frivolities, in justification it may be urged that they give the students much pleasure and sharpen the wits in a most harmless way. Sometimes, too, they serve to show a man where lies his talent for a future career, as in the case of a "leading" man of one of the dramatic stock companies in New York, who is an alumnus of Princeton, and as an "undergrad" was prominent in college society theatricals.

ITALIAN AGRICULTURE.

BY RAFFAELE DE CESARE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

IN the more than quarter of a century since new Italy found its capital in Rome, the agricultural problem has not yet entered on the way to a rapid and radical solution. If a portion only of the millions squandered within and without the walls of the Eternal City, in building houses and quarters for which there were no occupants, had been spent on the lands about it, with the direct but not the sole purpose of agrarian improvement, how many less follies would we have seen and what diminution in the ruin of public and private fortunes! If the old city pent up in the Campus Martius, with its awe-inspiring, picturesque appearance, monumental yet rustic, civilized yet unpolished, peopled by priests and antiquarians—if this old city is in part a memory to-day, the character of our farm lands has remained unaltered.

And Rome, seen from the hills of Tusculum, still offers the old image of a vast cemetery surrounded by a desolate region, a region of wandering shepherd life and natural pastures as far as the eye can see, a region of swamps and malaria, a region filled with the remains of the great Latin towns and medieval aqueducts. The Campagna has not lost this character. Agricultural improvements are merely oases in its desert.

New Italy has not been able to do any better than the law of July 8, 1883, a law based on suppositions. The state insisted on agricultural improvements for a radius of six and one fourth miles, but it neither furnished the money at low rates of interest in order to carry them out, nor did it possess the necessary means to buy the lands. Nor did its political economy favor the work of improvement, by providing that the price of wheat and wool, exclusively products of the soil, should be remuneratively maintained, as in the past. The fall of the price of wheat from one dollar and thirty cents a bushel to ninety cents brought about a most ruinous panic among the owners and renters of the Roman Campagna, and removed all temptation to apply new methods and experiments. Still the law of 1883 did not lapse without some results.

Several farm-buildings were built within the six and a quarter miles, many streets were laid out, drains were constructed, some streams were restrained within their banks, and new systems of cultivation tried. These solutions were partial or went only half-way. They were mainly bold attempts crowned with failure, or an occasional success, due more to chance, perhaps, than to calculation, and among the successes the most recent and seemingly the most solid and profitable up to the present time is the farm called "Cervelletta." This success has been achieved by breaking down the old tradition of farm tenantry. Tenant and proprietor, no longer indifferent or hostile to each other, are associated in the same work of improvement, bringing to it a union of capital with labor, and they are beginning a work of redemption, both agrarian and economic, that merits being narrated.

Four and a third miles outside the gate Maggiore, on the left of the Aniene, lies the estate of Duke Antonio Salvati, called the Cervelletta. It covers an area of six hundred and twenty-five acres, two hundred and forty-seven of which are formed of lands lying in deep and well-watered valleys. This estate was rented by three Lombards, from low Lombardy, the region of the plains, under a contract which I consider a most happy one. It is a contract of tenantry and improvement at the same time. The owner assists in the improvements, which are studied out and estimated beforehand, by furnishing $9,750 in cash and $2,630 in cattle. He is paid in return five per cent interest on this advance. The tenants furnish in their turn the sums and the labor which are to be spent on roads and paths, receiving fixed compensation for both. By thus making both tenant and proprietor concur in the heavier expenses the great difficulty of compensation at the end of the lease is avoided. The tenant is satisfied by the greater return yielded by the improvements, and the proprietor not only gets the improvements but can ultimately increase the rent of the estate.

The rent paid for the Cervelletta in the first nine years was $4,100, in the second nine it rises to $4,875, and will be larger after that. The improvements planned by the engineer of this farm were directed toward restraining the streams in their beds and getting them under such control as to use them for purposes of irrigation when necessary. Also he planned to fill up the low places by taking dirt from the hillocks and rises of ground or from the hills near by. Besides he worked to fill up the many broad ditches which intersect the estate, after draining them because the water did not stand at a level in them, and he substituted for these ditches, which are so many sources of malaria, and uselessly occupy a large area, narrow drainage canals where the water may run rapidly and not stand stagnant. These drains serve also to drain the estate or to irrigate it if need be.

By filling in these low grounds and by his system of drains he has succeeded in obtaining a sufficient decrease in the amount of water standing in the lowest fields to make them healthful, while in the uplands the water thus canalized can be used for rapid irrigation. The lands near the hamlet, which were especially marshy, were reclaimed after several months' work, at the expense of from $165 to $220 an acre, and fitted to produce the proper crops, either annual or in rotation. In the hayfields there can be eight or nine crops raised every year, winters included, and by means of irrigation the same average can be maintained even in the periods of the greatest drought. The quantity and quality of the livestock is necessarily relative to the amount of fodder raised. For instance, before the improvements were started the estate supported only thirty-eight head of cattle. In March of last year there were already thirty-two cows, ten oxen, ten heifers, and seven horses. To-day there are almost a hundred milch cows alone, with forty heifers, besides the oxen and horses.

On the slopes vineyards are planted. Nut-bearing trees line the roads and the watercourses. At the head of the farm are the tenants themselves, with their families and their settled workmen, who have the exclusive care of the cattle, irrigation, and working the agricultural machinery. Besides there is a certain number of operatives, varying, according to the season and the amount of work to be performed, from one hundred and ten in winter to twenty in summer and autumn. The results are so far entirely satisfactory. Last year the wheat averaged thirty-seven bushels an acre, the corn sixty-seven. Hay was not very good, but flax and clover yielded well. The milk finds a good market and remunerative prices in Rome, and will for a long time to come. Rome consumes on the average thirteen quarts of milk per inhabitant, while Milan consumes ninety-five and foreign cities more than one hundred and five. At Rome milk costs more than elsewhere. The Cervelletta furnishes five hundred and thirty quarts to Roman consumption daily, besides a most excellent quality of butter.

Such an example was bound to be speedily followed. The contractor for the improvements on the Cervelletta associated himself with other parties and began improvements last April on a farm he had rented. These improvements consisted mainly in getting control of the water on the estate. A new road was made, ditches and irrigating canals constructed, a barn for cows and heifers, some fifty in number, was built. The work is still going on, with a view to making the land healthful and tillable. A few months later, in October last, another rental of five hundred and twenty acres in extent and close to the Cervelletta was assigned to some tenants from Bergamo. This estate is somewhat hilly and can be irrigated in a few places only. It is best adapted to raising lambs and sheep. Should the fifteen hundred sheep that are placed there not consume all the pasturage and fodder that may be produced, the intention is to establish a small stock-farm and raise heifers. Vines and fruit-trees are being planted as an experiment, and the better lands will be cultivated with cereals and fodder in rotation.

Besides these three estates, whose improvement is being managed by tenants from Lombardy, we must notice another undertaking, noteworthy from the fact that it is in the hands of a Roman. These are the works begun by Settimio Mancini on his own estate and other land rented by him, twelve hundred and eighty acres in all, of which seven hundred and forty can be irrigated. A rational irrigation is the basis of the improvements which Mancini has begun to introduce, after having protected his fields as best he could from inundations by the Tiber. The exceptional fertility which abandoning that valley so many years has produced there, by means of which corn attains a phenomenal production, will doubtless soon furnish all the capital required for the transformations.

These examples show in what different ways one can set about improving estates, according to their intrinsic conditions, topographical and agricultural, and also how the system of improvements can undergo still other transformations in order to be adapted more and more to the nature of the lands. The shipwreck of the law of 1883 has shown how simple that principle was of adopting, in a mania for uniformity, general solutions for complex questions. Truly for any agricultural enterprise, not only in the Campagna but everywhere else, there is sufficient capital ready for investment in lands and barns, and there are definite agrarian ideas which can advise how to obtain the greatest return with the least outlay.

But it is essential that the tenant should inhabit his farm in the midst of his workmen for a great part of the year at least. Nowadays, since we have undertaken with the aid of the state to improve the ponds and swamps of Ostia and Maccarese, the valley of the Almone, the marsh of Stracciacappe, and the lakes of Pantano and Castiglione, of Bracciano and Tartari, which have been placed under some kind of a hydraulic system, since the works for curbing the Tiber inside the city have to some degree lessened the inundations in the valleys of the upper Tiber and the Aniene, agricultural improvements have been rendered possible and more easy to attain, and the habitable quality of some regions, like Tor Pignattura, Monte Verde, and even Ostia, only yesterday infested with malaria, has been demonstrated.

These works the state performed in virtue of the law of December 11, 1878, which had as its base the improvement of the ponds of Ostia, Porto, Camposalino, and Maccarese, and the lowlands of Isola Sacra. The hydraulic system of the valley of the Almone and the drying of the lands which emerged from the former lake of Pantano and other points were also at the expense of the state. The amount necessary to finish this work was $2,730,000. The salubrification of the Campagna presents to-day less difficulties than it did in former years, while the necessity of accomplishing it is increased by the changed agricultural and economic conditions of all Italy and particularly of Rome. If before 1870 the malaria reached to the Castello Meadows, the Porta del Popolo suburbs, and the valley between Saint John and Saint Mary Maggiore, to-day a great step has been taken, and the municipal works have contributed to improve the conditions of the atmosphere in Rome.

Now that the first work of hydraulic improvement has been done we must bank up the Tiber and Aniene in order to prevent their devastating inundations, already less than in former times. And when this has been attained, one can safely set about the agrarian transformation, with the proviso that the necessary capital must be procured under favorable conditions and the lands that are to be benefited should be exempt from taxes for twenty years. Also large rewards in money should be offered, in periodical contests, to the most enterprising farmers, who may obtain the most practical results, that is to say, best answering to the laws of financial return.

Finally, and this is the most difficult thing to secure, a tariff should be laid on grain—a tariff better suited to the needs of agriculture in the Campagna. In such a way, without preconceived or general ideas, under the guidance of results attained up to date, taking each case by itself, I believe that this region can be transformed in twenty years—transformed in those sections that are capable of transformation, of course. The picture of the capital, girt around by the desert, will remain in the canvases of the painters and in the descriptions of novelists and poets. Let us not be stopped by consideration of the cost or by doctrinal prejudices, and let us consider that it is a shame for new Italy to have done so little for the Roman Campagna in twenty-seven years.

There is no region of Italy which is more like the Campagna than the table-land of Apulia. The immense plain which gradually slopes from the hill of Montecalvello to the Adriatic Sea and has for boundaries the course of the Ofanto, the mountains of the Gargano, and the great Apennines, a uniform plain, up to thirty years ago devoid of trees and houses, and even to-day boasting of but few, has many characteristics in common with the plain around Rome. The area is about the same, seven hundred and forty thousand acres, the estates are immense, with plenty of pasturage and extensive cultivation. There are torrential streams, marshes, malaria, desolation.

In the last days of January I had occasion to go through that low part of the table-land which can be truly called "Sad Capitanata." In the midst of the Salentine peninsula, in the territory of the storied and ruined city of Otranto, lies a vast swampy region, formed by lakes and marshes. Two lakes, the great Limini and the little Limini, or Fontanelle, are connected with each other by means of a channel, where once passed the famous Trajan Way, of which not a vestige remains to-day. Lake Fontanelle is only about two and a half miles distant from Otranto. The area covered by the basins of the two lakes and the communicating channel varies from a minimum of ten hundred and thirteen acres to a maximum of ten hundred and sixty-seven.

The basin of Lake Fontanelle is one and a fourth miles from the shore, and this is a genuine lake, whereas the other is only three fifths of a mile away and has an open outlet to the sea, of which originally it must have formed one of two bays. The country around the lakes is squalid and deserted. For a radius of almost four miles nothing is visible save Otranto, and homicidal miasmas rise from the swamps. And to think that this region was the theater where the most fruitful and genial life of the Salentine peoples developed, of the Italo-Greeks, of the Romans and the Middle Ages, and that up to the fifteenth century, when Otranto was a great and rich city, there still existed here most flourishing warehouses and factories!

The lakes are fed by the water which flows down from the surrounding country, from the vast highlands, and a considerable number of perennial and temporary springs. Their bottom is below sea-level, but the level of the water is higher than sea-level, because the outlet of the lake has been barred for centuries by brushwood and sand to prevent the fish which abound in it, and which are very fine and in great demand, from going out of it. To-day the fish do not yield an annual profit of more than $780, while in the days of Rome the denizens of the Limini waters were most famous. The boundaries of the great Limini do not involve any expense, since the ground is almost everywhere rocky and the banks perpendicular, or with steep incline.

Therefore it is true that the basis of the improvements which my friend De Donno intends to carry out in this vast region consists in making the lakes become running water, by means of constructing at their mouth, now little more than thirty yards broad, a bridge with two or three arches, hanging low and covered with a metallic netting to hinder the exit of the large fish. At De Donno's suggestion this region was visited by a commission of government engineers, all of whom agreed with De Donno's general ideas of improvement, which did not entail any considerable expense.

Another region to improve is the valley of the Idro, in the same district as Otranto. We can safely say that there is no more deadly malarial region in Italy than that, a swampy country, mainly a marsh, through which runs a stream, the Idro. The valley of the Idro is one and a fourth miles long and from two hundred and twenty to three hundred and thirty yards wide, comprising in all one hundred and fifty acres. Its ownership is so split up as to include two hundred and ninety proprietors. Inasmuch as the bed of the stream has sufficient slope it would be enough to simply build up its banks and dredge it, in order to give it a regular watercourse and hinder the stagnation of its waters, and thus restore life to seventeen communes and save thirty thousand souls.

Otranto, an ancient town which boasts Minos as its legendary founder, and is most noble for its glorious struggles against Islamism, by which its eight hundred martyrs are famous in the calendar of saints, in position singularly fortunate, there where the sea contracts and becomes a canal almost in face of Vallona—Otranto has not even the semblance of a harbor. Even today, when horses are imported from the neighborhood of Vallona—and about thirty thousand of them are imported each year—we see the strange and barbarous sight of these horses being blinded and thrown into the sea, and then obliged to swim five hundred and fifty yards in order to reach land.

The works for a port have already been started and about $3,000 already spent, furnished by the Chamber of Commerce and the provincial deputation of Lecce, but the government ought to lend its aid also to prevent the fury of the sea from finishing the ruin of the ancient Roman quay, nowadays insufficient for the exigencies of commerce. Indeed the state should free this whole country from the danger of malaria and want. To provide for the destiny of those moors, susceptible of rich harvests and covered with putrid waters and marsh sedge, is the appropriate work of the state. It is providing for the lot of many thousand human beings, and is therefore a humane work. The state which draws from these parts of Apulia two millions a year has no right to leave that population in pitiable abandonment.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

BY W. M. BASKERVILL, A.M., PH.D.

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THE appearance of Miss Mary Noailles Murfree as a writer emphasized the fact that the old order of the South had utterly passed away. For more than one hundred years the different generations of her family had been commonwealth-builders, not writers. Her great-great-grandfather, William Murfree, was a member of the North Carolina Congress which met at Halifax, November 12, 1776, for the purpose of framing a constitution for the new state. A year before, his son Hardy, just twenty-three years old, had been made a captain in the Continental line of his native state, and at the capture of Stony Point he had risen to the rank of major and was in command of a body of picked men. His descendants still treasure the sash that he used in helping to bear the mortally wounded General Francis Nash from the battle-field of Germantown. After independence was won, he "was found busy with his plantation" on the banks of Meherrin River, near Murfreesboro, N. C., till 1807, when he removed to middle Tennessee, settling in Williamson County, on Murfree's fork of West Harpeth River. Those early settlers had an eye for rich lands. The town of Murfreesboro, not far off, was named in his honor and his family throve and married well.

Just prior to the Civil War, Hardy Murfree's grandson, William R. Murfree, was a successful lawyer in Nashville and the owner of a large amount of property in and about the city. His wife was Priscilla, the daughter of Colonel Dickerson, whose residence, "Grantlands," near Murfreesboro, was in its day the most magnificent in that region. In this home was born, about 1850, a little girl to whom her parents gave the name Mary Noailles, but whom most people will prefer to remember as Charles Egbert Craddock.

In childhood a paralysis, which caused lameness for life, deprived her of all participation in the sports of children and set her bright and active mind to work to devise its own amusement and entertainment. Early sickness has more than once proved a blessing in disguise to the future writer of fiction by teaching him to train the observation, to live in good books, and to company with his fancies. It sent Scott to the country and to the fountains of legend and story, strongly inclined Dickens to reading, and laid Hawthorne upon the carpet to study the long day through. In the same way the Tennessee girl early developed a marked fondness for works of fiction. It is easy to see that Scott and George Eliot were her favorites, and after reading with great earnestness one of their stirring and enlarging romances she would in her imagination body forth the entire story, investing mother, father, and other members of the large household with the characteristics of the persons of the powerful drama.

While an imagination originally vivid was thus strengthened, her life and surroundings encouraged a natural tendency to acute observation. After the cordial southern manner, hospitality reigned in her home, and the wide family connection and many friends were equally hospitable. At the academy in Nashville, where she was put to school, she was associated with the daughters of the best families in her own and neighboring states. She must also have been thrown much with her brother and other boys, for few masculine writers show so thorough an understanding and appreciation of boy nature. And then there were the family servants, to whom every southern child of the old *régime* was indebted for unique cultivation of the fancy and many lasting impressions. To this day, it is said, Charles Egbert Craddock finds more enjoyment in a boy or darky than in anything else.

This condition of society, along with her father's and mother's large estates, was swept away by the war. The old Dickerson mansion was still standing, and to this the family now went, expecting to stay only a short time, but remaining for years. This is the house of "Where the Battle Was Fought," and though the vivid description of it and the battle-field in the opening chapter of this novel are somewhat fanciful, enough of the reality remains to give us an accurate impression of the scenes amid which she now lived.

As a recompense for this monotonous and disheartening existence amid scenes of former happiness and splendor came the annual sojourn of the family during the summer months in the mountains of eastern Tennessee, which was repeated for fifteen years. Breathing this invigorating air, the thoughtful girl also enjoyed the wild birds and wilder flowers, the sylvan glades and foaming cataracts, and companioned daily with the Blue Ridge, the Bald, the Chilhowee, and the Great Smoky Mountains, whose tops pierced the blue sky and whose steep and savage slopes were covered with vast ranges of primeval forest. These scenes were so indelibly etched upon her memory that years afterward a rare profusion of perfect pictures was easily obtainable therefrom.

But the deepest interest of a nature rich in thought, imagination, and wide human sympathy centered in the dwellers among those wild and rugged fastnesses. They were descendants of the earliest settlers in the Old North State, and more than three quarters of a century before had climbed over the high ranges which form a natural boundary between Tennessee and her parent state and perched on the mountain sides or nestled in the coves of their new home. To them the great world outside and beyond the hazy boundaries of their mountain ranges remained an unknown land; and the tide of modern progress dashed idly at the foot of their primitive ideas and conservative barriers. There was no room for progress, for the mountaineers were not only satisfied with things as they existed, but were unaware that there could be a different existence. For centuries no enlargement had come into their narrow individual lives and scant civilization, which to the casual observer seemed as bare and blasted as the "balds" upon the Great Smokies.

But to this acute and sympathetic observer were revealed not only the elemental qualities of our common humanity, but also the sturdy independence, integrity, strength of character, and finer feelings always found in the English race, however disguised by harsh or rugged exterior. Their honesty, their patriotism, their respect for law, their gloomy Calvinistic religion, their hospitality were in spite of the most curious modifications the salient points of a striking individuality and unique character. The mountains seemed to impart to them something of their own dignity, solemnity, and silence. Their archaic dialect and slow, drawling speech could flash with dry humor and homely mother wit and glow with the white heat of biting sarcasm or lofty emotion. Their deliberate movement and impassive faces veiled deep feelings and pent-up passions, and they could be as sudden and destructive as nature herself in her fiercer moods, or as tender and self-forgetful as Mary of Magdala. Fearless of man and open foes, the bravest of them shuddered at the mention of the "harnt of Thunderhead" and shrank from opening the graves of the "little people." Every stream or cave had its legend or spirit, and towering crag and blue dome were chronicled in tradition and story. No phase of this unique life escaped the keen eye and powerful imagination of the most robust of southern writers in this most impressible period of her life. .

The growth of Craddock's art cannot be traced with certainty, though it is now known that she served an apprenticeship of nearly ten years before her stories began to make any stir in the world. The general belief therefore that her literary career began with "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," which appeared in May, 1878, is incorrect. She used to contribute to the weekly edition of *Appleton's Journal*, which ceased publication in that form in 1876, and it is a little remarkable that her contributions were even then signed Charles E. Craddock. Two of her stories were left over, and one of them, published in "Appleton's Summer Book," in 1880, "Taking the Blue Ribbon at the Fair," rather indicates that she had not yet discovered wherein her true power lay. The assumed name which her writings bore was finally determined upon by accident, though the matter had been much discussed in her family. It was adopted for the double purpose of cloaking failure and of securing the advantage which a man is supposed to have over a woman in literature. It veiled one of the best concealed identities in literary history. More than one person divined George Eliot's secret and the penetrating Dickens observed that she knew what was in the heart of woman. But neither internal nor external evidence offered any clue to Craddock's personality. The startlingly vigorous and robust style and the intimate knowledge of the mountain folk in their almost inaccessible homes, suggestive of the sturdy climber and bold adventurer, gave no hint of femininity, while certain portions of her writings, both in thought and treatment, were peculiarly masculine.

The manuscript of "Mr." Craddock certainly had nothing feminine about it, with its large, bold characters, every letter as plain as print, and strikingly thick, black lines. In no way did Craddock betray "his" identity. Mr. Howells, who was the first to perceive the striking qualities of the stories, never suspected that the new writer was a woman, and Mr. Aldrich, who shortly succeeded him, and one of whose first acts as editor was to write to "My dear Craddock" for further contributions, was equally wide of the mark, though he mused considerably over the personality of the remarkably original contributor. Once he wrote asking how the latter could have become so intimate with the strange, quaint life of the mountaineers, but the pleasant reply threw no light upon the author's personality. But gradually the mystery cleared away, though the final revelation was reserved for a particularly dramatic situation.

Editor and publishers learned that M. N. Murfree was the author's real name, and Mr. Aldrich rather prided himself, we are told, upon directing his communications thereafter to M. N. Murfree, Esq., feeling very confident that one who evinced such knowledge of the law as her writings gave evidence of and wrote with such a pen could be no other than a lawyer. So liberal indeed was the author in the use of ink that the editor had his little joke, as he was writing to ask for what proved to be the powerful novel of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," remarking, "I wonder if Craddock has laid in his winter's ink yet, so that I can get a serial out of him." What was his surprise, therefore, as one Monday morning in March, 1885, he was called from the editorial room, to find awaiting him below a young lady of slight form, about five feet four inches in height, with blond complexion and light brown, almost golden hair, bright, rather sharp face, with all the features quite prominent, forehead square and projecting, eyes gray, deep-set, and keen, nose Grecian, chin projecting, and mouth large—who quietly remarked that she was Charles Egbert Craddock.

Miss Murfree's literary career really began with the publication of her collection of short stories, "In the Tennessee Mountains," in 1884. It was at once recognized that a writer of uncommon art, originality, and power had entered into an altogether new and perfectly fresh field. There was no trace of imitation in conception or manner. The atmosphere was entirely her own and to the rare qualities of sincerity, simplicity, and closeness of observation were added the more striking ones of vivid realization and picturing of scene and incident and character. Her magic wand revealed to us the poetry and the pathos of the hard, narrow, and monotonous life of the mountaineers, and touched mountain and wood and crag and stream with an enduring splendor. The beautiful examples of sublimely unconscious, noble, and heroic living became a part of our permanent possessions—an uplifting force in our lives.

Through the power of human sympathy and love, the delicately nurtured and highly cultured lady had entered into the life of the common folk and heard their heart-throbs underneath jeans and calico. She realized anew for her fellow men that untutored souls are perplexed with the same questions and shaken by the same doubts that baffle the learned, and that it is inherent in humanity to rise to the heroic heights of self-forgetfulness and devotion to duty in any environment. Indeed the keynote of her studies is found in the last sentence of this volume: "The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that nature can do in her higher moods." Nor is the artist less successful in realizing the lonely, half-mournful, yet self-reliant life of the mountain folk, which is presented with all the accessories of changing seasons, of sunshine and storm, of early morn and starry night, of trees and flowers, and with the wild scenery and the eternal mountains as a most impressive background. The large and solemn presence of nature is never lost sight of.

The promise of Miss Murfree's first volume was more than fulfilled in the succeeding ones which now rapidly followed each other —"Where the Battle Was Fought," "Down the Ravine," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "In the Clouds," "The Story of Keedon Bluffs," "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," "In the Stranger People's Country," "His Vanished Star," "The Phantoms of the Footbridge," "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," while "The Mountain Boys" is announced, and "The Juggler" is now appearing in *The Atlantic*.

Necessarily there is some repetition and sameness in so many stories of a similar nature. Miss Murfree, like Dickens and Scott, who oftentimes change names but not heroes, gives only slight variations of the same type in Cynthia Ware, Dorinda Cayce, Alethea Sayles, Letitia Pettingill, and Marcella Strobe, and yet this variation produces admirable and attractive studies of the same type. Her heroes are equally attractive in their way—blacksmiths, constables, herdsmen, rustic preachers—they are all powerfully conceived, and the most remarkable thing about the whole matter is that she seems to understand their different natures even better than the natures of her feminine creations. All her children are admirable; Jacob, 'Gustus Tom, Bob, Isbel, Rosamondy are each conceived as an individual character. Miss Murfree is especially tender with children. Even Teck Jepson, who has been recognized as a relative of Balfour of Burleigh, is yet strangely unlike the stern Covenanter in his tenderness to childhood.

In the plots of her longer stories Miss Murfree is more sustained and successful than any of the southern writers except James Lane Allen, though her real skill does not lie in plot. We could but wish that Miss Murfree had given us more stories after the manner of "Where the Battle Was Fought"—pictures of old southern life and character. This story was full of promise, though less successful than any of her other books, and the hand that drew General Vayne and Marcia should exercise itself on this larger canvas. It is a richer field and we hope that the author will some day return to it.

SUMMER IN THE CEMETERY.

BY NETTIE J. HUNT.

SHE softly folds her glowing robes upon them—
Those dear, bare mounds that hold the hearts we miss—
And brightens them with violets blue, and wakens
The tender fern, with many a lover's kiss.

She bids the robin and the bluebird loiter
And trill their sweetest in the cypress trees;
They know no death-tale, so their glorious piping
Fills with its melody the scented breeze.

And then she presses loving lips upon them—
Those mounds so bright with blue and gold and green—
"O dust that liest beneath this matchless splendor,
Knowest thou never fairer robes were seen?

"Into thy darkened eyes does not the sunrise
Gleam in its rose-hued marvel ever new?
Into thy sleeping ears do not the bird-songs
Steal with their tales of love forever true?"

But to her loving passion comes no answer,
So, with a flood of tender, gushing tears,
Leaves she white lilies, golden-hearted, fragrant,
Whispers, "Sleep on till God's great spring appears!"

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

REMEDIES PERMISSIBLE IN HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

BY H. A. HARE, M.D.

I.

IT is very difficult to dogmatically exclude certain remedies from household medicine, simply because conditions may arise which would justify their employment, or other conditions which would render them positively harmful. What is said on this topic, therefore, will have to be taken in the light of a general rule rather than a specific statement concerning any individual case.

One remedy which can be used with great frequency and often with great benefit in household medicine is that which is popularly known as the sweet spirit of niter, which is employed, as many persons know, for the purpose of allaying moderate fever and nervous excitement, particularly when these symptoms arise in young children. It is given to a child in a dose of from ten to twenty drops, generally in cold water, and this may be repeated every two hours during the night. As a rule it tends to increase the activity of the kidneys and also the activity of the skin, so that as the temperature falls the child frequently breaks out into a slight perspiration. These doses, or ones which are slightly larger, are entirely harmless in practically every disease which will be met with, and it is only when very large doses, amounting to several teaspoonfuls, are given at once that sweet spirit of niter has the power of doing great harm. In the dose of an ounce or two given by mistake it has caused death, so that it cannot be considered an absolutely innocuous drug in any quantity.

It is a curious fact that if given in very cold water, and when the patient is lightly covered, sweet spirit of niter will act chiefly on the kidneys, whereas if it is given in a hot lemonade to which has been added a little whiskey or brandy, and if at the same time the patient is warmly covered in bed, it will very frequently produce a profuse sweat and so will tend to break up a forming cold. This drug should be bought in small quantities and a fresh supply obtained each time it is needed, as it is a remedy which loses its medicinal activity if it is exposed to light and air for any considerable period of time; moreover the cork in a bottle of sweet spirit of niter very soon becomes imperfect and as a result the medicine loses its value.

Brandy, whiskey, and other stimulants which depend upon the alcohol they contain for their chief medicinal activity, if used at all in household medicine, should be administered with great caution. Aside from the abuse of these drugs from the moral standpoint they are very much abused by the friends of persons who are ill, particularly in the event of sudden illness. It seems to be the general idea of many persons that when an accident occurs whiskey or brandy is at once needed by the patient. As a general rule, unless they are ordered by a physician you should refrain from administering these powerful stimulants, as they frequently do more harm than good.

I well remember the case of a young man whose kneecap was dislocated on the football field, to whom his friends gave so much whiskey, because he was slightly faint from the accident, that by the time the patient was removed to the hospital he was so violently intoxicated that nothing could be done for his damaged limb except to bind it up on a pillow and wait until the effects of certain sedatives quieted him. In another instance a member of the United States Congress who suffered from a slight attack of apoplexy, which is a hemorrhage into the brain, received so much whiskey from solicitous friends that his heart was stimulated to increased exertion and after temporary improvement the hemorrhage into his brain came on again and he speedily died, although there was reason to believe that the first hemorrhage was so small as not to be fatal. In this case the friends of the patient were to a great extent responsible for his death.

When you have decided that whiskey or brandy are needed as stimulants in cases of faintness, you should remember that they are to be given in a hot and concentrated form, because all liquids which are taken into the stomach must be warmed to the temperature of the body before they are absorbed. If this were not true, after drinking a glass of ice-water we would be in the awkward predicament of feeling the ice-cold fluid circulating through our blood-vessels. If, therefore, you give whiskey or brandy in cold water it cannot be absorbed and exert its stimulating effect until the liquid is sufficiently warmed, and this may cause the loss of valuable time. Further, if you dilute the brandy with too much water all the liquid must be absorbed before the patient gets the benefit of the stimulant. Thus, if the brandy is given in a tablespoonful of hot water the stomach can absorb this quantity in a very few minutes, whereas if it is given in a half pint of hot water it will take many minutes before this quantity of liquid will be taken up by the blood-vessels, and while it lies in the stomach it is as useless to the patient as if it lay in the palm of his hand.

There are other stimulants which are largely prepared by manufacturing druggists or by retail druggists and widely advertised to the laity—such substances as the various wines or other preparations of cocoa or kola, both of which are very powerful nervous stimulants, closely associated in their action with that of caffeine, the active ingredient in ordinary coffee. It is of the greatest importance to remember that all these substances are nervous stimulants which enable the body for a short time to put out a little more force, with a corresponding increase in exhaustion afterward. They are nothing but "whips applied to the tired horse," to make him do more work when in reality he should be obtaining rest. The person who resorts to these remedies, misled by the false assertions of those whose interest it is to sell them, will in the end find himself a nervous and physical wreck, because, like a careless banker, he has not only utilized his ordinary amount of strength, but called upon his reserves, which ought to have been kept for the proper maintenance of his vital functions.

Physicians constantly see patients who would be horror-stricken at the idea of being devoted to the whiskey or brandy bottle but who seem to think that there is no possible harm in resorting to wines of cocoa or kola with or without other ingredients. In many instances these wines contain such a large quantity of alcohol that in addition to the stimulating effect of their medicinal ingredients they produce an effect equivalent to that induced by a drink of whiskey. They should therefore be employed only under the direction of a physician, and should a physician order them the prescription calling for them is not to be renewed indefinitely, excepting under his advice.

The same objections exist against the employment of all those preparations of bromide and caffeine which are utilized under different combined names in the treatment of headache, and very much the same objection exists, too, against many of the so-called headache powders or tablets which are now placed upon the market for the use of the unwary. These powders nearly always contain caffeine, which is a stimulant, and they also contain some drug derived from coal-tar, which when taken continuously or in overdose acts deleteriously upon the blood. I refer to such remedies as phenacetin, antipyrin, and acetanilide. It is true that they do relieve headache in many cases, but they should be used with caution. You should remember that a headache is a symptom, not a disease, and that it is a symptom of many diseases, ranging all the way from so serious affections as Bright's disease and brain tumor to the headache due to lack of sleep. The removal of the symptom "headache" in a person suffering from Bright's disease may give such temporary relief that the patient will ignore the condition of his kidneys and go to a physician only when his state is so serious that his headache cannot be put aside by these means, and when it is perhaps too late for him to gain any benefit from treatment. In many instances of nervous headache, quiet, rest, a suitable amount of sleep, and a proper regulation of the diet are what the patient needs, and using headache powders is simply postponing the evil day, with compound interest to pay in the end.

Finally, let me warn you in regard to the use of all stimulants. They never add nourishment to the body. As I have said before, they are "whips" which call into play those powers meant for reserve, and nothing can be more harmful than to keep on day after day whipping up a tired nervous system by powerful stimulants.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that the constant use of opium or morphine or preparations containing this drug is exceedingly deleterious, and that it is very easy to slip into the opium habit by taking a little laudanum or morphia whenever a slight pain or ache appears. I have known cases in which nervous women developed a paregoric habit and in the end had to be treated not only for the opium habit but for the alcohol habit, because they took paregoric in such quantities that they became partially intoxicated from the alcohol which it contains.

ANNUAL FLOWERS AND THEIR CULTURE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO have success with annuals one must begin right. A great many persons simply scratch over the surface of the ground with a hoe or rake, sow their seed carelessly, and consider the garden made. Such persons always fail to have good flowers and wonder why. The answer is a simple one—they did not go to work right.

The first thing to do is to spade up the soil well to the depth of at least a foot. Do this as soon as the ground is in a fair working condition in spring. Then let it lie, exposed to the action of sun and wind, until it will crumble readily under the hoe. Then pulverize it well. You cannot make it too fine and mellow. If it is not naturally rich, see that it is made so by the application of some good fertilizer. If you can obtain old, rotten manure from a cow-yard you will be fortunate, for nothing is better for most plants, but if this is not obtainable use finely ground bone meal, applying about half a pound to each square yard of soil. Whatever fertilizer is used should be worked in well.

Do not be in too great a hurry about sowing seed. Nothing is gained by haste, and often all is lost by it. At the North we are pretty sure to have cold spells of weather until the middle of May. It is well to wait until we are reasonably sure of warm, settled weather before putting seed into the ground.

Sow evenly, and scatter fine soil over the seed. Then press it down firmly with a smooth board. This makes the scattered soil compact, and helps it to retain moisture until the seed beneath it has time to germinate.

As soon as your plants are large enough to show the difference between themselves and weeds, begin to pull the latter. Weeding is the rock on which most amateur florists make utter shipwreck of their attempts at gardening. They let the weeds grow until they get the start of the flowering plants, and by that time they have so completely taken possession of the garden that it is too late to reclaim it. Weeding must be begun as soon as you can tell the weed from the flower, and it must be kept up persistently as long as weeds continue to appear. It may not be pleasant work but it is very necessary work, and unless it is attended to you cannot expect success. Bear this in mind, and do not attempt gardening unless you are willing to pull the weeds that you will be sure to find springing up everywhere among your flowers. By doing this at the beginning, and keeping at it, you will soon become master of the situation.

I would not advise trying to grow a little of everything, as so many persons do. A few kinds, well grown, will be found much more satisfactory than many kinds not well grown. Therefore concentrate your efforts.

You will, of course, want sweet peas. They will make your garden beautiful, and every day you will cut from them for use in the house and for gifts to your friends. No garden is complete without this lovely and lovable flower.

For showy beds we have nothing superior to the petunia. It is a wonderfully free and constant bloomer, lasting till severe frost. The phlox is also very desirable for beds. I would advise buying packages of seed in which each color is by itself, and getting only three colors, rose, white, and pale yellow. These colors harmonize finely, but from packages of mixed seed you will be likely to get many plants of magenta, crimson, and lilac, and these will give a discordant note in your color-scheme.

Nasturtiums are excellent for cutting. They do not do as well in a rich soil as in a moderately fertile one. If the soil is rich, there will be a most luxuriant growth of branches and few flowers.

Balsams like a sunny location. In order to have their flowers seen to advantage clip away some of the foliage along the branches.

Every garden should have a bed of poppies and one of marigolds—both "old-fashioned," but all the better for that. The little "velvet" marigolds are charming for cut work.

For a bed of brilliant effect you can choose nothing superior to coreopsis, with its rich golden flowers, marked with maroon. This, too, is excellent for cutting.

For late flowering, the aster is the best annual we have. It is really a rival of the chrysanthemum in beauty. Be sure to include it in your list.

Of course there will be pansies. These are really not annuals, but they bloom the first year from seed and are generally classed among the annuals. They will give their finest flowers in fall, after cool weather sets in. I have never seen a garden that seemed to have too many of these lovely flowers in it. We never tire of them. The florists have made wonderful improvements in them by careful cultivation and some of the recently introduced "strains" give us flowers that are gorgeous in coloring without being gaudy. A pansy is never that, no matter how many or how brilliant colors it may array itself in. Of all flowers it seems to me the most human, and if I could have but one plant for my garden that plant should be a pansy.

One of the most charming flowering vines we have is the good old morning-glory, with its trumpet-shaped blossoms of white, pink, crimson, and blue, so freely produced that the vines are literally covered with them during the early part of the day. Do not let any "craze" for novelties lead you to overlook this dear old flower. If it were new the catalogues would exhaust the entire list of superlative-degree adjectives in describing its beauty. It is none the less deserving attention because it is old—indeed it deserves it all the more, because age has proved its merit. For covering verandas and training up about doors and windows it is the best summer vine we have.

You will want mignonette for fragrance. A spray of it will add to the sweetness of every bouquet you give away and work in most charmingly among the flowers you cut for use in the house. It is not showy, but it has a quiet little beauty all its own in its quaker-like blooms.

The gladiolus is not an annual, but it is a flower that should have a place in every garden. It is of the very easiest cultivation. Any one can grow it. Give it a soil of moderate richness, plant the corms five or six inches deep at "corn-planting time," and keep the weeds away from it, and it asks no more. It blossoms in August, continuing well into September, and its great spikes of bloom have all the delicacy of a lily combined with the rich coloring of an orchid. The range of colors is wide—white, pale yellow, rose, lilac, cherry, crimson, scarlet, purple, mauve, and magenta—and many varieties combine several of these colors in the same flower in most peculiar and striking fashion. By all means have a bed of gladioli.

In dry seasons, water your plants well daily. Do this after sundown, that the soil may have a chance to absorb the moisture before it evaporates from the effect of sunshine. Keep the ground open, even in the dryest season, because it is then in a condition to absorb moisture from dews and slight rains. If allowed to crust over, it will lose the benefit of these. Keep seed from forming by removing all flowers as soon as they fade. If this is done your plants will keep on blooming the greater part of the season. Allow seed to form and you will not have many flowers after midsummer.

THE LONDON SOCIAL SEASON.

BY SOPHIE LAMPE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

THE very mention of the London season gives me a stifled, crowded feeling. Wherever in thought I turn, a human throng meets my gaze and I feel like an atom in the innumerable multitude that ceaselessly surges everywhere, shoving and hindering me at every step, indoors, on the streets, in the parks. My ears ring with the incessant din of wagons rattling and horses passing by. Nor is there any escape from all this confusion day or night, till the nerves grow weary and life becomes a burden.

Yet every year thousands of persons, well able to choose a dwelling anywhere on the earth, voluntarily take up this burden—just at the most beautiful time of the year, too. So it happens that, in London, April is the harvest time of the house decorator and paper-hanger. Then in front of every house in Belgrave Square stands a great furniture wagon, the window shutters are opened for the first time in eight months, and everything is lifted, cleaned, and turned topsyturvy. In this month the family moves into its city home for the sake of abiding in London during the spring and early summer, for this is the "season" when "society" assembles in London.

The wonderful jumble, the cosmopolitan confusion is a fitting accompaniment to the remarkable spectacle this society presents. It is not altogether a pleasing spectacle, I must say, for I never yet have found the transactions of a great fair elevating. They appeal chiefly to the lower passions, selfishness, covetousness, jealousy, revenge. And the actions of a large share of society certainly reduce it to the level of a fair. These people put on exhibit, barter, polish up, trade under false pretenses, deceive, speculate, and after all frequently reckon without their host. Some of them go home at the end of the season with rich winnings, exceeding their rashest expectations, but many others have lost, some so much that they are banished forever from the scene. "Where is Mr. So-and-so?" "He has gone to the colonies." His acquaintances know what that means; namely, he is a ruined man.

All this, of course, takes place under the shield of pleasure. One standing as a spectator in the thick of the trouble of a London season and hearing the term pleasure as it is commonly used may well doubt his senses and ask himself: "What then is pleasure?" As far as the eye may judge it consists of hard work for long hours.

Here is a day's program, that with a few little changes will be followed daily for the four months: In the morning from ten to twelve o'clock a promenade afoot or on horseback in Rotten Row, Hyde Park; at two o'clock a luncheon party at Mrs. R.'s; in the afternoon comes Lady H.'s "at home," in the evening, dinner at Duchess von B.'s, then a reception at the Hon. Mrs. Z.'s, or a theater, or two or three balls.

Do these companies afford an intellectual pastime? The luncheons and dinners fully verify the Frenchman's comment that "The English feed, the French dine." But what shall be said of the "at home?"

Lady X. has a pretty though not large house in one of the squares in the neighborhood of Hyde Park. The first story, as in all London houses, consists of two *salons*. These *salons* will hold perhaps a hundred persons standing. Lady X. calmly issues three hundred invitations, calculating that a hundred will be discreet enough to decline, a hundred can stand in the *salons*, while the other hundred can be distributed about the staircase and dining-room.

It is a hot June day, as pitilessly hot as it can become only in a great city, when the feet almost stick on the melted asphalt pavement, the tar spread over the wood pavements is melted, and the breeze is laden with vapors arising from the water sprinkled on the whirling dust. At Lady X.'s the guests assemble. It keeps getting more crowded, until they stand like suffering lambs in a pen. The clever woman makes for the dining-room immediately upon her arrival and there is refreshed. It is a matter of sheer muscle and disregard of polite formalities to work one's way to the lady of the house. That is the extent of courtesy; no one pretends to do more. One nods and beckons to friends and acquaintances in the distance. She wishes she could go to them for a little chat, but impossible. The lady who can get enough elbow-room to use her fan a little may count herself happy. Those nearest her are strangers, so conversation is cut off and, indeed, it takes her undivided attention to keep her feet from being trodden on. How pleasant, too, on a hot June day to stand in tight dress shoes on a thick Smyrna carpet for an hour without being able to stir from the spot! By the noise that fills the room one is aware that acquaintances finally have found each other. From one corner of the room a singer is trying to drown out the chatter; only those very near her pay any attention. The others in the *salon* and on the stairs talk loudly all through the music.

After one has "enjoyed herself" thus for an hour she must again elbow her way back to the hostess to take leave and declare she has "enjoyed herself very much indeed."

Sometimes for variety there is a bazaar or concert which one must attend either from personal interest in the giver of the concert or because the entertainment is to be patronized by a royal personage. If the latter is indeed to be present, that is a more substantial reason for going, for then one has the distinguished honor of having one's name appear in company with that of the princess, in the next day's paper.

To be mentioned with the "royalties" as often as possible in the *Morning Post*, the fashionable newspaper, is the great ambition of most women of the London "season." The common people seek after the titled dignitaries more than do the born aristocrats. To have a "lord" at one's party is the highest aspiration of the wife of a millionaire or of a newly fledged minister. True a complete disclosure is made in the *Morning Post's* announcement that a lady of the aristocracy offers to introduce a young lady into society for the consideration of £800. This and other notices of like import are not infrequently to be found in the newspapers during the season.

It is generally known, as Americans declare, that it is much easier to get an introduction into London society than into the society of New York or even of Boston and Philadelphia. Money and names are the idols that everybody serves. Some offer their names, some the influence they possess by virtue of their official positions, others their money, and then the market is open.

The great wonder of it all is the lack of reserve with which they flaunt the exchange before the public, their shameless disregard for publicity in their attempts to overbid each other. A woman who has two unmarried daughters announces to all the world that she invites to her house only the oldest sons (in England the title goes only to the oldest son). Indeed to be the oldest son, the heir to a title, is in London worth something of itself. It is wonderful how the feminine world pays homage to such rarities—actually throws itself at their feet and fawns on them.

What discomforts would not be endured for a title? "Oh, yesterday," a young lady told me, "I was at the most beautiful ball; all the royalties were there." "Did you then dance so very often?" "Oh, no, but it was so lovely to be with all the royalties!" And yet some one prophesies that the throne is toppling!

"Just think, I have to go to that horrid tea at Lady X. N.'s," another lady confided to me. Then she enumerated ten or twelve invitations and complained most loudly of the labor in store for her. "But if it gives you no satisfaction, why do you go? In your place I should do what pleased me." "No, that will never do, one must take part in everything and be seen everywhere, otherwise she will be forgotten." I have found almost touching instances of this poverty of influence.

It seems as if society had wilfully set out to turn upside down the customs of life which in view of our inheritance and abilities seem the most natural and therefore the most healthy. One goes to a dinner or a theater at about nine o'clock in the evening, to a reception at about half past ten or eleven o'clock, and to a ball never before eleven o'clock. Thus the night is deliberately made day, and the most beautiful time of day, the fresh, salubrious, sunshiny morning hours, are slept away.

They say that malefactors shun the light; this characteristic does not seem to be peculiar to them alone, for to judge from the adjustment of life in the higher society of London it is a common mark of our highest civilization. But is there not something of transgression in the customs of these circles? The members of this society not only themselves trample the privileges nature has granted for the sound life of man, but they draw other circles into this unnatural manner of living. Every one suffers thereby who depends for his position, his business, upon society's life of pleasure. Every such one is deprived of a certain part of precious sunlight.

One who bears a great name has a foolish fancy, carries it out, and the whole coterie of society applauds and exults over the "idea," finds it charming, original, and sets out to imitate it with as much zeal as if there were nothing in the world of more importance. Thus it is made the style. If any one makes the reasonable criticism, "That is so foolish, unnatural, and so ugly," the reply is, "Yes, but it is the fashion."

I have here shown only a few slant lights on the social life of London as they strike the eye of the observer standing in the midst of the tumult. England has, of course, other circles of social life. First of these are the old aristocracy and gentry, who, residing on their estates, preserve the old traditions. Then there is the class of scholars and, in the middle classes, there are the great sects in which the Puritanical traditions prevail, the genuine kernel of the people. Yes, England can show other sides of life. In its great philanthropic work and in the cooperation of all classes in this work it stands alone among all peoples. But here, too, perhaps it is the extreme that is mentioned, and it may be that the degeneration on one side calls out exertion on the other.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY EDWARD W. NEWCOMB.

IT is hardly more than a score of years since the practice of photography involved a long apprenticeship in order to master its intricacies, and a more than fundamental knowledge of chemistry was necessary. Cameras and lenses were bulky, all the apparatus was cumbersome, and, with its deep stains, intolerable odors, and poisonous chemicals, photography offered but slight inducements to amateurs.

With the invention of the dry plate, opportunity was afforded to every one to experiment, and so popular a pastime was it found to be that numerous companies were formed to cater to the requirements of modern photography, and invention followed invention, ultra rapid plates, rollable film, small but quick-working lenses, compact apparatus, simple chemicals, and ready prepared sensitized products, until, at the present day, it is safe to say that without the slightest chemical knowledge or other preparation one can, with a few hours' instruction, learn all that is necessary to make really good photographs, after which practice alone is needed to perfect the art.

Furthermore, from the sensitive plate or film to the prepared paper and chemicals necessary, everything needed can be bought ready for use, all neat and cleanly. Cameras are to be had which are so lightly built and fold so compactly as to permit of their even being carried in the pocket. The photograph of a rapidly moving object, which would have been a matter of wonderment thirty years ago, is too common to attract any attention to-day, and we even dispense with the dark room in refilling our camera now, as film is provided which, being covered with a black paper backing, can be inserted in its place in broad daylight without injury.

Since the necessary paraphernalia has been so simplified and the operations incident to making photographs reduced to almost mechanical ones, the art is becoming deservedly popular, as it affords every opportunity for the display of taste in selection of subjects, educates us in art matters, and teaches us of the beauties of nature which had been overlooked and unappreciated. The pursuit of photography is not only educational and refining, but, inasmuch as it affords an incentive to travel in search of beautiful views, is a healthful occupation as well.

A modest but thoroughly practical outfit for a beginner is embodied in the following list, which, while comprising everything really necessary for taking and finishing pictures, will be found compact enough to stow away in small space when not being used:

Camera (either hand camera complete or one with lens, shutter, and tripod) and extra holders as desired if film be not used.

Plates or film.

A ruby or orange dark-room lamp.

Five or six deep trays of rubber, porcelain, or agate ware.

Prepared developer, or chemicals, scales, and graduated glasses to prepare same from formula furnished with plates and film.

Several pounds of hyposulphite of soda (commonly called "hypo").

A few ounces of bisulphite of soda.

A negative drying rack.

Six printing frames (with glasses if film is used).

A packet of aristotype paper, either mat surface or glossy, same size as plates.

A fifteen-grain tube of chloride of gold.

An ounce of bicarbonate of soda.

A few glossy ferrotype plates.

A print roller.

Cards, paste, brush, trimming form and tool, and lintless blotters.

Flashlight powder for indoor work.

A negative washing box or crate, a rubber hypo box, and a cutting machine will be very serviceable also, but are luxuries rather than necessities.

In purchasing the camera no money that is spent upon a fine lens will be regretted, as finer work will result, and with a choice anastigmat lens pictures may be obtained under almost any conditions of weather and in light that would prohibit satisfactory results with an ordinary lens. Portraits are much better rendered with a high-grade lens. Good tools are of special advantage to the beginner, who naturally wishes to obtain excellent results immediately.

If a hand camera is chosen, one constructed for using both plates and the new film which can be inserted in the camera in the field will be found most serviceable; four by five-inch and five by seven-inch pictures are the popular sizes and the cost of such a camera may be from twelve dollars to fifty or a hundred.

While hand cameras are in great demand, the tripod camera is now to be had in extremely light and compact form, and, though unsuitable for street scenes or views in public places, is becoming very popular again, as, if used with slow plates, most gratifying results ensue and subsequent operations after the exposure of two or three seconds are easier and more certain. A tripod camera with a fine lens and perhaps an instantaneous shutter, taking pictures six and one half by eight and one half inches, will be found most excellent, though the smaller sizes are also perfectly satisfactory.

Hand cameras ordinarily have focus scales upon them, so it is only necessary to estimate the distance from camera to subject and set the pointer to the figure corresponding to the number of feet, and by peering in the finder, a recessed screen upon which the view is shown in miniature, the view as descried is selected and the shutter released. With tripod cameras the operation of focusing is conducted under a black cloth of rubber or velvet, thrown over the camera and head so that the image (which will be seen reversed upon the ground-glass back) may be brought into focus by moving the lens in or out until sharp and distinct.

The beginner should learn the fundamental principles of composition and try to stand in such place when taking a view that the general outlines of the scene conform to some accepted form of composition; not too exactly, to make the effect look strained for, the means too apparent, but enough so that it shall be a picture. The success or failure of a picture does not depend upon how much matter is included, necessarily, but upon how that matter is disposed. A knowledge of the light value of colors will also be exceedingly useful to the photographer, who will then be able to judge better in exposing plates and in conceiving how a view will look in monochrome.

If cartridge film be used, no dark room will be necessary in loading the camera, but if plates are to be exposed, the holders must be filled in a dark room in which no rays of white light enter. The dull side of plates should be outward. The camera loaded, a view is sought, and, after thorough reconnoitering to see that the best possible outlook is selected, the exposure is made, care being taken to level the camera, as otherwise straight lines will be distorted, unless the plate is maintained in a perpendicular position by the use of a swing back which is provided on the better cameras. Views are usually taken with the source of light behind or to either side of the camera. Portraits should be taken in a diffuse light. Indoor work, except with flashlight, should be shunned by beginners, as the light is uncertain and is often puzzling even to experts.

A plate or film or two having been exposed, development of the hidden image is in order. Repairing to the dark room, plentifully illuminated by ruby or deep orange light from the lamp, pour out sufficient developing solution in one of the trays to cover the plate well, and immerse the plate or film (film should first be soaked in water until limp) therein, dull side uppermost. The plate has undergone no change of appearance, no sign betrays the presence of the image, it is of a uniform creamy tint. After placing the plate in the developer, rock the tray gently and occasionally brush the plate over with a tuft of cotton wet with developer, to prevent bubbles gathering and causing spots. After a few minutes the white parts of the view will commence to appear as black, hence the name, negative, and the whole plate will gradually become darker and darker until almost all the white parts have blackened over. Insufficient developing is a common fault with beginners and should be avoided, as good prints cannot be made from an under-developed plate.

When the image is clearly seen upon the back of the plate, the white parts entirely or almost entirely blackened over, and the flame of the lamp dimly if at all visible through the sky portion when held close to the lamp, development is about correct and the negative is ready to be "fixed," as the operation of dissolving all unused sensitive silver is termed. Have prepared a bath composed of hypo-soda one half pound and bisulphite of soda one ounce, dissolved in one quart of water; this solution is kept constantly on hand and renewed from time to time. Immerse the plate in the hypo solution and allow it to remain there until all trace of milkiness has cleared away from the back, when it is fixed and can be taken into daylight for examination.

After twenty minutes' washing in running water or an hour's soaking in a large tray of water frequently changed, the negative is placed upon the rack to dry. Thorough washing is necessary to remove all traces of hypo-soda, which would soon ruin the plate if not washed out. Trays used for fixing must not be used for any other purpose, as hypo-soda contaminates and spoils other solutions if even a trace exists in a tray or if it is introduced from the fingers. The hypo tray must be plainly labeled and the hands should be rinsed and wiped after immersion in hypo solution. A rubber hypo tank, holding a dozen plates vertically, is a great convenience and also gives the best results. A zinc washing box or a metal rack that can be sunk in a pail of water will facilitate proper washing of the negative, and either is worth having.

After the negative has thoroughly dried, the back is rubbed clean with a damp cloth, and, after filling in any holes in it, caused by dust, bubbles, or defects, with India ink touched lightly on the spot with a finely pointed brush, the negative is placed, gelatine side up, in a printing frame, and sensitive aristo paper, either mat surface or glossy, is laid upon it, sensitive side down, and the back of the frame clamped in. It is now ready to print. If the negative is quite thin when looked through, printing in the shade will give the best results, but if of proper density, offering good resistance to the light, it may be put directly in the sun. The progress of the print can be watched and noted by frequent examination, opening but half of the back of the frame at a time and turning up the paper for inspection. If simply a proof is desired, the print is removed from the frame when of a pleasing depth. Proofs fade very rapidly, however, and it is better to print deep and tone the paper. As the print loses several shades of depth in the toning and fixing operations it is necessary to print very much deeper than is desired in the finished print. Different makes of paper vary in the amount of overprinting required, but all need some overprinting, and after a few trials one becomes accustomed to judging how great a loss of depth will ensue and can make the print accordingly.

When all the negatives are printed from, remove the prints from the box where they have been kept to protect them from the light, and, subduing the illumination of the room if at all intense, throw all the prints in a deep tray of water, turning them now and then and changing the water until the prints no longer turn it milky. They are now ready to tone, which consists of depositing a thin film of gold upon the silver image, gold-plating it, as it were, in order to secure a pleasing color and a permanent picture.

Dissolve the fifteen-grain tube of gold in fifteen fluid ounces of water, measuring it with the graduated glass. Should the water be at all alkaline, the gold will have to be dissolved in distilled water, which can be obtained at the chemists. Label this bottle "gold stock." To tone a dozen or less four by five prints prepare the following bath: Pour out half an ounce of the gold solution into the graduated glass and add of the bicarbonate of soda about half as much as can be conveniently picked up on a ten-cent piece; dissolve it thoroughly, and then add eight ounces of water and pour the fluid in a tray reserved for toning. Now pass the prints into this tray rapidly and turn them from bottom to top constantly. After a few minutes the prints, which were of a brick-red color, begin to change and acquire a brown color, followed soon by a rich purple. At this stage they are removed to a tray of water and after slight washing are left for fifteen minutes in a bath composed of one ounce of hypo-soda to twenty of water in order to dissolve away every trace of sensitive silver, which, of course, would affect their permanence.

After fixing the prints they must be washed in running or frequently changed water to thoroughly eliminate the hypo, which if left upon them would cause discoloration and ultimate fading away. If the paper used is the mat surface variety so popular at present it is often subjected first to a short toning in gold and afterward in platinum, in which it acquires a jet-black tone greatly esteemed by many. It is afterward fixed and washed as described, and, after surface blotting, is laid out upon blotters, face up, to dry, after which it is trimmed and suitably mounted.

Glossy paper is usually trimmed to the size desired before toning, and after toning and fixing, when washed, the prints are laid in a pile, face down, on a sheet of glass comfortably large, and the water expelled by rolling them with the rubber roller. To the back of the top print paste is applied evenly but none too generously, and, raising one corner with a knife-blade, the print is lifted off the pile, laid on a card, a blotter placed over the face of it, and it is rolled with the roller until even contact is secured. A very high gloss may be obtained after the mounted prints are dry by rolling them through a hot burnisher. It is hardly worth while to own a burnisher, as photographers will generally perform this service at a very modest rate. If the print is desired unmounted, it is laid face down upon the glossy side of a ferrotype plate and rolled into smooth contact. When dry it will fall off or can be readily peeled off and will have a brilliant *glacé* finish.

If toning and fixing the prints be carried out in the manner directed there need be no doubt of their permanence, but if toned and fixed in one operation the prints will fade. A solution called "combined toner and fixer," which is sold and often recommended at supply stores, is sometimes popular with beginners. It should, however, never be used when permanent pictures are desired.

Another very popular printing process which is simplicity itself in working is the platinotype, a ready prepared paper of both rough and smooth textures which, after printing, is brought out in a solution sold by the makers and fixed in dilute hydrochloric acid. The process is a very rapid one, a hundred prints being readily made in an hour from a dozen negatives, and it has the additional merit of being absolutely permanent. The paper yields jet-black tones.

Ferro-prussiate, or "blue" paper is the most simple of all the wealth of printing processes at the photographer's command, it being only necessary to print the paper until quite bronzed in the shadows and then simply wash in water till the white parts are pure, then dry. The prints are blue and white and not usually very effective.

The absorbing interest of the necessary operations required to produce a finished picture, from the exposing of the plate to the mounting of the print, is the only thing connected with the fascinating art that belittles all attempts at description; no pen can do it justice. It is not a craze or fad, this amateur photography, it is a delightful every-day pastime, affording all who pursue it the keenest of pleasure, the discovery of many things hitherto unobserved in nature, besides a definite result for the expenditure of time and money which few other pleasures afford.

CHINA PAINTING IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. L. VANCE-PHILLIPS.

THE Centennial celebrated at Philadelphia in 1876 may be fairly said to date the beginning of the strong interest which American women have taken in the decoration of china. The exhibits made by foreign countries at that time suggested to women, already interested in the study of art, that china offered a surface of special beauty and presented an unlimited field in which to carry out artistic ideas.

China affords an almost infinite variety of art objects, the usefulness and beauty of which appeal to all women of artistic taste. This attraction has brought together in a most stimulating and healthful association the energetic bread-winner with a desire for congenial and remunerative employment, the intelligent housewife with her few leisure hours, and the talented woman of means with a taste for the artistic and ample time for its cultivation.

The Ceramic Congress of 1893 reported twenty-five thousand women in America known to be actively engaged in ceramic work. The estimate was made from reports of dealers, clubs, and teachers. With the number yearly increasing, the importance of this line of art work is at once recognized. A few men have with marked success taken up the work of teacher and decorator, yet women have been the chief supporters and most enthusiastic devotees in the field of ceramics. To them chiefly belongs the large and permanent interest felt in the work. In the first years that china painting was practiced the interest was so intense as to give rise to the belief that it was to be one of the passing "fads." That idea has been proven erroneous. Nothing has so aided in establishing permanency of interest as the seriousness with which the study of design and of appropriate adaptation has been entered into by the leaders and advanced workers in ceramic art. No one at all acquainted with the extent of the work and of the number actually engaged in the decoration of china doubts that this is one of the arts that has come to stay.

The china painting done in the years immediately following the Centennial Exhibition was, in a way, aimless. Little was thought of there being laws governing decoration or that there was importance to be attached to selection of motive. The love of color and of form, in the undisciplined mind, led to many curious styles of decoration. This condition gradually changed as thoughtful study came to the rescue.

Tableware has come to be regarded as needing a certain style of treatment, varied indeed, but conforming to certain general principles of ornament. Objects decorative rather than useful are less restricted as to style and management of the subject of decoration, yet are expected to conform to certain principles of composition and design. A really well-defined line has been established separating decorated porcelain from pictures on porcelain. The latter are intended to be used exactly the same as pictures done in oils or in water colors, and are therefore expected to be judged in the same way.

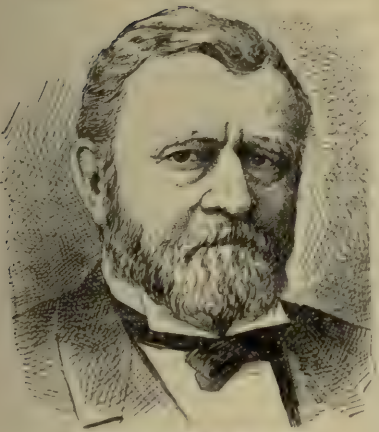
Portraits and miniatures in these matchless mineral colors, positively unchanged by centuries of exposure to light, seem the climax of what may be accomplished in china painting. So permanent are most delicate colors when set by fire that porcelain miniatures are justly regarded as choice works of art.

The mystery of fixing color by fire has proved to be one of the irresistible fascinations of this art. The few pioneer workers were at first satisfied to have their more or less wonderful creations fired in the brick kilns of the professional potters, of which there were a few located in different parts of the country. Amateur portable kilns, with an iron muffle or receptacle in which to place the china during the process of firing, were soon invented. These have been so perfected that charcoal, gas, gasoline, or coal oil may be used at pleasure as fuel, taking the place of wood used in firing the large brick kilns employed by professional firers.

Colors which were formerly difficult to obtain and only prepared in powder form are now conveniently sold in moist form. All possible aids are planned to assist those who desire to pursue the study of china painting either seriously or as a pleasant pastime.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT.



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE dedication on April 27 of the new tomb built by citizens of New York for Ulysses S. Grant was made the occasion for a national land and naval demonstration of imposing pageantry. All through the city and along the river front floated resplendent decorations and in spite of inclement weather the streets were thronged with spectators pressing on to Riverside Park, where, overlooking the Hudson River, the tomb is located. Here about eleven o'clock were gathered General Grant's widow, his four children and his grandchildren, the president and vice-president of the United States, the governors and other high officials of many states, and representative diplomats of all the large nations in their official pomp, while below on the Hudson River appeared in two columns the men-of-war of the Atlantic Squadron and beyond them the flagships and battleships of England, Spain, France, and Italy, all aflame with colors. The exercises were presided over by Mayor Strong of New York. They included a brief address by President McKinley. Gen. Horace Porter, president of the Grant Monument Association, through whose efforts largely the monument was erected, made the speech giving the tomb into the keeping of the city, and Mayor Strong received the monument for the city. During this program the military, veteran, civic, and naval forces had been gathering in line and, about fifty-five thousand strong, now began marching by the monument. The exercises closed with President McKinley's review of the naval forces, amid the din of whistles and the thunder of saluting guns.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

No Englishman who has lived and died within the last half century fills so large a place in the hearts of Englishmen as Lincoln and Grant fill in the hearts of Americans. The honors paid in the imposing ceremonies yesterday will help to impress upon the minds of the living that faithful service of this free nation brings one reward at least which the proudest monarch might envy.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

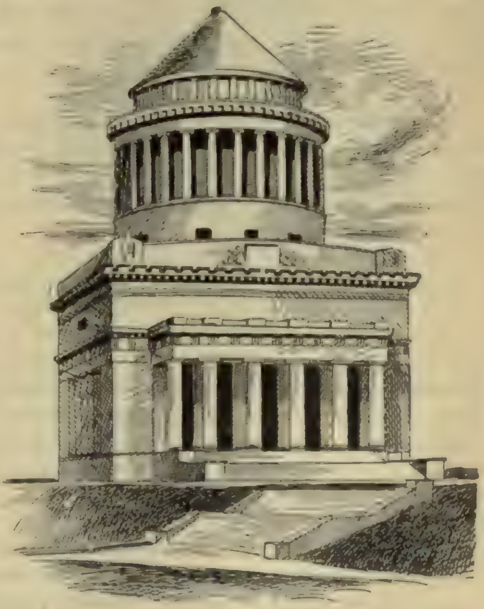
Less was made in public discussion of the naval display than four years ago; yet it was most suggestive. . . . With the exception of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, Major McKinley is the best occasional speaker we have had in the White House since the war.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The nation does well to honor as it is doing the memory of one raised up by its greatest emergency for its deliverance. The captain who renders his country illustrious has no need of noble ancestry.

(Dem.) The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

New York has found the Grant mausoleum so profitable that she now wants to remove the remains of Washington to Riverside Park and erect a splendid monument there to the father of his country. This is a rather large contract, as it would be necessary to remove the entire state of Virginia along with it.



THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.

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* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the French Nation," constitutes a special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The ceremonies in honor of General Grant in New York yesterday were a credit to the nation and the dead hero. The enthusiasm of the spectators was unbounded. But, above all, the blue and the gray marched almost shoulder to shoulder in the effort to honor the man who led one to a brilliant victory and the other to overwhelming defeat! All else can be forgotten in that fact. All else will be forgotten in contemplating the influence which this great demonstration will have in still further promoting the most fraternal feeling between the North and South.

MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Grant was the typical American warrior in that, having achieved the struggle for the Union, his voice was at once uplifted for peace. Other military heroes the world has known, but where was there one of like magnanimity?

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

New York and the country are to be congratulated on the great pageant of yesterday, which will take rank with the funeral of Wellington and the second funeral of Napoleon among the military pageants of the world.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Never in the history of the world has a spectacle so full of meaning been witnessed. The testimony of Americans to the great central figure of the war was not alone in the magnificent monument, but in the million or more of people who crowded about it and in the ceremonies of the dedication. It was a significant picture in a splendid setting, and will go on the scroll of history illuminated by the kindly light of a fine national spirit.

(Ind.) The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

The dedicatory services in New York on Tuesday were most impressive. Nothing like it on this continent was ever witnessed before. It was General Grant's final vindication. Had he died the day after the settlement at Appomattox his body would have had simple sepulcher, and it would, perhaps, have required a century to turn men's thoughts back to what he really did.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

In all estimates of the great men of American history three names that instantly pronounce themselves are Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. They were and are and ever will be worthy of their country's homage. They stand among the world's heroes, resplendent in genius and equally so in moral fiber and nobility of character.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

It was the grandest pageant ever witnessed in New York, while the war vessels of three or four European nations, and the white navy of Rear-Admiral Bunce, graced the North River for two miles up and down in front of the great tomb of the dead soldier.

(Rep.) The Kansas Capital. (Topeka.)

The moral qualities of General Grant shone forth as resplendent as his military genius. General Grant has been underrated as a statesman. His administration stands among the greatest in our history for what it attempted and achieved in diplomacy, of which President Grant was the chief factor. As president he showed the same executive ability that marked his genius at the head of the armies.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

One of the most encouraging symptoms of the Grant dedication day was that many of the crowds who came to town to view the ceremony prolonged their stay and made a great many purchases. It is reported also that the residents of New York opened their own purse-strings with a freedom that the shopkeepers have not seen for three years. These are unmistakable harbingers of returning prosperity.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.
President of the Grant Monument Association.

THE TURKO-GRECIAN WAR.

GENERAL SMOLENITZ.
Commander of Greek Forces in Thessaly.

THIS month the campaign in Crete has been eclipsed by the greater contests in Thessaly and Epirus. On April 6 the powers notified Greece and Turkey that should war break out the aggressor would not be allowed to profit thereby. On April 17 Turkey declared war. Simultaneously, if indeed, not a few hours previously, the Turkish commander-in-chief, Edhem Pasha, led an attack against the Greeks under General Smolenitz at Nezeros, Thessaly (near the Greek headquarters at Larissa), but was repulsed. Repeated encounters without great advantage to either side occurred until April 24, when a battle at Mati, near Milouna Pass, resulted in the retreat of the Greeks from Tyrnavo and Larissa to Pharsalos. These defeats together with losses in Epirus enraged the Athenian populace and on April 27 King George dismissed Premier Delyannis and called M. Ralli as premier to form a new cabinet. The new ministry had two of its members investigate the situation in Thessaly and then announced that Greece would continue the war. Meanwhile the situation in Epirus grew worse and at the approach of Osman Pasha with thirty thousand Turkish troops, on April 30, the Greeks concentrated at Arta to await help from their fleet. But now fortune seemed to turn from the Turks' eastern army. General Smolenitz' Greek forces on April 30 and again on May 5 won a victory at Velestino, eight miles west of Volo, and on May 6 repulsed the Turks at Pharsalos with great slaughter. At the battle of Pharsalos the crown prince and Prince Nicholas fought in the front ranks and after the battle received an ovation from the whole army. On May 11 Greece accepted the conditions of mediation proffered by the powers. The probable terms of settlement will be autonomy for Crete and the payment by Greece of a war indemnity.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

When the time comes for arranging the terms of peace between Greece and Turkey we shall again be reminded that we have been witnessing the curious spectacle of two completely bankrupt nations going to war with each other. Neither will be found in a position to be able to pay the other a money indemnity.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It would not be to the interest of the Turkish Empire to crush Greece utterly, because then Turkey would have no one to play against the Slavs in Thrace and Macedonia. Her game is to keep the Greek and Slav races, which cordially hate each other, evenly balanced, the one against the other. In that way she assures her own safety.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

The prospect of an early peace between Greece and Turkey rather "goes against the grain" in the wheat pit, but will be welcomed by every one except the speculators who were looking for a few months of prosperous carnage.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The misfortune of the Greeks was the absence of a capable commander who might, even under the disadvantages of bad organization and inadequate material, with the active cooperation of the fleet, have gained a defensible foothold beyond the frontier. The political influences at work from Athens, however, were fatal.

EDHEM PASHA.
Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Forces in Thessaly.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

It is the Turks and Greeks who are spending blood and treasure, but it is the six powers who will fix the terms of peace. It is as if a cocking-main or dog fight were going on in Greece.

The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

The Greeks outside of Greece are giving a fine object-lesson in patriotism. They are scattered all over Southern Europe, and although they do not owe military service, they are hurrying home in considerable numbers to join the army.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The Turk is in Greece as a sort of protégé of the great nations of Europe, which call themselves enlightened and Christian. These nations are morally, if not actually, responsible for the atrocities which the Turks may perpetrate in the Grecian campaign, as the latter are there by their sufferance.

M. RALLI.
The New Greek Premier.

The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The king of Greece has probably saved his throne by getting the revolutionary element of his kingdom to the front, where they will do the least harm.

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

He [King George] did not plunge an unsuspecting population into war against a powerful enemy. That population went to war with its eyes wide open, and anxious to fight the powerful Turk for what it considered was right and almost holy. So that if it shall turn now and rend the king in the hour of gloom, it will forfeit a great share of the admiration its first step has excited.

Denver Republican. (Col.)

The result of the war may be the overthrow of the monarchy as well as the defeat of the Greek armies.

The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

Greece is defeated, but history will hardly look upon this defeat as a humiliation. Perhaps the "concert" will suffer more in the ultimate judgment than humbled and disgraced Greece.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

If the demands of Turkey are acceded to, then the powers have committed the crime of the century.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Advantage has been taken of the Greek situation to enthuse new spirit in the Mohammedans everywhere. This is a matter in which Europe is more interested than Greece.

GREATER NEW YORK CHARTER A LAW.

GOVERNOR BLACK'S signing the Greater New York charter gives to the United States a metropolis which in population and area is the second city in the world. On April 9 the city authorities returned the bill from the mayors to the state assembly, when it was found to have been vetoed by Mayor Strong of New York, notwithstanding his speech in favor of the act, and approved by the other mayors and councils. On April 12 the assembly passed the charter over Mayor Strong's veto by a vote of 106 to 32. It then took up the supplemental bills also disapproved by Mayor Strong. The first, concerning the election of New York city officers, it passed by a vote of 85 to 21 and the second, regulating the election of supervisors in Queens borough, by a vote of 87 to 22. The latter measure had not been returned by the mayors of Long Island and of Brooklyn at the expiration of the fifteen day limit. The next morning the assembly notified the state senate of its action and the senate passed the bill within ten minutes. On April 14 the bill was delivered to Governor Black. He gave it his signature on May 5, thus making it a law in one year lacking a week after Governor Morton signed the consolidation act authorizing the appointment of a commission to draft the charter. The new law is to take effect on January 1, 1898.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It seemed to us that every act suggestive of coercion should be scrupulously avoided, to the end that all the people might realize that they had been treated with perfect candor and fairness, whatever they might think about the advantages of consolidation. This course has not been pursued. Far too little time was given to the Charter Commission for the performance of its enormous task, and largely in consequence of that fact its work contains some radical defects and many minor blemishes.

(*Dem.*) *The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)*

If the Democrats are wise enough to ignore past differences of opinion on national questions and get together on state and local issues there is no doubt that the first administration of Greater New York will be Democratic.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The Republican majority in the assembly at Albany did itself no credit last night by rushing through the Greater New York charter without reading the message from Mayor Strong accompanying his formal disapproval. The document was addressed to the assembly, and, coming from the mayor of the greatest city in the country, there was every reason why it should have been courteously received.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

The proposed law certainly contained a great many very objectionable features, and there can be no doubt that it never should have been passed by the legislature.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Greater New York will not be an accomplished fact until January 1. That will give Chicago ample time to grow away from the big combination.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Mayor Strong has certainly the idea with regard to such matters that is most advanced, and it is a little strange that the framers of the charter did not perceive and adopt it.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY FAILS.

THE great question whether this nation shall perpetuate peace by agreeing to the proposed general arbitration treaty with England or by adhering to its own traditional peace policy has been settled at last. On May 5 the Senate refused by a vote of 43 to 26 to ratify the treaty negotiated by Sir Julian Pauncefote, England's ambassador to the United States, and Secretary of State Olney and signed by them at Washington, D. C., on January 11, 1897. The total number of votes cast was 69, there being 19 senators who did not respond, so that 3 affirmatives were wanting to make the two-thirds majority (of the senators present) required by the Constitution for the ratification of treaties.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

No such instrument was needed to demonstrate the peaceful disposition of the American people and their sincere attachment to the principle of arbitration. The record of the United States on that score is secure beyond challenge.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The chances of war with Great Britain over any disputed question within the range of probability or possibility are not increased to the slightest extent by the failure of this pet scheme of unreasoning sentiment.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

There will be disappointment among thousands of Americans who regarded this treaty as a distinct step in advance, but there was an unmistakable feeling among the practical and experienced public men that the treaty gave entirely too much to Great Britain.

(Dem.) The Boston Globe. (Mass.)

The course of the American Senate in this matter will effectually work against any renewal of agitation in England for a general treaty of arbitration with this country for a long time to come. This does not mean, however, that arbitration would not be invoked as a means of settling any ordinary question that may arise between the two great English-speaking nations.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The insincerity of the Senate's performances as regards the treaty has been manifest at almost every stage of the long debate over its ratification or rejection. The specious plea that the treaty was a British trick to tie the hands of this country is sufficiently disproved by the fact that Senator Hoar's amendment excluding all questions affecting foreign or domestic policy was adopted by a vote of forty to fifteen.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Perhaps it is as well that the treaty failed; it was amended out of all its original shape and form and had nothing but the name of arbitration to recommend it.

(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

The senators who have wrecked a great treaty to gratify personal and political resentments may rest assured that, while they have temporarily obstructed the progress of the arbitration movement, the cause is too great to be destroyed.

TO PROTECT THE FUR SEALS.

IT is not for lack of knowledge of the facts in the case that England is dilatory in seeking better pelagic sealing regulations. English and American experts investigated the subject last year and both reported that some remedial measures ought to be agreed upon by the two governments. Taking the initiative in such a move on April 8, President McKinley appointed John W. Foster of Indiana and Charles L. Hamlin of Massachusetts as a "special commission with plenipotentiary powers to negotiate another agreement with Great Britain for a better protection of seal life in Bering Sea." On April 10 Secretary of State Sherman sent to the English government a decided demand for the immediate cessation of the indiscriminate butchery of seals in Alaskan waters, accompanied by a request for an international conference on the Alaskan sealing question. At last accounts, on April 30, the British premier, Lord Salisbury, declined to arrange such a conference because of the expense it would involve.

The St. James Gazette. (London, England.)

It is quite possible this matter may become as serious as the Venezuelan dispute. We are bound to support the Canadians' reasonable claim, and the prospect might make us regret the failure of the general arbitration treaty, did it not show how small respect Washington feels for arbitration.

The Times. (London, England.)

It appears premature, if not unseemly, to start a diplomatic campaign sixteen months before the stipulated time for re-examination has arrived. To demand that the award shall now be set aside in accordance with the contention of one party to the controversy would strike a very serious blow at the principle of arbitration.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Having scrupulously lived up to the letter and spirit of the Paris award, this government now seeks to fulfil the one remaining item, namely, the further and more perfect regulation of pelagic sealing. The Paris tribunal decreed that Great Britain and the United States should do this. A few years ago they attempted to do it. Regulations were adopted. But these have proved to be insufficient and unsatisfactory. Both governments recognized that fact. British as well as American experts have been officially sent to investigate the matter. And now the United States takes the initiative in moving for joint action. That is all there is in it. There is not the slightest notion of denying or delaying settlement of the British claims. There is not the slightest notion of repudiating the Paris award, but only of more completely executing it.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

President McKinley, Secretary Sherman, and Secretary Gage keenly realize the value of our seal fisheries and are proceeding promptly and in the right way to protect that important interest. No better selection of special commissioners for the work could have been made.

ANGLO-VENEZUELAN TREATY RATIFIED.

After considerable opposition the Venezuela Congress finally has ratified the treaty calling for settlement by arbitration of the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. The ratification took place on April 7. It now remains to select a fifth member of the tribunal, who with the four (two for each side of the case) already appointed will meet in Paris and within six months report their decision.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

There can be little doubt that the evidence accumulated by our own High Commission will virtually decide the matter, as it includes not only the cases originally prepared by the counsel for Great Britain and Venezuela, but all the historical material specially collected by the high commissioners at The Hague and Madrid. Yet this in turn is subject to the agreement that holding land for fifty years shall establish title. And so will end a controversy that will be memorable in history for having practically enforced the Monroe Doctrine upon Great Britain, and for having asserted and maintained the hegemony of the United States upon the American continents.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

It may now be set down as settled that if any European and American nations have trouble the right and duty of the United States to step in as a peacemaker will not he disputed.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

As this happy result flows fróm our benevolent intervention, we are entitled to a moderate measure of exultation in it. We extend our congratulations to the reconciled nations, and see no reason why they should fall out again for some time to come.

The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

History fails to record another instance of one nation voluntarily offering and entering upon an impartial settlement of an international difference that only indirectly concerned it.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Conservative opinion recognizes the Monroe Doctrine as the greatest bulwark of Spanish-American independence against overcrowded Europe. The treaty is quite safe.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

Since passing the House on March 31 the Dingley Tariff Bill has been practically made over by the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, to which it was referred after its receipt from the Lower House. The amended bill was reported by the Finance Committee May 4, and was placed on the Senate calendar. It entirely eliminates the House "retroactive amendment" changing the date for the bill to take effect to July 1, 1897, and imposes a number of emergency duties to expire by limitation on January 1, 1900. The reciprocity section is stricken out and in its place a duty is laid on articles having an export bounty. The sugar schedule is entirely new, the rates on wool are greatly lowered, and hundreds of amendments have been made which are less conspicuous because of the changes from the House classification.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The tariff bill is at last out of the Finance Committee of the Senate, where it has been kept much longer than there was any apparent need for keeping it. It does not seem to have improved by its stay there.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Many changes are certainly of real merit, and others may upon examination of data prove to be, which at first appear needless. But there will be disappointment throughout the country that the measure is open to criticism in some particulars about which public opinion will be sensitive.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The Republican leaders in Congress are evidently about to abandon the pretense they have maintained up to the present time that they mean to increase the revenues of the government by putting prohibitory duties on imports.

(Ind.) The Washington Post. (D. C.)

As a matter of fact we are inclined to think that the sub-committee has improved the original Dingley Bill in many respects.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

Prosperity will not return in consequence of the enactment of a new tariff, but free coinage men will be confronted by the contrary claims as long as the bill is not passed.

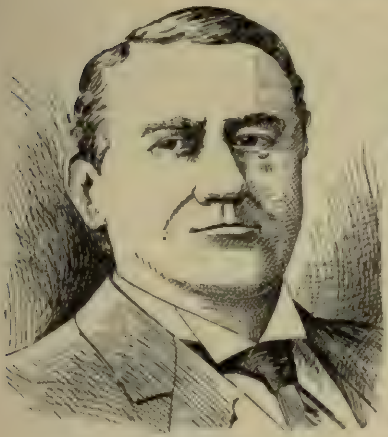
(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The bill finally agreed on may not be exactly what the House would prefer, or exactly what the Senate would prefer, but the desired votes to enact it will be obtained, because it cannot be otherwise than immeasurably better than the system it is to supersede.

(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

The people voted for a protective tariff and the gold standard and they should have both.

TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.



JOHN W. THOMAS.
President of the Tennessee Exposition.

The exposition at Nashville in honor of Tennessee's one hundredth anniversary of admission to the Union as a state opened auspiciously on May 1, having been delayed eleven months after the actual anniversary. The weather was fair and the attendance was estimated at between forty and fifty thousand. Many distinguished persons were present, including ex-Vice-President Stephenson and Gen. Ignacio Garfia, postmaster-general of the republic of Mexico. President McKinley in Washington, D. C., pressed the electric key which started the machinery at the exposition and the celebration was formally begun by the president of the enterprise, Mr. J. W. Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. The grounds are rich in historical associations and natural advantages, being situated on the scene of the battle of Nashville. Many buildings have been erected, the largest of which are the Auditorium, the Parthenon (the art gallery), the Commerce, Woman's, Agriculture, Machinery, Minerals and Forestry, Transportation, Children's, Historical, Government, Negro, and Railway Buildings. Illinois boasts the most beautiful state building and has the most commanding site. Appropriations for the exposition were made as follows: Tennessee, $50,000; Illinois, $20,000; New York, $12,000; Rhode Island, $10,000; Ohio, $10,000; Massachusetts, $5,000; New Mexico, $1,450; Utah, $2,000; West Virginia, $2,000; United States government building, $27,000. Besides these provisions several states and cities, especially Louisville, Knoxville, and Memphis were announced to have special exhibits, and sixty cities to have municipal representation. The exposition will last for six months.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Had Tennessee as a state acted earlier the exposition would probably have been greater, but, even as it is, only the Philadelphia Centennial and the Columbian Exposition will surpass it in the United States in completeness of exhibits, and only the latter in architectural beauty and effect.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Everything indicates that the exposition is to be interesting and successful, and it has the best wishes of every state in the Union, even if some of them, like Connecticut, have not done very much to contribute to the display there to be made.

The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

Tennessee is the first of the states to celebrate the centennial of admission to the Union, by giving a great material, educational, moral, scientific, religious, and social exposition. Kentucky and Vermont preceded us into the Union, but neither of them celebrated their centennial in such a splendid style. We lead. We are the pioneer.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The most notable of the international expositions of the present year are two in number, one of them at the capital of the state of Tennessee and the other at the capital of the kingdom of Belgium.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

It required courage for Nashville to undertake to celebrate the anniversary in so elaborate a manner as by the great exposition of which the doors were opened yesterday. She has spent a great deal of money which she may not get back immediately, but in the long run she will profit by her courageous patriotism and enterprise.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is true that Tennessee was admitted into the Union June 1, 1796, but this Nashville fair is nevertheless in fact as in name the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. Our Chicago fair was held four hundred and one years after the discovery of America, but all the same it was the World's Columbian Exposition.

The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

The opening of the Tennessee Centennial took place most auspiciously yesterday, and it promises to mark a new era in the state. Tennessee is a diamond in the rough. The tenth of her resources and wealth has never been told.

END OF THE SENATORIAL DEADLOCK IN KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY'S senatorial struggle of nearly two years' duration has resulted in the election of a sound money Republican, William J. Deboe, to replace Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, Democrat and free silver advocate. The regular caucus nominee of the Republicans was Dr. Hunter, but personal animosity, added to Senator Blackburn's stiff fight for reelection, jeopardized his chances for the senatorial seat, so finally he withdrew. Mr. Deboe was put in the field, and elected on April 28.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Of all the prolonged struggles over senatorships which have occurred in various state legislatures in the last few years this was in many of its features one of the most discreditable, yet its outcome, happily, is one of the best. It has not, save in its ending, reflected credit upon the state. But it ought to serve as an object-lesson to Kentucky and to all other states "how not to do it."

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

William J. Deboe may think his election as United States Senator from Kentucky yesterday is due to Republican harmony. But it isn't. It is due to Democratic inharmony.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The election of a Republican from Kentucky to the United States Senate gives the Republicans a tie with the opposition, thus enabling them to organize that body with the aid of Vice-President Hobart. In the second place, Kentucky can now demand its share of patronage, as the president has refused to make Kentucky appointments until he could consult with its senators, according to the precedent he has followed.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

The result of the Kentucky contest will be hailed with gratification by a large majority of the patriotic and thoughtful people of the country. The new senator lessens immeasurably the power of the silver phalanx in the Senate.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The election of Senator Deboe in Kentucky gives the Republicans within one of a majority of the Senate as now constituted. But if Florida reelects Call, or sends some other Democrat in his place, there will be no possibility that the Republicans can obtain an absolute majority of all during the present Congress.

(Ind.) The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

W. J. Deboe, the newly elected senator, is a young man of small means—in fact so poor that it is said he was unable to give the customary banquet to the legislature. However, his poverty will not hurt him.

THE NEW CANADIAN TARIFF RETALIATES.

CANADA'S new tariff, made public on April 22, strikes at the tariff measures of many countries, including the United States Dingley Bill. The chief feature of the new law, which is a departure from any previous Canadian trade policy, is its double schedule. This provides for a general tariff on goods from all countries that do not admit Canadian goods free of duty or at minimum rates, and for a special tariff giving a large preference to goods of the countries that favor Canadian trade. In accordance with the special tariff, all British goods going to Canada on and after April 23, until July 1, 1898, are dutiable at 12½ per cent less than imports from other countries. On July 1, 1898, this preference is increased to 25 per cent. The new bill also provides against trusts and combines. In some respects the bill gives the United States a lower duty than did the old tariff, but it is the great discrimination in favor of English products that threatens our trade with Canada. Germany, Belgium, and other countries already have protested against the special tariff, claiming as treaty rights equal tariff privileges with England.

(*Ind.*) *Providence Journal.* (*R. I.*)

If the Washington government hold out against reciprocity, the British manufacturer will probably have a supreme position in the Canadian market.

(*Rep.*) *The Mail and Express.* (*New York, N. Y.*)

To grant a rebate of duties on imports of British goods would simply expose Canada to retaliatory measures upon the part of other countries, and the prospect of such a warfare has already frightened its supporters into something bordering on panic.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The Imperialist party in Canada are gleefully anticipating great and damaging consequences to the industry and commerce of this country from the impetus that will be given to the smuggling of English goods across the border; and some go so far as to pretend to believe that it will result in the complete demoralization of our fiscal system. . . . . But the American people will be heard from at the right time.

(Ind. Rep.) The Transcript. (Boston, Mass.)

On the whole the general tenor of the new tariff measures must be called moderate. It concedes the right of the American people to adopt what tariff laws they please in their own real or supposed interests, and claims for Canada the same right.

The Globe. (London, England.)

Canada leads the way in her thank offering for the blessings of liberty and security which she enjoys under British rule. Her action will not be in vain.

St. James' Gazette. (London, England.)

It is by far the most important news of the morning and leads us from the eastern question.

The Pall Mall Gazette. (London, England.)

Dingley threatened Canada and this is Canada's reply.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO TURKEY.

JAMES B. ANGELL, President McKinley's appointee for minister to Turkey, reported to the Senate on April 14, has had experience in foreign diplomacy as well as in American educational and editorial work. He has been professor of modern languages and literature in Brown University, Providence, R. I., editor of the *Providence Journal* during the Civil War, president of the University of Vermont, and president of the University of Michigan. During 1880–81 he was minister to China and negotiated our present trade and immigration treaties with the Chinese government. On his return home he resumed the presidency of the Michigan University, which position he now fills. He was one of the Bering Sea Commission appointed by President Harrison and was on the Deep Waterways Board in President Cleveland's second administration.

JAMES BURRILL ANGELL.
United States Minister to Turkey.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

There are indications that the new minister to the court of the sultan, President Angell of Michigan State University, may be *persona non grata* to the Porte. The issue does not involve President Angell's fitness, as that is conceded, but relates to his connection for many years with the missionary efforts of the Congregational Church. It ought not to be to a man's disadvantage to be known as an active worker in church circles, and it is not in any country save Turkey. But there a minister from the United States who has been identified with missionary work is almost put on the black list.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

Whatever course events may take in the Levant, we are certain to need at Constantinople a minister of the highest character and judgment and widest experience. These qualifications President Angell possesses in an unusual degree.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

President Angell of the Michigan University is a man of brains, knowledge of the world, and diplomatic experience. Probably he will be more satisfactory, personally, to the good brethren than Terrell has been; although he is hardly more likely than Terrell to attempt to propagate the religion of love by means of artillery.

(*Rep.*) *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (*Pa.*)

In case of a war betwen Turkey and Greece, the duties of the minister will be very arduous, but for these the new incumbent will be fully competent. He goes to a post where he will probably have more active work than any other of our diplomatic representatives. He is a man of the highest type.

PROFESSOR EDWARD D. COPE.

PROFESSOR EDWARD D. COPE.

THE great American naturalist, Prof. Edward D. Cope, died on April 12, at his home in Philadelphia, Pa. He was born in 1840 in Philadelphia and here studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and comparative anatomy at the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. The latter study he continued in the Smithsonian Institution in 1859 and in Europe during 1863-64. In 1866 he took the chair of natural science in Haverford College, Pa. While here he became actively interested in the cretaceous greensands of New Jersey and was rewarded with the discovery of fifty-eight specimens previously unknown to science, including a large dinosaur. Then directing his attention to the Miocene formations of Maryland and North Carolina, he enriched science with many specimens of whale-like aquatic mammals. In 1868 he did classifying work for the Geological Survey of Ohio, and in 1870 went to Kansas on his first western tour of exploration. He returned with specimens of seventy-six species of fossil fishes and reptiles then unheard of in the world of science. In 1872 as vertebrate paleontologist for the Hayden Geological Survey he led a party from Fort Bridge, Wyo., to examine the Eocene bad lands in the Green River region, securing eighty-three new specimens. This year he was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences. The next year in northeast Colorado he found seventy-five new specimens, mostly of mammals. His explorations of New Mexico in 1874 and of the Jurassic beds of the Rocky Mountains in 1877 yielded him valuable specimens of backbone animals. Success also attended his expeditions into Montana, Nebraska, and Oregon. Professor Cope was conspicuous for his firm belief in the theory that consciousness is the leading factor in evolution. His most valuable service to science was his systematic revision of the classes Batrachia, Mammalia, and Reptilia. The books he has written on these subjects and his "Origin of the Fittest" are the best known of his more than three hundred and fifty published works. For a number of years he was editor-in-chief of the *American Naturalist*, and at the time of his death was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His wife and daughter survive him.

The Independent. (New York, N. Y.)

Of late years he has given special attention to the theoretical side of biology and has been recognized as perhaps the most philosophical student of evolution in this country. He led a reaction from the natural selection of Darwin, and his neo-Lamarckianism is adopted by a school of young biologists. For a number of years he has been one of those that have added distinction to the University of Pennsylvania.

The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

In zoology he has rounded up investigations which began even before he entered paleontology, and include equally striking proofs of his genius as a comparative anatomist. As an evolutionary philosopher Professor Cope is widely known as the leader of the Neo-Lamarckian School in this country, and, as a historic parallel, it is noteworthy that in this sphere he has shown many of the brilliant qualities as well as certain of the deficiencies in logic which characterized the great French predecessor of Darwin. His duties and responsibilities as chief editor of the *American Naturalist* would alone have filled the time of an ordinary worker; but his capacity seemed perfectly tireless.

SITUATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI BASIN.

THE prolonged floods in the Mississippi river-basin threaten to add a wholesale loss of crops to the general devastation. On April 21 the submerged area below Vicksburg, Miss., was estimated to be over 20,000 square miles, in which the agricultural property was valued at $90,176,177. In the flood of 1890, it will be recalled, the agricultural property destroyed was valued at not quite $11,600,000. Since April 21 about 50,000 acres, much of it above Vicksburg, have been added to the flooded region. The levees have suffered the most havoc in Mississippi, though many serious crevasses have been reported elsewhere. The most damaging breaks occurred below Greenville on April 1, at Biggs on April 18, twenty miles below Natchez on April 19, at Shipland Landing on April 21, at the Hunt levees below Warsaw, Ill., on April 27, and at the Punt levee thirteen miles below Keokuk, Ia., also on April 27. On April 27 the waters in the Mississippi tributaries still were rising and the Louisiana levees were beginning to give. The work of aiding the sufferers has been prosecuted with vigilance by the states themselves and by the federal government.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The prompt benefaction of the federal government will meet the immediate crisis as nothing else can. That passed, the states and the people will attend to all else.

(Dem.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

To relieve the people of all responsibility for their levees and shoulder their responsibility and expense on the United States would, we believe, prove a fatal mistake in the end. What might be done is to demonstrate the responsibility of the United States and persuade it to contribute more liberally than it has done to this cause, arranging for the present system of cooperation.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

The old plan of making each front proprietor responsible for his own levees, enlarged as it has been into the plan of making each district responsible for its river line, is one that has several practical advantages over the scheme of federal control. It may be, however, that the work has now become so expensive that the federal government may properly be asked for more pecuniary assistance than it has hitherto given.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The Mississippi being a great national waterway, it is not only appropriate but imperative that the national government should keep its bed navigable, and at the same time protect the inhabitants of the valley against the destruction of its waters. If treated in a strictly scientific manner, some means less costly than the present ineffective methods could surely be found to control the annual overflow.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

It is true that there are some eminent engineers who have no faith in the levee system, but they are not among those who have had to deal practically with the Mississippi problem. The alluvial areas bordering the lower river would be simply uninhabitable were it not for the protection afforded by an imperfect and incomplete system of levees. It is well that the general government is dealing with this great national concern, for it is too vast to be consistently and adequately handled by states or smaller communities.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Certainly no time should be lost in determining upon the best method of guarding against these great floods, which, with the continued denudation of the forest areas, are likely to increase year by year in frequency and destructive effects.

(Rep.) The Pioneer Press. (St. Paul, Minn.)

It has been demonstrated by forestry experts that the wholesale destruction of forests has much to do with the conditions which permit the periodical overflow of large streams. That they have everything to do with it is not claimed, for we know that when the forests were in their primeval conditions there were still great inundations along great waterways. But this item in the general scheme of improvement, in which all residents along the Mississippi should be interested, is the item which especially concerns Minnesota. She can and should give much attention to this phase of forestry science.

(Dem.) The Scimitar. (Memphis, Tenn.)

Strictly speaking from the traditional Democratic standpoint, the states affected by the flood should take care of their people in such circumstances, and it cannot be denied that they could do so if they would. *The Scimitar* does not wish to be understood as opposing such appeals or as reproaching the Democrats who respond to the calls of humanity without stopping to make objection based upon the theories of the party schemes of old. On the contrary *The Scimitar* joins their people in applauding them for so doing. It only instances the fact as additional evidence of the readiness of Democrats to subordinate theory to utility in time of emergency.

(Ind.) The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

The extraordinary floods are increasing in proportion as the forests of the North are denuded, and the sudden drainage of half a continent has proved too much for the weak alluvial banks of the river below Cairo, while the vast recurring losses are beyond the powers of the localities directly affected to withstand.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

If the demands of the southern states lying along the lower Mississippi and its tributaries are to be granted, the government will need an ample revenue. The southern representatives and senators should bear this fact in mind when voting upon the Dingley Bill. The people of the North would not begrudge the money required to render the Mississippi and its principal tributaries safe from flood, if the engineers can agree upon a feasible scheme to accomplish this result.

(Ind. Dem.) The Banner. (Nashville, Tenn.)

The control of these levees devolves as naturally upon the government as does interstate commerce or the supervision of the mails. They are public institutions, and as they affect different states and communities that have no power of acting in concert they should come under the purview of the federal government. When these levees are left to the control of separate states and communities there are naturally local jealousies and conflicting interests which lead to bickerings and cross purposes rather than to concert of action.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

It is likely that the states endangered by the water would be willing to borrow the money to save the property of the people if they saw any way to pay it back. It would be economy to do so, but the matter must be undertaken by the national government, if it is ever to be successfully accomplished.

(Dem.) Democrat and Courier. (Natchez, Miss.)

This is no time for further dispute as to the methods to be adopted in the future for protection to the Mississippi Valley by the states or the dwellers and sufferers therein, but it is a time for the interposition of the one power, the national power, to assume the mighty task of control which has hitherto defied the efforts of the states and the people.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

But if there should be no decided change for the better in the situation before the end of the present month, it is to be feared that there will be an accentuation of the present suffering, and that measures of relief will not only have to be largely extended, but kept up the summer through.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

Whatever the abstract justice of the matter, it will be practically better for the river states to keep the levee system under their own control.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

It is doubtful if the planters in the flooded district will be able to put in a crop this season, for the flood may not retire soon enough, and this will make the disaster all the greater. The experience of this year, added as it must be to the experience of other flood years, should remove all doubt in the mind of the government concerning the need of adopting some other system of river protection than that involved in the construction of levees.

(Rep.) The Journal. (Detroit, Mich.)

What a rebuke it is to those sticklers for state's rights, who are still preaching state supremacy, to see the federal government extend a helping hand to a state in distress! And yet a state may be in distress by reason of an insurrection or riots, as well as floods. The state's rights sticklers want the federal government to keep its hand off and let every state settle its own insurrection itself, even when they involve the interests of the national government, but not one of them protests when the federal government recommends and Congress votes appropriations to relieve a state whose people are suffering from the effects of some great calamity.

(Rep.) The State Journal. (Topeka, Kan.)

It would be a good time for the present Congress to drop everything else in the way of improvement of rivers and harbors and devote the sum which will be appropriated for that purpose wholly to the Mississippi. Such an expenditure would give work to a large number of men who need it, and could be done cheaply, owing to the low price of labor brought about by so many idle persons.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

To repair the waste places which this appalling overflow of the waters has left in the Southwest is nationalism in its best and highest sense. It is a patriotic recognition of the indestructible unity of our material interests as a nation, in which the whole structure of the political commonwealth is grounded. This is the lofty level upon which President McKinley has projected his administrative policy.

U. S. SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

U. S. SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

THE death of Daniel Woolsey Van Voorhees, United States senator from Indiana, at his home in Washington, D. C., on April 10, ends the career of one who has been conspicuous in the nation's politics for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Voorhees was born in Butler County, O., on September 26, 1827, and two months later moved with his parents to a farm in the valley of the Wabash River in Fountain County, Ind. Here he grew to manhood, working hard on the farm till 1845, when he went to the Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University. At his graduation, in 1849, he studied law and in 1851 began its practice at Covington, Ind. By President Buchanan's appointment he became United States district attorney for Indiana in 1858, in which capacity he served till 1861, when he went to Congress. He made his debut in the House as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." For five consecutive terms he served in Congress, being one of the House leaders for the cause of slavery during the Civil War conflict. Then being defeated for reelection he held no public office from 1873 to 1877. In 1877, upon the death of Oliver P. Morton, Mr. Voorhees entered the Senate by appointment to the vacancy. From that time till a month ago, when failing health compelled him to retire from public life, a period of nearly twenty years, he has been in the Senate continuously. In 1893 he was made chairman of the Committee on Finance, having been for years a champion of the greenback and of free silver coinage. He held this position nominally till December, 1895, though early in 1894 he lost the leadership of the Democratic majority, owing to his support, in the extraordinary session of 1893, of Mr. Cleveland's policy in securing the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman Act of 1890. Mr. Voorhees was the leading spirit in the reconstruction of the Library of Congress. Aside from his career in politics he had a national reputation as an eloquent and successful lawyer in the criminal courts. Several years ago his wife died. He is survived by four children.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

He easily was the greatest stump orator that the Democrats of the West, or perhaps of the nation, have had during the present century, and as a successful advocate in criminal cases he was without a rival. Had he remained in the practice great wealth surely would have flowed to him. During the war he was more in sympathy with secession than with the Union, and was a stanch advocate of the "peculiar institution" of slavery. He grew more liberal as he grew older, and, though to the last a Democrat of the "old-fashioned stripe," was found voting "aye" on all propositions that looked toward the benefit of the veterans of the Union, or for relief of their widows and orphans.

He was a man of great heart, of unaffected sympathy with the poor, strong in friendship, and not implacable in enmity. He was an advocate rather than a pleader, both in law and in politics. His faults were not few, but his virtues were many.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. (Wash.)

Few will regard him as a statesman, but as a politician who kept at the front through the arts of a politician he was an eminent success, as is evidenced by twenty-five years' active service in Congress.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

He was about as uncompromising a partisan as could well be imagined and his convictions on many public questions were as unsound as they were firmly held. There was never any suspicion regarding his personal integrity and one could not but admire the vigor and resourcefulness with which he battled for his side.

THE BIMETALLIC COMMISSION APPOINTED.

ACTING in accordance with a measure of the last Congress approved on March 3, President McKinley appointed, on April 12, three commissioners to represent this country at an international bimetallic conference to be called at some future time. They are Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, General Charles J. Paine, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. Adlai E. Stephenson, of Illinois, Democratic ex-vice-president of the United States. In the campaign of last fall, Senator Wolcott supported the Republican ticket with its gold standard plank, and Mr. Stephenson identified himself with Bryan and the Chicago platform, although both appointees were well known as advocates of bimetalism; General Paine was a McKinley man. He favors bimetalism based on international agreement, but is said to be ranked with the sound money adherents. General Paine, it will be remembered, accompanied Senator Wolcott on his European trip of last winter in the interests of bimetalism. The commissioners are not expected to begin their labors abroad before May 8.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

If it is once made absolutely clear that the United States has done forever with the effort to fix and maintain the value of silver all by itself, and thus to carry the monetary burdens of the whole world, and will hold fast to the gold standard unless European nations are prepared for some bimetallic agreement, this at least will be accomplished, that the great cause of European refusal in the past would be removed. One other thing will be accomplished. The American people will be shown precisely where the obstacle to international agreement lies, and why agreement is prevented, if at all. That demonstration will have an important influence upon public opinion here.

(Dem.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

President McKinley has acted wisely in making the bimetallic commission a radical one. There can be no complaint hereafter that the bimetalists have not been given ample opportunity to achieve their purpose.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

The appointment is simply for political effect, an attempt to keep the silver Republicans quiet for a while longer. There is no conference called for these commissioners to attend, and there is not likely to be one in the near future. Foreign governments are not going to pull our chestnuts out of the fire, though that is all that the pseudo-bimetalists in this country are now trying for.

(Rep.) The Minneapolis Journal. (Minn.)

The outlook is not very promising for the monetary commission just appointed by the president.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

If McKinley intended to make the whole thing a roaring farce, it would seem that he has gone the right way about to achieve that end. We, not being his keeper, do not much care how ludicrous he may make his administration; but we do not like the idea of these three amateurs in finance hippodroming over Europe as representatives of the American people on the question of international bimetalism.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

The selections are eminently wise ones, includiug the radical silverite Mr. Stephenson, who wants this country to adopt the white metal standard anyway, Mr. Wolcott, who is a silverite too, but prefers the international way of securing bimetalism, and General Paine, who believes only in international bimetalism.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Though the commission will of itself accomplish nothing, it may breed a great deal of mischief.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

The president is taking the only feasible and sensible course.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Considering its purpose, Mr. McKinley's appointments may be considered fairly satisfactory.

CONGRESSMAN W. S. HOLMAN OF INDIANA.

CONGRESSMAN W. S. HOLMAN.

A REMARKABLY long career in the House of Representatives was brought to a close on April 22 by the death of William Steele Holman, which occurred at his home in Washington, D. C. Mr. Holman was born on September 6, 1822, at Weraeston, Dearborn County, Ind. He received a common school education and after a two years' course at Franklin College, Ind., he started out in life as a district school teacher. In June, 1841, he married. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and very soon thereafter entered upon public service as judge of the court of probate. He was prosecuting attorney from 1847–49 and in 1850 was a member of the constitutional convention. The next year he entered the Indiana State Legislature and from 1852–56 was judge of the court of common pleas. In 1859 he was sent to the House of Representatives on the Democratic ticket, entering the Thirty-sixth Congress. Since that time he has been returned as a Democrat to Congress at every election except those of 1854, 1876, 1878, and 1894, being in his sixteenth congressional term at the time of his death. During the Civil War he championed the Union cause and was a firm friend of Lincoln and Stanton. Mr. Holman's stiff resistance to schemes of the lobbyists and his aggressive insistence on careful economy in public expenditures won for him the nicknames the "Great Objector" and the "Watch-dog of the Treasury." As a speaker he was considered effective but not eloquent. Four children survive him, his wife having died a year ago.

Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Judge Holman was one of the few living statesmen of the antebellum period still in public life. He was a statesman of the old school, narrow in view, but tenacious of opinion. His fight against public expenditures gave him the title of "Watch-dog of the Treasury," but it was not at all times creditable to him. He was not without his uses, however, and his death will be regretted. He entered Congress nearly forty years ago and has held his seat most of the time ever since. His familiar "I object" has not been heard much of late years, since the new rules prevent one member holding up the entire House, but he has held fast to his old theories.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Among the countless anecdotes of Holman is not one reflecting on his honesty. His district, though nominally Republican, was always a Holman district; and, though he had no voice and was the reverse of an orator, the fact that he had something to say produced instant quiet and attention whenever he addressed the House.

Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

In some respects Mr. Holman's congressional career was unique. He was elected to Congress more times than any other person in American history, and nominated four times oftener than he was elected. He served more years than any other person, though not more years without a break. As the "Great Objector" he became a terror in Congress, and while his services in this regard brought him a good deal of personal abuse they were often valuable. Though he rode his hobby to an offensive degree, he always commanded respect by his strict integrity.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII.

THE great influx of Japanese into the Hawaiian Islands during the last several years and especially during the last few months is causing anxiety to the Hawaiian government and to Americans who favor the annexation of the islands to the United States. According to the recent reports of Consul-General Ellis Mills, the Japanese rank second in numerical strength among the nations represented in the Hawaiian Islands. This threatened monopolization of power by the Japanese has been urged during the McKinley administration as a plea for the annexation of the islands by the United States. However, no occasion for special alarm occurred till early in April. Then the Hawaiian government had serious difficulty with its Japanese subjects over its deportation of four hundred and forty-eight Japanese coolies who were trying to land on Hawaii in violation of the immigration laws. The United States flagship *Philadelphia* of the Pacific Squadron was sent to Honolulu on April 3, to replace, it was said, the old ship *Marion*. Neither ship has returned home. On April 11 it was reported that the Japanese government had forbidden further emigration to Hawaii. Two days later the arrival of a Japanese man-of-war at the island was announced, and according to the same despatch Japanese officials assert that Japan has no designs on the islands more than to preserve order among her subjects there until the crisis is past.

(Rep.) Boston Journal. (Mass.)

The despatch of the *Philadelphia* to Honolulu is a wise precaution. Her arrival will encourage the Hawaiian government to stand its ground and will be a notification to the Japanese that in certain contingencies the little republic of the Pacific will not stand alone.

(Ind.) The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The Japanese on the islands at present are mainly laborers, imported for that purpose and fulfilling only that function. They are merely puppets in the hands of their ambitious home government. They have not made for civilization in the islands, and are not likely to make for it. So it is that the case of Hawaii is strong in American eyes in every way.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The recent incident may become a demonstration to us that we cannot have rights over Hawaii without also assuming responsibilities.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

There is a considerable feeling in this country against any expansion of territory and it will make itself felt when Congress formally takes up the subject. Annexation involves many dangers from which conservative citizens shrink.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

While this country will not permit the islands to pass under the dominion of Japan or Great Britain, or any other power, there is no reason for special haste in reopening the question at present.

The Star. (Honolulu, Hawaii.)

All this would be changed in an instant if only we had annexation. The treaty would disappear and the Japanese would occupy no status at all. Nothing but annexation can save the islands.

The Hawaiian Gazette. (Honolulu.)

The remedy is a vigorous one, and requires a revolution in the industrial life of the country. The only remedy is to replace the Asiatic with the white laborer. This cannot be done in a day, but it can be done, and must be done, if Hawaii is to realize what has been regarded for the last fifty years as its "manifest destiny." The people must place the principles of Anglo-Saxon civilization above the value of a dollar. The enunciation of principle without consistent action amounts to nothing.

THE WHITE PINE FORESTRY REPORT.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

THE report which Secretary Wilson has sent to Congress, in response to Senator Chandler's resolution, is important. It comes from the chief of the Forestry Division, and, while it attempts no sensation, it shows that the climax in the annual cutting of white pine and other coniferous timber, like spruce and hemlock, in this country is near at hand. The timber will still be obtainable in great quantities, especially with Canada's aid, for scores of years; but it can be supplied only for a few years more in the prodigious annual amounts hitherto furnished. Since 1873, there have been cut in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota alone, 154,000,000,000 feet, board measure, besides 83,000,000,000 shingles, and in the last three fourths of that period about 200,000,000,000 feet, taking the whole country together. New York and Pennsylvania have, next to the three states just mentioned, large quantities of standing coniferous timber, and the amount left in the Northern States is estimated at about 100,000,000,000 feet, or half as much as has been cut since about 1878 in the whole country. Canada is another resource, with about 37,000,000,000 feet of white pine. The Senate's inquiry was wise, and while the answer has necessarily been imperfect and only approximate, it should yet serve to confirm the determination to protect the forests.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

April 6. President McKinley nominates Theodore Roosevelt for assistant secretary of the navy. ——Carter Harrison, Democrat, is elected mayor of Chicago.

April 7. The German government files a protest at the State Department against the Dingley Bill's differential duties on sugar.

April 8. The Italian government files a protest at the State Department against high duties on oranges and lemons.——John W. Foster and ex-Assistant Secretary Hamlin are appointed by President McKinley as committee on the protection of the Bering Sea seal herds.

April 14. Col. John Hay, ambassador to Great Britain, embarks at New York for England.

April 17. A national convention at Nashville, Tenn., is called for July 4 by the Middle-of-the-road Populists.

April 20. The International Kindergarten Union convenes in St. Louis, Mo.

April 21. The Y. M. C. A. begins its international convention at Mobile, Ala.

April 23. President McKinley nominates Judge William R. Day, of Ohio, first assistant secretary of state, and ex-Congressman Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, minister to Belgium.——The Interior Department announces that the Dawes Commission has successfully negotiated with the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian tribes for allotment of land in severalty.

April 24. Mayor-General Miles gains a leave of absence to inspect the forces engaged in the eastern war.——The Senate committee on the civil service investigation in Washington, D. C., begins its work.

April 25. Negroes in Indian Territory are driven from their homes by threatening regulators.

April 29. Postmaster-General Gary appoints the United States delegates to the International Postal Union Congress.

May 1. President McKinley receives our new Chinese minister, Wo Ting Fang.

May 5. The International Postal Union Congress convenes in Washington, D. C.

FOREIGN.

April 8. Dr. Lueger, the anti-Semitic leader, is reelected burgomaster of Vienna.

April 9. Great Britain is reported to have purchased Delagoa Bay, on the southeast coast of Africa, from the Portuguese.

April 14. The financial delegate of the Russian government in Paris says Russia has accepted M. De Witte's financial policy, which is committed to the gold standard.

April 15. Arbitration has been agreed upon by France and Brazil to settle the Guiana boundary dispute.

April 17. Captain-General Weyler announces his pacification of Puerto Principe and Matanzas Provinces in Cuba.

April 20. The Parnellites convene in Dublin, Ireland, and pass a resolution to form an independent Irish league not committed to agrarian interests.——The Mexican House of Deputies passes an extradition law which will require new extradition treaties.

April 21. Col. John Hay, the new United States ambassador to the court of St. James, England, arrives at Southampton, England, and is welcomed there by the mayor.——Emperor William of Germany is welcomed in Vienna by the emperor of Austria.

April 22. King Humbert of Italy and President Borda of Uruguay narrowly escape assassination. ——The Mexican Senate ratifies the Honduras boundary treaty with England.

April 25. Germany seeks to enlist France and Russia with herself in opposition to Great Britain's African policy.——Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria goes on a visit to the czar at St. Petersburg, Russia.

April 26. Brazil and Chili are reported to have formed an alliance to promote peace in South America.

April 28. Queen Victoria embarks from the South of France for England.

April 29.—The British Budget is announced in the House of Commons, and its large appropriations for war in South Africa rouse Sir William Harcourt, the Liberal leader, to accuse Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of the colonies, with a "war plot which missed fire"; an angry dispute follows.

April 30. A riot of coolie laborers takes place in Shanghai, China.——Joseph Chamberlain testifies under oath that the British government had no knowledge of the Jameson raid until it occurred.

May 1. In Barcelona, Spain, the death sentence is passed on twenty-six anarchists for their part in the bomb trouble of last June.

NECROLOGY.

April 15. Judge James J. Storrow, counsel in Venezuelan treaty negotiation.

May 2. Sir William C. F. Robinson, ex-Governor of West Australia.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 10).

"A Study of the Sky." Pages 103 and 104. "Libra" and "Delphinus."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Paris the Magnificent."

Sunday Reading for June 6.

Second Week (ending June 17).

"A Study of the Sky." Pages 104 and 106. "Aquila" and "Serpens and Ophiuchus."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Mirabeau in the Revolution."

"The Revolution and the First Empire."

Sunday Reading for June 13.

Third Week (ending June 24).

"A Study of the Sky." Page 107. "Sagittarius."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Thiers."

Sunday Reading for June 20.

Fourth Week (ending June 30).

"A Study of the Sky." Pages 108 and 109. "Cepheus" and "Capricornus."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"France in the American Revolution."

Sunday Reading for June 27.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR JUNE.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Paper—The kings of France and their influence on the development of the nation.
2. Essay—The revolutions of France.
3. A Talk—The presidents of the French Republic.
4. Essay—A presidential election in France.
5. A Talk—The position France occupies in education and literature.
6. A Review—French *literati*.
7. Table Talk—Current events for the week.

SECOND WEEK.

1. A Study in Political History—Modern Greece and her ruler. See "King George I. of Greece," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April.
2. A Talk—The Cretan crisis. See *Current History and Opinion* in the April, May, and June numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
3. Essay—The influence of the conquests of Alexander the Great.
4. Table Talk—Archeological discoveries and what they prove.
5. Book Review—"A Survey of Greek Civilization," by J. P. Mahaffy.
6. General Conversation—The memorials to our great men.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Literary Criticism—"The Son of a Tory," by Clinton Scollard, concluded in the present number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
2. A Talk—Famous Greek temples and their ornamentation.
3. A Review—The orders of Greek architecture.
4. A Paper—Greek life as portrayed in Greek art.
5. A Talk—Egyptian art.
6. General Discussion—The advantages and disadvantages of a large city.*

FOURTH WEEK.

1. A Paper—The planets.
2. Essay—What we know about the sun and the moon.
3. General Conversation—The circumpolar constellations.
4. A Review—Definitions in astronomy.
5. A Talk—The progress of astronomical investigation.
6. Table Talk—Hawaii and the Japanese.*

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*See *Current History and Opinion.*

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—IX.

1. What is the chief criticism on the writings of Thiers?

2. Who is known by the pseudonym "George Sand"?

3. Name two novels written by George Sand.

4. In what way did the formation of the French Republic aid the literature of France?

5. Name four living French novelists.

6. Give an important work of each.

7. Name one work of each of the following poets: Sully-Prudhomme, José Maria de Heredia, and François Coppée.

8. What famous painter of this century made

Bible scenes the subject of many of his paintings?

9. Give the names of four modern painters.

10. What is Jean François Millet's most popular painting?

FRENCH HISTORY.—IX.

1. What incident is known as the French Fury?

2. What minister of finance was arrested while giving a fête in honor of the king who ordered his arrest?

3. In what famous siege of modern times did France take an active part?

4. What memorable act was performed by the French at this siege?

5. What French sovereign was called the King of the Barricades?

6. What French king died in England during this century?

7. By what did the ministry of M. Jules Ferry signalize its advent to power?

8. How long did the Ferry ministry remain in power?

9. What was the greatest achievement of the Ferry ministry in domestic affairs?

10. What two societies were powerful instruments in bringing about the Reign of Terror?

ASTRONOMY.—IX.

1. By what names has Uranus been designated?

2. What is the symbol by which Uranus is usually represented?

3. How many times had Uranus been observed previous to Herschel's discovery and what was it supposed to be?

4. By whom and when was the first photograph of the moon made?

5. What is the largest number of eclipses of both the sun and moon that can occur during a single year?

6. What is the smallest number of eclipses possible in a single year?

7. By whom was the aberration of light discovered?

8. What astronomer was called the Southern Tycho, and why?

9. Who discovered the nutation of the earth's axis?

10. By whom was the chronometer invented?

CURRENT EVENTS.—IX.

1. When and in what form did ex-Queen Liliuokalani renounce all pretensions to the throne of Hawaii?

2. Who was the husband of the ex-Queen Liliuokalani?

3. When was the first treaty made between the United States and the Sandwich Islands?

4. By whom and when was the following statement made in regard to the Hawaiian Island: "If any foreign connection is to be formed the geographical position of these islands indicates that it should be with us."?

5. What steps were taken a few years ago toward the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States?

6. What provision is made in the Nelson Bill for attorney and assignee fees?

7. What tribunal is created by the Anglo-Venezuelan treaty?

8. Who constitute this tribunal?

9. Who is to be president of the tribunal?

10. Where is the meeting of the tribunal to be held?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MAY.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VIII.

1. His opposition to Louis Napoleon; he tried to assert the rights of the Assembly and to preserve the constitution. 2. After the fall of the Empire in 1870. 3. He was elected a life member of the Senate. 4. "Hernani." 5. "Quatre-vingt-treize" and "Les Misérables." 6. Émile Zola, his income being $60,000 a year. 7. Charles V. 8. He regarded them with great respect, and had a real friendship for some of them. 9. *The Gazette*, established in 1631. 10. The church of the Madeleine.

FRENCH HISTORY.—VIII.

1. Liberty, equality, and fraternity. 2. "All the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." 3. The commons, composed of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, and the people, or the peasants and poorer inhabitants of the towns. 4. The *bourgeoisie*, or middle class. 5. "I have accomplished more in my day than either Luther or Calvin." 6. Of 1,200. 7. The custom of voting by orders would prevent the commons from carrying any measure if the other two orders combined against them, so the king and his counselors yielded to popular demand. 8. Jean Sylvain Bailly. 9. To the clergy he said, "There is still something to be desired; some brothers are wanting to this august assembly. What we want will be given to us: all our brothers will come here"; to the nobility, "This day will be illustrious in our annals: it renders the family complete." 10. "How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!"

ASTRONOMY.—VIII.

1. The positions they occupy in their orbits relative to the sun and the earth. 2. Conjunction,

opposition, and quadrature. 3. When its position is 90° from the place it occupies in conjunction and opposition. 4. At quadrature. 5. At or near the time of quadrature. 6. At the time of opposition. 7. It remains parallel to itself. 8. During one half of the planets' revolution one surface of the ring is illuminated, and during the remaining half the other surface receives the light. 9. The northern. 10. The superior planets.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VIII.

1. Through two years. 2. December, 1895. 3. At New York, March 4, 1789. 4. The Seventeenth Congress. 5. The *yen;* the gold and silver *yen* nearly equaled the United States gold and silver dollar. 6. The five, ten, twenty, and fifty-*sen* pieces. A *sen* is the one-hundredth part of a *yen*. 7. A commission of fifteen members appointed by the governor of New York. 8. In a municipal assembly composed of two houses—an upper house of thirty-seven members and a board of one hundred and four aldermen. 9. The mayor. 10. A proclamation was issued February 22 by President Cleveland setting aside thirteen forest reservations in South Dakota, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Washington, and Utah.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1900.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

"*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Judge C. H. Noyes, Warren, Pa.

Vice Presidents—Rev. W. P. Varner, Bolivar, Pa.; Mrs. A. E. Barber, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Miss.; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, Ohio; Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.; A. A. Stagg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw-Rice, Tacoma, Wash.; Rev. James Ellsworth Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, South Wales, N. Y.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—IVY.

THE following important announcement should be read with care by every member of the Class of '97. A special report blank and final address will be mailed to all members of the class during the month of May. These two circulars give all necessary information with regard to graduation and any member of the Class of '97 who fails to receive them by the first of June should at once communicate this fact to the Chautauqua Office, at Buffalo, N. Y. The report blank, in addition to other details, gives the list of Recognition Days which are held at the various Assemblies. Those who desire to receive their diplomas at one of the June Assemblies should send in the report blank as soon as possible.

THERE is promise that this will be an unusually prosperous Assembly season. Increased interest in the C. L. S. C. is taken each year and many of the programs for the coming sessions have been planned with the purpose in view of emphasizing this important feature of educational work. Attractive Round Tables and enthusiastic Rally and Recognition Days will be found at nearly all of the ninety or more Assemblies that meet this summer.

IT is to be hoped that every member of the Class of '97 will be able to graduate at some Assembly. It is the most fitting way in which to complete the four years' course. The meeting with fellow classmates who have heretofore been strangers, the march together to the golden gate, the passing under the arches while the flower girls strew the path with blossoms, the address to the graduates, the distribution of the diplomas, the inspiring music, the hearty good fellowship—all tend to make the day glorious in the memory of all Chautauquans.

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"*The humblest life that lives may be divine.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Frances R. Ford, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. W. V. Hazeltine, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. W. T. Gardner; S. H. Clark, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. M. Buckley, New York, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. H. S. Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

To the Class of '98 will fall the responsibility and privilege of decorating the Hall of Philosophy and Auditorium for Recognition Day. They should report at C. L. S. C. headquarters as early as convenient upon reaching the Assembly grounds. Add to the interest and enjoyment of the day by your presence and assistance. A reception to the members of the graduating class after the exercises on Recognition Day is often a very pleasant occasion enjoyed by many Assemblies. Foster the spirit of good fellowship; never forget that Chautauqua has a social side and at the Assembly it may be made especially helpful to the cause.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, McKeesport, Pa.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, Eng.; Miss Alice P. Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tien-Tsin, China; Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

THIS class has already passed its second milestone and half of its four years has been completed. Much new courage can be gained by meeting fellow workers at some Assembly, for help and inspiration always come from contact with others who are interested in the same line of work.

The new course for 1897–98 is already announced and we are assured that it promises to be the most interesting and attractive of any yet issued under Chautauqua auspices.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"*Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A Green, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. John A. McKamy, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, Canisteo, N. Y.

Secretary—Miss Mabel Campbell, Cohoes, N. Y.

Trustee.—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

THE Class of 1900 is yet receiving recruits. Among the latest is one enrolled from India. He is deputy collector and magistrate of Cumbum, a Mohammedan gentleman in her Majesty's provincial civil service. Truly Chautauqua reaches to the ends of the earth and her children are numbered in all lands.

THE Class of the Twentieth Century will soon begin to enroll. The members of 1900 can do much to enlarge the circles by securing new readers. New members to every circle and a circle in every community would be a good motto for 1900 to begin the work with, next October.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"
"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1896–97.

CHARLEMAGNE DAY—October 30.
"SAINT LOUIS" DAY—November 30.
JOAN OF ARC DAY—December 4.
RICHELIEU DAY—January 4.
HOMER DAY—February 12.
SOCRATES DAY—March 5.
EPAMINONDAS DAY—April 24.
PHIDIAS DAY—May 24.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The characteristic name of the "Aspirants" is that by which the little band at Somerville is known, and the progressive spirit of the members is a positive assurance of success in the end. Not long since, the circle was delightfully entertained by a lady who had made several trips across the ocean and in her travels had collected a great number of photographs of Greek ruins, statuary, etc. These pictures she used in illustrating an appreciative talk on Greek art, in which her intimate knowledge of the subject was clearly shown and which furnished a valuable treat for the enthusiastic Chautauquans.——The year is almost at its close, but Holland Circle, Springfield, sends still one more name for enrollment.——Hurlbut Circle, East Boston, sends the following poem written by their vice-president and used in connection with the study in French history.

THE FRENCH KINGS.

Hugh Capet was number one,
 Robert was his eldest son.
Henry First essayed to gain
 Normandy to his domain.
Philip First lent zealous aid
 When Peter preached the first crusade.
Louis Sixth, surnamed *le Gros*,
 Proved a formidable foe.
Louis Seventh divorced his wife
 After fierce domestic strife.
Philip Second Flanders pounded,
 And the monarchy he founded.
Louis Eighth took La Rochelle,
 St. Louis governed long and well.
Philip Third, of feeble brain,
 Left his ministers to reign.

Philip Fourth, the Fair, created
The Estates, by French kings hated.
Then succeeded brothers three,
First the feeble tenth Louis,
Second, Philip Fifth, who made
The Estates his constant aid.
Then Charles the Fourth, the records say,
Latest son of Hugh Capet.
Philip Sixth on Crecy's hill
Matched his strength with England's skill.
John, the English did quite brown,
And carried off to London town.
Charles the Fifth made England fear,
Charles the Sixth was mad as Lear.
Charles the Seventh owed his crown
To the maid of Orleans town.
Louis Eleventh could not agree
With Charles the Bold of Burgundy.
Charles the Eighth invaded Italy
After continental Sicily.
Louis Twelfth subdued Milan,
And Venetia overran.
Francis squandered wealth untold
On the "Field of Cloth of Gold."
Henry Second, soldier fine,
Took a step toward the Rhine.
Francis died at seventeen,
Mary Stuart was his queen.
Charles the Ninth did sadly rue
The day of St. Bartholomew.
Henry Third without a pause
Carried on the civil wars.
Henry Fourth then blessed the nation
With religious toleration.
Louis Thirteenth's minister
Was the brilliant Richelieu.
Louis Fourteenth made his mark,
And was called the *Grand Monarque*.
Louis Fifteenth's selfishness
Plunged the nation in distress.
As the Revolution sped,
Louis Sixteenth lost his head.

NEW YORK.—Chautauqua Union of New York City can hold its own with other organizations in furnishing good things for its members and the public. Not the least enjoyable entertainment of the season was "A Nicht wi' Ian Maclaren," given on March 18 at the Grace M. E. Church. The readings by Mr. James MacArthur, editor of *The Bookman*, were accompanied by the Balmoral Quartet, with their excellent rendering of Scottish part-songs. The following is the program:

Part-song	Scots Wha' Ha'e wi' Wallace Bled.	Quartet.
Part-song	There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.	Quartet.
Reading	The Story of Flora Campbell.	Mr. MacArthur.
Part-song	Annie Laurie.	Quartet.
Reading	Our Sermon Taster.	Mr. MacArthur.
Part-song	Kate Dalrymple.	Quartet.
Reading	Jamie 1. A Nippy Tong. 2. A Cynic's End.	Mr. MacArthur.
Part-song	The Land o' the Leal.	Quartet.
	Auld Lang Syne.	

The next entertainment will be Alexander Black's picture-play, "A Capital Courtship."——At a recent meeting of the circle at Oneida, held at the Methodist parsonage, twenty-three members were present. Two leaders were appointed, who divided the circle into two divisions, the leaders alone to know on which side the members were chosen. Since that time credits for attendance and good work have been given at each meeting and at the close of the year the side having the most credits will be banqueted by the losing side. The interest is constantly increasing and very excellent work is done. ——One evening of every week finds an aggressive corps of eighteen Chautauquan readers assembled in the parlors of the M. E. Church at Little Falls; they are called the League C. L. S. C.——Membership fees are received from Park Circle, Utica.

NEW JERSEY.—The following is received from the Beach Circle, Jersey City: "A reception to all Chautauquans in Hudson County will be tendered by the Beach Circle in the West Side Avenue M. E. Church on Thursday, May 13. The members of the Beach Circle will visit the Museum of Art, Central Park, N. Y., on Saturday, May 22. Greek art, sculpture, etc., will be examined and discussed, the text-book of this year's course being used to illustrate. A 'Chautauqua Day' will be held at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, under the combined auspices of the Brooklyn, New York, and Jersey City Chautauqua Circles on Saturday, June 5. Afternoon and evening services will be held. All Chautauquans in the vicinity of these cities are invited to take an outing on that date."

VIRGINIA.—"The Kecoughtan Chautauqua Circle, of historic old Hampton, Virginia, is in a flourishing condition. We organized at the beginning of the year with an active membership of fifteen, and the weekly meetings are attended with satisfactory results. It is the aim of the circle to hold open meetings every third month, the special feature of which is to have the general subjects in touch with the course of reading. We have been in existence three years, and choose a leader and a secretary for each year. We are all greatly indebted to the Chautauqua movement for the pleasant diversion from every-day occupations that it furnishes. The circle is very enthusiastic over 'A Study of the Sky.' 'French Traits' compelled us to concentrate our minds, and we now feel that we know something of the French nation."

TEXAS.—The work of the Weatherford Circle is satisfactory to all the members. One of them says: "I think no development of this century can surpass the Chautauqua movement for good to the masses."

INDIAN TERRITORY.—Newspaper clippings from Ardmore show the Chickasaw Circle of that place up to its usual high standard of work. The attendance is about fifteen; all the parts assigned for the programs are prepared with the greatest care, and the meetings are made very instructive. The subjects treated are varied and interesting, as shown by the program of a recent meeting, when several papers on astronomy as it was considered by the ancients were read, and other topics, as "Crete," "Corinth and the Corinthians," "Carthage," and "Schliemann the Archeologist," were discussed.

OHIO.—The following from the circle at Toledo speaks for itself: "We are pleased to say that our class of twenty are doing very well and not one of them has thought of giving up until the end."——Two new members swell the ranks of a class at Dayton.——Readers at Cincinnati are making rapid progress.

ILLINOIS.—Chautauqua readers at Springfield are giving strict attention to the work in hand.

MINNESOTA.—The average attendance of the circle at Duluth is fifteen and with their efficient corps of officers the members are receiving much benefit from the reading.

IOWA.—Five names are registered in the Class of '98 from Ladora.

MISSOURI.—A postgraduate society at Carthage, calling themselves the Vincent Circle, have held instructive meetings this year. A Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Carthage during the summer, when a great deal of Chautauqua spirit will doubtless be aroused.——A new and promising circle has been organized in South St. Louis under the name Eclectic. Their flower is the mistletoe and their motto "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."——Chautauqua spirit is found in abundance among the circle readers at St. Joseph.

KANSAS.—"The College Hill C. L. S. C. of Winfield is now in its sixth year. It is an afternoon circle composed of eight ladies, of whom five are college or high school graduates. One of our members has read during the entire six years, although she graduated two years ago. Our president spent last year in Europe and is now sharing with the circle what she learned while there. We follow each program as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We have had a delightful time in studying astronomy. We are all busy women but feel paid tenfold for the time spent in the C. L. S. C. work."

CALIFORNIA.—Solano Chautauquans at Vallejo are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm created by their efforts to give a course of six lectures on "Greek Social Life." A suitable introduction to such a course was a delightful lecture given not long since in the Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Dr. McClish, president of the University of the Pacific and Coast, and superintendent of Chautauqua work. His subject was "The Seer and his Vision." He was attentively listened to by more than five hundred people. In concluding, the Rev. McClish complimented the C. L. S. C. on the large audience and the excellent work of the circle. The first lecture of the course will be given May 30, and the young people's societies of the different churches will assist the circle.——"The Central Chautauqua Circle of San Francisco held an open meeting and informal reception of Chautauquans on March 16. Three other circles were represented from San Francisco and two from Oakland. The program, on the regular study of the evening, consisted of papers, talks, and discussions, varied by a piano duet and a speech, 'To our Guests,' by the president. After the exercises the company adjourned to the festal board, where good things had been prepared to regale the inner man. Here a few short speeches were made and arrangements perfected for union meetings of Chautauqua members of San Francisco and Oakland. The meeting closed by singing 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds,' the entire company forming a circle and joining hands. They report the occasion as a delightful one. It has no doubt added to the enthusiasm of Chautauquans about the 'golden gate.' There were eighty-five Chautauquans present."——Epworth Circle, Los Angeles, is reading for the fourth year and will graduate ten members this year. The work done by this circle is and always has been beyond reproach.

THE WINTER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1897.

THE GEORGIA CHAUTAUQUA.

FOR seven years this Assembly has been writing a splendid history in the heart of Georgia. Its home is at Albany, a thriving, beautiful little town, thoroughly in love with the work of the Chautauqua. Her most influential citizens are represented in the directory.

The Assembly this year convened March 20 and continued one week. The outlook was anything but favorable. It rained without cessation from noon of the first day until noon of the third day; every bridge in the county in which Albany is located was washed away and all railroad communication cut off. The great tent had to be abandoned and the meetings were held in the opera-house. Every meeting which had been announced, save one, was held despite the pouring rain. On the third day the sun made his appearance, and the remaining days of the Assembly were bright and beautiful. Determined that the Assembly should be a success, the people put forth heroic efforts and met all expenses, with something to spare, and the Assembly of 1897 was the banner Assembly of all the years. Dr. A. W. Duncan, the superintendent of instruction, gave direction with consummate skill to all the exercises of the Assembly, and at the meeting of the stockholders was, of course, reelected superintendent of instruction for 1898. The stockholders also voted to erect a beautiful and substantial tabernacle on a commanding lot in the city of Albany.

On the platform the following prominent persons took part in the program: the Rev. Charles N. Sims, D.D., Hon. Wallace Bruce, John R. Stratton, Gov. G. Y. Atkinson of Georgia, the Rev. Sam. P. Jones; Dr. W. L. Davidson also lectured three times, had charge of the Sunday-school normal department, and gave impetus as well to the C. L. S. C. work. Rogers' Band furnished delightful music. Dr. H. R. Palmer had charge of the chorus, which was this year a great feature. Madame Cecelia Eppinghousen Bailey delighted all with her splendid voice. Dr. R. H. Palmer and Hon. Wallace Bruce discussed the Bacon-Shakespeare question. A military parade competitive drill was one of the attractive features.

The Assembly is doing a splendid work under the leadership of Dr. Duncan and his associates.

THE FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

The thirteenth annual session of this well-known Chautauqua was held at DeFuniak Springs, Florida, February 18 to March 17. It has been quite customary in every annual report of this Assembly for the past five years to say that it was the best year of all. The same thing must be said again this year, and that too with great emphasis. The attendance was the largest in the history of the Assembly, and the Saturday excursion feature was this year simply phenomenal. Frequently four thousand strangers were on the grounds.

The program, prepared by Dr. W. L. Davidson, gave universal satisfaction and was thought to be as well balanced as any program which has ever been made for this Assembly.

The music was under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer. Rogers' Band, the Ottumwa Male Quartet, the Shubert Quartet, and the Indiana State University Glee Club were among the leading musical attractions. Madame Cecelia Eppinghousen Bailey, Miss Marie Lewis Chambers, and Miss Missouri Cawthon were popular soloists. Edwin L. Barker and Luther T. Blake gave enjoyable impersonations. The lecture platform was rich in such talent as Dr. S. J. Bieler, Rev. M. W. Chase, Col. George B. Bain, Dr. M. Rhoades, Prof. Lawton B. Evans, Hon. Wallace Bruce, who is also the active and influential president of the Florida Chautauqua, Dr. C. B. Mitchell, W. C. Alford, Judge J. J. Banks, Rev. F. D. Parkhurst, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Rev. C. C. Albertson, and many others.

Bible study was made impressive under the leadership of Elijah P. Brown, of *The Ram's Horn*, and Rev. J. E. Turner. Mrs. Mary L. Stewart was exceedingly popular with the work in physical training and kindergarten. Miss Jennie White had charge of the art department. Miss Mary E. Rowe of Indianapolis superintended the Sunday-school normal department.

Recognition Day, under the inspiration of Miss C. A. Teal of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a great occasion. Nine graduates passed the arches. There were fully five hundred in the procession. It was the most impressive day of the kind ever had at DeFuniak.

The one sad disappointment of the Assembly was the failure, because of sickness, of Dr. Talmage to keep his appointment.

The whole of western Florida is becoming each year more and more interested in this "winter Assembly in the land of summer," and it is doing a magnificent work in lifting up the tastes of the people and giving them for a month each winter rare literary and educational advantages. There are but few Assemblies in America accomplishing such a mission for good as is the Florida Chautauqua. It is becoming one of the best-known Assemblies on the continent.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Lord Nelson.

Since in the life and career of Lord Nelson* the achievements of British naval power reached their culmination, Captain A. T. Mahan of the United States Navy has appropriately made this hero the subject of a biographical study. It is the third book in the important series of works on "The Influence of Sea Power," and in its force and general perspicuity of style it is an admirable example of excellent literary execution. Originality in the method of investigation employed by the author is evident throughout the book. Unlike other writers on biographical subjects, Captain Mahan, as the prefatory remarks disclose to us, makes "Nelson describe himself—tell the story of his own inner life as well as of his external actions." To accomplish this the author has used such extracts from Lord Nelson's correspondence as are germane to the purpose, and to these he has added his own personal estimate of the man obtained from a study of the conditions which surrounded him. Thus there is furnished us a very candid and impartial estimate of Lord Nelson, his influence in naval history, and a picture of the stirring and decisive events of the age in which this remarkable man lived. The illustrations of the book include the portraits in photogravure of nineteen prominent people of this period, together with a large number of maps and plans of battles. The copious index which is included in the second volume is a convenience which readers will much appreciate.

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* The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain. By Captain A. T. Mahan, D. C. L., LL. D. In two vols. 479 + 442 pp. $8.00. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Studies in Literature.

A volume designed to open the way for the study of Chaucer contains, beside the usual biographical sketch, explanations which will aid students to pronounce Chaucerian English, a synopsis of grammatical construction, and studies in the prosody of Chaucer's poetry. Expository notes and the glossary furnish other needed explanations to the text, which is composed of selections from the "Canterbury Tales,"* between which the editor, Hiram Corson, LL. D., has inserted an abstract of the omitted portions, thus preserving the continuity of the recital.

The "Tales from Shakespeare,"† by Charles and Mary Lamb, are written particularly for youthful readers not yet old enough to comprehend the dramas as Shakespeare has left them to us. This edition is attractively bound in covers of red, stamped with gilt.

The introduction with which the editor of "Selections from the Works of Sir Richard Steele"‡ opens his work is written in a scholarly style and is highly interesting and instructive. The facts he presents are carefully classified, so that it is not difficult to find just what one wishes to know in regard to the life and works of Steele. The selections which comprise the main portion of the book are excerpts from his letters and his political, poetic, and dramatic works, and the annotations are ample for the students' needs.

The contents of "Spenser's Britomart" ‖ have been arranged in a form suited to the needs of students. From Books III., IV., and V. of the "Faerie Queene" Mary E. Litchfield has taken everything unnecessary to a connected recital of the story of Britomart as contained in Spenser's masterpiece. The modernized spelling, the explanatory foot-notes, and an analytic and biographical introduction are especial characteristics of the work, which is printed in clear type on excellent paper.

One who thinks that there is much in the poetry of the Brownings* which young readers can enjoy has selected for study several of the less difficult poems of both Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Each selection is preceded by an explanatory paragraph and annotations are included in the foot-notes, an arrangement which will materially aid the student of Browning.

A very serviceable and fine series of little books called "The Temple Classics"† reproduces in convenient and attractive form some of the classic productions of English writers. The paper, the type, the binding, and the general make-up of the books are very satisfactory, and to any library they would be a welcome addition. The five volumes now ready are from the writings of Southey, Wordsworth, Malory, and Lamb, and the necessary explanations for an appreciative study of these works are supplied in the form of notes, glossary, or appendix.

The studies in dramatic literature furnished by "The Temple Dramatists"‡ series have been admirably edited by competent critics, each of the four volumes being supplied with notes, a glossary, and a preface which is descriptive, historical, and critical in character. The frontispiece and an ornamental title-page add much to the appearance of each volume, and the binding is exceedingly neat and tasty.

Religious.

Many subjects of interest to the earnest Christian are clearly and carefully dealt with in a little volume called "Through Fire and Flood."‖ The purpose of temptation, the ways by which men are led to faith, and the value and responsibility of the life of mediocre people are some of the questions which the author has elucidated.

From the thirty-third chapter of Numbers the Rev. William Justin Harsha, D. D., has drawn many lessons, which are embodied in a volume entitled "Sabbath-day Journeys."[*] Each journey and stopping place of the children of Israel, as they traveled through the wilderness, the author has made symbolical of various stages in the progress of the Christian pilgrim from the bondage of sin to the final land of promise. There are fifty-two studies—one for each Sunday during the year—which if carefully and thoughtfully pursued will dispel the notion that Bible names are meaningless.

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* Selections from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (Ellesmere Text). Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by Hiram Corson, LL. D. 331 pp. 90 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. 350 pp. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Company.

‡ Selections from the Works of Sir Richard Steele. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by George Rice Carpenter. 260 pp. $1.00.——‖ Spenser's Britomart. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Mary E. Litchfield. 296 pp. 70 cts. Boston: Ginn & Company.

* The Brownings for the Young. Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. 215 pp. 40 cts.——† The Life of Horatio, Lord Nelson. By Robert Southey. 368 pp.——The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind. By William Wordsworth, 264 pp.——Le Morte d'Arthur. By Sir Thomas Malory. Vols. I. and II. 312 + 308 pp.——The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. 308 pp. 50 cts. each.——‡ Every Man in His Humour. A play written by Ben Johnson. Edited with a Preface, Notes, and Glossary by W. Macneile Dixon, Litt. D., A. M., LL. B. 160 pp. 45 cts. ——Arden of Feversham. Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary by Rev. Ronald Bayne, M. A. 123 pp. 45 cts.——Edward the Second. A Play written by Christopher Marlowe. Edited with a Preface, Notes, and Glossary by A. W. Verity, M. A. 144 pp. 45 cts.——The Two Noble Kinsmen. Edited with Preface, Notes, and Glossary by C. H. Herford, Litt. D 150 pp. 45 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‖ Through Fire and Flood. By F. B. Meyer, B. A. 162 pp. 50 cts. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

There is always much to be learned from a study of strong characters, particularly those of whom record is found in the Scriptures, and Dr. Alexander Whyte has made his studies, which he calls "Bible Characters,"[†] especially interesting. They are interpretative rather than biographical and in them are considered the causes and results of certain acts committed by twenty-five different people, from Adam to Achan, from which are drawn many helpful and original suggestions, presented in a forceful and convincing way.

"The Vision of Christ in the Poets"[‡] is a volume containing selected poems from the works of some of the world's great singers, in which is reflected Christian faith as interpreted by these poets. These selections are from the works of Milton, Wordsworth, the Brownings, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell, and preceding each group of poems is a short biographical sketch. Notes follow the text proper and an excellent introduction on the purpose and nature of poetry opens the work.

A very complete and explicit exposition of the Nicene theology is offered in a series of lectures[‖] by Dr. Hugh M. Scott, in which he states that "the divinity of Christ is the one great doctrine" of the theology promulgated by the Nicene ecumenical council. To prove his statements the author cites many Bible references, and many of the criticisms adverse to the doctrines of Christianity he successfully answers. He gives considerable attention to the views of Ritschl and his followers, and the opinions of other schools. These lectures will be serviceable to theological students, for whom they were first delivered.

There is a growing sentiment favoring the study of the Bible as literature, not merely for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the highest and purest literary art, but to obtain a deeper insight into its spiritual truths and revelations. This plan of investigation is subserved by a volume bearing the title "The Bible as Literature,"[*] for which Dr. Lyman Abbott has written a scholarly introduction bearing upon this subject. Twenty other well-known men of literary ability have contributed articles on the various books of the Bible.

The series of Yale lectures on preaching delivered by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke in 1896 have been collected into book form under the title "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt."[†] The author has employed his usual happy style in presenting the plain, practical truths in regard to the personality in the Christian religion, the humanity of Christ, "his revelation of human liberty and divine sovereignty," and service as the "key-note of heaven." The appendix contains excerpts from many works by prominent authors, which, with the lectures preceding it, make an interesting book and one which every Christian can read with profit.

A convenient arrangement of passages of Scripture for devotional services, both public and private, is a collection of Bible selections[‡] compiled by Sylvanus Stall, D. D. Portions of the Bible text suited especially to deep study are omitted, and the three hundred and sixty-five readings, of about twenty-five verses each, from Genesis to Revelation, are arranged consecutively. The story of the life of Christ as narrated in the four gospels is abridged to a single continuous recital, the events being given in chronological order. Diacritical marks are used to indicate the pronunciation of difficult words, thus making it possible for children to read the passages with ease.

Miscellaneous. The highest tribute that can be paid to the memory of a friend has been penned by J. M. Barrie in praise of his mother.[‖] So closely were the lives of mother and son connected that this life-history necessarily contains much that is interesting in an autobiographical way. Tender and touching as is the recital, there are strains of delicate humor running through it, and every word of the memoir speaks the author's respect and love for her whose influence was a potent factor in his life and in the success of his literary work.

The Rev. James C. Fernald, the synonym editor of the "Standard Dictionary," is the author of

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[*] Sabbath-day Journeys. By the Rev. William Justin Harsha, D. D. 275 pp. $1.00.——[†] Bible Characters. Adam to Achan. By Alexander Whyte, D. D. 301 pp. $1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

[‡] The Vision of Christ in the Poets. Edited by Chas. M. Stuart. With an Introduction by Prof. C. W. Pearson. 304 pp. 90 cts. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains.

[‖] Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology. By Hugh M. Scott, D. D. 390 pp. $1.50. Chicago: Chicago Theological Seminary Press.

[*] The Bible as Literature. By Prof. Richard G. Moulton, Ph. D., the Rev. John P. Peters, D.D., Prof. A. B. Bruce, D. D., and others. With an Introduction by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. 375 pp. $1.50. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

[†] The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. By Henry Van Dyke. 468 pp. $1.75. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[‡] Bible Selections for Daily Devotion. Selected and arranged by Sylvanus Stall, D.D. 686 pp. $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

[‖] Margaret Ogilvy. By her son J. M. Barrie. 207 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"English Synonyms and Antonyms."[*] The numerous illustrative examples show a fine distinction in the meaning and use of words, and the notes explaining the correct use of prepositions help to do away with some of the perplexities of our language. It is an excellent work for reference and special study.

A collection of original pen and ink sketches by one of the most celebrated of the English comic artists is entitled "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes."[†] From the frontispiece to the last of the fifty-four sketches the pathetic humor of the side of life which he has studied is potently delineated.

A brief work in which incidents of travel are recited in a spirited manner is "Grecian Days,"[‡] and added to these are vivid descriptions of places visited and interesting historical sketches, making a text delightful to read. It is done up in exquisite binding of blue and white vellum stamped in gold, and the illustrations in photogravure are on Japan paper.

In "Health in the Home"[‖] the author has attributed most of the sickness in the world to its proper cause—not to "the hand of Providence" but "to ignorance and neglect and custom." How to improve the physical condition and preserve the health are the subjects presented in a plain but forceful way, and the book is full of practical information, containing among other good things illustrated descriptions of Swedish gymnastic exercises suitable for home practice.

Any one who wishes to obtain a general knowledge of modern French literature[§] should read a short book by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D. The first three chapters contain an interesting account of the development of literature in France previous to the present century. Following these is a more detailed history of the literary schools and the writers belonging to them. Biography and criticisms are happily blended and the attention of the reader is called to the most interesting and best works of the modern writers of French literature.

Education, politics and patriotism, science and religion are the subjects treated in a book containing lectures[¶] by Dr. J. T. Edwards. These entertaining addresses, some of them delivered as early as 1862, represent the able lecture work of an earnest advocate of all that is highest and best in life.

A book for proof-readers, journalists, and literary people generally is "Why We Punctuate."[*] It is a book of less than two hundred pages, illustrating the purposes for which marks of punctuation are used. Many examples and but few rules are given, the author showing by a process of reasoning the relation of the "science of punctuation" to the real meaning of language.

The "New American Supplement to the Latest Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica"[†] is much like other works of reference intended to give general information on a wide variety of subjects in every department of knowledge. This work is in five volumes, each of which contains a large number of portraits of eminent men and women, beside many other illustrations belonging to scientific, geographical, literary, and commercial articles. The index of the entire set has been placed in the last volume, and, while quite complete, its utility would have been greatly increased by adding to each item the number of the volume in which it is to be found. Neatly bound in cloth, they will make a fine appearance on any library shelf.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK.

Kent, William, M.D. Substantial Christian Philosophy.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Stuart, Eleanor. Stonepastures. 75 cts.
Tracy, Roger S., M.D. Hand-Book of Sanitary Information for Householders. 50 cts.
Kinsley, William W. Old Faiths and New Facts. $1.50.
Glascock, Will H. Stories of Columbia. $1.00.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Knight of Liberty: A Tale of the Fortunes of La Fayette. $1.50.

AUTHORS' PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, 114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Block, Henri. Property of Don Gilbar. 50 cts.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK.

Webb-Peploe, Rev. H. W. The Victorious Life: The Post-Conference Addresses Delivered at East Northfield, Mass., August, 1895. $1.25.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Benton, Emily E. The Happy Method in Numbers for Little People.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY, NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Koch, Richert von. Camilla, A Novel.
Rideing, William H. At Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. $1.00.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK, CURTS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Thorp, Abner, M.D. A Child of Nature. 75 cts.
Dryer, George H., D.D. History of the Christian Church. Vol. I. Founding of the New World. $1.50.
Sanford, A. B., D.D. Methodist Year Book. 1897.

MRS. F. S. EVANS, 161 WEST EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Barnes, Frances J. Over the Punch Bowl. A Temperance Parlor Reading in Character. 10 cts. per doz, $1.00.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Dickens, Mary Angela. Some Women's Ways. $1.25.
Setoun, Gabriel. Robert Urquhart. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

THE HEALTH-CULTURE COMPANY, 30 EAST FOURTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.

Novus Homo, Ye Thoroughbred.

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[*] English Synonyms and Antonyms. By James C. Fernald. 564 pp. $1.50 net. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

[†] Phil May's Gutter-Snipes. Fifty Original Sketches in Pen and Ink. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[‡] Grecian Days. By Lucia A. Palmer. 91 pp. $2.50. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

[‖] Health in the Home. By E. Marguerite Lindley. 426 pp. New York: Published by the Author.

[§] Modern French Literature. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D. (Harv.). 522 pp. $1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[¶] Addresses, Educational, Political, Scientific, Religious. By J. T. Edwards, D.D., LL.D. 295 pp. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings.

[*] Why We Punctuate; or, Reason *vs.* Rule in the Use of Marks. By A Journalist. 160 pp. $1.00. St. Paul and Minneapolis: The Lancet Publishing Co.

[†] New American Supplement to the Latest Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited under the Personal Supervision of Day Otis Kellogg, D.D. Five vols. 3,269 pp. New York and Chicago: The Werner Company.

A LAKESIDE VIEW NEAR THE HOTEL ATHENÆUM, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SHORE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

See the Chautauqua Program for 1897, pp. 433-464.

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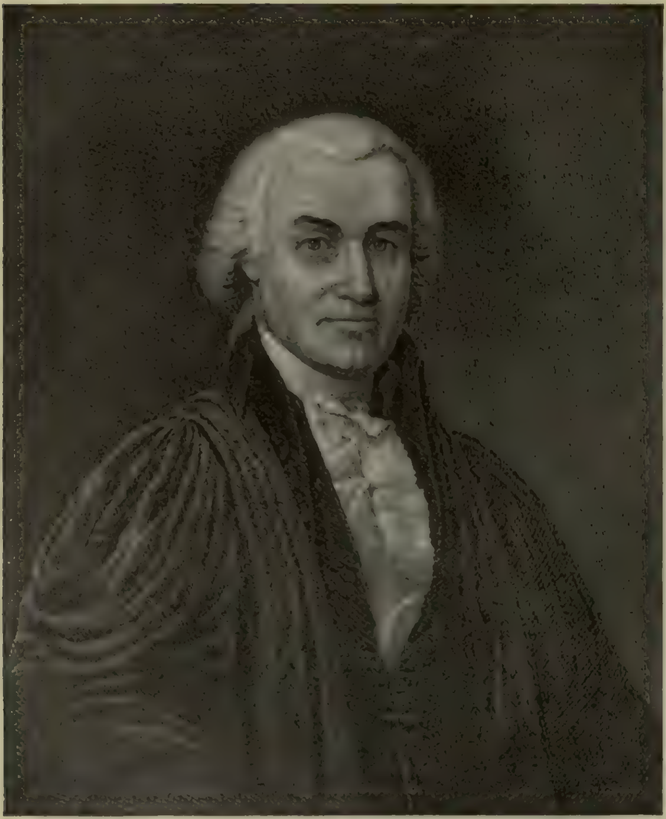
THE SEVEN CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has been termed by a famous orator and statesman "the crowning marvel of the wonders wrought by the statesmanship of America, embodying the loftiest ideas of moral and legal power." "Its judges are the high priests of justice," he continues. "No institution of human contrivance presents so many features calculated to inspire awe and veneration." The first members of the court were those who had been conspicuous in the great drama of the Revolution and in framing the Constitution. The first chief justice, though not considered a lawyer of profound learning, was a man whose character, said Daniel Webster, was "a brilliant jewel in the sacred treasures of the nation"; and he adds, "When the spotless ermine fell upon John Jay it touched something as spotless as itself." Oliver Ellsworth was the author of our judiciary system; John Marshall molded the Constitution into full and permanent form; Salmon P. Chase was the founder of our present fiscal system; and, aside from the monuments of law and justice that have been erected by the members of the court, many of them distinguished themselves in oratory, statesmanship, and diplomacy. There is only one blot upon the fair record of this great tribunal, and that was left there by an infirm old man who fell a victim to his own prejudices.

JOHN JAY.

In the earliest days of the republic, Congress, in imitation of the British House of Lords, exercised judicial as well as legislative functions. Ordinary causes of litigation were tried by the colonial courts, but when there was a dispute concerning jurisdiction or conflict of judicial judgment an appeal was taken to Congress and referred to a committee for settlement. The famous controversy between Pennsylvania and Virginia over what is now called Mason and Dixon's line was referred by Congress to the arbitration of a commission of venerable clergymen and learned college professors who knew and cared little about political controversies or territorial jealousy. Temporary courts of arbitration were often established for determining important issues, but the want of a permanent judiciary was pointed out by the statesmen of the time. One of the first was Alexander Hamilton, who declared this lack to be a grievous defect in the Articles of Confederation, and said that laws were a dead letter without courts to expound and define them.



OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

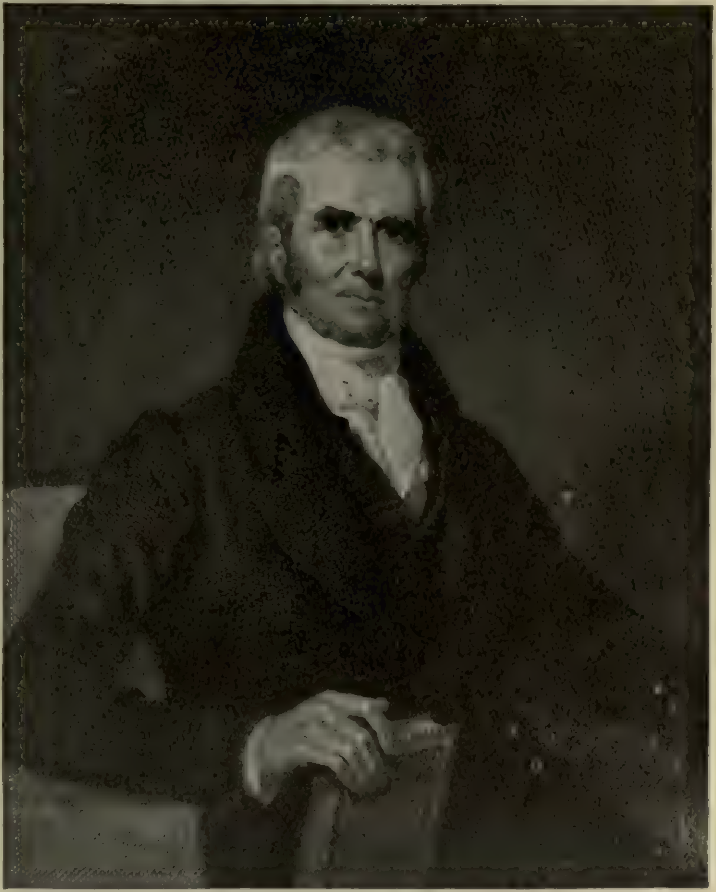
A federal court of appeals was suggested by Washington in 1777 as a result of a dramatic exhibition of incompetency and prejudice in connection with a case that was appealed to the Continental Congress, but that did not furnish the remedy required. In 1787 James Madison wrote a letter to Washington expressing his views concerning a high court of wide jurisdiction, and later in the same year Edmund Randolph, governor of Virginia, forwarded a series of resolutions to the Constitutional Convention, signed by Washington and other leading citizens of that state, asking that a national judiciary be established and submitting a plan for the same. The governor of New Jersey followed his example, and thus the attention of the convention was invoked. The judicial article of the Constitution was prepared by a committee consisting of John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, James Madison, Gouverneur Morris, and Edmund Randolph.

The first Congress under the Constitution met in New York March 4, 1789, and on the 12th of June a committee that had been charged by the Senate with the preparation of a bill "to establish judicial courts for the United States" brought in a report which was written by Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, and presented by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia. It was debated for seventeen days, and passed on the 17th of July, by a vote of fourteen to six, the opposition being southern men who saw in it a defiance of state rights and a subversion of state sovereignty. They held that Congress had no right to subordinate the judiciaries of the several states. There was a similar debate in the House of Representatives, but the bill was passed in September, and approved by Washington on the 24th of that month, 1789.

The ink was still wet upon the president's signature when he sent to the Senate the names of the first court: John Jay, of New York, chief justice, and John Rutledge, of South Carolina, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, William Cushing, of Massachusetts, Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland, and John Blair, of Virginia, associate justices. Two days later they were confirmed. Washington wrote each of them a wise letter of admonition and advice. He told them that the court was to be the chief pillar upon which our national government must rest; that their decisions must be such as to command public confidence and approval, their dignity must add luster to the national character, their desire must be to promote the general happiness.

The court first met in New York in the chamber of the stock exchange on the 1st of February, 1790, and organized. That evening the justices were entertained at a banquet at Fraunce's Tavern by the lawyers of New York. But not a litigant appeared at the bar. It was a court without a docket or a writ or a record, of unknown and untried powers, and undetermined jurisdiction; but, as a great man has since said, it was "a tribunal of which the ancient world could present no model, and the modern world boast no parallel, whose decrees, woven like threads of gold into the priceless and imperishable fabric of our constitutional jurisprudence, would bind in the bonds of love, liberty, and law the members of a great republic."

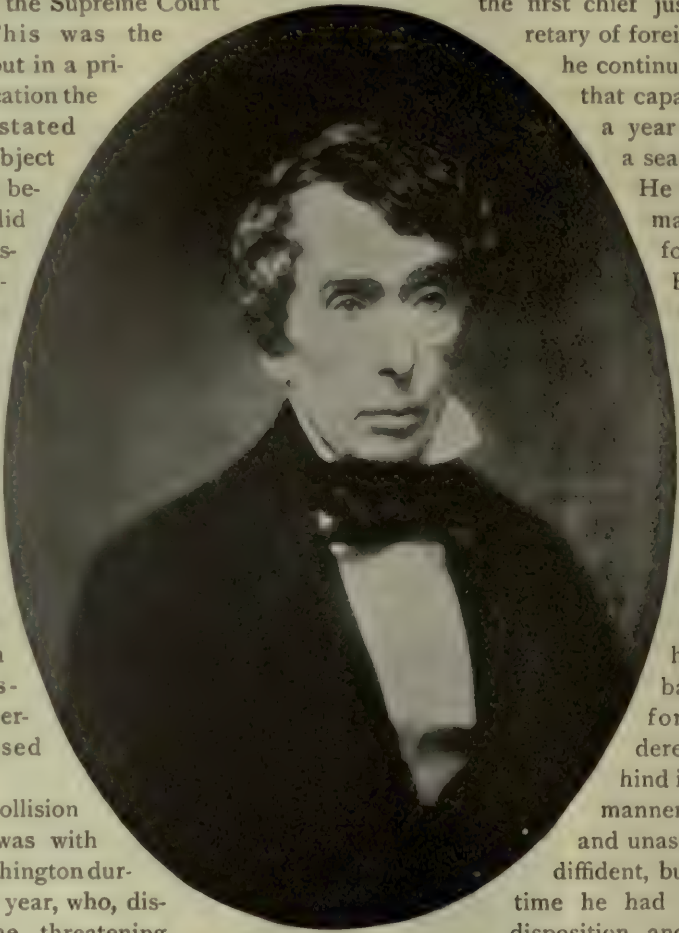
The court met again in April, 1790, and Chief Justice Jay delivered an elaborate charge to a grand jury on the principles of law and morality and the meaning of the federal Constitution, but no suits were offered for trial. Again in August the court met and adjourned without a case; but when it assembled, in February, 1791, one year after organization, there were several important cases. It was then that the new court came into collision with Congress, which passed a law directing the Supreme Court to examine and report upon the claims of widows, orphans, and invalid pensioners of the Revolution, but made its decision subject to legislative approval.



JOHN MARSHALL.

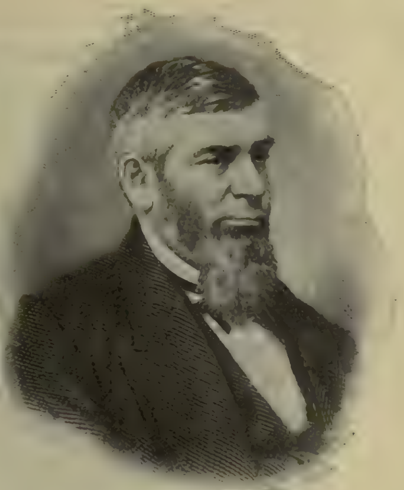
This action of Congress undoubtedly arose from the knowledge that the court had existed for a year without any business to transact, and the popular opinion that the justices ought to do something to earn their salaries, rather than from any intention of subverting their power and authority or infringing upon their constitutional prerogatives. But the court refused to comply with this law on the ground (1) that Congress could not assign it duties not defined in the Constitution, (2) that the Constitution did not authorize the national legislature to sit as a court of errors, and (3) that the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court was final. This was the official reply, but in a private communication the chief justice stated that, as the object of the act was benevolent and did honor to the justice and humanity of Congress, the members of the court were willing to sit as commissioners to examine and report upon pension claims; and they did so, although Associate Justice Wilson persistently refused to serve.

The next collision of the court was with President Washington during the same year, who, disturbed by the threatening appearance of public affairs, sought the opinion and advice of the court upon twenty-nine different questions, which were carefully framed and involved the duties, powers, and prerogatives of the president, the meaning and purpose of certain laws of Congress, and the proper interpretation of certain principles of international law. In a respectful letter to the president the chief justice and his associates declined to express an opinion or give advice upon the points raised, because they believed it improper for them to anticipate any issue which might possibly thereafter be submitted for their decision, or make a decision upon any question which was not formally argued. They suggested that the attorney-general was the legal adviser of the president.


ROGER B. TANEY.

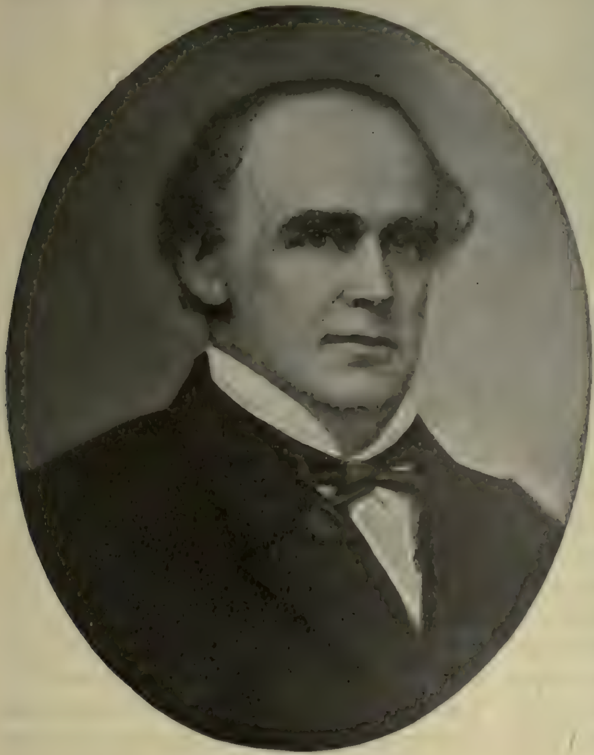
At the time of his appointment John Jay, the first chief justice, was secretary of foreign affairs, and he continued to serve in that capacity for nearly a year after he took a seat on the bench. He was a young man, only forty-four years old. He was six feet in height, with slender but well-formed figure, a colorless complexion, bluish black penetrating eyes, sharp nose, and pointed chin. He wore his hair brushed back from his forehead, powdered, and tied behind in a queue. His manners were gentle and unassuming, almost diffident, but at the same time he had a determined disposition and perfect self-control. He was neither a profound lawyer nor a brilliant speaker, but was judicious, prudent, wise, just, and conscientious. His friend Lindley Murray, who wrote our grammar, says that he was most noted for his "strong reasoning powers, comprehensive views, indefatigable industry, and firmness of mind." He wrote with great clearness and force, but without elegance of diction.

John Jay's mother came from the early Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island. His father's family were French Huguenots, who fled from the fury of persecution that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born in New York, was the eighth child of a family of ten, was educated by private tutors, in a grammar school, and at Columbia College. He studied law with an ancestor of the wife of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He was one of the earliest and most active spirits of the Revolution, and with one exception the youngest member of the Continental Congress.



MORRISON R. WAITE.

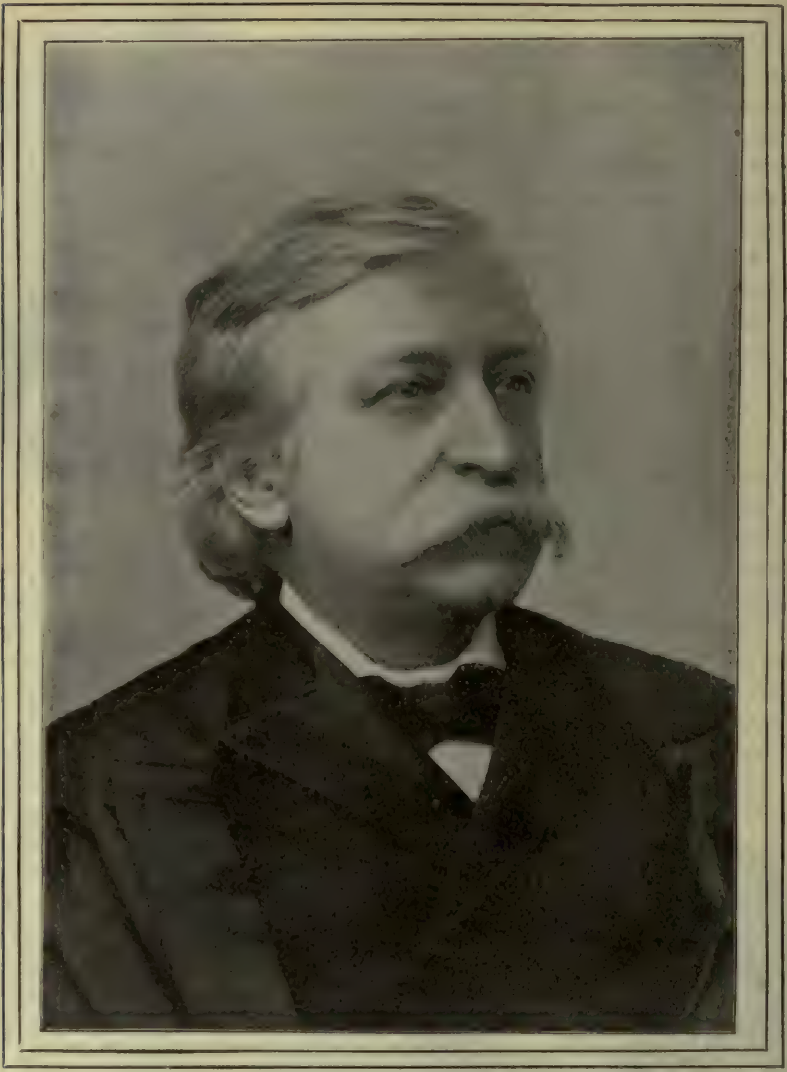
Jay's first fame and influence were gained by the authorship of "An Address to the People of Great Britain," which was a dignified but glowing definition of the rights and declaration of the wrongs of the colonies. He prepared also "An Address to the People of Canada" and "An Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland." He married a daughter of Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey. In 1778 he was sent to Spain to borrow two millions of dollars and to negotiate a treaty for free commerce on the Mississippi. Afterward, with Franklin, Adams, and Laurens, he arranged the treaty of peace with Great Britain. When he came home he was made secretary of foreign affairs. In 1794, while chief justice, he was sent as a special envoy to Great Britain to negotiate a treaty, and was abroad a year. During his absence he was elected governor of New York, and upon his return resigned his robes and accepted the latter office.



SALMON P. CHASE.

Washington sent a commission to John Rutledge, but when the Senate met later his nomination was rejected, ostensibly because of an intemperate attack upon the treaty Mr. Jay had just concluded, but really because of the discovery that the mind of this illustrious patriot had become impaired.

William Cushing was then appointed, but preferred to remain as the senior associate justice, whereupon, a year later, Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, a sterling Federalist senator, of slow and ponderous intellect but impressive dignity, exalted patriotism, and inflexible will, was appointed. Judge Ellsworth was a sort of "boss" in the Senate and in his state, but he was a man of conscientious integrity and just



MELVILLE W. FULLER.

disposition. He was learned in the law and famous for his care and patience in the preparation of his cases, but as a debater he was heavy and tedious. He was a native of Connecticut, graduated at Princeton, served in the Continental Congress, was chief justice of his state, a senator, and chairman of the judiciary committee. He was one of the most important and influential members of the convention that framed the Constitution, but his name does not appear on the roll of the signers of that instrument because of his absence on account of illness. His most important work was the framing of our present judiciary system. Mr. Webster called him "a gentleman who has left behind him, on the records of the government of his country, proofs of the clearest intelligence and the utmost purity and integrity." He said further: "For strength of reason, for sagacity, wisdom, and sound good sense in the conduct of affairs, for moderation of temper and general ability, it may be doubted if New England has yet produced his superior."

In 1799 Ellsworth resigned to accept the French mission, when President Adams reappointed John Jay as chief justice, without his previous knowledge. Mr. Jay declined, and to the amazement of his friends wrote the president a melancholy letter, in which he said: "I left the bench thoroughly convinced that under a system so defective it would not obtain the energy, weight, and dignity that was essential to its affording due support to the national government, nor acquire the public confidence and respect which, as the last resort of the justice of the nation, it should possess."

John Marshall, of Virginia, then secretary of state, was appointed chief justice in January, 1801, but continued to discharge the duties of both offices until the 4th of March following, when the Jefferson administration came into power. That, however, was not unusual. Mr. Jay held the offices of chief justice and secretary of foreign affairs simultaneously for six months or more, and was a minister to England for a year before he resigned as chief justice. Mr. Ellsworth was minister to France while chief justice, and the same year Judge Samuel Chase left the court without a quorum while he canvassed Maryland in support of Thomas Jefferson during the presidential campaign, and delivered speeches that were so intemperate as to threaten his impeachment. Up to this time the members of the bench had taken an active part in politics and political affairs, and it was left for John Marshall to lift the Supreme Court into a higher atmosphere, beyond the influence of politics and personal ambition.

The appearance of Marshall upon the bench was an epoch in the history of the United States and the history of jurisprudence. It was said of him that while others construed the acts of Congress and the articles of the Constitution, he thought law, and it was certainly his fortunate lot to crown a distinguished career in other fields of usefulness by the longest, most important, and most honorable service that was ever allowed any man in our judicial tribunals. He was a distinguished soldier, a legislator of commanding power, a patriotic statesman, an accurate and impartial historian, and a dignified and just magistrate.

Of Welsh parentage, he was born in a village of Virginia. As a young man he was the leader of the bar of his state and his reputation was national, but curiously enough he argued only one case before the court over which he presided for so many years, and that was decided against him. He was elected to the Virginia Legislature, but had little taste for politics. He was appointed attorney-general of the United States, but declined. Washington, who was his neighbor, friend, and patron, sent him to France as an envoy, where he outwitted Talleyrand, then counted the ablest and most successful diplomatist of the age. He declined an appointment as associate justice of the Supreme Court, but at the request of Washington took a seat in Congress. He was afterward secretary of war and secretary of state in the cabinet of John Adams, and while serving in the latter capacity was appointed chief justice.

The first famous decision of Justice Marshall declared that the Supreme Court had the right and power to declare an act of Congress null and void if, in its opinion, such an act was in violation of the Constitution. Until then it was a popular delusion that there was no limit to legislative power; that the two houses of Congress, as the representatives of the people, could declare the people's will on any subject to any degree, and were responsible only to the members of the commonwealth; but John Marshall denied this prerogative, and held that the Supreme Court was greater than Congress, and under the Constitution the highest and final authority of the government.

There was a profound sensation throughout the country, a stormy debate in Congress, led by John Randolph, of Virginia, and much talk of impeachment. Bills and resolutions were introduced to define and curtail the power and jurisdiction of the courts, but none of them passed and the audacious decree was finally accepted, and the principles it represents have not since been denied. Thereafter the laws of Congress were made to conform to the decisions of the Supreme Court.

While Marshall was chief justice more important questions were decided than during any period of our national history, and when he died the Constitution of the United States was fully interpreted and irrevocably established. There was no effort to stretch or strain its language, but its meaning was made clear. By slow degrees John Marshall built an impregnable wall around the liberties of the people, which has since been strengthened by successive decisions of the court and has proven the bulwark and the safety of the nation. During the thirty-six years that he was chief justice 1,106 opinions were rendered, of which 519 were written by himself.

The successor of Marshall was Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who was appointed March 15, 1836, at the age of sixty years. Unlike his predecessors he had the advantage of ample experience, and was familiar by long practice with the methods and decisions of the court. He was a man of delicate health and passionate temper, but of pure character, simple habits, and unquestioned integrity. His arguments before the court, like his decisions upon the bench, showed a profound power of analysis, lucid logic, and eloquent diction, as well as a thorough knowledge of the technicalities and intricacies of the law and practice. None of the chief justices were so well equipped for their duties.

Judge Taney won distinction at the bar when only twenty-three years old. Before he was forty he was employed in every important case in Maryland, and in all the courts of the nation. He served in the state legislature, and as attorney-general in Jackson's cabinet wrote the correspondence in the nullification conspiracy, and made the arguments in the United States Bank case. Jackson appointed him secretary of the treasury but the Senate refused to confirm the nomination. He was afterward appointed associate justice and again rejected by the Senate. But, the political complexion of that body having changed on the 4th of March following, President Jackson nominated him for chief justice, and he was finally confirmed by a close vote.

While the political controversies of the day involved the integrity and assailed the motives of Judge Taney, his decision in the Dred Scott case is the only blot upon an otherwise honorable record. Dred Scott appealed from the courts of Missouri to the Supreme Court of the United States for the freedom of himself, his wife, and his children, who had been slaves there but were removed into Illinois with their master, where slavery was not recognized. Chief Justice Taney held that Scott, being a negro, was not a citizen of the United States, and therefore had no standing in court, any more than a beast or a bird. Negroes, he argued, possessed no social or political relations, and had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. They were merchandise to be bought and sold like any other article of commerce, and he declared that such principles had been fixed and universal among civilized races.

It was known that Judge Taney had freed the slaves that he had inherited, and had never refused professional aid to negroes seeking freedom. He was moreover a man of kindly disposition, charitable, and of tender sympathy for all in distress. Therefore his decision produced the more profound sensation, and was denounced as infamous by every humane man in the North. The only explanation is that his mind was so enfeebled by age that he could not resist the influence of political controversy, and surrendered to prejudices that were inherited. That was practically the end of his career. He seldom appeared in court afterward, and heard no more important cases. For nearly two years before his death, in 1864, he was unable to endure the fatigue of sitting upon the bench, but stubbornly declined to resign or retire because he did not wish President Lincoln to appoint his successor. But fate intervened, and in 1864 Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, was appointed to succeed him.

Justice Chase, of Puritan ancestry, was born in New Hampshire. He graduated at Bowdoin College, and taught school at Washington, D. C., to support himself while he studied law with William Wirt. When he was admitted to the bar he removed to Cincinnati, and soon acquired a lucrative practice. In early life he showed a decided taste for literature, wrote much for the magazines and newspapers, and his poems show evidence of genius. His first famous case was the defense of a fugitive slave, in which he failed but gained great popularity. For years he was constantly employed in the interest of escaping slaves, and was familiarly known as "the attorney-general for runaway niggers." In 1846 he was associated with William H. Seward, who sat with him in Lincoln's cabinet fifteen years later, in testing the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law before the Supreme Court, but was unsuccessful.

In 1850 he was elected to the United States Senate, five years later was governor of Ohio, and assisted in the organization of the Republican party. In 1860 he was a candidate for the presidency when Lincoln was nominated. The following winter he was again elected to the Senate, but resigned on the day after he was sworn in, to accept a seat in Lincoln's cabinet and manage the finances of the country through the most perilous period of our history. His sagacity and ability as a financier place him beside Alexander Hamilton and Robert Morris.

Justice Chase was a man of imposing presence and impressive dignity. His force of character was felt wherever he moved, and his ambition was unbounded and often conflicted with the performance of his duties. He resigned as secretary of the treasury because of differences with President Lincoln concerning the distribution of patronage, which Mr. Chase was accused of using to promote his prospects as a presidential aspirant. But a few weeks later Mr. Lincoln showed his generous disposition and his high regard for Mr. Chase by nominating him as chief justice. It has been said that from the first moment he ascended the bench he left personal and political considerations behind, and with unselfish devotion and calm deliberation viewed all questions submitted to the court with clear and concise impartiality.

In 1873, after serving nine years, Justice Chase died. Roscoe Conkling was offered the vacancy but declined. George H. Williams, of Oregon, and Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, were rejected by the Senate, and finally President Grant nominated Morrison R. Waite, of Toledo, Ohio, who was promptly confirmed.

Mr. Waite was said to have been born a judge. He came from a family of judges. His father was twenty years judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut and fifteen years chief justice of the Supreme Court of that state. His grandfather served in a similar capacity, and his uncles and other relatives were upon the bench. Therefore his judicial temperament was hereditary, and those who knew him best maintained that from boyhood Mr. Waite never failed to examine both sides of a question before forming an opinion. As a young man he went to Ohio, and soon became the acknowledged leader of the bar of that state. In 1871 he represented the United States before the arbitration tribunal at Geneva, and it was his conduct of that case which led President Grant to make him chief justice. Justice Waite was a man of great modesty, which amounted almost to diffidence. He shrank from publicity, but at the same time had a firm will, a calm determination, and a temper that was never disturbed. His career upon the bench was comparatively brief, but was distinguished by many important decisions.

A few weeks after his death in 1888 President Cleveland appointed Melville Weston Fuller, of Chicago, as his successor, a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College and Harvard Law School, who went West after he was admitted to the bar, and during thirty-three years of practice rose to the highest rank of his profession. Justice Fuller is a man of refined taste and literary culture. He is also distinguished for his ability to despatch business, and under his prompt and precise management the docket of the Supreme Court has been rapidly relieved of the enormous pressure it has sustained for many years. A most charming companion, he is one of the popular men in Washington, and his home is the resort of the highest circle of the capital.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.

BY G. EASTMAN.

AN account of the war waged between Greece and Turkey would be imperfect without a brief sketch of the causes leading up to it. These may be dated back to the year 1866, when Austria, as a consequence of the defeat suffered by her arms at the hands of the Prussians at the battle of Sadowa, was driven out of the Germanic Confederation. From that date Austria ceased to be a German state, and the reestablishment of the kingdom of Hungary, which shortly followed, shifted the center of gravity of the newly created dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, as it has since then been styled, from Vienna to Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

It was the beginning of the movement eastward, the *Drang nach Osten*, as Prince Bismarck termed it, which he intended should make of Austria a true *Oester-reich*—an Eastern Empire. The real aim was Constantinople. The situation was accepted by the Austro-Hungarian statesmen, but reluctantly, because it meant the beginning of the active struggle with Russia, who is driving toward the same point. The question between the two countries then became one as to whether they were henceforth to regard each other as rival opponents, or whether they should come to an amicable arrangement for the division of the Sick Man's inheritance. Austria-Hungary decided to adopt the latter policy, at least to begin with, and in 1874, at the meeting of the three emperors of Russia, Austria, and Germany at Rastadt, Austria agreed to accept the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina that lie between Servia and the Adriatic, as a first instalment and compensation for her neutrality in the then intended war that was made by Russia against Turkey in 1877.

The artificially fomented insurrection in Herzegovina in 1875, and the Bulgarian massacres and the Servian war against Turkey in 1876, were all incidents provoked to lead up to the War of 1877. The real motive for this war was the attempt of Midhat Pasha to introduce reforms and constitutional government into Turkey. A liberal and reformed administration of the Ottoman Empire, such as he contemplated, would have been a strong and efficient barrier against Austrian aggression on one side and Russian encroachment on the other. For this reason it was favored by England and France. But the dethronement of the sultan Mourad V. and the advent of the present sultan, Abdul Hamid II., to the califate ended the short-lived Ottoman parliament. A remarkable incident that occurred when it dissolved was the sturdy refusal of four of the Mussulman deputies from Asia Minor to quit the chamber at the bidding of Ahmed Vefik, the president, until a regular statement was laid before them of how the taxes were spent. They were ordered out of the building and sent back to their homes under police escort.

From that time forward the disintegration of the Turkish Empire has gone steadily on. After the War of 1877 the vassal principalities of Servia and Bulgaria became independent kingdoms; Bulgaria was constituted a vassal principality; Russia, Montenegro, and Servia gained territory; Austria occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina after some severe fighting, and Greece subsequently received an acquisition of territory. The policy of England, which up to the Crimean War had been the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, was gradually transformed into one for the development of the subject nationalities in European Turkey into independent and federated states as a substitute—to which France adhered. This was and is opposed by those two governments that look ultimately to dominate or partition them. This policy has been more particularly that of the Liberal party in England.

The recent massacres in Armenia, however, have changed the whole aspect of affairs, and for the moment have darkened the prospects of the developing nationalities. The impunity with which the sultan was allowed to put the Armenian question away by massacring the Armenians emboldened him to proceed to the settlement of the Cretan question in the same way. But though all Europe had failed to save the Armenian people, Greece single-handed, and all unprepared as she was, drew the sword and arrested the hand of the Turkish assassin. The independent spirit of the Greek people has made them obnoxious to those governments that are aiming at the eventual subjugation of all the Balkan and Danubian states; but the public opinion of Europe did not permit of their attacking her themselves, though the firing on the Cretans by the Russian, German, Austrian, and British ships of war showed they were willing enough to do so. There was, however, an instrument at hand with which to punish Greece for venturing to cross the path of those powers that covet Crete for themselves, for there is more than one of them. They pushed the Turk to do what some of themselves were unwilling, and others could not be trusted to do. The sultan, led astray from the real interests of himself and his people, has blindly followed the advice of his own most dangerous enemies, and sent his armies against the Greeks. So far, the political part of the question.

The scene of hostilities between the contending forces of progress and barbarism is rich in historic memories. The successive centuries that have passed since first the Greek civilization planted itself in the land of Attica, and made of Athens the intellectual and art center of the world, have witnessed the overthrow of many attempts to quench the life and the spirit of liberty that seems to be the heritage of the Hellenic race. There have been periods of history when both seemed to have been utterly and finally extinguished, but when the moment for action came the embers emitted their flame and the spark sprang into life again. It was a young schoolmaster of Velestino, the village around which some of the severest fighting of the present war took place, who by the fire of his patriotism and genius kindled the revolution that in the beginning of the century delivered Greece from the Turk. For years the governments of Europe looked callously on while the Turk harried and ravaged the land. Rhiga, the young schoolmaster of Velestino, took refuge in Austria, by whose government he was arrested and treacherously handed over to the Turkish pasha of Belgrade, in Servia. When on the scaffold, his great physical power enabled him to burst the cords that bound his arms, and with one blow he struck the executioner dead to the ground. The next moment he himself fell lifeless, riddled by the bullets of the Turkish guard drawn up round the scaffold. On the spot where he died, in the citadel of Belgrade, there now stands a plain stone pedestal to mark the place of martyrdom of the champion of Hellenic liberty, the village schoolmaster, Rhiga of Velestino, or, as he is generally spoken of by the Greeks, Rhiga Pheræos, from Pheræ, the ancient name of Velestino.

In all Europe there is hardly a more difficult country for the movements of armies than the parts of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, where the Greek and Turkish armies have been operating. The old Greek frontier of 1832 ran in a general way east and west from about the middle of the west coast of the Gulf of Volo along the crest of the Othrys Mountains to the northeastern corner of the Gulf of Arta, which opens on the Ionian Sea at Preveza. At the Congress of Berlin the English and French plenipotentiaries recommended to Turkey the cession of territory to Greece bounded on the north by the river Kalamas, from its mouth opposite Corfu to its source northwest of the lake of Janina, then by a line running east, north of Metzovo, across the Pindus Mountains to the head-waters of the Salambria River, the ancient Peneus, whose course it followed to the Ægean Sea.

That was in 1878. In 1880 the Greek government, growing impatient at the long-deferred fulfilment of the expectations raised at Berlin, moved the English government, of which Mr. Gladstone was then the head, to bring about, in conjunction with that of France, the settlement of the frontier question, and a conference was called at Berlin the same year.

For reasons that have never been clearly explained a radical departure was made from the line recommended by the Berlin Congress of 1878, and another substituted, beginning in Epirus at the mouth of the river Arta, running into the gulf of the same name, following the bed of the river up to the gorge in the Pindus, between Kalarytes and Syrakos, up which it was carried, south of Metzovo and across the Pindus to the Amarbes Mountains, in southern Macedonia. It then ran along the crest of these mountains to the eastern flank, where it was abruptly deflected southeast to the summit of Mount Olympus, and from there to Platamona, on the coast of the Ægean Sea.

The accession of territory thus given to Greece was of considerable value, and the frontier line became almost impregnable. But this constituted its defect in the eyes of the powers that had always opposed Greek expansion—Austria, Germany, and Russia. The ink of the signatures of the delegates to the Berlin Conference of 1880 was hardly dry, when the Austrian foreign office, with the connivance of the German and Russian governments, set to work to nullify their own decisions. The sultan was instigated to resist the execution of the award made to Greece, and Austrian staff officers were sent to trace out a new line in Thessaly. In 1881 the three governments mentioned procured the calling together of a conference of revision at Constantinople, and the frontier traced at Berlin the previous year was changed to a line starting from between Platamona and the mouth of the Salambria to Nezeros, then along the summit of the hills skirting the plain, north of the Salambria, behind Turnavos, on to Zarkos, whence it turned abruptly northwest to the summit of the Pindus and joined the line running down the river Arta.

The result was a complete reversal of the military conditions on the frontier, which now favored Turkish defense or aggression, destroyed the Greek defense, and discounted heavily any aggressive efforts of the Greeks. The Greek government naturally protested and the British government was ready to support it by force had it insisted on its rights, but the threats of the German minister at Athens and the active support given the sultan induced the Greeks to forego their claim, and accept the frontier such as it was.

Having been designed to favor the Turk, it has effectively fulfilled its purpose. Through the gap at Nezeros, on the slope of Olympus, the Turks were able to force their way and eventually compel the Greeks to abandon Rapsani, which guarded their right flank. The Milouna defile, through which runs the road between Ellassona, the Turkish headquarters, before the war, and Larissa, was dominated by the Turkish positions inside the frontier, and the road from Larissa by Damasi through the Reveni defile to Ellassona was dominated by the Viglia pass between Ellassona and Damasi, over the summit of the mountain of that name. The Greek defense also had the inherent vice, from a military point of view, that it was being conducted with an unfordable river in its immediate rear. The only chance of success the Greek army had was to possess itself of the northern slope of the hills between Zarkos and Nezeros, and push bands through the mountains round the Turkish flanks to operate on their communications between Ellassona and Katerina on the Ægean, and through the defiles on the road from Verria, on the Salonica-Monastir railway, by Servia or Serfidje, on the south side of the Vistritza, the ancient Haliacmon, that discharges into the Gulf of Salonica about half-way between that city and Katerina.

But the Greek army besides being numerically unequal to the performance of such extensive operations was inefficiently commanded and deficient in its transport and commissariat organization. Taking into consideration its total unpreparedness for war, it is a matter of surprise that it made as effective resistance as it did. It was almost without cavalry; the artillery was inferior in the number and caliber of its guns to that of the Turks; the infantry arm, the French Gras rifle, however, was quite as good as the Martini-Peabody with which the Turks were armed, but not, of course, equal to the theoretical value of the Mauser magazine rifle with which the later Turkish reinforcements are provided. Although the Greek soldiers on the retreat from Mati, near Milouna, to Larissa, on the Thessaly side, and from Pentepighadia to Arta in Epirus, gave way to panic, it was only what more seasoned soldiers have frequently done before now, especially when retreating in the darkness of night and hampered by crowds of terror-stricken peasants. The fighting qualities exhibited by the troops composing the brigade of General Smolenitz during the fighting at Reveni and Velestino, and the steadiness of their retreats, have been of a high order, and show the advantage of giving raw troops capable commanders instead of men possessing merely a pretentious appearance and skilled in making obeisance at courts. The same troops that retired in confusion from Pentepighadia to Arta have since redeemed their reputation at Gribovo, and demonstrated that good leading is half the battle.

Of the fighting capacity of the Turkish soldier very good evidence was given during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. When well led, fed, and clothed, there is hardly a better soldier in the world; but in all those three essentials the Turkish army is defective. It possesses a proportion of officers who have been carefully trained by German instructors, but the great majority of the officers are ignorant and uneducated. Then the men who have charge of the supply services of the army are corrupt beyond belief, with the result that the Turkish soldier is robbed in the quantity and quality of his food and clothing. The food often produces disease, and the clothing is the merest shoddy. What sustains the Turkish soldier under his privations and in the moment of battle is his indomitable patience, the result of fatalism, and his religious belief that to die fighting for the faith insures immediate transition to the joys of paradise as depicted in the Koran of Mahomet.

In the days of the early conquests by the Turks in Europe, victory and plunder kept their fanaticism alive, but the spirit of it no longer burns with its old fire. The heavy taxation and corruption of the last twenty years of the reign of the present sultan, exceeding that of any previous period, have helped to break the spirit of the Turk. The men who were beaten by the Russians in the last war carried back to their homes a feeling that the tide in the affairs of Islam had turned, and not a few among them were ready to welcome a change that would relieve them from the incessant alarms of war and the never-ceasing visits of the tax-gatherer. Under the present sultan and the system prevailing under his rule there is no hope for the Turk.

The best thing that could happen for what is left of the Turkish Empire in Europe would be its equitable division among the independent nationalities to which its populations belong. Macedonia and Thrace are racially the heritage of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece. Constantinople, with the Bosporus and Dardanelles, should be made free territory under the guarantee of Europe, and a Mussulman state in Asia Minor, with its capital at Broussa, Konia, or Angora, might be created under the control of Europe; while the table-land of Armenia, endowed with autonomy, might be placed under the supervision of Russia, as Bosnia and Herzegovina have been committed to the care of Austria. The Arabs would probably, on the break-up of the present Turkish Empire, revolt and demand their autonomy, as they were preparing to do in 1878 after the Russo-Turkish War. That would lead to a change in the seat of the califate, which might be restored to Egypt and reestablished at Cairo. England's determination to hold on to Egypt has been greatly based on this prospect, for then she would have under her control the spiritual head of the sixty millions of her Mussulman subjects in India. The general territorial rearrangements involved in these changes in the Turkish Empire would give an opportunity for the reestablishment of the ancient Jewish state, for which the time seems nearly ripe, and for which so many eminent men of the Hebrew race are looking and working. These changes are ideally the best, and the ones that would most conduce in the end to the peace of the world.

The difficulty in the way of their accomplishment is the ambition of those powers that would appropriate to themselves the lion's share of the spoil of the Turk. Another obstacle is the claims of the great financial interests that wish to dominate any settlement that may be made, without regard to the interests or wishes of the peoples concerned. A review of the whole situation, and close consideration of the tendencies of the policies of the various governments that have assumed the position of arbiters in the complications they themselves have helped to produce, do not increase the hope that what is right and just will be done. The present control of the affairs of Europe is practically in the hands of the emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria and their chancellors. Italy counts for little, and the governments of England and France are in the last resort under the control of parliaments responsible to the people. Although these three last are in the concert of Europe, as it is called, they exercise the least influence in it, because they are divided in interest and are responsible for the use of the forces of which they dispose.

The key of the whole situation lies in the continued occupation of Egypt by England, in violation of her successive pledges to Europe. While she continues to hold that country under the conditions she does, and with the intention avowed by the leading men now at the head of English affairs of keeping all the benefits to be derived from that occupation for herself, her hands are tied. Contrary to the real interest of England, the Greek fleet has been prevented from availing itself of the opportunities that presented themselves by sea to help the Greek army, by destroying the Turkish communications along the coast of Thrace by the Salonica-Constantinople railway. Greece is being sacrificed, and the freedom of the liberated nationalities of the Balkans imperiled, that a temporary peace that is no peace may be preserved. Meanwhile, in the pretended interest of this false peace the governments of the nations of Europe are arming to the teeth, and even in their so-called concert they are searching out the weak places in each others' armor, at which the stronger may strike when the weaker is off his guard. It is no wonder that the peoples, oppressed by armaments and taxation, are seeking to escape from impossible conditions, and that thoughtful men are praying for the coming of a Messiah to bring peace and prosperity to the troubled world.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[*July 4.*]

THERE is an apparent inequality in the bestowal of spiritual blessings. In the life of the soul as well as of the body it seems that much is given to one and little to another. Some men are born very close to the kingdom of heaven and powerfully drawn by unseen hands to enter its happy precincts. Other men are born far away from the gates of light, and it looks to us as if all the influences of their life were hindrances rather than helps to holiness.

Is God arbitrary, is God partial, is God unjust? Does he bless some of his children and leave the rest under an irremediable curse without a single reason which can be exhibited to human faith and justified in perfect love? In the last and highest realm of life, the realm of the spirit, does he make it more blessed to receive than to give, and exercise his sovereignty in favoritism, and establish heaven as a kingdom of infinite and eternal and inexplicable inequality?

It is an idle thing to answer this question by an appeal to God's absolute right to dispose of all his creatures as he will. For the very essence of true religion is the faith that he is such a God that he wills to dispose of all his creatures wisely and fairly and in perfect love.

It is an idle thing to answer this question by saying that God is under no obligation to be good to everybody, and therefore that he may be good to whomsoever he pleases. The idea of an irresponsible God is a moral mockery. Poisonous doubt exhales from it as malaria from a swamp. To teach that all men are God's debtors, and that therefore it is right for him to remit the debt of one man, and to exact the penalty from another to the last farthing, is to teach what is logically true and morally false. Our hearts recoil from such a doctrine. If God has made us, and made us spiritual paupers, utterly incapable of anything good, we are not his debtors. Jesus teaches us that God asks of us only to give as freely as we have received.

It is an idle thing to answer this question by an appeal to ignorance, and to say that God elects some men to be saved and leaves the rest of mankind to be lost, simply for his own unsearchable and inexplicable glory. For God's glory, as revealed by religion, is identical with his goodness. Faith, true and joyful and uplifting faith, answers only to a Gospel which makes that identity more clear and luminous, and shows that the divine election in the realm of grace is perfectly consistent with that wide and deep love wherewith God so loved the whole world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Now it is because men have forgotten this that they have found no answer, or a false and misleading answer, to the problem of inequality in the spiritual world. It is because they have torn the doctrine of election from its roots in the divine love, and petrified it with unholy logic, that it has lost its beauty, its perfume, its power of fruitfulness to everlasting life. We must go back from the dead skeleton as it is preserved in the museum of theology to the living plant as it blossoms in the field of the Bible. We must go back of Jonathan Edwards, and back of John Calvin, and back of Augustine, to St. Paul, and see how, under his hand, all the mysterious facts of election, as they are unfolded in human history, break into flower at last in the splendid faith that "God hath shut up all unto disobedience that he might have mercy upon all." We must go still farther back, to Christ, and learn from him that election is simply the way in which God uses his chosen ones to bless the world—the divine process by which the good seed is sown and scattered far and wide and the heavenly harvest multiplied a thousandfold. "I elected you," he says to his disciples and to us, "I elected you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide."

[*July 11.*]

Christ's doctrine of election is a living, fragrant, fruitful doctrine. It is the most beautiful thing in Christianity. It is the very core and substance of the Gospel, translated from the heart of God into the life of man. It is the supreme truth in the revelation of an all-glorious love; the truth that God chooses men not to be saved alone, but to be saved by saving others, and that the greatest in the kingdom of heaven is he who is most truly the servant of all.

Is not this true of Christ himself? He is the great example of what it means to be elect. He is the beloved Son in whom the Father is well pleased. And he says, "Behold, I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." Service was the joy and crown of his life. Service was the refreshment and the strength of his soul.

Was not this the lesson that he was always teaching them by practice and by precept, that they must be like him if they would belong to him, that they must share his service if they would share his election?

"I have appeared unto thee for this purpose," he said to Saul, "to make thee a servant (ὑπηρέτην, a rower in the ship), and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen and of the things in which I will appear unto thee." The vision of Christ is the call to service. And if Paul had not been obedient to the heavenly vision could Saul have made his calling and election sure? But he answered it with a noble faith. "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me in order that I might preach him among the nations." Henceforward, wherever he might be, among his friends in Cilicia, in the dungeon at Philippi, on the doomed vessel drifting across the storm-tossed Adriatic, in the loneliness of his Roman prison, this was the one object of his life, to be a faithful servant of Christ, and therefore, as Christ was, a faithful servant of mankind.

How can we interpret Christ's parables without this truth? The parables of the pounds and the talents are both pictures of election to service. They both exhibit the sovereignty of God in distributing his gifts; they both turn upon the idea of man's accountability for receiving and using them; and they both declare that the reward will be proportioned to fidelity in serving. The nature and meaning of this is explained by Christ in his great description of the judgment, which immediately follows the parable of the talents in St. Matthew's gospel. Many of those who have known him will be rejected at last because they have not served their fellow men. Many of those who have not known him will be accepted because they have ministered lovingly, though ignorantly, to the wants and sorrows of the world. Service is the key-note of the heavenly kingdom, and he who will not strike that note shall have no part in the music. The king in the parable of the wedding feast chose and called his servants, not to sit down at ease in the palace, but to go out into the highways and bid every one that they met to come to the marriage. And if one of those servants had neglected his master's business, and sat down on the steps of the palace or walked pleasantly in the garden until the supper was ready, do you suppose that he would have found a place or a welcome at the feast? His soul would have stood naked and ashamed without the wedding-garment of love. For this is the nature of God's kingdom, that a selfish religion absolutely unfits a man from entering or enjoying it. Its gate is so strangely strait that a man cannot pass through it if he desires and tries to come alone; but if he will bring others with him, it is wide enough and to spare.

> Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
> May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
> While he who walks in love may wander far,
> Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

[*July 18.*]

How wonderfully all this comes out in the great intercessory prayer of Christ at the Last Supper. That prayer is the last and highest utterance of the love wherewith Christ, having loved his own which were in the world, loved them unto the end. He prays for his chosen ones: "I pray for them; I pray not for the world but for those whom thou hast given me." "Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me, that they may be one even as we are. For their sakes I consecrate myself, that they themselves also may be consecrated in truth. Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word; that they may all be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that thou didst send me." How the prayer rises, like some celestial music, through all the interwoven notes of different fellowships, the fellowship of the Father with the Son, the fellowship of the Master with the disciples, the fellowship of the disciples with each other, until at last it strikes the grand chord of universal love. Not for the world Christ prays, but for the disciples in the world, in order that they may pray for the world, and serve the world, and draw the world to faith in him.

And so, in truth, while he prays thus for his disciples, he does pray for the whole world. Circle beyond circle, orb beyond orb, like waves upon water, like light from the sun, the prayer, the faith, the consecrating power spread from that upper room until they embrace all mankind in the sweep of the divine intercession. The special, personal, elective love of Christ for his own is not exclusive; it is magnificently and illimitably inclusive. He loved his disciples into loving their fellow men. He lifted them into union with God; but he did not lift them out of union with the world, and every tie that bound them to humanity, every friendship, every link of human intercourse, was to be a channel for the grace of God that bringeth salvation, that it might appear to all men.

This is Christ's ideal: a radiating Gospel; a kingdom of overflowing, conquering love; a church that is elected to be a means of blessing the human race. This ideal is the very nerve of Christian missions, at home and abroad, the effort to preach the Gospel to every creature, not merely because the world needs to receive it, but because the church will be rejected and lost unless she gives it. 'Tis not so much a question for us whether any of our fellow men can be saved without Christianity. The question is whether we can be saved if we are willing to keep our Christianity to ourselves. And the answer is, No! The only religion that can really do anything for me is the religion that makes me want to do something for you. The missionary enterprise is not the church's afterthought. It is Christ's forethought. It is not secondary and optional. It is primary and vital. Christ has put it into the very heart of his Gospel. We cannot really see him, or know him, or love him, unless we see and know and love his ideal for us, the ideal which is embodied in the law of election to service.

For this reason the spirit of missions has always been the saving and purifying power of the Christian brotherhood. Whenever and wherever this ideal has shined clear and strong, it has revealed the figure of the Christ more simply and brightly to his disciples, and guided their feet more closely in the way of peace and joy and love.

In the first century it was the spirit of foreign missions that saved the church from the bondage of Jewish formalism. Paul and his companions could not live without telling the world that Christ Jesus came to seek and save the lost—lost nations as well as lost souls. The heat of that desire burned up the fetters of bigotry like ropes of straw. The Gospel could not be preached to all men as a form of Judaism. But the Gospel must be preached to all men. Therefore it could not be a form of Judaism. The argument was irresistible. It was the missionary spirit that made the Emancipation Proclamation of Christianity.

[*July 25.*]

In the Dark Ages the heart of religion was kept beating by the missionary zeal and efforts of such men as St. Patrick, and St. Augustine, and Columba, and Aiden, and Boniface, and Anskar, who brought the Gospel to our own fierce ancestors in the northern parts of Europe and wild islands of the sea. In the Middle Ages it was the men who founded the great missionary orders, St. Francis and St. Dominic, who did most to revive the faith and purify the life of the church. And when the Reformation had lost its first high impulse, and sunken into the slough of dogmatism; when the Protestant churches had become entangled in political rivalries and theological controversies, while the hosts of philosophic infidelity and practical godlessness were sweeping in apparent triumph over Europe and America, it was the spirit of foreign missions that sounded the reveille to the Christian world, and lit the signal fire of a new era—an era of simpler creed, more militant hope, and broader love—an era of the Christianity of Christ. The desire of preaching the Gospel to every creature has drawn the church back from her bewilderments and sophistications closer to the simplicity that is in Christ, and so closer to that divine ideal of Christian unity in which all believers shall be one in him. You cannot preach a complicated Gospel, an abstract Gospel, to every creature. You cannot preach a Gospel that is cast in an inflexible mold of thought, like Calvinism, or Arminianism, or Lutheranism, to every creature. It will not fit. But the Gospel, the only Gospel which is divine, must be preached to every creature. Therefore, these molds and forms cannot be an essential part of it. And so we work our way back toward that pure, clear, living message which Paul carried over from Asia to Europe, the good news that God is in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.

This is the Gospel for an age of doubt, and for all ages wherein men sin and suffer, question and despair, thirst after righteousness, and long for heaven. There are a thousand ways of preaching it, with lips and lives, in words and deeds; and all of them are good, provided only the preacher sets his whole manhood earnestly and loyally to his great task of bringing home the truth as it is in Jesus to the needs of his brother men. The forms of Christian preaching are manifold. The spirit is one and the same. New illustrations and arguments and applications must be found for every age and every race. But the truth to be illuminated and applied is as changeless as Jesus Christ himself, in whose words it is uttered and in whose life it is incarnate, once and forever. The types of pulpit eloquence are as different as the characters and languages of men. But all of them are vain and worthless as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless they speak directly and personally and joyfully of that divine love which is revealed in Christ in order that all who will believe in it may be saved from doubt and sin and selfishness in the everlasting kingdom of the loving God.

This is the Gospel which began to shine through the shadows of this earth at Bethlehem, where the Son of God became the child of Mary, and was manifested in perfect splendor on Calvary, where the Good Shepherd laid down his life for his sheep. For eighteen centuries this simple, personal, consistent Gospel has been the leading light of the best desires and hopes and efforts of humanity. It is the one bright star that shines, serene and steady, through the confusion of our perplexed, struggling, doubting age. He who sees that star sees God. He who follows that star shall never perish.

Let us not miss the meaning of Christianity as it comes to us and claims us. We are chosen, we are called, not to die and be saved, but to live and save others. The promise of Christ is a task and a reward. For us there is a place in the army of God, a mansion in the heaven of peace, a crown in the hall of victory. But whether we shall fill that place and dwell in that mansion and wear that crown depends upon our willingness to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Jesus. We must enter into life by giving ourselves to the living Christ, who unveils the love of the Father in a human life, and calls us with divine authority to submit our liberty to God's sovereignty, in blessed and immortal service to our fellow men for Christ's sake.—*Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Pastor of The Brick Church in New York.*

"AMERICAN HIGHWAYS."*

BY CHARLES A. BELL.

IN the earlier days of our country, when gaining a livelihood was a problem almost beyond the occasional settler's powers of solution, rude, well-nigh impassable highways were to be condoned; and where similar conditions exist to-day slight hope of speedily bettering the means of communication can be indulged. But in the now populous districts of our land, little excuse can be made for the streams of mud or lines of ruts and rocks, denominated roads, which are in many places the only avenues of commerce.

Fortunately public opinion is becoming

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* American Highways. By Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. 300 pp. $1.50. New York: The Century Co.

aroused on this subject, and a movement for the betterment of our highways is making itself felt. At this stage wise direction is of the utmost importance, lest public funds be wasted and popular discouragement ensue. Realizing this, Prof. N. S. Shaler of Harvard University has prepared a work on "American Highways" calculated to do much toward giving intelligent guidance to the new impulse.

Professor Shaler is eminently fitted for the production of such a work. As the official head of the Lawrence Scientific School, the first institution in this country to include road-making in its curriculum, and as a member of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, he has had opportunities to study the question from both its theoretical and practical sides. His book is a work dealing with the problems of country roads, rather than city streets, and is intended not for the engineer but for the general American public, upon whom rests the responsibility of bringing about the improvement needed.

Professor Shaler's suggestions are so opportune that a *résumé* of his book is here given.

The work opens with a general history of road-building. The Roman highways are of course taken as the best early example of the art, but they, according to Professor Shaler, are far from indicating a high degree of skill; only their brutal massiveness has enabled them to resist the wear of centuries. Their invariable features were a foundation of large stones and a layer of cement at a higher level. Beyond this partial recognition of the solidity afforded by stone foundations and the importance of keeping the road dry, there appear no traces of engineering skill.

Through the Middle Ages all interest in road-making died out, and it was not revived until well into our modern days. The first pronounced step in advance was made in France under Napoleon I., who gave an impulse to highway improvement which has resulted, since his death, in the present admirable French system. The movement toward the betterment of social and economic conditions which swept over Europe early in the present century affected other countries besides France, and together with the military motive led to an improvement of transportation routes in Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England.

The modern engineers approached the problem before them feeling the importance of a sound theory supported by carefully gauged experience. They noted that broken bits of stone, placed upon a road to a depth of several inches, when traversed by wheels soon become compacted into a solid mass. The pavement thus becomes like a slab of tolerably solid rock, through which the wheels will not break until the sheet is worn thin. The use of broken stone in a reckoned minimum thickness upon a well-shaped road-bed was begun by the French engineer Tresaguet, about 1764. His method of construction resembled the Roman. The foundation of the road was made of large pieces of rock set closely together; the projecting points were broken off and the interspaces filled with smaller pieces. This foundation was covered with small fragments.

Telford, a Scotchman, modified this system by arranging the foundation so that it would have an arched form following the curve to be given to the road's surface, and by substituting for the thin top layer of small fragments a half-foot depth of broken bits less than two and a half inches in diameter. Both Tresaguet and Telford clung to the Roman idea that a foundation of large stones was necessary to support the upper layer. It remained for Macadam, a fellow countryman and contemporary of Telford, to show the sufficiency of the broken stone to maintain itself wherever the undersoil is not soft clay so placed that it readily becomes mud. Macadam overestimated the sufficiency of the layer of stone in cases of clay foundations, but his work constitutes, according to Professor Shaler, one of the most far-reaching inventions ever made in relation to wheeled ways. The best modern practice combines the methods of Macadam and those of the Roman type, using the foundation of stone blocks firmly wedged together only where the under earth is of unstable nature.

In treating of early American roads, Professor Shaler shows how the difficulties under which the colonists labored have affected our highways even down to the present day. When the English settlements in North America were formed, road-building in the mother country was in the low state to which the Middle Ages had brought it. Hence the settlers had no helpful traditions to guide them even had pecuniary resources been at their command, and they accepted as inevitable roads of such low grade that they have proved the greatest possible hindrance to the material and social welfare of the land. Among the traditions inherited from the Old World in matters concerning road-making, says Professor Shaler, none has proved more disastrous than that remnant of feudalism commonly known as working out the road tax. To quote his exact words, "It has bred, in a systematic manner, a shiftless method of work; it has led our people to look upon road-building as a nuisance." Our own observation of the workings of this system leads us to indorse Professor Shaler's view.

But the greatest hindrances to the development of American roads, in the professor's opinion, arise first from our system of government, which has not provided authorities competent to organize and control the construction and maintenance of roads, and second from the character of the climate, topography, soil, and underlying rocks in the various parts of the United States. Climatal action upon highways is especially severe in America. Our heavy rains wash out the dust which binds the stones together and remove pieces of rock, thus occasioning more rapid wearing of the road-bed than occurs in the Old World, where the rains usually come gently. The difference in rainfall, also, makes the cost of providing and keeping up ditches heavier with us, and the same cause, together with the effect of alternate freezing and thawing, so common in our Northern States, adds to the expense of underdrainage. Then, too, the winds, acting in conjunction with our long-continued droughts, do much damage by interfering with the cementing action of the dust. These differences in the climatal conditions of the Old and New Worlds require that care be exercised in adopting methods here that have proved successful beyond the Atlantic.

The character of the under materials of a country affects the problem of road construction, both as to the nature of the foundation and the sources of supply of the material to be used. Where the hardened way can be laid upon a base holding but little water, the problem is comparatively simple. Where, however, as is often the case, the foundation is of plastic clay, muck, or yielding sand, the precautions to be taken add much to the cost of construction. Wherever the soil is deep and therefore fertile, because such a deep soil means a considerable proportion of clay and a ready penetration of water into it, road-making is usually costly, for some foundation has to be laid to prevent the surface stone or gravel from working down into the bed.

The topography of a country deeply affects the cost of road-building and requires peculiar skill in locating a road. The line adopted should have a grade sufficient to carry off the water from the surface and ditches, and the grades should be so varied that the draught animals will not have a uniform burden. It is highly desirable, moreover, that the main way be so placed that the auxiliary ways may, as far as possible, slope toward it. The great variety in the topography of the country increases the difficulty of formulating general rules for the road master's use. In regions affected by glacial action the surface is generally so broken and the underlying rocks so extremely variable that great care is required in placing the roads.

In laying out the road, account must also be taken of the existent or prospective development of the section. In this as in other matters is seen the importance of discretion on the part of the road master. Another point of equal importance with those already named is the adjustment of the way so that the materials to be used in its construction and maintenance may be obtained at the least possible expense.

Two general methods are followed in the location of American roads: one is to keep the routes on the elevated lands between the main streams, the other is to place them in the valleys. The divide roads have the advantage of dry foundations and escape the cost of dealing with streams in their ordinary or in their flood stage. They can, besides, usually be made more direct. Their great disadvantage is that they almost always necessitate a large amount of up-hill transportation over poorer roads, from farms along the way. They are apt, too, in times of drought to become exceedingly dry and to lack water supply for beasts of burden. Professor Shaler gives the general rule for the location of highways, that where the valleys are narrow and the uplands broad the roads had best be organized in relation to the divides; but where, as in the greater part of the country, the divides are narrow and most of the culture is on the slopes, the roads had best be planned in the bottoms of the valleys, or, if these are much subject to inundation, on the slopes above the flood plain.

The nature and distribution of road materials and their methods of use are treated by Professor Shaler in an especially valuable chapter. Those generally and extensively available he arranges in the order of their useful qualities, as follows: trap, syenite, granite, chert, non-crystalline limestone, mica schist, quartz. A short sketch of each of these varieties is given, stating where it is found and its value as a road material. Gravel, shells, paving-brick clays, and other road materials are also commented upon. Following this chapter is a brief one upon methods of testing road materials, in which it is stated that at least five years' wear is necessary to test the material on a road considerably traveled.

The problem of the governmental relations of roads presents many difficulties which the author recognizes and treats in a reasonable way. He calls attention to the fact that the best roads have been made only with large authority lodged in the hands of some central administration, as in Rome and France. Our system of local management of highways he deems incapable of bringing about the best results. He does not advocate national interference, but thinks the matter may well fall within the province of state administration, and recommends the plan followed by Massachusetts.

In that state, in 1892, a commission, of which Professor Shaler was a member, was appointed by the legislature to take account of the condition of the country roads. This commission's report led to the passage of a bill whereby a commission appointed under the act is empowered to accept as state roads the more important rural ways of the commonwealth. In order to preserve the right of the local organizations to control their own affairs, the commission cannot consider the acceptance of a road unless petitioned to do so by the local administration. But the board is not compelled to accept any way unless, in its opinion, public convenience and necessity demand it. In all cases, the town whose road is accepted is permitted and encouraged to take the contract of doing the work upon it, under the direction of a resident engineer appointed by the commission. Most of the towns, thus far, have availed themselves of this opportunity, with the result that their citizens have learned how a road should be built, and the evils of importing alien labor have been avoided. The state bears three fourths of the expense, while the remaining fourth is taxed upon the counties, with the provision for repayment distributed over a term of years.

When Professor Shaler wrote, late in 1896, the state had accepted seventy roads, all but two of which had been rebuilt with broken stone and with Telford foundations where necessary. The commission has aimed to distribute its constructions over the state with regard to the various needs. While endeavoring to better the roads already important, it has also attempted to place good roads where latent resources are to be developed. As it has accepted the most defective of the important ways, the expense of the eighty miles already built, about $700,000, has probably been greater than it will be for future roads.

Two chapters of Professor Shaler's work

are devoted to practical directions for building country roads on various scales of cost, with the kinds of material accessible in different parts of the county. He urges the employment of the most successful highway engineer obtainable and the selection of intelligent road masters who may in time learn to avoid the principal errors incident to the work. The line should be laid out by accurate surveys, the grades carefully planned, the proper width of the road determined, and some system of adequate drainage adopted.

The next stage is to consider the form and construction of the hardened way. As firm a bed as possible should be secured and its surface shaped to conform as nearly as may be to the form the road will have when completed. For the hardening either gravel or broken stone may be used. Gravel is cheaper than stone and may sometimes be used to advantage where the road is not to endure heavy travel. If stone is used, only such as will wear for a number of years should be selected. The first layer of stone placed upon the road-bed should be about six inches deep and of fragments from one and a fourth to two and a half inches in diameter. This layer should be rolled until it is reduced to about four inches depth and a second layer of three inches should then be added, composed of pieces from one half to one and a fourth inches in diameter. This layer should be rolled and sprinkled several times. Where the stone used is rather soft it is sometimes desirable to employ three layers instead of two.

The wise selection of machines for road-making Professor Shaler considers of great importance. The ordinary road-machine which scrapes out the contents of the ditches and throws it into the road he considers productive of more harm than good. Its only helpful feature is that it provides cheap though temporary ditches. The same result could be obtained with ordinary tools while the materials from the ditches were cast away from the road instead of upon it. The wheeled scraper, a contrivance by which earth, lifted into a scoop by a scraper, can be elevated from the ground and borne on wheels, the professor considers a very useful instrument.

As to the cost of road-making, it can be determined accurately only by experiment in the locality where road improvement is contemplated. Yet the average cost of the ways built by the Massachusetts Highway Commission may be taken as a basis for an estimate. This has been about $9,000 per mile, but the roads have been so well built that Professor Shaler thinks they will be likely to wear, with little costly mending, for fifteen years.

Repeatedly throughout the book, attention is called to the need in this country of extending knowledge concerning road-building, and the especial importance of educating efficient road engineers. The training for this field of duty should, in Professor Shaler's opinion, be the same as that required for any other department of engineering, and to this should be added some knowledge of climatology, and special teaching as to properties of rocks and the nature of surface deposits of the earth. This work might well be done by the large engineering schools of the country. Although present opportunities would not warrant the making a specialty of this branch alone, Professor Shaler prophesies that within ten years competent road surveyors will be in greater demand than any other class of engineers. While awaiting the development of a body of well-trained engineers, it is urged that we should do our utmost to improve the training of those already in charge of our roads, and the opinion is expressed that great good could be done by holding annual conventions of road superintendents, at which lectures and practical illustrations were given.

In addition to the suggestions here outlined Professor Shaler's book offers much of interest. It concludes with appendices giving in full the Massachusetts legislative acts relating to state highways, tables showing the relative values of various kinds of stone and the contract prices on state roads in Massachusetts, and a list of important works on highway construction.

A TOUR AROUND CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

BY THEODORE L. FLOOD.

THE topography of Chautauqua Lake is a study for the writer of a romance. The shore-lines of twenty miles on either side of the lake mark the base of hills of varying heights, and define inlets, bays, projections of land, and in some places marshes, but very seldom preserve a straight line for any distance. Nature is fertile in her plans and full of resources in geological formations. The chemist finds a body of exceptionally pure water, sufficient in quantity to supply the population of Greater New York, and fed by thousands of springs. The lake is never dry or even low, and the uninterrupted flow of these springs for hundreds of years made the lake a favorite haunt of the red man before a white man ever beheld its beauty. Elevated sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, its altitude provides a twin supply of pure air and pure water.

The name Chautauqua is derived from the Indian language and is said to mean "foggy place." Maps among the Pennsylvania archives in the public library of Meadville, Pa., present an interesting study in the evolution of its orthography. It appears on an early French map as Schatacoin. In 1755 it was spelled Jadaxque, while Governor Pownall's map of the next year modifies this to Jadachque. In the year 1791 it had taken on the form Chataughque, and from this it was an easy step to its present spelling, Chautauqua.

STEAMERS ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

There have been handed down to this generation reminiscences of such varied interest about the Indians in their hunting and in their wars on these shores, and about the early French and American settlers, that a glance over the stories is like viewing the scenes of a vast drama. It is singular that only the fisherman and the hunter plied their oars in these waters till about twenty-five years ago. Even the Methodists, with their proclivities for camp-meetings, did not learn of the enchantments of these shores adorned with groves and beautiful fields. To be sure they held a camp-meeting at what was once known as Fair Point, now called Chautauqua, but it

THE PIER AND OUTLET, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

was not one of the great camp-meeting groves of this people. It had a feeble life and did not take a strong hold upon the population in the surrounding country. The lake was too far from the great centers of population. Steamboat accommodations were limited. The people had too little leisure and not much money. The times were not propitious for the development of an open-air meeting. The last twenty-five years have changed all this in the region of Chautauqua Lake.

Jamestown, once known as Ellicott, at the foot of the lake, is a well-located city with about twenty thousand inhabitants. Here the people know how to live. Their water supply from the lake, natural gas for fuel, good sewerage, streets that are brick-paved, lighted with electricity, and traversed with an electric railway, offer their inducements to a large manufacturing population, and make of the town a charming point for campers and summer tourists of the lake to visit for recreation and shopping.

THE PRENDERGAST LIBRARY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

This was the home of Reuben E. Fenton, when he was congressman, governor of New York, and United States senator. He was the chief citizen of the town in his day and only lost his political power when President Grant transferred the federal patronage of the state from him to Senator Conkling. Governor Fenton died a few years since, while sitting in a chair in the private office of the First National Bank of Jamestown, of which he was president. He was a man of singular urbanity of manner. His political enemy could abuse him one day, traduce him, work against him, vote against him, and the next morning the governor could shake hands with him on the street and inquire in the most sympathetic manner about his wife, children, and friends, and talk interestedly with him about his business enterprises and the work in which he was engaged. He was a man of rare social power and made his name great by going down into the Army of the Potomac, when he was a member of Congress, and putting his frank on the letters of soldiers that they might be sent free. He kept in touch with the common people. That distinguished congressman of Pennsylvania, Galusha A. Grow, known as the speaker of the House of Representatives before the Civil War, and now at the age of seventy-five a member of the House again, was drawn to Jamestown by Fenton. They invested money in the same bank and operated as directors in the same board till Fenton died.

The unwritten history of Jamestown is rich in stories of her useful men in days of yore, as it is rich in the records of her churches, charities, clubs, newspapers, and all her institutions. The community has done much to develop travel to the lake. The money of her citizens has from time to time built and improved the great lines of steamboats that have plied these waters for twenty-five years, carrying tens of thousands of tourists up and down the channel every summer.

Celoron, the newest town on the shore of the lake, was conceived by the brain and built by the money of Mr. A. N. Broadhead, of Jamestown, the son of Mr. William Broadhead, the greatest manufacturer and banker of the city. It lies midway between Jamestown and Lakewood; is well supplied with all kinds of railroads on one side, and accessible on the other side by all sorts of boats that venture upon the water. People find it easy to come and easy to go. This is the "worldly place" of all the forty miles of shore that bound these waters. The merry-go-round, toboggan-slide, theater, cornet band, dancing hall, baseball games, together with curiosities from the animal kingdom, and whatever pleases the eye, ear, and sense of taste, may be found at Celoron. It is as new and fresh as the newest and freshest product of its kind in the civilization of 1897. At night it presents a weird scene. Its electric lights seem to vie in number with the stars in any section of the sky. As seen from a steamer, its various colored lights and brilliant illuminations reflected in the water make a picture never to be forgotten.

The capital of Jamestown citizens founded Lakewood, a charming village used mainly as a resort for the summer season, four miles away on the south shore, and connected with Jamestown by an electric railway and the great trunk line known as the Erie Road. Lakewood is popular with a large class of people in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. Whole streets of its cottages are of architectural designs handsome enough to suit any lover of real homes, and have a beautiful outlook on water and landscape surroundings. The Sterlingworth Inn and the Waldmere are the

CELORON, N. Y.—THE WATER TOBOGGANS.

WILLIAM BROADHEAD, OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

two great hotels. The place is well supplied with docks for steamers and crafts of every size. It is an ideal place for tired city people seeking rest.

On the opposite shore of the lake is Greenhurst, with fine docks, a hotel of modern design, and the latest appointments and furnishings, intended as a quiet retreat for the individual or family who would live in retirement and yet witness much of the gay life on the steamers going up and down the waters.

Between Greenhurst and Celoron up the lake and Jamestown down the lake is a curious freak of nature, known as the Outlet, making the channel from the lake to the city, but in such a circuitous path that one is led to wonder at nature's strange handiwork. The channel is not more than forty to fifty feet wide, and yet the legislature of New York has appropriated from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars from time to time to dredge it and make it deep enough to float the largest steamers. To a newcomer who sits on the prow of a steamboat going up the lake there is spread out, as the boat emerges from the Outlet into the open, a magnificent view of water, land, and sky which becomes a joy and an inspiration.

It was in 1888, at Bemus Point, on the east shore of the lake and midway of its length, that a band of people selected a clump of woods as the seat of a summer meeting where a "new theology" was to be propagated. The Rev. Dr. J. G. Townsend made the plan for the gathering and managed the enterprise. He came to this time in his history by an eventful course. In his young manhood he entered the Methodist ministry, but becoming dissatisfied after a time he went to the Congregationalists to preach for them. After a few years he returned to the Methodist ministry again and served some important churches as pastor. But a second time his convictions drove him out from the Methodist Church, this time to take the pastorate of the Independent Liberal Church at Jamestown. It was while serving here that he began the "new theology" summer meeting on Chautauqua Lake. He located it for one summer at Lakewood, then it was moved to Bemus Point, where two summer sessions were held. The Unitarians were among his chief supporters. A very liberal interpretation of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible as held by orthodox people was the substratum of the "new theology."

But this summer school did not draw. The people were not ready for it; at least they were not attracted by it, and did not attend. Of talented men and women on the program to preach and lecture, there were plenty. Dr. Townsend himself was

LAKEWOOD, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

an interesting, and to many people an attractive speaker. There was, however, no power in the idea or organization to project itself into society and create a following. A monthly paper was issued for a year or more to stimulate the enterprise. Jamestown was invoked to lend its support, but to no purpose. In time the whole movement was abandoned—both the summer school and paper—and the "new theology" dropped out of sight.

GREENHURST, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM THE DOCK.

But Bemus Point itself, with its few cottages and three large hotels, remains about as lovely a spot as can be found on all Chautauqua. This is a place where the Jews have gathered in years gone by, and it seems to be a common center for such Jewish people as care to visit Chautauqua Lake for a summer outing. There is at Bemus a station of the Chautauqua Lake Railway. This railroad was built largely by Jamestown enterprise and runs the whole length of the lake on its eastern shore.

THE OUTLET OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

It is a ride of about four miles from Bemus Point to the most important summer town on the eastern shore of the lake, which is Point Chautauqua. The railroad hugs the lake shore closely, and stretching back from it over rising ground is the pleasant settlement of a hundred cottages and the Grand Hotel, which is finished and furnished with up-to-date improvements. Electric lights make the place brilliant at night. A casino serves the double purpose of a hall for dancing on week evenings and a chapel for religious services and sacred concerts on the Sabbath day. The large amphitheater, enclosed with seatings for three thousand people, is often of great value for public entertainments.

The story of the origin, rise, and decline of Point Chautauqua is interesting. The Rev. J. H. Miller made this town possible. He was a Baptist minister in charge of a church at Mayville, three miles away at the head of the lake. He concluded one day in 1878 that the Baptists ought to have an out-of-door summer meeting in July of each year. He set out to look for a site and selected a plot of one hundred acres, with about five acres of dense woods, and named it Point Chautauqua. The Baptists were not educated to attend open-air meetings or sum-

BEMUS POINT, N. Y.—THE AVENUE OF FOREST TREES.

mer schools in the woods, and this operated against the success of the enterprise. Some of their leading people declined to lend their support to the movement because they thought it would be interpreted as a rival to the Chautauqua Assembly, which was located almost directly across the lake. Therefore the movement had a precarious existence from the beginning. However, Mr. Miller moved with a well-directed energy. He was an organizer; he had a wide acquaintance in his church; rich men came to his aid, and he bought the land, built the tabernacle and hotel, made a program, and began his educational meetings.

Men and women of a high order of talent from every part of the country were brought at heavy expense to address the people, but no considerable congregation came to the grove or the lecture hall, and after a few years had passed the meetings were suspended.

The title to the land and public buildings soon passed into other hands. The auditorium has been used for theatricals, for skating, for bicycle riding, and for various other purposes. But Point Chautauqua is now a town of summer homes, with a magnificent hotel, and every summer brings a colony of kindred spirits—parents and their children, college boys, and bright young ladies—to make the place cheerful and attractive, so that it is one of the most animated places on the shores of Chautauqua Lake.

The quaint old town of Dewittville is nestled on the shore of a little bay about a mile below Point Chautauqua. It is the one lone settlement on the forty miles of lake shore that has not made improvement in the past quarter of a century. The population is small, the architecture of the houses is rural, the streets and the general appearance of the town remain stationary. How to account for this lack of enterprise is difficult, except on the principle expressed to me by a traveler of extended observation, who said, "I never knew a small town with an insane asylum located in its midst to prosper."

As we journey up the lake we come to

POINT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

Wooglin, a home erected about ten years ago by a Greek letter society, Beta Theta Pi, in a quiet retreat about a mile above Point Chautauqua. It is a large structure, designed for the use of the members of the fraternity as they gather from all parts of the country. It is located near the water's edge. It is in reality a Greek letter club-house, well situated to command a view of the Chautauqua Assembly grounds across the lake, of Mayville three miles to the west, and of passing steamers, as well as trains on the railroad. Wooglin has not been a profitable investment. It was built as an experiment. Several sessions of the annual conventions of Beta Theta Pi have been held here, but the summer-house experiment was a failure financially, and it is an open question if a fraternity house ever can be profitable, in any sense, with the single purpose of making it a summer home for its members.

JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

One of the most beautiful drives in Chautauqua County stretches away toward Westfield, where one obtains a view of Lake Erie, and then it dawns upon the mind that Chautauqua is one of the great chain of lakes that stretches hundreds of miles to the northwest.

As one wends his way around the deep bay at the northernmost corner of the lake he is soon in full view of Mayville, a village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, the county-seat of Chautauqua County. It has held this proud position for many years, in the face of Westfield, of Dunkirk, and of Jamestown, which have plead, each in turn, that they ought to be the capital of the county. At an election held within a few years, when Jamestown was Mayville's rival, Mayville won at the ballot-box, the people rendering their verdict in favor of its continuing to be the county-seat.

This is the central point for the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad, the line which runs across the country from the Lake Shore to the Erie Railroad. It becomes a great thoroughfare in summer for people who come over the New York Central from the East and the Lake Shore from the West to visit Chautauqua, and those who come over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad to run by way of Corry to Mayville. It is on a direct line between Buffalo and Pittsburg. A good system of docks has been established for the accommodation of steamers, sailing vessels, and rowboats.

It is a picturesque village spread out over

DOWN THE LAKE FROM MAYVILLE, N. Y.

the brow of a hill, with its main street running up over the back of the hill. Its courthouse and jail are the chief public buildings, and the sessions of the courts bring to the town distinguished lawyers, judges, and citizens, who have to do with the trial of causes that come before this tribunal of justice.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," is a prominent citizen of this town, with a homelike residence on the main street. He lived here when he made his venture with the *Continent*, published simultaneously in Philadelphia and New York, which ascended to fame and soon descended without fame. He has done an immense amount of literary work in this town; has written books, and many magazine and newspaper articles. He has just been appointed by President McKinley United States consul to Bordeaux, France. In all probability Mayville will lose his inspiring presence for the next four years, while the United States government will secure in him a good representative. He is a man brimful of information concerning the law, for he is a lawyer, concerning literature, for he is a well-read man, and one whose mind is enriched with experiences among men and affairs stretching back through the Civil War to the days beyond.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR RECITATION AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The last in this list of enchanting grounds on the lake is Chautauqua, three miles from Mayville either by railroad or steamboat. Standing on the pier at Mayville or sitting on the deck of a steamer in mid-lake, one cannot see the whole outline of Chautauqua, or even catch a balloonist's view of its topography, because its cottages, public buildings, boarding-houses, and structures of all kinds are set down in the midst of a grove, where tall trees overtop the buildings, and in sunlight or electric light cast a heavy shadow on all beneath. As a boat sails by an avenue, one gets a glimpse of happy homes with broad verandas, where suggestive hammocks hang, and where at leisure hours bright, cheerful people congregate.

There is no Broadway fronted with massive buildings, or Trafalgar Square with magnificent arch-fronted edifices piercing to lofty heights, but a town of plain, homelike cottages set down on narrow streets. The scene excites the visitor to wonder why towns and cities are always built on cleared land, when, as we learn here, it is so much pleasanter to live in a town located in a grove, where trees protect the homes from the summer sun, or battle to peace and mildness the raging storms of the coldest months.

The Hotel Athenæum is the greatest hostlery, though many less pretentious boarding-houses furnish equally good accommodations. A perfect system of sanitation, a good water supply, fine roadways, electric lights, an efficient fire department, and a daily newspaper are characteristics of this settlement. This is the seat of the Chautauqua Assembly, now almost twenty-five years old. It has given Chautauqua Lake its greatest fame and has been imitated by well-nigh one hundred other Assemblies in the United States, Europe, and Africa, most of which have used Chautauqua as a prefix. One has only to go over the list of these widely scattered Chautauqua Assemblies, from Monterey, California, to Fryeburg, Maine, and De Funiak, Florida, to get a geographical view of the cosmopolitan character of this popular educational system.

Chautauqua is the most circumspect town on Chautauqua Lake, and indeed in the whole Empire State. On Sunday no boat of any kind may land or depart, no cars may come or go; only at 4 p. m. cases of necessity find the gates open for egress or ingress. No strong drink is sold, no games of chance are allowed. The rowdy element has never appeared here. It would be ill at ease, in an atmosphere which stimulates only such spirits as are in search of the good things of life. Health finds its elixir in pure air and pure water, congenial employment, elegant society, and innocent amusements, which cover the whole catalogue approved by common, orthodox propriety.

To explain the schools and the program for one season would require too much space for our text, and an immoderate demand on the reader's patience; but the program itself in another part of this magazine sets forth many of these attractions.

THE LANDING OF A STEAMER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

For good fishing grounds one faces toward Victoria, which is an hour's sail down the lake from Chautauqua. The sign at a small dock points the way to the Inn Victoria. The place is rural in all its appointments. The highest hills along all the shore rise here; the flavor of the milk, butter, berries, and all things provided for

A SHADY PATH AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

the table savor of the richness of the fields, while the surroundings suggest a quiet and restful life. In the waters off this shore, muskellunge—commonly known as pickerel—are the proudest catch of the expert fisherman. They run some four pounds in weight, but we have seen them weighing as much as thirty pounds each.

Lovers of the wheel find the roads about Chautauqua Lake an incentive to forego the rowboat, sailboat, and steamer for the delights of cycling along the shore. A bicycle school, located here, gives helpful training to many raw recruits, who soon become expert cyclists and take to the roads. The most popular long run is from Chautauqua by way of Westfield to Buffalo and return—a distance one way of nearly seventy miles. The roads are well packed, hard and smooth. It is a wheelman's delight to face toward Buffalo on this road, having Lake Erie in sight most of the journey, with a strong wind from the west at his back for motor power driving him on the descending grade without effort on his part, making his ride seem like a sail through the air. This trip makes the cyclist's ideal journey, and indeed all around Chautauqua Lake excellent roads invite to scorching or to the pleasures of leisurely excursions to popular summer resorts.

A day's excursion with a carriage party to Panama Rocks gives one an exhilarating experience of sights and scenes among Chautauqua farmers in their prosperity. The Panama Rocks are distributed over more than two acres of land, and piled very high, in apparent disorder, suggesting what a terrific convulsion nature has undergone in the distant past. This is all the attraction, but it is enough to draw carriage parties, one or more every week during the season, from Chautauqua to the suburbs of the village of Panama, after which town the Rocks are named.

THE ASSEMBLY CHOIR, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Another outing which thousands of people have taken is a trip in one day by railroad from Chautauqua to Niagara Falls and return, at the small expense of $1.50. This takes the traveler along the shore of Lake Erie, through as rich a grape-growing country as there is in America, then through the city of Buffalo on to Niagara Falls, to view the power of these mighty rolling waters which are being utilized for generating electricity—to light towns and cities, propel cars, and give motion to machinery in hundreds of manufactories. As travel is a method of education, so is this journey. Mr. S. B. Newton, excursion manager of the W. N. Y. & P. R. R., tells me that in the past twelve years his road has carried from Chautauqua to Niagara Falls and return fifty thousand people. These excursions usually go every Tuesday and Friday during July and August.

COTTAGE LIFE AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

When the dream of the projector is realized, there is to be an electric railway on the shore of Chautauqua Lake connecting Chautauqua with Lakewood, which is about sixteen miles away. This will soon come, as the cost can be kept at the minimum by reason of the natural advantages to be found in the soil for the road-bed and the ease with which an engineer can mark the route.

But neither the electric road on one side of the lake nor the steam-power railroad on the other side will destroy the fascination for tourists of riding up and down these beautiful waters on steamers, of feasting the eyes on the scenery of both shores, while kaleidoscopic effects are produced by sunshine or the shadows of clouds. Nowhere has nature brought water and land into a more beautiful combination than in this piece of country twelve miles wide and twenty-five miles long. The towns and cities which dot this area on all these shores give it a substantial, civilized adornment, and in summer-time the water and the land, twelve miles by twenty-five miles, become animated and gay with a healthy, joyous, hopeful life of more than one hundred thousand people.

A CYCLING CLUB AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE "BURYIN'" OF ZEB HOLT.

BY CAROLINE H. STANLEY.

"SALLY ANN, what in the name er sense do you s'pose is keepin' yo' paw? He 'lowed he'd be home by twelve o'clock, an' here it's nearly one. It is the most aggravatin' thing to get a meal er victuals ready an' have nobody here to eat it! That chicken will be plumb ruint! What do you s'pose he's doin'?"

"Talkin'," said Sally Ann laconically, her chair tilted back comfortably against the wall. She was making tatting of No. 70 cotton for a full set of underclothes, and had no time to waste in words or worry.

"Well, I've no patience with people that are everlastin'ly talkin'," said Mrs. Reno severely, in manifest violation of her own principles. "Yo' paw 'd ruther tell a story than eat, any day. Now look at them flies!"—with increasing irritation. "You, Bud,"—to the boy on the horse-block—"bring me a limb. An' then you set thar an' holler when you see yo' paw."

Bud brought the limb—a branch from the locust tree—and Mrs. Reno, taking a seat at the waiting table, gave herself up to keeping off the flies.

The table was set on the porch, which, running as it did the length of two rooms and a passage, and being a matter of twelve or fifteen feet in width, was ample even for the multitudinous uses to which it was put. The east end was kept sacred to dining-room purposes, Mrs. Reno declaring that she would not have any "plunder" around the table; but further on the condition of things—the pile of carpet-rags which the good lady had been assorting and cutting, the winding-blades filled with hanks of white rags ready for dyeing, and the bag of balls hanging from the steelyards—indicated that "plunder" was not tabooed on this back porch, but only kept within bounds.

A big wheel was at the other end, and two or three saddles were thrown over the joists, their stirrups bringing them within easy reach. A scythe or two hung on the wall, and over Sally Ann's head was a small looking-glass with a yellow pasteboard comb-case under it. It was an old-time country porch in Missouri.

Mrs. Reno switched her bush vigorously, being in that state of irritaton which always leads a woman to attack something when dinner is waiting. Just then Bud announced, "Paw's comin'," and she rose hastily.

By the time dinner was on the table Mr. Reno had emerged, dripping and sputtering, from the wash-basin, to retire into the folds of the family towel, and when Ma' Eliza, the ewe lamb of the Reno flock, who appeared at this moment moist and rosy from her morning nap, had been cuddled a moment and then settled in her high chair, he gave a final "roach" to his wet locks before the little glass, and gravely took his seat.

Mrs. Reno had sat opposite her spouse at table for twenty years, and knew him, as she often averred, like a book—which was not saying much, after all, as her knowledge of books was more limited than her knowledge of any other earthly thing—and when his voice sank in asking the blessing a note or two below its usual unintelligible pitch, and he forgot, in addition, to say, "Amen," she divined that something was the matter. So she prudently husbanded the prepared "piece of her mind," and asked only, "What kep' you?"

"I had to serve on a coroner's jury," said Mr. Reno. "Zeb Holt's dead."

"Zeb Holt!" exclaimed Mrs. Reno. "You don't say so! When did he die? What was the matter with him? How did you hear about it?"

Mr. Reno was accustomed to beginning at the last of his wife's questions and by a sort of back-action working his way through them one by one. Accordingly he answered:

"Old man Peerie wanted to get a pa'r of shoes mended and went to Zeb's this mornin' about ten o'clock. He knocked at the door but nobody answered, and he said he jest made so bold as to raise the latch and walk in. An' thar laid Zeb, stiff an' cold, in the bed, with the quilt drawed up around him like he was 'sleep. I reckon old man Peerie didn't lose much time a gettin' out o' thar, from what he says, an' he notified the coroner, an' the coroner got his jury together an' we went over to Zeb's an' looked things over an' brought in a verdict."

"An' what was it?"

"That he died a natchel death."

"Was it heart disease?"

"No, the doctor didn't think it was."

"Apoplexy?"

"Apoplexy! No! No man ever had apoplexy that looked like Zeb Holt. Why, he was the poorest, mis'ablest lookin' creetur you ever saw. Jest skin an' bone!"

Mrs. Reno leaned forward with a horror-stricken face.

"Adniram Reno!" she said, "you don't s'pose Zeb Holt starved to death?"

"My Lord, Marthy!" said Mr. Reno testily, "what makes you look at me that-a-way? I don't know what was the matter with Zeb Holt any more'n you do. We looked 'round in the shed room an' we didn't see anything much to eat, but very likely he had jest got out when he was taken sick."

"Has he been sick? How do you know he has been sick?" demanded Mrs. Reno.

"Well, Lige Coyle was thar an' he said when Mr. Coulter come through here last Saturday on his way to Bethel ('twas his Sunday to preach over thar, you know) he stopped at his house an' told him Zeb was mighty po'ly an' said some of 'em better go in an' see 'im, an' Lige said he 'lowed to go, but he jest put it off till the next day an' then something come up an' he clean forgot it."

"An' nary a soul went near him all the time he was sick?"

"Thar wa'n't ary a soul knowed he was sick but Lige, an' as I told you he disremembered it," said Mr. Reno.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Reno, "if I thought that Zeb Holt starved to death it don't seem to me I could ever relish anything again. In a Christian land! If I'd had my way"—significantly—"Zeb Holt would a been settin' here to-day at this table."

"Now, Marthy"—Mr. Reno spoke irritably, as if some chord of self-reproach had been touched—"what makes you always bring that up? You know I didn't wanter turn Zeb off, but what was I to do? The thrashers jest said p'intedly they wouldn't work if Zeb stayed. I couldn't let 'em go off in the midst of thrashin'."

"He was one of the best hands we ever had," said Mrs. Reno.

"Yes, he was so. I never saw a faithfuler hand than Zeb Holt. But that wa'n't the p'int. I never turned him off because he wa'n't faithful—Zeb knowed that—but the thrashers jest said up an' down they wa'n't goneter work with a felon."

"Paw, what was it Zeb Holt done, anyway?" asked Sally Ann.

"Well, I really don't know, honey, what it was. Some says he stole a horse an' some says he was a counterfeiter, an' Ras Miller he 'lowed 'twa'n't ary one—that he was put in for settin' fire to a stable. An' I don't know as anybody knows what it was."

"Well, I don't care what they say," said Mrs. Reno with decision, "I know Zeb Holt wa'n't a bad man. Ma' Eliza never would a took to him like she did if he had a been. Chil'n has instincts, jest like animals, an' Ma' Eliza took to Zeb from the start. Sally Ann, don't you remember how he useter tote 'er on his shoulder up an' down the porch an' down to the milkin'-pen? An' how she'd put her arms round his neck an' hold on an' call him her Zebbie?"

And Ma' Eliza, stirred to remembrance by the recital and not at all comprehending what was the matter, looked up with clouded brow and said, "Ma' Eliza love Zebbie."

"Zeb was a awful good hand to make traps," said Bud regretfully. "He made 'em last winter for all us boys till you all found we was goin' over thar an' stopped us."

"He was mighty trusty about the stock," said Mr. Reno.

"An' the kindest-hearted thing to animals of all kinds," added his wife. "Thar wa'n't a dumb brute on the place but would foller him around wherever he went. They seemed to be kinder company for him. Pore Zeb! Has he been laid out yet?"

"No. Lige Coyle an' me 'lowed we'd go over after dinner an' 'tend to it. You might go over too, Marthy, an' see 'bout cleanin' up a little. Bud can saddle old Kit for you after dinner. He ain't really got anything to be laid out in," he continued, "not a thing but a pa'r old jeans pants an' a hickory shirt. Haven't I got a old pa'r black pants, Marthy, I could take over, an' a white shirt?"

Mrs. Reno cast her eyes toward a garment swinging back and forth from a nail in the joist just above the carpet-rags.

"I was layin' off to use them pants for the black an' white stripe in my cyarpet," she said, a trifle reluctantly, "but I don't know —I s'pose I could have it jest plain hit an' miss—only I've laid off all along to have a twisted stripe—but—"

"Well, I wouldn't send 'em then," said Mr. Reno, with sympathetic understanding of his wife's feelings; "you've set yo' heart on it, an' it won't really make no difference to Zeb nohow."

This decided Mrs. Reno.

"Adniram," she said firmly, "I wouldn't let a fellow mortal go to the grave in brown jeans pants if I never had a twisted stripe to my dying day."

With Mrs. Reno, renunciation could go no farther.

Meantime—who was Zeb Holt? What had he done?

Nobody could tell. All that was known of him was that five years ago he had come to this community at harvest time asking for work. He was gaunt and ungainly, and had little in his personal appearance to recommend him, but he was an untiring worker. He could do more work, Mr. Carrington declared, than any two men he ever had. Still he was not a favorite with his fellow workmen. He never talked, for one thing—never laughed and joked as the rest did—not, apparently, that he didn't want to but that he didn't know how. He seemed, somehow, out of practice. He would open his mouth occasionally as if he contemplated saying something, but before he could get it out the stream of talk would have swept by him and left him stranded on the rock of silence.

Then he had a way of glancing over his shoulder, as if he were expecting something or somebody to be there, which was commented upon quite freely by the men.

"It fa'rly gives me the creeps," said Hank Miller one day, "to see Zeb Holt lookin' over his shoulder. What do you s'pose he 'lows to see?" He asked him one day. Zeb grew livid, but only shook his head. He tried to break himself of it after that, but the power of habit was too strong.

The man worked for Mr. Carrington nearly a year. One day he was told that he would not be wanted any more. It was in the midst of corn-planting and Zeb knew he couldn't well be spared, but Mr. Carrington had spoken with averted face and so he asked no questions.

He got another place and stayed a month or so. Then his employer told him that he had concluded to get another hand. And so it went.

At last, in desperation, Zeb went to the shoemaker and asked for work. The man inquired where he had learned his trade.

"Down south of here," Zeb had said, his face as livid as before. The shoemaker really wanted help, and told him to put on his apron. And so Zeb went to work making shoes.

He made them as if he were in practice, and the shoemaker said curiously one day, "Well, they certainly knowed how to make shoes down south whar you learnt yo' trade."

His assistant merely nodded and went on with his work.

One day they had a visitor who, on leaving, beckoned stealthily to his host to follow him outdoors. They had a talk of half an hour on the horse-block. When the shoemaker returned, he said to Zeb, "Whar did you say you learnt yo' trade?"

"I said I learnt it down south of here," Zeb replied doggedly.

"I reckon you learnt it at Jefferson, didn't you?" asked the shoemaker, with a quiet significance.

"Yes," said the man hoarsely, laying down his last and taking off his apron. "I did."

"'Nough said," returned the shoemaker, "you know I can't have you here."

And Zeb went forth again.

He had lived, since he had been with the shoemaker, in an old log cabin on the edge of town. He was missing a few days after this, and when he came back he had a bench and a sign. He put the one in front of the window and nailed the other to the logs by the door. And customers were not wanting, for Zeb was a good workman.

He might have built up a fair trade if he had kept at it, but for some reason he always grew restless in the spring, and wanted to go on a farm. Whether it was some farming instinct stirring within him, or a distaste for his shoemaking, or just a human longing to be with his kind, it would be hard to say, but something led him, when the fit was on, to throw down his apron and stride over the country looking for work.

Mr. Reno had taken him one summer, and finding him a valuable man had kept him a year—in fact until the thrashers demanded his discharge. This had been a happy time for Zeb. Mrs. Reno was kind, if sharp-tongued, and he had won the mother's heart by his devotion to her baby. He was Ma' Eliza's abject slave, and that young lady rewarded his fealty by showering upon him the wealth of her affections. There is nothing like a child's love to thaw out the frozen recesses of a human heart. In its warm sunshine Zeb grew to be almost like other men. Then came the thrashers, the discharge, and the shoemaker's bench again.

And this is literally all that was known of Zeb Holt.

When Mrs. Reno reached the little cabin she found the man decently laid out and the pillows and bed-clothing hanging on the line in the back yard, as the custom of the country demanded.

"I don't s'pose they'll think of it," she had said to herself on the way over. And when she had dismounted and tied old Kit to the rail fence, her first thought was to go around the house and see. There they hung. "Adniram's got a heap er sense," she said approvingly—"for a man!" She had trained Adniram for many years.

Then she went in.

The two men had just finished their work. All that was mortal of Zeb Holt lay on two boards supported by chairs. Mr. Reno stepped aside for his wife, and she stood a moment looking down at the still form. The shifting, restless eyes were quiet now under closed lids, the shambling figure was straight for once, and over all lay the dignity of death.

"Pore Zeb!" she said softly, "pore Zeb! He'll never have to worry no more about what people think, an' say, an' do. He's gone before his judge, Mr. Coyle, an' I reckon He knows how to make allowances a heap better'n we do."

She covered the silent figure with a sheet she had brought, and turned briskly to her husband.

"Now, Adniram," she said, in her sharp, every-day tone, "you an' Mr. Coyle had best get that bed down out of the way before anybody gets here. Bud's comin' with a couple of boxes an' some boards directly, an' we can put 'em around for seats after I've got swep' up. There'll be a whole passel er folks here presently an' no place to seat 'em."

The result justified the prophecy. By the time these arrangements were completed and the room in all its bareness was clean, the first visitors appeared. Mrs. Reno, feeling that it was incumbent upon somebody to do the honors of the house, advanced to meet them.

"Howdy, Miz Oxley," she said. "Howdy, Mandy. Howdy, sis. Come right in an' take seats. We haven't got any cheers to offer, but we've done the best we could with the boards. Take off yo' bonnets."

"Well, I ain't got long to stay," replied Mrs. Oxley, taking off her gingham sunbonnet and settling herself for the afternoon. "I jest come in to look at the corpse, an' hear 'bout the buryin'. When is it goin' to be?"

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Reno. "Adniram was jest sayin'—howdy, Miz Ham—howdy, bub,—set down thar by yo' maw. I was jest sayin', Miz Ham, that Adniram says Mr. Coulter was here jes' before I come, an' —walk right in, Mr. Jimmerson, an' you too, Miss Ann—why, you've had to come a right smart piece this hot day, haven't you? An' you ain't lookin' very peart, Miss Ann, either."

"I'm enjoyin' very po' health this summer," said that lady. She took great comfort in it.

"You are certainly lookin' bad," sympathized Mrs. Reno. "Don't you think she is, Miz Ham?"

"She is so," assented Mrs. Ham.

"Ef it had a been me instead of Zeb Holt that was took off without any warnin' I wouldn't have been a bit surprised," said Miss Ann gloomily.

"Well, I don't know, Miss Ann," put in Mrs. Oxley cheerfully, "I've noticed them kind that's always complainin' gen'ally hangs on a long time. Howdy, honey"—to some children at the door—"come on in. Whose little gyirls are you?"

"Miz Nicholses," said the oldest.

"Whar's yo' maw? Why didn't she come?"

"She's chillin'," said the child. "But she 'lowed she'd be well 'nough to go to the buryin', an' she told me to come over an' find out what time it let in."

"At nine o'clock," answered Mrs. Reno. "They couldn't keep him over another day" —in explanation to Mrs. Oxley—"an' then there wouldn't be no use nohow — no friends or nobody to keep him for."

"Can we see him?" asked the child of Mrs. Ham, looking half fearfully at the sheeted figure.

Mrs. Reno rose.

She had been first on the ground, and had made the only sacrifice that had been made to give him decent burial. Moreover, she felt secretly that the matter of Ma' Eliza's instincts made it eminently proper that she should be the one to "show the corpse."

"Come right along, sis," she said briskly, laying back the sheet. "Miz Oxley, jest step thar to the do' an' call them men in to see while I've got the sheet off, will you?"

And they all filed in and took turns in looking into the face—still in death—that they had avoided in life.

"He looks right natchel," commented Mrs. Ham, in the stereotyped phrase of the occasion.

"But seems like he's mighty pore," said Mrs. Oxley.

"Whar do you s'pose he got them clo'es?" whispered Mandy Oxley to another girl.

"That man was one of the best hands I ever had," said Mr. Carrington to Mr. Reno, turning away and stepping decently to the door to shoot a stream of tobacco juice from his mouth. "Yes, sir, he was so."

"I believe you," returned Mr. Reno; "he was the trustiest man with stock I ever saw." Then the two men looked each other in the face and turned away rather confusedly. They had both discharged Zeb Holt without giving him a reason for it.

Old Mrs. Callaway lingered by the rude bier. "He's jest about the age my William would be," she said to Mrs. Reno. William had died in early childhood, but memory has a way of tugging at withered heart-strings at times like this to see if there is any life left in them. "I wonder if he's got any mother."

"He don't look to me like a bad man," said one woman, studying attentively the motionless face. "I wonder what he done."

"Well, whatever he done," said the widow Norris, "he was mighty kind in sickness. I don't know how I would a got along when my Cale had inflammatory rheumatiz ef it hadn't a been for him. He was the patientest creetur! Cale would ruther have him to set up with him than any of the neighbors. I 'lowed to Cale this mornin' that the Lord wouldn't forget them nights when Zeb Holt come to stand in the jedgment."

"Well, Miz Norris, I don't see how you can hope so," said Mrs. Ham severely. "Zeb Holt wa'n't a perfesser an' he wa'n't a church-goin' man. But I've sometimes thought, Miz Norris, that you ain't never had a realizin' sense of the danger of not bein' a perfesser."

"Maybe I ain't, Miz Ham," replied Mrs. Norris meekly. "I reckon you're right. But I've got a realizin' sense of how hard Cale was to take keer of, an' some nights when I was about wore out an' Zeb Holt would come in an' take all the burden of it on hisself I most felt he was a possesser ef he wa'n't a perfesser."

"I don't see how you can talk so!" said Mrs. Ham. "I'd be afraid to."

"Maw," whispered Pink Oxley, "what's a perfesser? Is it a good man?"

"No-o, it's—why, yes, of course—it's—go on out in the yard, Pink. This ain't any place for children!"

"I s'pose from what I heard Mr. Coulter is goin' to make a warnin' of him," said Mrs. Ham.

"He is! Did he say so?" asked Mrs. Reno.

"I don't know as he said so exactly, but Mr. Ham an' me drawed the inference from what passed that he was goin' to. He 'lowed that all he had to say he 'd say at the grave, an' he talked so kinder stern like that I s'picioned at oncet what he was goin' to do. An' it's right that he should"—firmly—"it ain't often a preacher gets a chance to make a warnin' of a man, for 'most everybody has some friends that's got feelin's to be respected. Thar was old man Kellerson—a meaner man never drawed breath—but thar was Miz Kellerson an' the boys! What could Mr. Coulter do? Couldn't say a word! But with Zeb—yes, I think it's right."

"W-e-l-l, I don't know," said Mr. Reno, who was sitting in the door whittling, "seems like takin' a sort of mean advantage of a man to make a warnin' of him when he's dead an' can't talk back; don't it now?" to Mr. Carrington.

"Does so!" said Mr. Carrington emphatically, with a man's sense of justice. "It does so!"

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Ham decidedly. "He ain't got any friends an'—why, honey, whar did you come from?" she broke off to say to Ma' Eliza, who at this moment appeared in the doorway, her hands full of blue and pink larkspur.

Ma' Eliza gave one look in her face, but deigned no reply. Truly, "chil'n has instincts."

She walked straight across the room to her mother. "I b'inged some f'owers to Zebbie," she said sweetly, freeing herself from the passionate embrace and looking around the room. "Where is Zebbie?"

Mrs. Reno put her down and led her to the silent figure.

"Here's Zebbie," she said. "Must I give them to him?"

Ma' Eliza held the stiff flowers out to him.

"Zebbie 'on't take my f'owers," she said, with a grieved look. Mrs. Reno placed them in the cold hands, and the child smiled.

"Is Zebbie s'eep? Zebbie so tired!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Reno, with starting tears, for into her heart had come an overpowering sense of the inequalities of the human lot. "Yes, Zebbie's so tired—he's gone to sleep."

The afternoon wore away but the guests lingered. Not for many a long day had they had such a social gathering. The men lounged around in the yard and chewed and talked crops and politics, and the women gossiped inside. Children came in groups, sometimes without their elders, to "see the corpse." And in the midst of it all lay the silent man who had so lacked companionship in life.

Early the next morning the people began to arrive, and by nine o'clock the fence was lined with horses. The rumor had got around that Mr. Coulter was going to make a "warnin'" of Zeb Holt, and it seemed that everybody wanted to be warned.

At nine o'clock the pine coffin was brought out and put in Mr. Reno's wagon. Mr. Coulter followed in his buggy, and Mr. Carrington's "rockaway" with its two sleek mules came next, by virtue of being the only carriage in the neighborhood. The wagons, well filled, followed, and men and women on horseback brought up the rear. As the procession passed through the village to the graveyard, a half mile beyond, it was augmented by straggling foot-passengers who picked their way along the sides of the road. They all dismounted at the graveyard gate, only Mr. Reno's wagon going inside.

By the side of the fence was a luxuriant growth of alder. The white blossoms caught Ma' Eliza's eye. Her mother broke off a branch for her and another for herself. And then every other woman had to do the same for her child and herself.

The grave was in a lonely part of the graveyard, away from all the others. The people formed around it. Mr. Reno unfastened the leather lines from his harness and slipped them under the ends of the coffin. Four men lifted it into the grave. Then they looked at Mr. Coulter and waited. He motioned them to go on, and they began filling the grave, one relieving another until they were done. When the mound was rounded and patted down with their spades they looked at Mr. Coulter again and waited.

The old minister took a step nearer the grave.

"My friends," he said, "we have come to-day to do the last kind offices for our departed brother. We have consigned his body to the grave, and it remains for me but to deliver to you his dying message."

There was a moment of absolute stillness. Then those on the outskirts pressed a little nearer.

"I was with him," he continued, "a few days before his death. He was fully conscious, and talked with me freely. He knew his end was near and he was willing to go. I think life had been a hard struggle for him and he was glad to give it up. It is a pitiful thing, brethren, that this should be so.

"He had no reproaches for anybody. He said, when he told me the story: 'Tell them all I don't blame anybody. They didn't know. If they had known they'd have felt different—I'm sure they would.' And he asked me tell you to-day the story that he never had a chance to tell."

They listened breathlessly. At last they would know what Zeb Holt had done!

"Zebadiah Holt," began the minister, "was born in Gasconade County thirty-seven years ago. His father died when he was a boy of sixteen, and left his mother to his care. They lived together on a farm near Franklin, and made a living by hard work. In course of time he was married. He didn't say much about his wife, but he talked freely of his mother, and I judge that they were more to each other than most mothers and sons. He said, 'I always knew I could count on mother—mother and me were kind of partners!'

"One day when his child was about a year old he went into town. He had some words on the street, he said, with a man who had traded a buggy to him. One thing led to another till their blood was hot and a crowd had gathered around them. Then the man coupled the name of Holt's wife with that of a profligate man of the town. And Zeb struck him down. Brethren—he never rose again!"

The old minister paused. And the men looked at each other. This, then, was Zeb Holt's crime! They had never supposed it was less than theft!

"I do not palliate this man's sin." The old minister's tone changed swiftly from that of the narrator to the stern accents of the preacher of righteousness. "To give life or to take it is the prerogative of Almighty God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' We cannot escape God's law. This man sinned, and he paid the penalty—not the blood of his veins, but the blood of his manhood. But, I charge you, remember, brethren, that God looks upon the heart, not the result. And I call upon you this day—you who have ever in a moment of passion struck down a fellow man—to raise, if you can, clean hands to heaven and say, 'I am guiltless of Zeb Holt's sin!'"

He looked fearlessly around him as if expecting a reply. None came. This was not a long-suffering people. Many a man among them had been wont to boast that with him it was "a word and a blow, and the blow came first"—many a man among them thought of the time when he had "laid out his man." But his man always rose again. Zeb's didn't. That was all the difference.

"Well"—the voice sank to its usual mild cadence—"he was arrested, tried, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. He was taken to Jefferson immediately. He had little to say of his prison life, except that they were kind to him, and that he learned the shoemaker's trade."

The shoemaker and the man next to him exchanged significant glances—it was true, then, as they had thought.

"I saw the warden yesterday. He says a more faithful man he never had in the prison. He was discharged on three fourths time—making his term seven and a half years. During the first year he heard from his wife twice. Then the letters ceased. His mother could not write, and his wife did not. Just before his time expired there came to him a pair of cotton socks, home-knit. He knew the knitting. They were from his mother. He took them from under his pillow and showed them to me. He wanted to be buried in them."

"He was," said Mr. Reno, with uncovered head. "We put them on him without knowin' anything about it."

"He told me," continued the minister, "something of how he felt when his term expired. He had had a good deal of time to think, and he had planned out his future life. He would go back to his old home—among his old neighbors; they had known of his early life and they would help him to begin again. He determined to talk freely with them about it—not to evade it at all—and then to live such a life of self-sacrifice and helpfulness to others as would partially atone for his sin. He knew he could never outlive the shame of having been a convict, but he would bear that as a part of his punishment, and by his devotion to his family he would try to make up to them for the loss of son and husband and father all these years.

"Brethren, this was what he hoped to do. Let me tell you how it ended. On the train he met a man from Gasconade who had once lived in Franklin. Holt made himself known to him and asked for news from his family. The man looked at him in amazement. Then he told him. His wife had gone off with another man, six months after he went to prison, taking the child with her. The man was the one her name had been coupled with. It was true after all!

"Zeb said he thought he must have been dazed, for when the man left him he sat there trying to think what he should do now, and where he should go, and he couldn't seem to think clearly of anything. Pretty soon the conductor came to him and asked him if his ticket hadn't been to Franklin.

"'Yes,' he said, 'it had.'

"He found he had gone several miles beyond, but the conductor slowed up and let him off. He said he sat down by the track and wondered if it wouldn't have been better for him to have gone on after all. But he thought of his mother, and he got up and started across the country to his home.

"Brethren, when he reached the house the door was locked and the windows boarded up. He said something told him where he would find her. He went straight to the graveyard. And there by his father's grave was another, newly made.

"He stumbled on to a neighbor's and they told him all. His mother had died a week before. The place had passed out of her hands long ago.

"He said he stayed only a few days in Franklin. There was no reason for staying now, and somehow it did not seem possible to talk freely with his old neighbors. They gave him no chance to do it. He determined to go away as far as his money would carry him—where nobody knew his past history—and begin again.

"His money carried him only to Saline County. There he got work with a shoemaker. He stayed in this place a year or more. One day a man came in to have some work done. Holt recognized him as a fellow convict who had served out his time. The next day his employer discharged him; he had nothing against him, he said, but he couldn't have an ex-convict in his shop.

"He went across the river into Charitan County. He determined not to try shoemaking again but to go on a farm where he would be more away from everybody. It was corn-planting time and he easily got work. He said he liked farm work better than his trade, for it seemed more like his old life, and as the summer passed he began to feel that here he was secure.

"One day, late in the fall, he went to the county fair. A man who had been a guard at the penitentiary pointed him out as an ex-convict—not with any intention of injuring him, but with a fool's inability to hold his tongue. He was discharged.

"He tramped his way through Boon into Callaway and finally into this neighborhood. You know his history since he has been here. He has never been able to keep a place, and, as far as I can learn, has never had a complaint made against him. I have heard many of you talk about him in these last two days, and this is what you make him out: a faithful, capable workman, industrious, honest, reliable in all things, gentle to women and little children, kind to dumb animals, untiring in self-sacrifice for the sick and helpless. In addition to this, I know him to have been a God-fearing, repentant man.

"It was not much that he asked of this community—only the right to live by honest, hard work, and a little, a very little human companionship. We denied him both! We saw a struggling soul go down in dumb agony, and we did not lift a hand to save him. A friendly greeting, a hearty handshake, a word of neighborly interest would have been to this man as 'cold water in a thirsty land.' But we did not give them. He asked us for bread, and we gave him a stone.

"I asked him if he was afraid to die. No, he said, he didn't think God would be as hard on him as his fellow men had been. I think he was right.

"He said, 'If there had only been somebody that I could a told it would have been different—but there wasn't anybody.' It was the pitiful cry two thousand years old—'I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.' Oh, brethren, brethren, may God forgive us!"

The old man had been speaking in an impassioned tone. He stopped suddenly. Then there being nothing more to say, he raised his hands in benediction, repeating with gentle emphasis, which might have passed for irony but was probably only force of habit:

"And now may the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus, our Lord! Amen!"

Ma' Eliza had been playing beside the grave, sticking her alder bush into the soft mold and then pulling it out again to find a better place. As she felt the tug of her mother's hand, she stuck it in firmly, and said—her sweet, childish treble smiting the stillness, "I divved my f'owers to Zebbie!"

Mrs. Reno caught her to her arms with a sob, and laid her branch beside it. The act was infectious. As by one impulse, the women came and cast their flowers upon the mound, with gentle hands and falling tears. And when the procession moved from the cemetery, Zeb Holt's grave was a mass of snowy, fragrant blossoms.

But the man was dead!

NIKOLA TESLA, THE ELECTRICIAN.

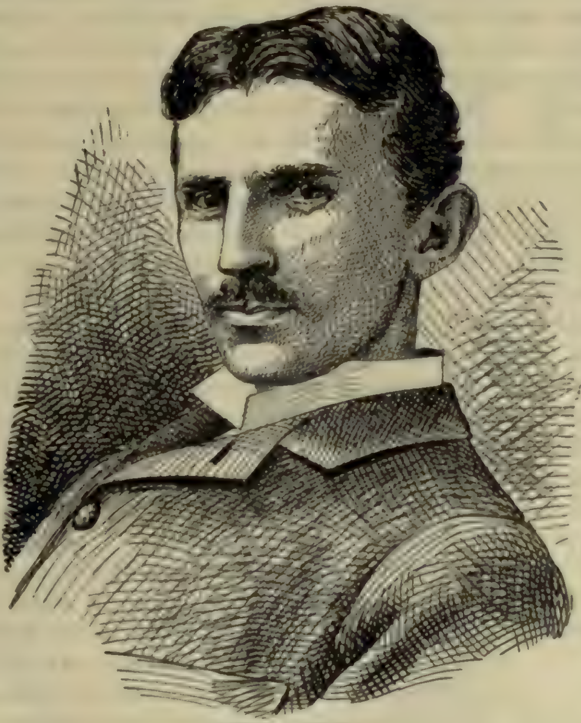
BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE republic has the property of a magnet; it attracts iron characters. New York is the intellectual and commercial center of the country and the magnetic "field of force" is most intense in our greatest city. It has been said by many that, while the city attracts strong characters, it is not the best place for the higher intellectual life. The student and thinker should seek the calm of sleepy, academic towns "far from the madding crowd." These forget that modern life makes it possible to have the deepest seclusion and space for high thinking in the very focus of the city. Eternal calm is not the only desirable thing. Friction, attrition, even heavy grinding are as essential to the intellectual life as to cut glass.

It is, therefore, not surprising to find to-day one of the few great students of our times, a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, drawn from the far East of Europe to our chief city. In the turmoil of the dry-goods district he has set up his workshop, and by his presence added new fame to Broadway. Just as Ericsson lived and worked in New York, far from his native fiords, so to-day Nikola Tesla works in his Houston Street laboratory, far from the mountain home of his ancient Serbian race.

In Smiljan Lika, Austria-Hungary, there has long lived an old and respected family. One branch of this family had born to them in 1857 a son. The father was a clergyman in the Greek Church, the mother apparently a Connecticut Yankee astray in another race. She was not only a good house-mother, but she had the precious gift of handiness, and was a designer and maker of those ancient tools the loom and churn. It is small wonder that the son of such parents should have at once the mechanic and the prophetic mind.

The boy Nikola attended the public school at Gospich. At the end of three years he graduated to the *Real Schule*. At the end of three more years he advanced to the higher *Real Schule* at Carstatt, Croatia, graduating in 1873. It is curious to note that it was here the youthful Nikola first saw a locomotive. Naturally the father hoped the son's education would lead him to the church, but the boy's bent of mind was too pronounced to long admit of such expectations. He seemed plainly destined for a professor of physics, and joined the Polytechnic School at Gratz. This too proved a blind guess at the young man's future. In the lecture-room there was soon mental rebellion. In vain the professor demonstrated the impossible. The student denied the impossible. Curiously, the subject under discussion was a Gramme dynamo, requiring, as was clearly demonstrated, commutators or brushes. The student imagined a dynamo without brushes. Imagination is the mother of invention. The youth clearly had an inventive mind. He could see the impossibilities of other minds quite possible in his own. Teaching was not for such a student. After one year at the Polytechnic he began the study of engineering. On graduation he, with a broad grasp of the great world-sciences, saw that he must be a linguist, and mastered several languages that he might be unhampered by locality. His feet turned westward. Prague and Budapest were but way-stations in his progress. He served as assistant engineer in the government telegraph engineering department and began at once to suggest improvements on the practical side of the science. The field was too small. He must go farther, was soon in Paris, where he secured employment in an electric light company.



NIKOLA TESLA.

Here he seemed to catch the wider air of another land. He met Americans who told him of the greater chances of a newer civilization. He was already a dreamer of dreams scientific. Where could dreams be so quickly realized as in America? Without hesitation he sailed at once for New York and went on the day he landed to the laboratory of Edison. Mind sought mind. Smiljan, Prague, Paris, Orange, New Jersey, marked the progress to the West. Here was room and space enough to work—to realize dreams, to prove the impossible to be real and practical. Naturally, with an original mind there must be special methods, peculiar environment, and in time the young Tesla sought, in the heart of roaring Broadway, the seclusion and calm of his own laboratory, where he might work out in his own way his own ideas. The experience in the Edison laboratory was invaluable, but it was an experience and not an end.

Almost immediately in his new workshop Tesla brought with infinite diligence some of his ideas to practical commercial results. He had come to the right place. Business and capital are the handmaids of invention. It is wise to dream in their neighborhood. Now began the real life of an original mind exploring the higher ranges of the most difficult and least known science in the world. Under his eye the dim horizon of the unknowable began to retreat, in his workshop a light that was never seen on sea or land flared up in purple fires—the flames of the cosmos, the very pulse-beats of the planet made visible in almost unearthly fire.

It is one of the perplexities of science that the schoolmasters have fenced the field into town lots of knowledge, while there is clearly to-day one great science of the universe. For the common mind it is enough to master a corner lot of knowledge. For greater minds mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, physics are only branches of knowledge, and the student must possess all. To be a great electrician you must be mechanic, engineer, chemist, steamfitter, gas-man, lineman—everything, and be good in every trade. To be an inventor and discoverer means to add to all knowledge patience, diligence, and imagination—and the greatest of these is imagination. This universal knowledge, this imagination, appear to be the chief characteristics of the student workman Nikola Tesla. It is their rare combination and the remarkable results that have come from his labors that have attracted the attention of the scientific world and made the Houston Street workshop famous.

There was printed three years ago a book* of five hundred pages cataloguing Mr. Tesla's inventions and discoveries up to 1874. A single invention would have been regarded as sufficient for the fame of a lifetime, and yet since the publication of that immense list of work accomplished Mr. Tesla has gone on perfecting and completing work already done and invading new fields of science. To the average reader this catalogue of Mr. Tesla's work is simply unintelligible, because the science of electricity has been compelled to coin new terms to express new knowledge. "Polyphase currents," "rotating magnetic fields," "currents of high frequency and high potential" are terms employed to express in part some of Mr. Tesla's work, and yet it is almost impossible to make them clear without a new language.

Broadly stated, Mr. Tesla's inventions are improvements in the making of dynamos, the reduction of the cost of producing and conveying electricity. His most remarkable researches have been in that new field of electrical study made possible by his own inventions. He creates electrical conditions unknown before, and under these new conditions exhibits nature in wholly new and unexpected aspects. Producing by new appliances new forms of electrical manifestations, he proves that under new conditions new phenomena appear. Some of these phenomena are so strange that they appear unreal, unearthly. Light that is cold, white, harmless, flames that do not burn, innocent lightnings suggest the magical art, yet they are simply workshop experiments that may some day be household conveniences.

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* Inventions, Researches and Writings of Nikola Tesla. Martin. New York: The Electrical Engineer.

The most striking application of his ideas to practical work upon a large scale is shown at Niagara. Here was designed to be the greatest utilization of natural power ever attempted. It was proposed to harness the power of the falls and to convey the power to a distance by means of electricity. Familiar plans and appliances were suggested. Mr. Tesla proposed new plans, new methods, and declared that new results could be obtained. His advice was taken and the actual utilization of the power of Niagara in the streets of Buffalo is to-day a monument to his prophetic insight. The most interesting single invention brought out by Mr. Tesla is, perhaps, his mechanical and electrical oscillator. This prime mover or motor is in line with modern science, because it seeks to reduce the steam-engine to the last simplicity, to reduce the number of its parts, to reduce its cost of construction and maintenance, and to increase its value as a prime mover used to produce electricity. It is a steam-engine joined to a dynamo, but free from all belts, gearing, or other mechanical transformer of power. It is direct acting, its own piston-rod bearing the armature of the dynamo. Its invention and application show its inventor to have combined the mind of a Watt and a Franklin with the highest skill of the steam-engine builder.

This most important invention is still the subject of study. Its perfected form may or may not be reached. It is potential of great things, because it has already opened a new field in electrical research, already suggested whole districts of work and study in which other able men are already busy.

Civilization is to-day based on power. The continued progress of the race demands cheap and abundant power. The very front and aspect of all our cities are being changed because cheap power has come into our streets. If people can be conveyed quickly and cheaply their houses will be farther apart, gardens and parks will grow, tenements will be deserted for cottages, flats for homes. Manufactures, commerce, governments, armies, and navies are everywhere seeking power. Human strength and labor and the labor of animals are daily freed from heavy toil because power can be conveyed by a wire. Power cheapens living and makes life easier. It is better than charity because it reduces the struggle for existence. The true helper of the race is the man of science who shows us how to produce and convey power cheaply. True science seeks to utilize power as found in nature for the benefit of humanity. All science is for the uplifting of men and women.

These simple statements are doubly interesting because they express Nikola Tesla's own thoughts upon science. He said much of this in other words in a notable speech at a banquet in Buffalo given to celebrate the conveyance of power from Niagara to Buffalo. Tesla is not alone a plodding workman. He is a dreamer of wise dreams, a poet, and a humanitarian, working with new tools for the benefit of all. He is a man who wonders at the folly of men who invent guns when they might invent tools. His spirit is naturally hopeful. He looks forward to new things, to improved science that shall work to uplift the common lot of man. He looks not so much at the world as at the universe. He finds power in the waterfall, and at the same time looks forward to a time when we may, perhaps, tap the unseen forces of the planets and use the cosmic energy that swings the stars in their courses. He looks to a time when power shall be so cheap, so universal, that all labor shall be done by tireless machines and every man's life be thus so much more worth living.

Born in Eastern Europe, it is interesting to observe that Tesla's speeches and writings are examples of clear and vigorous English. He can explain in the purest technical language his inventions to the understanding of men of science, and yet speak to plain folks in English that is simple, direct, and touched with a Shakespearian flavor, as if he had gone to the right source for his models. His first important paper was read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in New York in May, 1888. Since then he has spoken before learned bodies in England and in France and several times in this country. Everywhere he has been received with the highest honors, everywhere listened to with profound attention. To show the spirit of the man we may quote two paragraphs from a lecture delivered before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, England, in February, 1892. They also happily illustrate the man's use of a language not his mother tongue. Speaking of Crookes and his experiments and writings, he says:

> When I was at college, a good while ago, I read in a translation (for then I was not familiar with your magnificent language), the description of his experiments on radiant matter. I read it only once in my life—that time—yet every detail about that charming work I can remember to this day. Few are the books, let me say, which can make such an impression upon the mind of a student.

In the same lecture he says:

> We observe how the energy of an alternating current traversing the wire manifests itself—not so much on the wire as in the surrounding space—in the most surprising manner, taking the forms of heat, light, mechanical energy, and, most surprising of all, even chemical affinity. All these observations fascinate us, and fill us with an intense desire to know more of these phenomena. Each day we go to our work in the hope of discovering—in the hope that some one, no matter who, may find a solution of one of the great pending problems; and each succeeding day we return to our task with renewed ardor. And even if we are unsuccessful our work has not been in vain: in these efforts we have found hours of untold pleasure, and we have directed our energies to the benefit of mankind.

It is one of the essentials of modern scientific research and invention that there be uninterrupted seclusion. Mr. Tesla is at work. His workshop is therefore sacred to work, and few people have visited or can visit it. He is at work. It is enough for us to wait until the master workman comes forth in his own time and in his own way tells us what he is doing. It is enough that he is at work not alone for himself and for those who may buy and sell his inventions, but for "the benefit of mankind." He has been thought to be a dreamer, because no stream of practical, every-day, selling "notions" flows from his shop. Yet what he has done has modified much that is done in this special field of work. His position is that of a leader, an inspirer, the guide blazing a new path through the forest, leading toward undiscovered countries of knowledge. It is fortunate for us he is here in our own time and country, if for nothing more than the inspiration of his presence, the example for all our young people. He is at home now. He is an American in the best sense, working here because this is the grandest place in the world to do grand work. The roar of Broadway that jars the windows of his shop cannot disturb its calm, and yet this very nearness to the active life of a great city is of itself a help and inspiration to work. He is still a young man, of tireless energy and exhaustless patience. Wonders have already come from his hand and mind, greater things may yet be near. At present we can simply wait, knowing that such minds never labor long in vain.

CUBA, SPAIN, AND THE UNITED STATES.*

BY CHARLES BENOIST.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

WHEN one looks at a map, the geographical relations of the United States and Cuba appear evident and necessary. The island is thrown in the form of a brace between the extreme points of Florida and Yucatan. It is like the principal arch of the bridge which connects North America with Central and South America. Only a strait hinders it from resting its cape of San Antonio upon the continent. Not far from there ends Texas, an ancient Spanish province, since 1845 one of the states of the Union. Thus geographically the island of Cuba is found within the sphere of attraction of the United

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*This article being written by a Frenchman, presents the Cuban question from the French standpoint, which is not, of course, the view that would be taken by an American.—EDITOR THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

States, the sphere of an attraction which enlarges in proportion as the mass increases.

There was a time when the United States and Spain touched each other upon a long frontier. Then Spain was still a great American power, the greatest of all, and the United States was springing up as an American power of the first order. As they met face to face it was necessary to fix their positions, and it was for this that the treaty signed at Escorial, October 27, 1795, was intended to provide.

Of the twenty-three articles of which this treaty is composed, there is at least one, Article 7, which after a century retains all its force and all its vigor. The Spaniards to-day do not cite it without indignation. "Of such a thing," they say, "there is no known example in diplomatic history; such a clause could have come only from the strange, prodigious, monstrous imagination of the statesman Godoy." This treaty, and in particular Article 7, governs the relations of Spain with the United States in Cuba, because it stipulates for the Spaniards in the United States, as for the Americans in the Spanish colonies, that the two powers shall not resort to extraordinary tribunals in that which concerns the punishable acts of their subjects or citizens. But according to M. Señor del Castillo, the treaty turns altogether to the advantage of the United States, because that country is in a position to use it infinitely more than Spain.

With this Article 7 of the treaty of 1795 there is connected the not less famous and not less execrated protocol of 1877, which defines precisely the rights and privileges of American citizens in Spain, in the adjacent islands, and in the possessions beyond the seas. Negotiated in the thick of the Cuban war, it was aimed especially at Cuba, Cuban affairs, and the part which American citizens were taking and are almost fated to take there.

Upon that point it is clear and plain. Accused of sedition, infidelity, or of plotting against the established order, public security, the integrity of the territory, or the supreme government, or of any other crime whatever, no American citizen can be submitted to any extraordinary tribunal unless he is arrested with arms in hand. If one wishes to conspire almost at ease, in security, and with relative impunity, there are only two precautions to be observed: the first is to acquire American naturalization, the second to avoid personally carrying arms. When Spanish authority comes forward, if it dares to do so, the man will appease it by putting under its eyes a paper bearing the stamp of the United States, which is equivalent to saying, "I am a Roman citizen."

Spain has the misfortune that Cuba is too near the United States, very much too near the center of its sphere of attraction. It is known that the Americans of the North are, as by an express gift, wise and far-seeing geographers and physicists. It was not yesterday, it was in 1823 that Mr. Adams, then secretary of state, wrote:

> There are laws of political gravitation as well as of physical gravitation, and if an apple detached by the tempest from the tree which produced it cannot but fall to the ground, by virtue of the law of gravity, thus Cuba, separated by force from its own connection with Spain, and incapable of maintaining itself alone, cannot but gravitate toward the North American Union, which, following the same law of nature, cannot cast off its own.

But if there are persons who wait with more or less patience, there are also those who wish to advance; if there are those who content themselves with not taking their eyes from the apple and not suffering that a passer-by pick it, there are those in a greater hurry, who are not afraid to shake the apple-tree. The United States is not lacking in men who are in a hurry, and some of them are found in Congress. The executive power, diplomacy, checks and restrains them as much as it can, not because the fruit seems despicable to it, but because it knows better the inconveniences of a too sudden movement in a matter of international relations. And from this arise two courses, two parties, almost two policies toward Spain on the subject of Cuba: a popular policy and an official policy; a policy according to rules and forms, and a policy outside of rules and forms, a side policy; the policy of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney, correct, reserved, legal, responsible, and a policy compromising, invading, illegal, irresponsible, after the manner of Cecil Rhodes or Jameson.

These two policies do not date from yesterday. They were distinguished from the first moment that the United States perceived that Cuba was only a half-day's journey from Florida. From the commencement of this century many arms have been lifted and extended to shake the tree, many mouths have blown to swell the tempest. When free-masonry was imported into Cuba whence did it come? From the United States, from Philadelphia. What object did it propose, hardly keeping silent in regard to it? The independence of the Americas; understand, their independence of every European nation.

But free-masonry only prepared the way, and soon came insurrections, expeditions, sudden attacks. Where was their starting point and their source of support? Where did the rebels have their arsenal, their base of operations, their place of refuge? Where did they find men, arms, money? In the United States. When was there serious talk of rescuing Cuba and who talked about it? This or that American general, inflamed by the success of the Mexican campaign in 1846 and desirous of employing on their return the ardor of his regiments of volunteers. When a deserter from the Spanish Army, Major-General Don Narciso Lopez, presented himself in May, 1850, before the village of Cardenas at the head of a small troop, of what was this troop composed? In great part of Americans. And when the enterprise had miscarried, to what place did he withdraw? To American territory, to Key West.

Narciso Lopez came back to the charge in 1851. During the year that had rolled by, printed sheets, pamphlets, and newspapers had been scattered in profusion among the Cuban population. Where had they been printed? In the United States. For this second expedition as for the first, whence had Lopez drawn his men, arms, and money? From the United States, and especially from New York and New Orleans. The steamer that had carried him had passed at once for a ship of the American war-marine.

Defeated at the battle of Las Pozas, Lopez was obliged to flee, and of his five hundred extemporized soldiers not one succeeded in escaping. Fifty of them, arrested while they were attempting to escape upon the launches, were American citizens—young men, some of whom belonged to the best families. They were executed on the 15th of August and Lopez was shot two weeks later.

Public opinion in the United States was excessively excited. In a few days the American general Houston raised a new expedition of five thousand men, which did not set out at all, because in the interim the tragic end of Lopez and his companions was learned. The United States government instituted an inquiry, but finally the president resigned himself to the clemency of Queen Isabella for those prisoners whose lives had been spared. The queen pardoned them, and of Lopez' five hundred partisans one hundred and seventy-six returned to their country. But henceforth there was blood between the United States and Spain, American blood shed in Cuba and for Cuba by the Spaniards.

From New York the Cuban Revolutionary Junta pushed its work ably and early. Another expedition was planned under the North American general Quitman. Quitman, well furnished with resources by abundant subscriptions, watched the preparations and did not neglect to keep up among the Cubans themselves discords and disturbances which must profit him. But just when the plot was ready to explode it was betrayed, and the two Cubans most compromised paid for their imprudence and the treason of the betrayer with their lives. Quitman, warned in time that his project was discovered, did not present himself at all.

It is not intended to go over bit by bit the history of the conspiracies of Cuba. All that is necessary to say is that for a half century the island has many times attempted to overthrow Spanish domination, and every place and every time the raised arm of the Cubans has been visibly or invisibly sustained by some American hand.

The federal government has not neglected to do what it could. It prevented the troops returning from Mexico from attempting a descent into the island, it allowed the hard justice of war to take its course in the case of the companions of Lopez, it disbanded Quitman's expedition, it settled amicably the incident of the *Virginius*, it has recently placed its veto upon the too inconsiderate motions by which the popular policy came to light in Congress, it gave orders to the *Laurada* not to make a voyage to Valencia, which would pass in Spain for a provocation, it summoned before the courts the commander of the *Three Friends* and those who fitted out the vessel, it has submitted to an apparently severe surveillance vessels suspected of filibustering. The laws hardly permit it to go farther.

But because this official policy observes the rules and forms, because it is more discreet than the other, it does not follow in any degree that the government of the United States has no Cuban policy at all. It has one assuredly, one which, less blustering in its manifestations, less violent in its acts, is not less firm in its purposes nor less persevering in its measures. But, as for seventy years the popular policy has dreamed of seizing, for seventy years also the official policy has dreamed of purchasing the island.

Up to 1848 the plan carried out embraced two lines of conduct: (1) to manage that Cuba should remain in possession of Spain and not pass under control of any other European power until the opportune moment for the United States should arrive, and (2) to try by an adroit turn of the thumb to gain a revolution of the hand on the mysterious dial of destiny. Not to hurry matters, but not to give any pledges; not to favor in the New World, then in eruption, revolutions against Spain, but to give warning that if conflagration seized upon Cuba and Porto Rico, their fortune was so intimately allied with the prosperity of the United States that that country could not remain an indifferent spectator.

The estimate placed upon the value of the island has varied at different periods. In 1823 it was reckoned at one and a half million dollars, in 1837, at nine million, and in 1844 at ten million. The first real attempt to purchase the island was made in 1848, when Mr. Buchanan was secretary of state. The United States government empowered Mr. Saunders to undertake this delicate mission, and authorized him to pay one hundred million dollars if necessary, but to make the best bargain possible. Mr. Saunders proceeded very cautiously and became convinced that the best policy for the United States would be to drop the matter for a time; but when he suggested this to his government he received an imperative order to continue the negotiations. The result was that the Castilian spirit was aroused, and the Spanish minister of state, M. Pidal, exclaimed: "I will hear nothing about it; rather let Cuba be lost in the ocean! rather let a wave run up and engulf it than that we should yield the island to another power!"

The federal government consoled itself for its disappointment and was not disconcerted. For several years it temporized, restraining its too zealous agents, saying to them, "Wait, the fruit is not yet ripe"; trying to make believe that if it had proposed to buy Cuba there had been no great desire that Spain should accept—simply a desire to talk.

Nevertheless when Mr. Soulé came to occupy the post of minister of the United States at Madrid, in September, 1853, behind his insinuations there was a round sum of two hundred million dollars. But Mr. Soulé was not the man suited to a negotiation demanding so much flexibility and tact, and he was especially unpopular with the Spaniards because of previous radical utterances upon the Cuban question. He could accomplish nothing, and as the United States was unwilling to carry out his idea that Spain should be forcibly compelled to give up Cuba if she would not sell it peaceably, he resigned his commission.

This was the second minister that the persevering desire to purchase Cuba had cost the American Union—a desire as intense and more intense to-day, in spite of everything, than it was when avowed for the first time, for in his message of December 7, 1896, Mr. Cleveland suggested the same idea.

Thus from 1815 or 1820 to 1897, the United States has invariably followed toward Spain, on the subject of Cuba, this policy or these two policies: an official policy, correct, reserved, not passing as its extreme point a proposition to purchase, and a popular policy, impulsive, unrestrained, which runs easily into errors and excesses, which, in judicial forms or not, by a war just or not, would voluntarily rush to arms and without scruples put the most brutal force at the service of its desires.

Thanks to the Spanish government and nation as to the calm and stable party of the American nation, the worst evils, the supreme peril have up to this time been able to be avoided. The passing of the 4th of March, which it had been said would be the Cape of Tempests for the Spanish minister, was accomplished without accident. And in Spain this redoubtable cape, finally doubled, has been renamed and already saluted as the Cape of Good Hope.

The last word of Mr. Cleveland was "peace"; the first word of Mr. McKinley was "peace." On entering the White House he espoused the circumspect and correct official policy. He became not so much a new president as the successor, inheritor, and continuator of a long series of presidents. Suddenly tradition bound him down and he became a link of the chain.

The reason the difficulties in regard to Cuba, which have not been made worse by the arrival of Mr. McKinley at the head of affairs, have not been and will not be resolved, is that between the United States and Spain there is too great a misunderstanding, or rather a fundamental misunderstanding, which confuses everything. The United States for as much as a century has wished to demonstrate to Spain that she would make an excellent bargain by yielding up Cuba. Perhaps that is the truth, but the one thing that Spain cannot understand, that can never enter into a Spanish head or heart, is to make of Cuba—representing to Spain what the island represents, and saturated as it is with Spanish blood—to make of Cuba a matter of bargaining. Inversely, Spain deceives herself in imagining that by heroism and sacrifices she will make the United States forget that Cuba is only five or six hours distant from Florida.

There exists another misunderstanding between the United States and the Cuban insurrection. The United States would make a mistake to believe that the ideal of the Cuban rebels is to be annexed to the Union. Their ideal is a republic after the fashion of Hayti. But in return the Cubans would do wrong to flatter themselves that the United States would allow them to form definitely a republic like Hayti without thought of some day absorbing it into the Union.

These are the illusions, these are the causes of the quarrel, and they will long remain so; and it might come to pass that the New World would have in the Cuban controversy its eastern question.

A CLUB OF MILLIONAIRE FARMERS.

BY FOSTER COATES.

NEW YORK is a city of clubs. All sorts and conditions flourish luxuriantly. There are clubs for men of wealth, clubs for poor men, clubs for rich men, and clubs for women. Scores of them you have never heard of. Everybody, of course, knows of the Union League Club and the Manhattan Club, because their membership represents the two great political parties. The Union League is Republican, and every Republican of commanding importance in the city is on its roster. Its home is a gorgeous and roomy building on Fifth Avenue, filled with rare tomes, valuable bric-a-brac, and masterpieces of painting. The Manhattan Club is to the Democratic party what the Union League is to the Republicans. Its home is no less pretentious than that of its rival. It is the splendid marble edifice built by A. T. Stewart, for his private residence, at the time when he was indeed America's merchant prince, and his name familiar in the markets of the world—of Great Britain, France, Germany, India, China, Japan, and far-off Asia—as it was in his own country. It is a magnificent structure, and when it was erected dazed New Yorkers, for Stewart was the leader in what may be properly called the Renaissance of Sybaritic living.

The Century Club is famous for a membership learned in the arts, the sciences, and the professions. The Lotos Club is the leader in entertainments and Bohemianism that is not crude or vulgar. The Metropolitan is the only club in the city where every member is at least a millionaire, and many members have so many millions that they could not themselves tell with any certainty just how rich they are. The Quaint Club is made up of good fellows who dine monthly at the best hotel in town. The Press Club, as its name implies, is an organization of journalists. The Calumet Club is the home of the gilded youth. The Union Club is as exclusive as the Knickerbocker, and both represent the very flower of wealth, fashion, and family. There is a tradition that no member of either of these clubs has ever soiled his hands by work. The Yacht Club and the Jockey Club suggest a membership of wealth, leisure, and sportsmanlike proclivities. The Lamb's Club and the Player's Club are the homes of actors. The Quill Club is made up of ministers and church workers. The Engineer's Club, the Electric Club, the Coaching Club, the Tandem Club, the various athletic clubs, and the clubs formed by men representing every trade and profession would make the list too long for this paper. They all have their uses, and their reason for existence.

But who ever heard of the Farmer's Club of New York City? It boasts of only sixty members, yet it is the most exclusive and at the same time the most unique organization to be found on this continent. In its membership only the ministry is neglected. All professions and businesses of the city in one way or another have a spokesman in those who have joined its ranks. In point of social prominence the very best men in New York are included in it. So far as wealth is concerned there is enough money represented to pay off the national debt. For ability, clear-sightedness, rare judgment, skill in manipulation, and the ability to push things along, these sixty men may be equaled, perhaps, in some other parts of the world, but this is doubtful. I am quite sure you will like to know who they are, so I print herewith their names. It is a list worth studying.

Daniel F. Appleton,
George F. Baker,
John S. Barnes,
C. C. Beaman,
Frederic Bronson,
George H. Brown,
James A. Burden,
Le Grand B. Cannon,
A. J. Cassatt,
Prof. Charles F. Chandler,
Joseph H. Choate,
W. Bayard Cutting,
Charles A. Dana,
Chauncey M. Depew,
Cleveland H. Dodge,
C. F. Dietrich,
Charles Fairchild,
Theodore A. Havemeyer,
Richard Somers Hayes,
Henry E. Howland,
S. S. Howland,
G. G. Haven,
Adrian Islein,
Adrian Islein, Jr.
William E. Islein,
F. B. Jennings,
Charles Lanier,
James Lawrence,
Johnston Livingston,
J. G. McCullough,
J. Pierpont Morgan,
Levi P. Morton,
Gilman S. Moulton,
George B. Post,
William Rockefeller,
Whitelaw Reid,
Reginald W. Rives,
F. Augustus Schermerhorn,
Samuel Sloan,
W. D. Sloane,
John Sloane,
James Stillman,
Thomas Sturgiss,
F. K. Sturgiss,
Rutherford Stuyvesant,
Walter L. Suydam,
Henry A. C. Taylor,
Jonathan Thorne,
Samuel Thorne,
Oakleigh Thorne,
H. McK. Twombly,
Francis Underhill,
Cornelius Vanderbilt,
William K. Vanderbilt,
Herbert Wadsworth,
W. Austin Wadsworth,
John Hobart Warren,
W. Seward Webb,
John D. Wing,
James T. Woodward.

It will interest you further to know that the club has been in existence since 1882. Its president is Frederic Bronson, its secretary Thomas Sturgiss. It has no club-house of its own, for it needs none. Each of its members belongs to at least half a dozen other clubs, and could obtain the use of such rooms as might be desired for its monthly meetings. But it has come to be the settled thing for these rural New Yorkers, who plow in Wall Street and sow and reap on Broadway, to meet at the Metropolitan Club, or, as it is more familiarly known, the Millionaire's Club. This is the gorgeous white marble building at the Fifty-ninth Street gateway to Central Park, and here the farmers, over the dinner table, talk learnedly of the earth and the fulness thereof. They are farmers in dress coats, and instead of the plain fare that is associated with rural life there are rich soups, dainty *pâtés*, canvas-back ducks, and terrapin. There is no suggestion of the New England "boiled dinner." It is a feast fit for Lucullus. There is no apple cider, no milk, and no long draught from an old oaken bucket. But there is rare Chambertin and sparkling champagne. There is no after-dinner pipe in the kitchen or on the veranda, but instead the daintiest cigars that money can buy.

Then when the smoke curls around the chandeliers the farmers are at their best. Although they are skilled in speculation, leaders in law, in medicine, and in the professions, they take up the problems of the farm and discuss learnedly topics of the most vital interest to the husbandman. You may readily guess that these farmers have more than a superficial knowledge of the cultivation of land, when I select at random for your observance some of the matters which they have discussed. The plan is to adopt a series of topics for use during the season, then each member studies up the subject and primes himself for the fateful evening. No record is kept of the discussions, and that is to be regretted, for they would be of great value. Every member of the club is a practical as well as a theoretical farmer. Not one of them has less than a hundred thousand dollars invested in his farm and many of them have from three to five times that sum. So they talk of "Sorghum," "Butter," "Tree Culture and Forestry," "Fish Culture," "Sub-soil Drainage," "Fertilizers," "Rotation of Crops," "The Feeding of Cattle," "Farm Structures and Fences," "Landscape Gardening," "Horseshoeing," "Training Colts," "Farmers' Profits," "The Pig," "The Sugar Beet," "Renovating Pastures," "The Manufacture of Cider," and so on through a long list, touching upon every topic of interest, from country highways to the trotting horse, from the culture of the chrysanthemum to the growing of gooseberries.

That the meetings are interesting and profitable there can be no doubt. It is not hard to imagine the interest that Chauncey M. Depew would find in discussing "Sub-soil Drainage." There is no livelier wit in the city than Joseph H. Choate, and he would invest with peculiar interest his contribution to "The Feeding and Breeding of Swine." J. Pierpont Morgan, famous as the strong man in the world of finance, might be expected to do himself proud in what he said of "The Manufacture of Cider." Charles A. Dana, great as an editor, would bring tears to the eyes of his hearers in eloquently portraying "The Growth of the Mushroom."

Yet it would be strange, if after all, these farmers who have helped to build up the big city and develop its resources should not know a great deal about the cultivation of the soil. Look over the list of names. The fortunes that have come to these men came originally from the soil. Some of them were farmer's lads themselves. They have not always been rich and powerful. The first of the Vanderbilts was a successful garden-truck farmer on Staten Island. Depew came from the country district of Peekskill. Whitelaw Reid was a lad on an Ohio farm. Levi P. Morton has always been proud of the fact that he was a farmer and came from a family of farmers, although he has been eminent in the domain of finance and politics. William Rockefeller, before he opened Pandora's box and found there almost untold wealth, was a boy on a western farm. Samuel Sloan came from the country. The Wadsworths have always been gentlemen farmers. So it goes. From the country came these young men to the bustling city, seeking opportunities that come readily to men of brains and brawn. With the amplest fortunes they return, as is proper, to pay their tribute to mother earth.

Their farms are scattered at different points of the compass. They are manned by skilled help, have most improved machinery, and even though their product costs more than its weight in gold the experiments are not in vain.

Some of these gentlemen farmers send their fine fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs into the cities, where they bring fancy prices. Dr. Webb, for example, sends fine strawberries and lettuce to the New York market. Levi P. Morton sends gilt-edge butter at one dollar a pound. H. McK. Twombly has a milk route. Indeed nearly every one of the farmers sends some specialty to the markets.

Once when Henry Ward Beecher, who was a gentleman farmer on a large and ruinous scale, had some friends to dine with him at his country place on the Hudson, he offered his guests the choice of milk or champagne. "If you want to drink something that is really expensive, I beg that you will take this milk," he said, "and let the champagne go." "We estimate that this milk costs five dollars a quart, while champagne costs only three dollars. Every strawberry, every bean, every potato is worth its weight in gold."

But where do these farmers farm? The Appleton farm is in the Berkshire Hills. Appleton is at the head of the great publishing house and his farm is one of the show places in that picturesque portion of Massachusetts. C. C. Beaman is a great lawyer, but hardly so successful as a tiller of the soil. He owns a magnificent farm at the headwaters of the Connecticut River, in Vermont. His prize cattle are well known to breeders. Frederic Bronson has a splendid horse and stock-farm near Southport, Conn. It is called "Verna." He is a man of large wealth and his farm is a model in its way. He is a breeder of fine horses and is an excellent whip as well. He is the most prominent member of the Coaching Club. James Abercrombie Burden has a large estate near Troy, his native city. His place is called "Woodside." Le Grand B. Cannon has a farm at Burlington, Vt. He is a native of that state.

A. J. Cassatt has a stock-farm near Germantown, Pa. He is at the head of the Philadelphia Coaching Club. He is a prominent figure at all the horse shows, and belongs to the very swellest set. Professor Chandler has a fine farm in Westchester County, N. Y. Joseph H. Choate's farm is at Lenox, Mass., and a model place it is too. W. Bayard Cutting has a large estate and farm called "Westbrook" at Oakdale, L. I. He recently purchased Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's house for $300,000. Charles A. Dana has cultivated an island near Glen Cove, L. I. He is a student of forestry and has on his farm specimens of trees from nearly all of the countries on the globe. He is also skilled as a grower of mushrooms. Chauncey M. Depew has a large place at Peekskill, N. Y. Cleveland H. Dodge has a farm at Fairfield, Conn. He also has another at Riverdale, L. I. Charles S. Fairchild, ex-secretary of the treasury, has a farm at Cazenovia, N. Y., called "Lorenzo." He is very successful, too.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, head of the great sugar trust, has a farm a short distance from Tuxedo, N. J. It is regarded by the members of the Coaching Club as a "half-way house" during the annual drive from New York to Tuxedo. He has some fine horses, expensive and extensive barns, and a fine house. His farm is his chief hobby. He is the father of Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., of C. F. Havemeyer, and of Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, Jr. He is a brother of H. O. Havemeyer, whose name is also great in the realm of speculation and finance.

Mr. Hayes has a farm at Millbrook, N. Y. Judge H. E. Howland has a country place, hardly a farm, at South Hampton, L. I. S. S. Howland, who married the sister of August, Perry, and O. H. P. Belmont, has a farm at Mt. Morris, N. Y., near the Wadsworth estate. It is called "Belwood," and is the home of the famous Belwood stud. He is one of the prominent members of the Chevy Chase at Washington. Adrian Islein has a very large establishment at Westchester, N. Y. F. B. Jennings, the lawyer, is a farmer at Fairfield, Conn. He has also a farm at West Bennington, Vt. Charles Lanier, treasurer of the defunct Patriarchs, has a farm at Lenox, Mass., called "Allen Winden." James Lawrence is a farmer at Graton, Mass. Johnston Livingston, father of the Marquis de Lanquier Villars, has a large farm at Hyde Park, N. Y. It is an ancestral estate. William McCullough is a farmer in Vermont, at North Bennington.

J. Pierpont Morgan has a large farm in a high state of cultivation, near West Point. He has been raising a fine breed of collies, called the Morgan collies. They have won many prizes at the dog shows. His place is called "Cragstone." Mr. Moulton is a farmer at West Randolph, Vt. George Post has an extensive farm at Bernardsville, N. J., near the former home of J. Coleman Drayton. It is called "Claremont Farms." Whitelaw Reid, who married the sister of Ogden Mills, is the owner of the celebrated Optier Farm at Rye, N. Y. Mr. Rives has a fine farm called "Carnwath" at New Hamburg, N. Y. He is a member of the Coaching Club. Mr. Schermerhorn has a farm at Lenox.

Samuel Sloan has a farm at Garrison, N. Y., called "Onlagiskit." He has a large family prominent in society in New York. W. D. Sloane, who married the daughter of W. H. Vanderbilt, and John Sloane, his brother, have large estates at Lenox. James Stillman has a farm at Newport, called "Oaklawn," and another at Cornwall on the Hudson. H. A. C. Taylor, son of Moses Taylor, has a fine place at Newport. Jonathan Thorne has a farm at Black Rock, Conn. Samuel and Oakleigh Thorne have adjoining farms at Millbrook, N. Y., and are both expert gentlemen farmers. H. McK. Twombly, son-in-law of W. H. Vanderbilt, has a large farm at Madison, N. J. He has fine stables and greenhouses. F. Underhill, member of the Coaching Club, has a farm at Oyster Bay, L. I. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a Newport residence called "The Breakers" and a farm on the Hudson. William K. Vanderbilt has a farm at Oakdale, L. I.

Herbert Wadsworth has a farm and large estate at Avon, N. Y., ten miles south of Genesee, where Austin Wadsworth presides over the immense Wadsworth farm occupying the entire Genesee Valley at that point. The Wadsworth farm comprises thousands of acres. Mr. Warren has a farm at Hoosic Falls, N. Y., called "Atwood Farm." It is of large extent and is fully cultivated. W. Seward Webb, son-in-law of W. H. Vanderbilt, owns an immense farm in Vermont on Lake Champlain, called "Shelburne Farms." He is now a member of the Vermont Legislature and is addressed as colonel. He built the Adirondack Railroad and has proved himself an able financier. He is president of the Wagner Palace Car Company. He was a doctor in St. Luke's Hospital when he met Lila Osgood Vanderbilt. John D. Wing has a farm at Millbrook, N. Y.

Scores of other New Yorkers own farms that dot the hills and valleys of the most fertile regions of this and contiguous states. But they are not members of the most exclusive club in the land, and, even if it is only a club of "hayseeds," I think I have shown that it has claims to recognition not possessed by any other organization.

What the least of these places costs each year only a statistician like Mulhall could tell. Far be it from me to attempt an estimate. With improved machinery, stables of blooded horses, fine cattle, an army of men and women, dogs, sheep, chickens, etc., the total sum lost would seem appalling to the farmer who approaches the problem from the other point of view, and tries to make every plowshare pay for itself a dozen times over, and every acre of soil yield a full crop. But the experiments are interesting, and in the end will help the real farmers, who will benefit by what their more fortunate brothers have learned at great expense, and perhaps loss of pride as well.

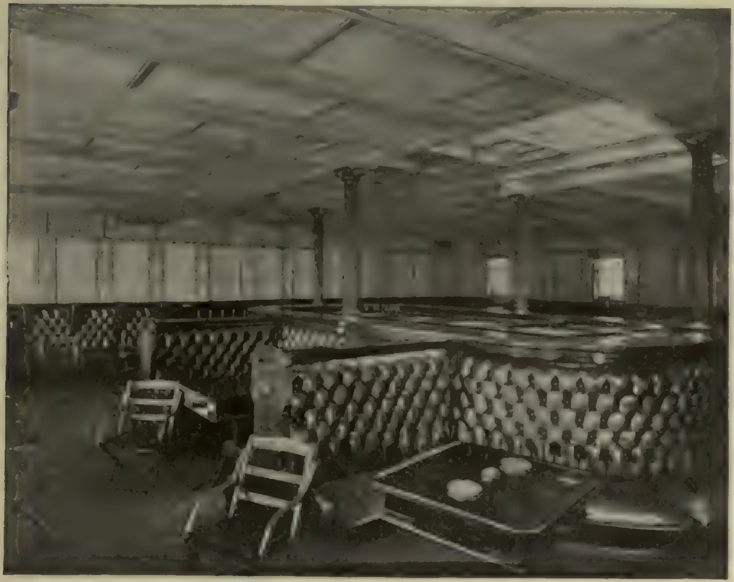
AT SEA ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY HENRY HALL.

IT is the almost universal testimony of those who from time to time leave our shores for a visit abroad, that no happiness falls to their lot greater than that which they experience upon finding themselves once more domiciled amid the old familiar scenes of home, and surrounded by the privileges, bustle, and vigor of American life. Nevertheless, it is the hope of every prosperous resident of the States that he may at some time enjoy a voyage to the Old World; and as a consequence the summer exodus to Europe grows larger every year. Thousands of Americans are at this moment preparing for their first excursion across the Atlantic, while others will go during the summer for the second, third, and perhaps even the tenth time, drawn upon this occasion by a desire to witness the pageants of the queen's jubilee year.

The author of a famous guide-book to the Maine woods advises all huntsmen who are preparing for a vacation in the forests to give themselves up, long in advance, to the pleasures of anticipation. This is good advice, for more reasons than one, and it is suggestive. Not only may the actual traveler to Europe prolong the pleasure of his trip by indulging in anticipation, but he who cannot go may share in the pleasure of the voyage by the same mental contemplation. It is the purpose of the present paper to afford this mental glimpse of a voyage to Europe, limiting the paper, however, merely to the experience of the traveler on shipboard.

LIEUT. EDWARD J. SMITH, R. N. R., COMMANDER OF THE "MAJESTIC," WHITE STAR LINE.



SMOKING-ROOM OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AND "ST. PAUL," AMERICAN LINE.

New York is not the only point of departure for Europe, but it is the principal one. From that port nearly thirty companies despatch steamers every month, some of them once a week, to European ports. The steamers of the American, Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd, White Star, French, Cunard, and other lines are monsters, and marvels of beauty and luxury.

The twin ships the *New York* and the *Paris*, of the popular American Line, are excellent examples of modern construction. Each is five hundred and twenty-five feet in length, on the water-line, and five hundred and sixty feet over all, or a little more than two and a half city blocks. Each is sixty-three and a fourth feet in width, with a molded depth of forty-two feet and a gross tonnage of ten thousand eight hundred. Ten boilers in each, containing over thirteen miles of tubing, supply the steam, and each vessel is driven by two engines of quadruple expansion type, working through six cylinders at a pressure of two hundred pounds, and developing about twenty thousand horse-power.

After the engines and the boilers have been placed in position, the services of about four thousand men are required for a year, before the vessel is fitted for sea. Plumbers, painters, electricians, cabinet-makers, decorators, and other artisans all play a part in the building of the ship.

A single element in the equipment consists of fifty small steam-engines, which are required for ventilation, refrigeration, hoisting, and functions demanding power. Safety is insured by a division of the hull into seventeen water-tight compartments. While the mechanical outfit is planned upon a stupendous scale, the arrangements for the entertainment of the traveler are no less carefully designed. A promenade is provided upon the deck of the steamer, clean as a boulevard, twice five hundred and fifty feet in length, upon which the tourists may either find wholesome exercise or lounge in comfortable extension chairs, while sheltered from the sun and rain. The dining hall, a special feature of these leviathans of the deep, extends almost entirely across the ship, the arched roofs, formed of cathedral glass, fifty-three feet high, with twenty-five feet in the span. Each steamer is supplied with powerful electric search-lights, and with a view to possible employment as an armed cruiser is framed to carry fourteen five-inch breech-loading guns.

DINING-ROOM OF THE "CAMPANIA" AND "LUCANIA," CUNARD LINE.

The tourist originates in every walk in life. Upon the deck, in the library, in the smoking-room are seen merchant princes and clerks, men of letters, planters and manufacturers, mechanics, invalids in search of health, and robust idlers, buyers and merchants, railroad presidents and preachers — promoters of financial enterprises, fashion, knowledge, and folly. Seldom elsewhere in the places in which men congregate are there so many elements as are represented on the ocean liner during the height of the season.

The cost of an Atlantic voyage varies with the demands of the tourists. To the passenger of modest desires, who sees no objection to sharing his cabin with other occupants, the expense will not exceed from eighty to one hundred dollars; but his location in the ship will depend on forehandedness in engaging passage. The berths amidships are the most eagerly sought for. There the least motion is experienced. At the extreme ends of the vessel the motion is the greatest. The passenger may have a room for himself alone, or a suite, but in that case must incur additional expense. Having located his berth, the knowing traveler pays immediate attention to his place at the dining-table. If he sails by the American Line he will consult the second steward, but if on the German, French, Belgian, or Netherlands Line, the head steward.

At the wharf on sailing day one quickly discerns among his fellow voyagers the novice and the experienced traveler. The old traveler has little baggage, is self-composed, and looks upon the scenes about him with comparative coolness and complacency. The novice is encumbered with much baggage, he is nervous, and the fore-and-aft cap and sailorlike costume which he frequently assumes do not conceal his identity in the least. The one who knows will have an old suit of clothes for lounging about on the decks, and an extra suit to wear ashore. With these and proper linen, an evening suit, heavy boots, cap, and steamer rug the philosophic tourist may go anywhere with his mind at rest. A woman may circumnavigate the globe, with satisfaction and in good taste, with a good traveling costume, a black dress, and some extra waists.

PROMENADE DECK OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AND "ST. PAUL," AMERICAN LINE.

As the hour appointed for sailing approaches, the wharf swarms with people of all ages, classes, and nationalities. Venders of chairs, periodicals, and dainties mingle their shouts with those of the drivers of baggage wagons and coaches.

Express messengers and telegraph boys hurry through the crowds with *bon-voyage* messages in the shape of telegrams and gifts of fruit, candy, and flowers, and excitement is written on the faces of all.

On board the vessel the crush is even greater than on shore. Uniformed officers at the head of the gang-plank direct those who are aboard how to reach the saloon. Cabin-boys elbow their way through the throng with trunks and boxes, bouquets and hampers. The decks are crowded, and everywhere small groups are enjoying a last chat or a quiet cry before separating. In the dining-room below another crowd holds possession as dense as that on deck.

LIEUT. JOHN G. CAMERON, R. N. R., COMMANDER OF THE "TEUTONIC," WHITE STAR LINE.

But now the moment arrives for sailing. The clanging of a bell is heard, there is a warning shout from the ship's officers, the last good-bys are said, the actual travelers assemble on the upper deck, while their friends file ashore, each group taking places of advantage from which they hope to catch a parting glimpse after the ship has started on her journey. Pieces of belated baggage are hurriedly lowered into the hull, one or two gang-planks are lowered, and several cables are slipped. Handkerchiefs are already waving from decks and wharf, when a team dashes through the crowd, drawing a heavy truck, which stops abreast of the sole remaining gang-plank. This is the last or supplementary mail. When the last pouch has been thrown aboard, the only remaining hawser is cast off, and the mighty vessel begins to move gracefully out into the stream, amid the cheers and farewells of those on shore. But we have forgotten the almost inevitable belated passenger, who is frequently a notable object at the time of sailing. He arrives just in time to have himself and baggage hauled over the side after the sea-monster's heart has already begun to pulsate, and his adventure supplies the humorous element in the picture. Once fairly under way, the passenger repairs to his room, exchanges his former gear for steamer cap or hat and a wrap, and goes on deck, or, possibly, according to the hour,

DRAWING-ROOM OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AND "ST. PAUL," AMERICAN LINE.

to the dining-room for his first meal aboard. If he is fairly a man of the world, he becomes acquainted with his table companions promptly. A number of the voyagers drift naturally to the smoking-room, and before the evening meal has been served groups will have organized for mutual entertainment. Thence on, until the ship reaches the other side, games of cards, reading, conversation, and promenades occupy the larger part of the time.

The old traveler settles down to the business of the trip at once, in the most matter-of-fact way. He knows by heart all that is new and interesting to the novice; and while the man who is making his first voyage is examining the various attractions of his floating home the old voyager selects a convenient position for his deck chair and watches the waters, reads, or talks with his neighbor. He comes to the table at dinner-time with an air which expressively implies, "I'm sorry for you who cannot eat. Look at me!"

The assemblage every evening at dinner is the chief social event of the twenty-four hours. The fare is good, equal to that of the best hotels ashore. It is a time for gaiety and relaxation. The dining-room is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and on many liners an orchestra plays delightfully during the meal. Many a passenger previously indisposed drags himself into the lighted hall to enjoy the music and to be tempted to eat and forget his forlorn state. An hour or two later many of the ship's company stroll forth on the promenade deck for exhilarating exercise, amid the fresh Atlantic breezes and the music of the spray breaking from the sharp prow of the water-monster. Others congregate in the smoking-room, caring less for the crisp, bracing air than for other amusements, and a look into the sumptuous drawing-rooms reveals the presence there of other parties, who prefer chatting, reading, or sewing. In the main saloon an accomplished passenger is often persuaded to take her place at the piano, and those who are musically inclined form a circle around, the music being often the means of forming new acquaintances.

The first morning aboard ship is not equally agreeable to all of the passengers. Some have no desire to leave their berths, but to the more fortunate traveler the first morning out is a great delight. A bath in a luxuriously furnished room and a cup of coffee and a biscuit send him out for an early walk on deck. The promenade is beautifully clean, the chairs have been rearranged, a few other early risers are there, and in twos and threes the new sailors tramp back and forth with relish, stopping now and then to watch the water, a school of fish, or some natural phenomenon.

MAIN STAIRWAY OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AND "ST. PAUL," AMERICAN LINE.

Breakfast follows the morning walk, and those who are good sailors often speak of it as the most enjoyable meal of the day, albeit appearances indicate that every one of the five meals which are served daily seems to be equally pleasing. Breakfast disposed of, the deck again becomes the congregating place. Rugs and shawls are tucked about the chilly ones, and those who do not nap or indulge in day-dreams have books and papers. Women make a pretense of occupation with fancy work, and the brand-new tourist devours his Baedeker. Presently the band appears, and for an hour the air is musical with its performances. Before the music has ceased, the deck stewards have brought luncheon for those who wish it, and the mummylike figures in the chairs are reanimated by bouillon and black coffee aromas. Elsewhere on deck merry groups are enjoying shuffle-board, hop-scotch, quoits, or bean-bag, and in the smoking-room the whist of the night before is being continued. The oldest traveler finds an audience for the stories which he tells on every trip, and amateur photographers and autograph collectors have the ship at their mercy. The women have already formed their likes and dislikes, and much speculation is being indulged in as to whether one woman is a millinery-buyer or an actress, and whether a certain man is a detective, a professional gambler, or a western millionaire. The foundation for desperate flirtations has been laid, and before the signal for luncheon is given at 1 p. m. the ship's company has made rapid strides toward acquaintance.

After luncheon is eaten the company again loll on deck, flirt, read, tell stories, photograph, and play games. The library, the drawing-rooms, and the large saloons are occupied with parties. In the smoking-room there is excitement of a more masculine description. Bets are made of all sorts and descriptions, not only on the games in progress, but on the ship's run for the day—an important matter, concerning which an official bulletin is posted daily—on the hour of arrival in port, on the name of the ship which, is then growing above the

DINING-ROOM OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AND "ST. PAUL," AMERICAN LINE.

CAPT. A. ALBERS, COMMANDER OF THE "FÜRST BISMARCK," HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

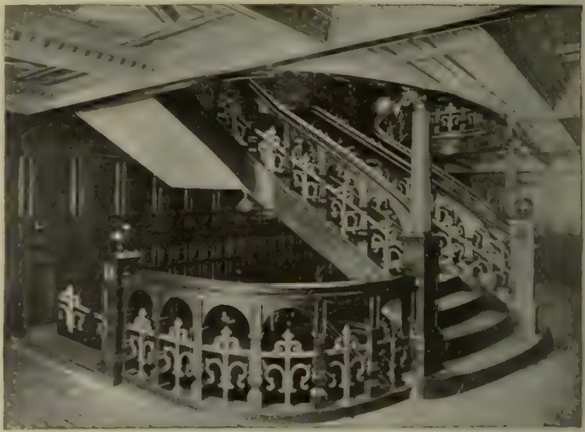
horizon and toward which all glasses are directed, on the weather, as to how many times the croaker of the ship's company will complain during the next twenty-four hours, the real color of the belle's hair, or how many times a particular small boy will fall down stairs. And so the time goes, and it is the even of the second day.

The men and women who have lived through it all and whose appetites are yet normal assemble once more in the brilliantly lighted dining hall, only to disperse upon the decks an hour or two later. He is a strong man indeed who does not feel the sentiment of the night on which he watches the starry sky and light-flooded sea from the deck of an ocean greyhound, and the oldest traveler is seldom ashamed to confess that the scene is more entrancing every time he beholds it.

To the good sailor all days are alike. There is a little variation, however, occasionally. Once at least in the course of the voyage an impromptu concert is likely to be arranged, for which an admission fee will be charged, the proceeds being devoted to a poor sailors' or sailors' widows' fund. Some mornings will be enlivened by a lifeboat or fire drill. There may be a birth on board, or a wedding, and the angel of death may claim a victim. A mock trial of some passenger upon an absurd charge often whiles away half a day. On the whole the days pass so quickly, that when the news comes that land has been sighted the passengers feel sorry as well as glad.

A storm at sea is never included in the advertisements of the various companies, but without it the traveler misses a sublime spectacle and fails to realize the stanchness of the vessel upon which he is traveling. The first intimation of a storm is the quiet spectacle of the stewards placing frames on the dining-tables to secure the dishes. If one is a novice he will ask the stewards, or possibly an officer, if rough weather is expected, and he will probably be told, "Oh no, but we put these down for precaution." It will not be long, however, before the rolling and pitching of the ship will convince the amateur that the precaution was a wise one; and by the time he takes his place again at the table, where he has sat

STATEROOM OF THE "UMBRIA" AND "ETRURIA," CUNARD LINE.



MAIN STAIRWAY OF THE "CAMPANIA" AND "LUCANIA," CUNARD LINE.

like a hero during the four previous days, he will have no doubt on the subject. If he is compelled to make a sudden exit from the hall, between soup and *entrée*, he will completely realize the situation. If the storm gains power, the monstrous ship, with its burden of machinery, freight, and passengers, will be tossed about like an egg-shell. The sea, upon whose smooth and undulating surface the phosphorescent sparks glittered and glimmered so gently the night before, will now be in tumult, tossing with the grandeur and power of hundreds of Niagaras, and the wind will howl an accompaniment which chills the blood. Then the traveler will gaze upon an awe-inspiring picture, and realize the insignificance of mortal works.

But the storm passes and in due time the lookout shouts the glad tidings, "Land!" Everybody hastens to the deck to gain a glimpse of mother earth. Baggage is once more looked for and made ready for transportation to shore, amid scenes of bustle and confusion. Those who are nearing their native land may at once be distinguished from all others by their look of joy. When the pilot has come aboard with the latest newspapers, when the band plays "Home, Sweet Home," all that has been seen and experienced on the trip is forgotten for the moment, and the run into harbor is voted the crowning joy of an exhilarating ocean trip.

R. M. S. "ETRURIA" AND "UMBRIA," CUNARD LINE.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

CHINA PAINTING AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY MRS. L. VANCE-PHILLIPS.

THE proper placing of china painting among her sister arts has been a question of interest to all china painters, and one about which there has been much discussion and concerning which there still exists a variety of opinions.

In strictly ceramic exhibitions this matter is of little importance, but with each recurrance of a national or international exposition it becomes one of great significance.

The china painter who offers original, artistic painting of merit desires to be recognized for such work in the department of fine arts. He desires to be included or excluded from this department irrespective of the material employed. This proposition is so plainly in favor of the applicant that attention is always secured. There is alalways a desire to place really artistic and original work of high character in the fine arts department; yet, after consideration of all points involved, the usual result has been an assignment of all china to the department of liberal arts.

This was the case at the great fair in '93, and not without thought and reason. Mainly it comes as the result of a natural desire to classify as closely as possible, and place all similar exhibits in one department. The larger amount of china offered for exhibition would come, if properly decorated, under the head of applied ornaments. It is therefore natural, if found expedient to place all porcelains* in one department, that it should be the department of liberal arts, since this would properly classify the larger part of the exhibit. This decision is also largely influenced by a recognition of the fact that china is principally for use and incidentally for ornament.

The general use of china as a household article in no way interferes with its being used also as a material upon which to execute a painting of merit. When so used the subject and treatment should be considered from the same standpoint from which any other painting is judged. This ruling is admitted to be fair, and on several occasions the judges in the fine arts departments have recognized the injustice of placing all china exhibits among the liberal arts, and have only turned to this adjustment as a temporary means of disposing of an art which was found difficult to classify.

The same difficulty, with a similar result, was encountered by the United States custom-house officials in placing duty on decorated china and removing duty on pictures. The imported porcelain slabs (rectangular or oval pieces of china with a flat surface) upon which skilled workmen in foreign factories paint replicas of famous paintings were recognized as pictures pure and simple, and as such properly belonging to the free list. When, however, the commission turned to a vase bearing as the chief decoration a similar subject, with the value enhanced by skilfully wrought ornamental devices of mechanical exactness, it realized that this latter work was one of the points for protection. Then again, finding a plate—an article for table use—similarly decorated, it was confronted by the fact that decorated tableware was a special point for protection. These combinations of the pictorial and the decorative so puzzled the commission and experts called in for consultation that it seemed impossible to agree where to draw the line. The result was the acceptance of the only easy solution, that of classifying all painted china under the head of "decorated china."

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*A term synonymous with china and so used on the Continent. In America often erroneously used to denote a grade of ware less fine than china and superior to ironstone china; in some instances supposed to mean a material superior to china—this idea being derived from the fact that some choice foreign wares are quoted as "porcelains" and also that miniatures painted on china are most frequently mentioned as "porcelain miniatures," the value of which suggests that the material is rare.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. T. Goshorn, president of the Cincinnati Museum of Arts, the "National League of Mineral Painters" was invited to hold its annual exhibition in Cincinnati in 1896. A fund was set apart with which to purchase for the museum the best piece of china exhibited. Competent judges were chosen, who duly considered originality, design, and execution. This was accepted as a gratifying recognition of china painting as one of the fine arts.

It is desirable and necessary that this discussion of the accepting or rejecting of china painting by the fine arts societies should be concluded. China painting as a whole cannot be accepted by the best societies. There must be a settled division that can, in the main, meet the approval of all fine arts committees. The china painters themselves should be the ones to formulate and put before the highest authorities on art matters an outline of what would satisfy the desires of the china painters and at the same time be entirely consistent with the established requirements of art societies.

No time has been so favorable as the present, in which to bring about a decision among those most interested. The result can be easily secured by individual painters giving thought to the importance of securing a distinction between what may be classed as high art and as decorative art—by studying the possibilities and restrictions of each class, that there may come to be an easily understood difference apparent to every studious observer. In establishing and maintaining the dignity of the painting proper there need be no slight put upon the importance, usefulness, and artistic merit of decorative painting. There should be no rivalry or comparison, for with each a different end is sought. The one appeals entirely to the esthetic, the other belongs as wholly to the useful in art.

The clubs and leagues of china painters open the way for individual opinion, which, coming before the local clubs, leads to discussion. This in turn results in a club opinion as a whole. Later, through a delegate, this may be carried to the National League of Mineral Painters, a body made up of china painting societies of America.

In the National League, with opinions from all important clubs, it would seem that mineral painters could so formulate their desires as to enlist the interest of the very people who will be willing to give fellowship, when it is understood that china painters expect and desire a high standard, and are willing to submit to the same critical examination that all artists expect.

This itself will be an impetus to china painters. They will quickly realize the importance of an art education. Nothing could stimulate their efforts more than to know that a higher standard was being set for them.

If the importance of this step is even partially understood it will be taken with enthusiasm, so that no important exposition will come again without finding china painting thoroughly in touch with her sister arts.

AN INEXPENSIVE SUMMER OUTING.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

SUMMER-TIME offers to most people the possibility of a pleasant vacation. In winter nearly all of us are at work, with not an hour to spare; or at least we are busy, if only in the performance of social, charitable, and religious duties, which seem to be condensed and multiplied by cold weather. But when the sun rides high, when the schools close, when the minister goes away to rest, when the poor are able to take care of themselves, and when society closes its doors and pulls down its blinds to shut out the influence of the dog-star, we feel that it is then or not at all that we may think of an outing.

The very first thing to be considered by the "average person," in this connection, is the cost. Money as a rule persistently evades capture in large amounts, and it is a curious law of life which makes dollars represent more actual enjoyment to the poor than to the rich. We who have not a large bank balance in our favor and an income not dependent upon our labor must buy with stingy care the luxuries, among which a summer outing is one of the most delightful. We must choose the cheapest, and if possible at the same time the best. Our hard-earned money ought to command its full value during the short time that can be devoted to recreation and rational amusement; but how shall we insure this result?

There are so many delightful things one can do in the way of spending a vacation that a little forethought is necessary before choosing. In the first place it is not absolutely certain that one need go away from home to enjoy one's self most. Not infrequently a long excursion has its chief fascination in what we imagine it is going to be and not in what it finally gives us, while the most satisfactory enjoyments lie in wait for us, as it were, in our home neighborhood, and if we but know how to get within reach of them we need go no farther.

Bicycling, for those of us who can do it, has solved one of the problems of summer life. It has been well named "recreation set to music" and "happiness on wheels." Since the days when people took long, rambling journeys in carriages for the mere pleasure of going about and seeing the outdoor world, there has been nothing in modern times to compare with bicycle excursions. Speaking on my own account, the summer is all too short for me to exhaust the fourteen roads leading out into the country from the little college town in which I live, and I have no temptation to go away during the wheeling season.

Teachers and students can, perhaps, suit themselves best to one of the many delightful summer school assemblies, where cheap boarding, fresh air, and almost every sort of healthful physical exercise can be joined with just the studies needful to a preparation for efficient winter work. Charming personal associations add especial fascination to this mode of spending a vacation. Moreover it is usually not necessary to make a distant and expensive journey in order to reach one of these free-and-easy educational resorts, several of which are found in every state.

Of course fashionable resorts are to be avoided as much on account of the expensive requirements as of the worry and exhaustion attendant upon formal social life at such places. There are hundreds of quiet, picturesque, healthy places, all over the country, where board and lodging are wholesome and cheap, and where one need not give a thought to the materials or the fashion of one's clothes. The less frequented these places are by the average summer boarder the more interesting they will prove to the thoughtful person who likes freshness, quaintness, and naturalness. As a rule the greater the change of scenery and of life the more stimulating the experience. This is the chief argument in favor of going away from home, especially in the case of depressed nervous health. But the change should be in the direction of quiet, restful surroundings.

It has been found that persons living far inland receive a fine tonic shock, of great value to the nerve-centers, when they go to sojourn a while by the sea. A similar effect is felt by dwellers in a flat country when they visit mountainous regions and abide for a time at a high elevation. The seashore, however, does not necessarily have to be reached where a Newport or a Long Branch demands the pocket of a millionaire; nor is the fashionable mountain hotel the only place amid the highlands where all the good effects of mountain air and scenery may be had. A knowing person, who has used his judgment well, finds a fishing village on the coast or a hamlet on the mountain-side just to his taste and very grateful to his purse.

What is generally called "traveling for pleasure" is all well enough; it is, indeed, delightful for those who have the means to indulge in it. And even a cheap, limited excursion may be very enjoyable to people who are physically sound and hardy; but it is a great strain upon nerves already wearied with protracted work, to go through the sleeplessness, the dust, the heat, the worry, and the anxiety of rapid and long journeying, while leisurely travel is exceedingly expensive. Of course if you have but a week or two of time at command, and you wish to see a great deal in a superficial way, a swift, flying excursion by rail and boat may be just the thing for you to choose. One must have a fair share of self-knowledge to make a wise choice; for, after all, enjoyment is very much a matter of temperament and health.

The person who has a special study, like botany, ornithology, geology, or some particular phase of nature is more certain than others of finding, in almost any unworked region or nook, fresh materials for enjoyable investigation. In fact to such an one the woods, fields, roadsides and stream-banks round about home are never exhausted. Every walk, every drive, every run awheel discloses new subjects for the note-book, and there is no end to the mild excitement of discovery and collection.

Speaking in a general way, next after finding a pleasant and profitable vacation at home, the cheapest and best outing will be that which involves the least public travel. One should first determine what is to be done for pastime. Is it boating? is it summer study? is it sight-seeing? is it health-seeking?—what is it? Settle this finally before thinking of where you are to go. The next consideration is how to gain one's object in the cheapest and best way.

If your object is to forget study and so rest the mind, look around for the nearest place where congenial company and light amusements may be had without any of the social exactions which break in upon personal freedom. If you wish to continue study under circumstances favorable to outdoor exercise and healthful habits, go to a summer assembly or school where you can largely control everything connected with your work and your play. The main thing is to be satisfied with what you choose, for contentment is the foundation of every healthful pleasure.

As to expense, what is economy for one person is ruinous extravagance for another. In choosing your method of enjoying your outing bear in mind that an ambition beyond the limit of your pocket-book is but a bid for difficulty and disappointment. Make up your mind at the outset to be happy with what is easily within your reach; for no amount of longing can possibly add a dollar to the sum at your command. And as for dress, make the simplest outfit serve your turn. It is a matter of common observation that those who are least able to afford it dress the most expensively when out for a summer vacation. You may rest assured that nobody is going to notice your clothes. Most people are too busy thinking of themselves to make any note of what you are doing or wearing; moreover an outing is not just the opportunity for personal show. To be inexpensive an outing must be simple, and let simplicity begin with the wardrobe.

THE VENOM OF SNAKES.

BY ROBERT VON LENDENFELD.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

THERE are only a few mortals who regard snakes with any other feeling than that of purest aversion. This feeling is fully justified, for, although many snakes are not venomous, many more are harmless, and, at least in our temperate climate, all are useful as mouse-exterminators, yet a considerable number of them wage a ceaseless war against the life of us mortals. Who does not know of the dangerous venomous serpents of the tropics? Who is not aware that in India an average of twenty thousand persons yearly die from the bite of the hooded serpent?

Of course from very early times medicinal science has been searched for a means to counteract the fearful results of this venomous snake's bite. Yet every such effort was in vain until last year, when Calmette at the Pasteur Institution in Paris and then Fraser in Edinburgh succeeded in finding a remedy for snake poison. This antidote is obtained on the same plan as those substances with which Pasteur, Roux, and Behring have battled with dog bites and diphtheria: it is a counteracting serum.

It is very noteworthy that many nations, races, and castes lowest in civilization have for a long time protected themselves against poisoning from snake bites by a method which never until the present time, the twentieth century, has been discovered by European scientists. The races of Psyller in Africa, Morser in Italy, and Guner in India, ages ago possessed a means to insure themselves against poisoning from snake bites, and to-day there are people who are not harmed by snake poison, if we may believe the descriptions of travelers. Such are the negroes on the Guinea coasts, the race of Eisower in Barbary, some fakirs and snake-charmers in India, the inhabitants of Mozambique, and some Kafirs in South Africa. The means used by all these peoples to secure immunity from snake venom consists in taking as medicine the venom, either fresh or dried, from the venom glands of snakes. The majority eat the venom, but in Mozambique the same result is gained by inoculating with it. That these peoples really do make themselves proof against snake bites in this way seems to be sure beyond a doubt.

Although this method was made known long ago in Europe by travelers, nobody seemed to take any notice of it until the experiments of Pasteur and his school had demonstrated the possibility of utilizing it. Then scholars began to study the effects on animals of feeding snake venom and of inoculating with it, and to convert into scientific capital the avowals of these fakirs, Kafirs, etc.

Different animals are affected in different degrees by snake venom, and the venom of different snakes varies in strength. But for animals of the same kind, and for one and the same kind of snake venom, it is stated that the amount of venom that is sufficient to kill an animal, that is the minimum fatal dose, is exactly in proportion to the bodily weight of the animal.

After the minimum dose of snake poison for guinea pigs, frogs, rabbits, white rats, and cats had been ascertained by a number of experiments an attempt was made to secure for these animals immunity against poison. In the first place a dose of venom considerably less than the minimum fatal dose was injected into each one, and at intervals of from eight to fourteen days increasingly larger amounts were injected, until finally the doses exceeded the original fatal dose. At first the increase in the venom doses must be very gradual, but later considerably more is added each time.

By means of this method Calmette succeeded in making animals proof against sixty times their minimum fatal dose, while Fraser by the same method made a rabbit able to withstand fifty times its fatal dose. The remarkable thing about the latter's experiment was that the test animal remained entirely healthy and strong and gained considerably in weight during the time it was taking the poison.

These experiments show that the organism can become accustomed to poison, and that very quickly and in very large quantities. It is not easy to demonstrate through what process this takes place. The most likely explanation seems to be that in consequence of the irritation caused by the constantly increasing doses of poison introduced into the test animal there is formed in its blood an antidote that chemically changes the snake venom and so makes it harmless, or at least counteracts the natural evil consequences of its effect on the organism. At any rate it had to be acknowledged that the blood of an animal that had been made snake proof had certain characteristics lacking in ordinary blood. This was proved without difficulty by a number of experiments such as the following:

The experimenter took some blood of a

poison-proof animal, extracted from it the liquid part (the serum), dried it under an air-pump, and finally injected solutions of the blood serum thus prepared into animals which had not been made poison proof. The same experiment was repeated many times. Next a certain amount of the inoculating serum was mixed with an amount of poison exceeding the minimum fatal dose, and both together were injected into an animal. Then the venom and the serum were simultaneously injected, but in different parts of the body; then first the inoculating serum and later the poison, and finally the venom was injected a half-hour before the serum.

These experiments, tried in great numbers and with the most varied quantities of venom and serum, show that the effect of the venom really is lessened by the serum, is entirely prevented by it in proper proportions, and therefore that the serum really is an effective safeguard against snake bites. Furthermore, they show that the amount of serum necessary to counteract the effect of venom is in direct proportion to the amount of venom injected, and therefore that only the quantity of venom exceeding the minimum fatal dose comes into consideration. If the amount of venom injected amounts to but little more than the minimum fatal dose, then a minimum amount of serum is sufficient to preserve life; but this amount neutralizes only the excessive amount of poison.

It remains to say that animals who have been made proof against one kind of snake have the advantage of being proof against other kinds of snakes, and their serum—so our experiments at present indicate—is a preventive against every kind of snake venom.

Direct experiments to show the extent of man's susceptibility to snake venom have not yet been made. His omnivorous character would place his susceptibility to hooded-snake venom between that of the cat and that of the rabbit. Hence, to kill a man weighing 143.299 pounds avoirdupois from 2.16 to 2.31 grains of the venom would be required. This is the minimum fatal dose. Cunningham has ascertained that a healthy, full-grown, unaroused snake in biting gives out from its poison glands between 1.78 and 11.2 grains of poison; but from the nine cases observed only one, which apparently was a very exceptional case, gave out the highest amount, 11.2 grains. All the other cases were below 6.17 grains, their average being 3.009 grains.

If our premises are correct, it follows that in most instances the amount of venom given out by the hooded snake exceeds man's minimum fatal dose, and therefore in most instances the bite of this snake proves fatal. Yet very often a part of the venom injected by a snake's bite bleeds out or is sucked out. Of course the wound must be sucked out immediately, and if possible this should be done by the one bitten. When these precautions are taken, frequently the amount of venom that passes into the organism is less than the minimum fatal dose, and the wounded one may escape with his life, after a more or less severe sickness.

Even in fatal cases sixty-four per cent do not die immediately, but live a day after they are bitten. From this fact it is concluded that in sixty-four per cent of the cases the amount of venom that passes into the organism is only a little in excess of the minimum fatal dose. Thus the victims of a snake bite who are not too strongly poisoned may be saved from death by the injection of a little of the counteracting serum, and by using a larger quantity of the serum many may be rescued who otherwise would die very soon.

We already have referred to the fact that a number of wild peoples, the Eisower and Kafir tribes, make themselves proof against snake bites by eating snake venom, and that many experiments have been made in this direction. The inference is that snake poison when taken into the stomach of a man or a test animal has little or no poisoning power. Fraser has fed white rats a thousand times their minimum dose without producing any noticeable effect upon them. A Kafir shepherd declared that eating snake poison always had an intoxicating effect on him. Authentic information on this point is lacking, and it is scarcely expected of European travelers in the tropics that they will indulge in anything so dangerous as snake poison just to prove the assertion of the shepherd. However, experiments of feeding venom to white rats have given the sure, positive result that eating venom on several days, until the doses have been increased to not more than fifty per cent above the minimum fatal dose, will make white rats entirely proof against snake poison.

Thus we see that not only the injection of the inoculating serum but also eating snake poison secures immunity from the evil effects of snake bites.

While one can easily recognize the effect of injecting the serum as being that of a chemical acting directly on the venom, it is not easy to get an idea of the protecting power of venom swallowed. At any rate it can not be absorbed into the walls of the intestines and passed into the organism unchanged, because then its effect would be as deadly as if it had been introduced into the body directly through a bite. It seems more likely that the action of the juices of the stomach and intestines changes it into some venom-proof product, which then is absorbed by the walls of the intestines and carried into the blood.

One theory is that this product is identical with every product which exists in the blood through the repeated injection of poison, and which gives the serum its poison-proof quality; and this product apparently is the result of the chemical decomposition of the poison, which has a fermenting, enzymotic, destroying effect on the poison, just as the poison has on the living albumen of the human organism.

THE PAYMENT OF PENSIONS IN WASHINGTON.

BY JOSEPHINE RICKLES.

ONE of the most interesting places in the beautiful city of Washington, at least four times a year, is the United States pension agency. It is situated on the corner of Third and F Streets, diagonally across from the "big red barn," as Washingtonians term the pension building where the last four inaugural balls have been held. The agency is a modest looking building, and would easily be taken for a private residence were it not for the stars and stripes waving from the third-story window and the big gold letters, "U. S. P. A.," over the entrance door.

However unimposing it may look, there is more real, hard labor done in that little office than in many of the larger departments. There is disbursed from this office annually over eight millions of dollars to the "old veterans," whose pensions reach them in nearly every civilized part of the world—Asia, Africa, the Fiji and Sandwich Islands, India, Australia, China, and Japan—the government bearing all expenses of postage.

There were formerly on the rolls of the D. C. agency eight thousand "personals," who came to the agency themselves, every three months, to receive their pensions, although quite a number of those living in the district preferred to have their checks mailed. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Sheridan usually called for theirs. It was a pathetic sight, this tri-monthly assemblage of old soldiers and the widows and orphans of their dead comrades. The majority were crippled, blind, or totally disabled, yet all patiently waited their turn in being paid. On the morning they were to be paid, one might see a line of old soldiers extending the length of three blocks; also a crowd about the door, some of the poorer class having slept in the adjoining park in order to get their checks before beginning their day's labor. The clerks commenced to pass out checks at 6:30 a. m., and from then until ten o'clock, when about sixteen hundred had received checks, there was a crowd of pushing, hurrying people. From ten o'clock until 5 p. m. there was a smaller number, and those who had waited to avoid the crush had plenty of time to go through the usual routine before the office closed. The second day was a repetition of the first.

All of this has been done away with by the act of Congress approved March 23, 1896, discontinuing personal payments at the different agencies. A great deal of dissatisfaction resulted, as was not unexpected, but the change will undoubtedly be beneficial, as it destroys all discrimination, insuring payment to those residing at more remote points as soon as to those in the immediate vicinity of the office. All are now paid through the mails, there being four large ones each day. The letters are opened, the vouchers taken out, examined, and charged, then the checks are drawn and placed in their respective envelopes. All this requires a great amount of labor and is done by a small force of clerks, who work from six in the morning until six at night for about ten days. It is often remarked that the work must be very light during the time intervening from one quarter to the next. This is a mistaken idea, however, as the time is fully occupied in preparing for the succeeding payment.

The Washington agency has many prominent names on the rolls, conspicuous among which are the widows of Generals Hancock, Hazen, Kilpatrick, Logan, and Sheridan. The widows of naval officers are those of Rear-Admirals Dahlgren and McDougall and Commodores Johnson and Bissell. Of the persons pensioned as survivors of the Mexican War are Generals Beale, Wilcox, and Joseph E. Johnston, an ex-Confederate. The widows of ex-Presidents Grant and Garfield are paid annually, by a special act of Congress.

There are 129 different rates paid, varying from $1 to $12 per month and from $2,500 to $5,000 per annum. There are on the rolls of this peaceable republic 970,678 names of pensioners—more than the combined army pension lists of all the fighting European powers—and during the year ending on June 30, 1896, $139,280,075 was paid out in pensions. The total number of pensioners of the United States residing in foreign countries on June 30, 1896, was 3,781, and the amount paid them during the year was $582,735.38. The tendency of the pension roll is to diminish, from natural causes, unless it is increased by legislation.

REMEDIES PERMISSIBLE IN HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

BY H. A. HARE, M. D.

II.

IN the different stages of a disease frequent changes are made in the medicine prescribed for the patient, and thus, unless great care is exercised, a stock of half emptied bottles accumulates. It is a very common thing for the economical housewife to retain these bottles and the medicine they contain, with the idea that they may be useful in some future illness, and this very frequently leads to a domestic prescribing of powerful medicines for conditions which seem to the untrained mind identical with those for which the physicians originally ordered them. Even supposing that the ingredients ordered for the first case are suitable to the treatment of the second, it is by no means certain that the quantities of the ingredients are suitable to both cases. Thus it is a self-evident fact that in cold weather every one needs an overcoat, yet every one does not need the same size of overcoat, and so in an illness all patients suffering from the same disease do not require the same dose. Hence I would urge the importance of always throwing away all bottles of medicine ordered by physicians after their use has been discontinued in the particular case for which they were ordered.

By far the best means of doing good to members of your family who may be stricken with acute illness is by the use of external applications, which consist in liniments for rubbing, mustard plasters for counter-irritants, or hot foot-baths for the purpose of overcoming congestions due to cold or other causes. The great mistake which is made in the use of the foot-bath ordinarily, when an endeavor is being made to break up a forming cold, is in allowing the patient to walk about the room after the bath is over, thereby chilling the very part of the body in which the circulation has been increased, and driving the blood back into the previously congested blood-vessels. A hot foot-bath should not be given until the patient is actually ready for bed, and his feet should not touch the floor after they are removed from the water. While it is being given he should be wrapped in a blanket, and often the efficiency of the bath is increased by adding to the water a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of mustard flour.

In regard to liniments, let me warn you of the fact that most of the liniments which have great power for good contain sufficiently large quantities of such powerful drugs as ammonia, chloroform, aconite, or opium to produce serious or even fatal poisoning if taken internally, and therefore bottles containing liniments should not be placed in the closet with bottles containing medicines for internal use. Further than this, liniment bottles should always be of a peculiar shape or bear a mark so startling or peculiar in its appearance as to call attention to the fact that the liniment is poisonous if taken internally.

Again, I cannot urge you too strongly to avoid the dangerous practice of attempting to administer medicine when the light is not good. All medical men of large experience have frequently met with cases in which patients have placed a bottle of medicine to their lips and taken a draught of its contents in a dark room, under the impression that there was "only one bottle upon that shelf," when in reality some other member of the family had placed other bottles there. In this way serious cases of poisoning have occurred. In other instances a wife rising in the night to give some medicine to her husband or child has picked up the wrong bottle in the dim light and administered a fatal dose, with terrible result.

Where medicine is ordered in drops you should always obtain a medicine dropper from a drug-store and avoid attempting to drop the medicine from the bottle, as it requires a very steady hand and accurate counting to avoid a mistake.

Again, you should remember that teaspoons vary considerably in size, and should the medicine be a powerful one and be ordered in teaspoonful doses the safest way is to administer it in a medicine-glass which has been carefully marked in quantities.

Let me say a word also in regard to the application of counter-irritants. These are useful in the treatment of internal pains, such as colic arising from indigestion. They rarely do harm and often give great relief. The only harm of which they are capable is that the plaster, which is generally made of mustard, when applied too strong produces a burn on the skin. This burn is not only exceedingly painful but is frequently followed by pigmentation, or discoloration, of the skin, so that the person bears for many months afterward, and sometimes for life, such a discoloration as to mar his appearance. This is particularly apt to be the case if the patient have a particularly fine, delicate white skin, and in the case of women who desire to wear low-neck dresses an application of a plaster to the chest during a severe cold may result in their being unable to wear anything but a high-neck dress for many months afterward. If this is the case the thanks which the patient was willing to offer for the first relief are soon turned into expressions of disgust which last very much longer than the protestations of delight at the relief of pain.

Mustard flour when it is used in the preparation of a mustard plaster is best moistened by means of hot brandy or hot vinegar, and it is always best to weaken it with ordinary wheat flour. When a plaster is applied to a person who is suffering much pain the relief which it gives frequently permits the patient to go to sleep, and he may be so exhausted that he sleeps notwithstanding the burning sensation. It is under these circumstances that a burn of the skin most frequently results.

One very useful form of counter-irritation in place of a mustard plaster is what is known as a turpentine stupe. This is made as follows: A piece of moderately thick flannel is folded several times until it is about six inches square. It is then allowed to soak in a bowl of very hot water and some turpentine is placed in a tin cup, which is then set in another bowl of hot water in order that the turpentine may be heated without its coming in contact with the flame. (For should you endeavor to heat turpentine over a gas-jet or over a stove it will probably explode and produce serious burns.) By means of a pair of scissors or a hairpin the folded flannel is quickly picked out of the hot water and dropped on a large towel. The ends of the towel are then twisted so that the flannel is thoroughly wrung out and freed from all excess of hot water. It is next dropped in the cup of turpentine and after being thoroughly saturated with the turpentine is wrung out in a towel a second time in order to get out the excess of this drug. The flannel is now moistened with the hot water and turpentine and yet is not so wet as to drip. It is placed wherever the pain may be and kept in position. In a very short time it produces a considerable amount of irritation, which usually relieves the pain. This application is quite capable of producing serious irritation, and should not be allowed to remain on too long, as it may blister a tender skin. Neither the turpentine stupe nor the mustard plaster should be applied to young children, as they produce too much irritation, unless the turpentine in the one case or the mustard in the other is so thoroughly diluted as to lose a large amount of its irritant influence. If they are applied in too strong form they not only cause great pain and excessive irritation of the skin but in addition may make the child exceedingly restless and even feverish.

Finally, let me warn you against one common habit, which is closely connected with the use of bottles containing old medicines, and is strongly condemned by occulists, who most frequently meet with it—the habit of preserving old medicine-droppers which have been used for dropping fluids into the eye. Quite frequently powerful medicines dry in these droppers and when they are used some months afterward for the introduction of eye-washes they produce symptoms which very seriously alarm the patient and which may to some extent mystify the practitioner.

A CHAUTAUQUA IDYL.

BY JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

I HEAR 'mid voices of the night
The swish of wave that tells the flight
Of unseen boat across the lake,
Upon whose shore I lie awake
And think of things supernal,
Dim visioning th' eternal,
Till sleep comes on.

And then I sit by other lake;
I hear shore-echoes of the wake
Of other craft. A spirit bark,
Unseen, plows on athro' the dark,
That swift shall bear me thither,
Whence it has brought me hither—
When death comes on.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

THE UNIVERSAL POSTAL CONGRESS.

UNITED STATES POSTMASTER-GENERAL GARY.

THOUGH the idea of a universal postal congress originated in the United States, the present meeting, the fifth sextennial meeting of the congress, is the first one it ever has held in America. It began on May 5, in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C. Fifty-four countries were represented, including China, Corea, and Orange Free State, which do not belong to the union. Brazil, Congo Free State, Ecuador, Greece, Hawaii, and Uruguay are the only countries in the union that did not send representatives. The congress was called to order by United States Postmaster-General Gary, who delivered the address of welcome. Gen. George S. Batcheller, of New York, was unanimously chosen president of the congress. Mr. Hohn, director of the postal union at Berne, Switzerland, was elected secretary, the other officers were decided upon, and business was immediately begun. French was the language used in the convention. All efforts to secure the adoption of a universal postage stamp failed, the chief difficulty in its way being that of currency fluctuations. However, a number of changes from the convention signed in Vienna in 1891 were secured. The chief modifications were declared in an official statement of May 29 to be as follows: "First, the taxes on territorial and maritime transit are to be gradually lessened every two years, and the abatement of these expenses will be considerably simplified. Second, international postal cards now prepaid will pay a double tax in place of assessing letter postage, thus reducing the fee for letters not prepaid from ten to four cents. Third, samples of merchandise are allowed in exchanges with countries of the union up to three hundred and fifty grams in place of two hundred and fifty grams, as heretofore."

The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

When shall we have a monetary congress providing for a universal currency that will not fluctuate? Something of the kind must come sometime if civilization progresses along the lines it is going at present.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

The postal service is one of the great civilizing agents, and the congress, in trying to improve and cheapen it, will be working in the cause of humanity.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

On the score of commerce alone a cheap and efficient international postal service is all important. For in spite of the great expansion of telegraphy a large part of the business of the world will continue for many years to come to be done by correspondence. And modern commerce is no longer national, but international.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

One can travel round the world without much difficulty in these days, even though having knowledge of no other language than English. But the time has not yet come, though it probably will, when our tongue is the recognized means of communication in international business.

Denver Republican. (Col.)

The action of General Batcheller, president of the international postal congress, in excluding representatives of the press from the sessions of the congress and limiting all communications to newspaper men to a brief outline of what is done each day, is silly in the extreme. It makes no difference who is responsible, such an order is absurd.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

We are, of course, bound to accept the combined opinion of the leading postal experts of the world; but this does not prevent the expression of a protest that free silver is chiefly responsible for such currency fluctuation as is complained of, and that with a universal gold standard there could be little or no difficulty to overcome.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Liberality in the margin of weight allowed seems to be good policy, for many letters will still not go over the half ounce, while it favors those who do not have appliances for determining weights or ready access to post-offices. The increase of weight implies greater expense for transportation where mails are paid for by weight, but not a proportional increase for other handling and for office work.

THE PARIS DISASTER.

ALL France and many other countries of Europe have been thrown into mourning by the terrible fire of May 4 in Paris. The scene of the disaster was a temporary wooden structure erected on a vacant lot in the Rue Jean-Goujon expressly for the charity bazaar, an annual social function conducted by the leaders of French society. The bazaar opened auspiciously on May 3 and at the time the fire broke out, on the afternoon of the next day, the building was crowded, the stalls being occupied by royal princesses, duchesses, countesses, and other great social personages. At least one hundred and fifty lives were lost and as many more persons injured in the panic that attended the rush for the exits. Among those killed are the Duchesse d'Alençon, sister of the Empress of Austria; Vicomtesse d'Avenel, and Mme. de Flores, wife of the Spanish consul. The injured include General the Marquis de Callifet, the brilliant cavalry commander, and the Duchesse d'Uzes.

The Times. (New York, N. Y.)

The statement of M. Dieudonne, secretary of the president of the company that built the bazaar, throws a terrible light on the planning of the whole affair. There was no organized force for the prevention or putting out of fire, or for the regulation of the crowd. There was no special arrangement for summoning the fire department, and no portion of the department in near attendance. The prefect of police says that the authorities had no control over the character of the structure because it was on private ground. This seems impossible, but if it be true that the government had no jurisdiction as to the character of the structure, it surely had the right to make every possible provision for the safety of those who used the structure, to have firemen present at points of danger, such as those where fire was permitted, to have appliances for prompt extinguishment of fire within the building, and to have the fire force in close attendance outside. A city in which one may be arrested for dropping a cigarette paper on the pavement, and in which hundreds may be burned to death on private property because the simplest provision for safety is not made, is not an ideally managed city. It is at least to be hoped that this fearful lesson may give the Parisians a better notion of the adjustment of governmental regulations.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

That the majority of the victims were women only illustrates once more the humiliating fact that in such moments of fate poor human nature instinctively develops its wholly selfish side, and it is each one for himself—a blind, wild struggle for life, in which the weaker go down.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

What is needed to be learned is the art of fireproof construction of temporary or of comparatively inexpensive edifices. That it can be done there is no possible question. That such buildings can be thus erected as rapidly and as inexpensively as circumstances require, the advance of mechanical science and the cheapening of all kinds of metal work assure beyond all reasonable doubt. It remains, therefore, only for humane considerations, or practical business sense, or the force of statute law, to effect the reform and avert the possible catastrophe. Europe has seen only three such horrors as this in Paris in a century. In the next three centuries both Europe and America should see not one.

The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

According to democratic theory one life is as precious as another. We who profess that theory ought to be as much moved by the death of a hundred persons by starvation or violence in China or India as in our own country. But in fact we are not.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

It seems that there must have been gross neglect in providing means of exit from the building, or the loss would not have been so great. Unfortunately attention is rarely called to neglect of that kind until after some terrible disaster has made it apparent, but too late to be of any avail.

The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

Whether the proximate cause of the disaster was the upsetting of a lamp, as the later accounts assert, does not greatly matter, since it was the rapid sweep of the flames rather than their specific origin which wrought the havoc; and inasmuch as such a swirl of fire might have been foreseen in the case of such a tinder-box structure, it is plain that the responsibility must be largely shared by the municipal administration which permitted the erection of this death-trap in the heart of the city without taking such precautions against fire as common sense would suggest. No similar defiance of the law of safety would be permitted in any considerable American city, and it is difficult to conceive how it could have been allowed in a metropolis the municipal government of which has so long been held up to the world as a model.

Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Burning theaters in various countries have from time to time shocked the world, but it seldom happens that a single fire combines so many features of horror and dismay. It was remarkable for the number and rank of its victims, and impresses the imagination by the sudden change from circumstances of gaiety to terror and death.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WILLIAM J. CALHOUN, OF ILLINOIS.
United States Special Commissioner to Cuba.

In the months of April and May the Cubans have been figuring in battle as well as in the United States Congress. They have defeated the Spaniards in a number of important encounters and seem in no danger of suppression, General Weyler's boasts of the pacification of the western part of the island to the contrary. On May 28 Weyler ventured for the first time to meet Gomez in battle. His plan was to surround Gomez' little army, but Gomez held his ground till the Spaniards dispersed. President McKinley's appointment on April 28 of William J. Calhoun as special commissioner to assist United States Consul-General Lee to investigate the death of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz and other cases was followed on May 17 by a message to Congress asking aid for American citizens in Cuba. The message states that there are in Cuba about eight hundred destitute American citizens and requests Congress to vote not less than $50,000 for their relief. An attempt was made in the House to add to the appropriation bill the Morgan joint resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans. The attempt was defeated by a Republican majority and the appropriation bill was passed unanimously on May 20. It received the president's signature on May 24. The Morgan resolution was adopted by the Senate on May 20 and was "shelved" on May 24. Further developments of the president's Cuban policy are expected soon, when Mr. Calhoun shall return home with his report.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Weyler is trying to conquer by famine. That is his fixed purpose, and, from the nature of the case, no discrimination is made between Spanish subjects in rebellion and American citizens sojourning in the island. If the policy of starvation cannot be maintained without this indiscrimination, then so much the worse for Weyler and his policy. Congress has only to make the appropriation asked for, and the relief will go forward, without regard to any collateral consequences.

(Ind.) The Herald. (Baltimore, Md.)

Concerning the causes of the destitution and the barbarous methods of war pursued by the Spaniards, the president is discreetly silent. He does not take advantage of the occasion either to inflame hostile sentiment against Spain in this country or to provoke ill-feeling in Madrid. The message may be disappointing to the jingoes, but it is eminently dignified, safe, and sufficient for the end proposed.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

President McKinley's course in the matter has been above reproach. He has followed strictly the policy of his predecessor. He has added largely to the store of information that was turned over to him on March 4, by closely watching the movements of the Spanish and their enemies. He will probably make a move of a more or less positive kind, before the June solstice is reached, and when he does he will have the country with him.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

If the island must be lost, the Spaniards would of course, much prefer to be driven out by the armed forces of a first-class nation than to be obliged to surrender in a humiliating way to wandering bands of outlaws. Do we care to help Spain out of her scrape?

(Rep.) The Journal. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

But the message really is a species of intervention, although the government had to beg Spain's permission to send relief to starving Americans. The permission of Spain is a quasi admission that she cannot protect American citizens and that, inferentially, a state of war does exist. The sending of relief by the government is construably evidential of distrust of Spain's willingness or power to protect American citizens. Having gone thus far, the administration, should the special commissioner, Mr. Calhoun, confirm Consul-General Lee's reports and the reports of the United States consuls, has no other course to take but to recognize Cuban belligerency.

(Rep.) The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

The Morgan resolution, recognizing the independence of the republic of Cuba, is not a pretext for a remedy. It obliterates future claims of American citizens, gives Spanish officials at sea and in ports the right to search our ships, and relieves this government of no responsibility which does not now exist.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Mr. McKinley's Cuban policy seems to wear about the same placid expression which adorned the face of Mr. Cleveland's Cuban policy.

(Dem.) The Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Under the circumstances, it is obligatory on the Spanish government to relieve this suffering. That government caused it, and should be forced to take care of the Americans whom it has forced to leave home and move to the cities. There is enough suffering in the United States to tax the generosity of the government, if it has decided to be generous.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

President McKinley has promptly set out to relieve the distress of every American in Cuba and to protect, as far as lies in his power, the rights of every American citizen in that island. This is true Americanism.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

The story told by the figures of the United States bureau of statistics urges President McKinley to make overtures to Spain for the cessation of the Cuban struggle. It ought to end if we have to buy Cuba.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

Our present administration seems to be as hopelessly devoid of backbone in dealing with the Cuban question as its latest predecessor.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

All we can do at the present time is to make the condition of such bona-fide Americans as are obliged or prefer to remain in the distracted island as tolerable as possible.

(Rep.) The Chicago Tribune. (Ill.)

It is a gentle little message which may help a few Americans, but it will do no harm to any one and no good to Cuba. The people are listening for something more heroic, more resolute, more American and more to the point. They are growing impatient, they have listened so long. They want to see this government recognize the belligerent rights of the Cubans and speak the brave word which shall make Cuba free.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The most noteworthy feature of the president's message is its absolute lack of mention of the Cuban war. This feature of the message may cause surprise, and provoke in some quarters unfavorable comment. Reflection will, however, show its wisdom. This is a message for asking relief, not for discussing belligerency.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

This is the first official recognition of the state of affairs that has existed for several years in Cuba to the common knowledge.

(Ind.) The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Recognition of belligerency is admittedly a function of the executive department of the government. The Morgan resolution is not only an attempt to force the policy of the administration, but it is also an attempt to wrest from the executive the power of recognition and give it to Congress, which is clearly unconstitutional.

REAR-ADMIRAL MEADE.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD W. MEADE.

By the death of Rear-Admiral Meade, which occurred on May 4 at Washington, D. C., the country loses one of the best-known officers of the modern navy, one whose services extend over a period of forty years. Richard Worsam Meade was born on October 9, 1837, at New York City, N. Y., in a family of military fame. In 1850 he was appointed midshipman in the navy, from California, in 1855 was graduated from the Naval Academy, and in 1858 received the commission of lieutenant. Thereafter he served in the African Squadron and in the Pacific Squadron. During the Civil War he devoted his energies to the Union cause, gaining more than national distinction. He was commended in 1862 in official despatches by Rear-Admiral Porter for his services in ending the filibustering on the Mississippi River. His conduct as commander of the ship *Marblehead* off South Carolina in 1863 won him honorable mention by Captain Balch and also thanks in general orders by Admiral Dahlgren, and in 1865 his labors in Louisiana were officially commended by Commodore Palmer. During 1871–73 he cruised in the Pacific Ocean, making a thorough report on American trade. On this cruise he negotiated a treaty with the Samoan Islands. In 1880 he was commissioned captain and became famed for his superior efficiency as a commanding officer. He was given command of the navy-yard at Washington, D. C., in September, 1887. On May 5, 1892, he was commissioned commodore. In August, 1894, he assumed command of the North Atlantic Squadron and the following month was commissioned rear-admiral. The admiral excited quite a tempest in government circles by criticising the Cleveland administration's foreign policy, and being recalled from active duty he voluntarily requested to be retired. Accordingly he was put on the reserve list on May 20, 1895.

Army and Navy Register. (Washington, D. C.)

In every capacity he showed unvarying and highly commendable ability, zeal, and those distinctive Meade characteristics, pluck and persistence. The highest words of praise are warranted in speaking of the dead admiral, either as the officer or the cultured gentleman.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

In the death of Rear-Admiral Meade the American navy loses a figure whose deeds gave a lustrous honor to the annals of its noblest period. Admiral Meade was a conspicuous type of the professional naval commander, and his career from beginning to end was characterized by the highest qualities of intelligence, discipline, patriotism, and fearlessness. A long interval of active sea duty in various parts of the world brought him into service at the outbreak of the Civil War peculiarly equipped for the momentous exactions of that mighty conflict, and his achievements speedily advanced him to a place among the bravest and most effective fighters in the Union cause. His name is associated with some of the most splendid naval engagements of the war, and his whole career presents the rounded story of a loyal, daring, generous American hero and patriot.

INVESTIGATION OF THE SUGAR TRUST SCANDAL.

THE sugar trust scandal dates back to the revenue-reform tariff bill of 1894. Then the House put sugar, raw and refined, on the free list, but in the Senate a special sugar duty was added through the votes of three or four Democratic senators. It was rumored that members of the Senate had been influenced by substantial advantages for speculation in sugar granted them by the trust. The scandal resulted in an investigation in the spring of 1894, by the Senate. Mr. Chapman, a New York broker for the trust, being summoned to Washington, D. C., as a witness, refused to testify as to his senatorial customers and their speculations. So also did Messrs. H. O. Havermeyer, president, and John E. Searles, secretary of the trust. Messrs. E. J. Edwards and John S. Shriver, newspaper correspondents, declined to give any information on the subject. Mr. Chapman was tried for contempt of court and sentenced to a month in jail. The sentence was confirmed by the Supreme Court, and on May 17, 1897, he began to serve his penalty of imprisonment in the jail in Washington. This was a test case and the United States district attorney in the District of Columbia, Mr. Davis, began proceedings against the other reticent witnesses for contempt of court. Mr. Havermeyer and Mr. Searles were acquitted. The outcome of this investigation is the more important because similar charges of senatorial corruption were published in the newspapers early in May and were followed on May 28 with a demand made in the Senate by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, for an investigation of these new accusations.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Chapman shielded certain senators, accepting a jail sentence in preference to exposure, and from now on he will be regarded as a faithful depositary of senatorial secrets. There is more in this than the mere matter of Chapman's offense. Broker Chapman's refusal to speak was a tacit confession that there are in the Senate certain men who speculate in trust stocks while legislation affecting those stocks is pending. No more vicious influence in a legislative body could be imagined. The whole scandal is enough to make the better elements in the Senate blush for their colleagues, and the trivial sentence imposed upon Chapman is no indication but that they will have occasion to blush many times in the future.

(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Strange to say, no member of the Senate proposes to clear its reputation by proposing an inquiry. Senator Hoar, who upholds the contention that the Senate has not degenerated, ought to be among the first to ask for an inquiry, or at least for a coat of whitewash.

(Rep.) Philadelphia Bulletin. (Pa)

The specific charge by a responsible newspaper in Chicago that three members of the Senate speculated in the secrets of the committee-room after the sugar schedule on the Senate tariff bill had been framed, and profited $30,000 by the transaction, is altogether too serious to be treated by the Senate with contempt or indifference. The peculiar influence which the magnates of the sugar trust have exerted in the framing of the new sugar schedule has already created suspicions as to the integrity of the framers of the bill. If the charge against the alleged speculators shall not be investigated it will serve to strengthen, if not confirm, this suspicion.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

The importance of the case legally lies not so much in the punishment which has overtaken Mr. Chapman as it does in the complete demonstration of the power of the Senate to get at facts touching the corruption of its own members if it desires to do so. As often as any one refuses to testify, to jail he can be sent, and the most resolute broker would rather tell the whole truth than spend many months even in a comfortable jail. But its political importance is far greater, for it comes just at the moment when a new sugar schedule is pending in the Senate, and "speculation" is beginning again, and a new scandal is openly promised. It could not come at a more inconvenient time, for it directs all eyes to the Senate and to the one great trust which everybody knows wrings half its swollen substance out of the public by the aid of senators through votes obtained under circumstances which those cognizant of them are obliged to conceal, lest the ring be broken up by the courts.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

There is no friendly feeling for the sugur trust among the people, and no one wants to see any one of the magnates escape the just penalty of the law.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

It should not be forgotten that the South Carolina man who is so loudly crying "stop thief" in this case is in league with the silver speculators of the far West to advance the price of silver bullion and thereby to put a good many millions of dollars in pockets which do not now contain them. How much does Tillman expect to make out of the silver "gamble"?

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Without discussing at all the question as to whether another sugar investigation is needed, or whether it would not prove as futile as the one of three years ago, it can be pointed out that Mr. Tillman is the very last member of the Senate who can properly denounce his associates and assume the role of a righteous inquisitor. For Mr. Tillman is himself accused of violation of the law of his own state, and has in effect pleaded guilty.

THE DUC D' AUMALE.

THE DUC D'AUMALE.

A Frenchman who has won distinction in literary, civil, and military life, the Duc d'Aumale, died on May 6 in his villa at Zucco, Sicily. The cause of his death was cardiac apoplexy, brought on by the shock of hearing that his niece, the Duchesse d'Alençon, had perished in the Paris fire. Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale, was born in Paris on January 16, 1822, being the fourth son of King Louis Philippe of France and his queen, Marie-Amélie. At the age of seventeen the duke entered the army. The next year with his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, he served in Algeria, resuming his military studies in France in 1841. At the age of twenty-one he returned to Algeria and in a brilliant campaign captured the camp of Abd-el-Kader, thirty-six hundred prisoners, a large treasure, and valuable papers. In recognition of his prowess he was made a lieutenant-general and placed in command of the Province of Constantine. He was governor-general of Algeria in 1847. This office he held when Abd-el-Kader surrendered to the French and until the revolution in 1848, when the royal family was banished from France. He then joined his family in England. Here he made a magnificent collection of paintings to adorn his palace in Chantilly when his exile should be ended. The law of banishment was repealed in 1871 and he returned to France. Immediately he accepted a seat in the Assembly, soon became a member of the French Academy, in 1872 was made a general of a division, and in 1873 was president of the Bazaine tribunal. In 1886 the Orleans family again was expelled from France. After the duke's departure it was found that, having buried both his sons, he had bequeathed Chantilly and all its art treasures, through the Institute, to the people of France, retaining a life estate, and in 1889 he was allowed to return home. During his exile from France the duke wrote the "History of the Princes of Condé" (1869). He also published "Institutions Militaires de la France" (1867), and numerous other works.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The duke was from the first to last a loyal Frenchman. He antagonized Louis Napoleon, but he submitted cheerfully to the republic. He held to the opinion that the French people had the right to decide as to the form of government, and there is no doubt that he accepted the republic as honestly as did others who made more noisy manifestation of their enthusiasm. The fact that after his banishment he showed his devotion to France marked him as a man above the ordinary resentments and intrigues of politics. His family attachments and his friendships were strong.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The duke was one of the richest men in Europe. His gift to the French Institute of the princely estate of Chantilly will be remembered long after the hand that gave it has moldered into dust.

FLORIDA'S NEW SENATOR.

THE spirited contest in Florida that began April 20 over the United States senatorship ended May 14 in the election of ex-Congressman Stephen R. Mallory, of Pensacola, Fla. He succeeds Wilkinson Call, who has been in the United States Senate eighteen years. In a speech before the representatives at Tallahassee, Fla., Mr. Mallory indorsed all the planks of the Chicago platform, declaring for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one.

The Sun. (*New York, N. Y.*)

Senator Mallory is a protean statesman, having many and divers titles to consideration. He was born in Virginia on the anniversary of the day on which Senator Polk was born in North Carolina, and during the Civil War he served both as a soldier and sailor in the Confederate forces. The war over, he went to college, became a teacher, and was admitted to the bar in Louisiana. A soldier, sailor, teacher, lawyer, he left Louisiana and moved to Florida and became a legislator until elected to Congress, and then, it was said, a Democratic renomination was refused him because of his opposition to free and unrestricted coinage of silver. Now, however, he has turned out a radical silver man. Other surprises in the career of Senator Mallory may follow his appearance at Washington as a successor to the distinguished Wilkinson Call, who has been in the Senate eighteen years.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

When Senator Mallory takes his seat, the status of the Senate will be restored as it was before Deboe's election by the Kentucky Legislature. The only vacancy is now the one in Oregon, which will probably remain unfilled until next year, the governor's appointment of H. W. Corbett being obviously against precedent. The Republicans, in this situation, must rely upon such silver Republican and Populist support as they can buy, after the fashion of the Jones of Nevada bargain, to pass their tariff bill. It is to the public interest that this fact be made clear, and it is becoming clearer day by day. Mallory's election is nationally important and of general benefit, in that it will tend to make clearer the willingness of the McKinleyites to bargain with the silver element for support for their bill to repay campaign contributors.

THE TURKO-GRECIAN WAR SETTLEMENT DELAYED.

THE bloody conflict between Turkey and Greece has subsided into a contest of intrigue among the powers over the spoils of war. Through the influence of the powers a land and a sea armistice were adopted by Greece and Turkey. The former compact was signed on June 3 and the latter on June 5, to last until the terms of peace are determined. In case the peace negotiations fail, either party must give twenty-four hours' notice before resuming hostilities. A council between Tewfik Pasha, Turkish minister of foreign affairs and representatives of the powers, was held in Constantinople on June 5, when the representatives of France, Great Britain, and Italy made a formal declaration against allowing Turkey to repossess Thessaly. It is rumored that this action has caused an alliance of the three emperors, William of Germany, Nicholas of Russia, and Francis Joseph of Austria. Advices of June 6 announce a hostile invasion of Turkey by armed Bulgarian troops.

GEORGE I.
King of Greece.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

It is evident that the powers will not permit the acquisition by Turkey of any considerable section of Greek territory. There may be a "strategic readjustment" of the boundary, but the extent of the Greek possessions will remain the same. England first of all the allied nations seems to have put her foot down on the project to add Thessaly to the Turkish Empire, and Russia is now reported to have followed closely along this line of policy.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Perhaps a peaceful settlement will be reached, but the powers ought to have learned the lesson that it is dangerous to give the Turk a taste of blood.

The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

It is curious that any doubts about the sultan's intentions as to resuming the war with Greece should have any effect on the negotiations now beginning at Constantinople, when it is remembered how promptly he suspended hostilities when the czar gave him the wink.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Turkey has now advanced to the position of a power in Europe that must be respected. The idea that the sultan's government is to be utterly destroyed at an early day is abandoned. Russia is seeking the friendship of Turkey, and no longer pays humble obeisance to the dictates of England; and the sultan occupies a prouder position among the nations than ever before.

ABDUL HAMID II.
Sultan of Turkey.

Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Want of discipline—want of the habit of obeying the constituted authorities—seems to have been largely the cause of the failure of the Greeks to effect anything in the war with Turkey. Each commander insisted on going his own way, with the result that there was insufficient cooperation.

The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Greece is in a bad way financially, and being so she is in no condition to continue a war that promises nothing but disaster in the field and a further and deeper plunging of the country into debt.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

If the chronic fighters of the Balkan States take a hand in the proceedings, there is no telling how far the trouble may spread.

Baltimore American. (Md.)

The sultan's demands have put the powers in a quandary. They can hardly go so far as to grant him the cession of Thessaly, nor is it easy to see how they can force him to change his answer to their note, or, in case of their refusal to accept his terms, prevent him from marching his army to Athens, if he feels so disposed.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

With the new military spirit that has been awakened in the Turk, with the support that has been given to him by Germany, with his insistence that nothing shall be done which will destroy his prestige as a "victorious power," with the head of the church declaring that it is the will of Allah that Turkey should possess Thessaly, and with Russia planning for his benefit and for the ulterior success of her own designs, the opposition which England, France, and Italy are likely to meet from him may be of such a character as to make history in Europe.

The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

Against the wish of Europe, outside of those who hold Turkish bonds, Turkey has strengthened itself in Europe. And now that the time for settlement has come the sultan will take up his old tactics of playing one power against another in the hope that now, as in the past, they will leave him free to do as he pleases.

The Times. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Turk has tasted blood. He has had no difficulty in administering a severe chastisement to the Greeks, and he has no notion of leaving off now without the assurance of some substantial benefits.

The Pittsburg Post. (Pa.)

A revolution at Athens, where pretty rough and revolutionary material from all parts of Europe appears to be congregating, is among the probabilities.

The Times. (New York, N. Y.)

The amount of the indemnity is really a matter of pride only on both sides, for Greece has no money, very little credit, and an enormous increase of debt from the expenditures of the war. Her previous obligations have been scaled heavily, both principal and interest. Unless any indemnity now promised were guaranteed by the powers, the sultan would get but little from it.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

A JOYFUL patriotic demonstration and imposing military parade accompanied the unveiling of the monument to George Washington at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa., on May 15. The monument was projected on July 4, 1811, by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, men who had served as officers under General Washington. They subscribed about $2,000. The sum gradually increased until it covered the present cost of the monument, about $250,000. The monument is an equestrian figure of Washington, twenty feet high. It was designed by Prof. Rudolph Siemering, of Berlin, and was constructed abroad. On the day of the dedication the weather was beautiful and the city, all gay with flags and other decorations, was thronged with sightseers. Among the guests were President McKinley, Vice-President Hobart, Secretary of the Treasury Gage, Attorney-General McKenna, Postmaster-General Gary, Secretary of the Interior Bliss, and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. The services began about two o'clock with a prayer by Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker, followed by a speech by Major Wm. Wayne, president of the Society of the Cincinnati. President McKinley removed the flags from the monument and immediately salutes were fired by the battery of the regular army and afterward by the ships lying in the Delaware River. President McKinley then made a short address. An oration was delivered by Wm. W. Porter, of the Society of the Cincinnati, which was followed by the formal consignment of the monument to the city and to the care of the Fairmount Park commissioners. In conclusion of the exercises President McKinley reviewed the splendid military pageant of regular troops, state troops, and sailors.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is significant of the slow but sure movement of the great Quaker commonwealth that the event which yesterday was brought to completion was designed eighty-six years ago, and was matured and completed exactly in the manner proposed by its originators. It is the memorial of Washington's officers to their illustrious chief; yet it is more than this. The men who served with Washington planned the great design—though little dreaming of the majestic proportions to which it would attain—their sons and grandsons projected the plan, but the plain common people of the state gave the money for its execution. It is a soldiers' and a citizens' offering to the memory of one who, though great in war, was not less great as a citizen.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Philadelphia now has a $250,000 statue of the father of his country, the finest which any city is able to show, and it matches the same with a sober, Quaker-like pride against New York's treasured memorial possession just dedicated with ceremonies of so much grandeur.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Philadelphia rudely takes away the record New York thought to establish for slowness, in the building of Grant's tomb, by dedicating a monument to the memory of George Washington.

THE SPANISH MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

THE long impending storm between the Liberals and Conservatives in the Spanish Cortes has broken at last, but has effected no change in Spain's Cuban policy. The immediate trouble arose from a dispute on May 21 in the Cortes over the Morgan belligerency resolution adopted on May 20 by the United States Senate. Both the Liberals and Conservatives became excited, and finally the Duke of Tetuan, Spanish minister of foreign affairs, emphasized his remarks by slapping the face of Professor Comas, a Liberal senator. The Liberals resented this insult to one of their number by refusing to take part in the transactions of the Cortes until atonement was made. The Duke of Tetuan therefore resigned on May 21, but the next day withdrew his resignation on the advice of the Spanish premier, Senor Canovas del Castillo. The Liberals persisted in their refusal to appear in the Cortes, and on June 2 Premier Canovas gave the resignation of his cabinet to the queen regent. She accepted it on June 3 and immediately thereafter the premier resigned. On June 6 the queen regent reinstated the Canovas ministry without change in personnel or policy. This restoration is said to mean that General Weyler will not be removed from his command in Cuba, at least for some time yet.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Cuban situation does not appear to be changed at all by the Spanish cabinet flurry. All classes of Spaniards, even the most radical Republicans, are opposed to the surrender of Spain's colonial possessions. While the Liberals have freely criticised the Conservative Ministry for its want of success in suppressing the insurrection, they have carefully refrained from proposing a policy of their own. As for the reforms which have been contrived for Cuba, even General Campos, greatly as he is respected, would not be likely to administer them with greater success than Weyler. The time has gone by for the insurgents to accept a compromise which would continue the Spanish domination of Cuba.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is significant that this encounter, which is the ostensible reason for Canovas' resignation, itself arose during a dispute on the Cuban question. Nor can there be much doubt that the chief of the difficulties which have made the ministers willing to retire was that of handling the Cuban problem without, on the one hand, involving Spain in a fatal war, or, on the other, exciting the wrathful contempt of the entire Spanish people.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

As hitherto explained, the Liberal party is in so meager a minority in the Cortes that any cabinet formed by Senor Sagasta would have no hope of commanding a majority. Its continued existence during a session of the Cortes would therefore be impossible.

(Dem.) The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

Spain is bankrupt. Her Cuban war has cut down the flower of her youth. Her credit is gone and her resources are exhausted. She begins to realize that Weyler's campaign has not been wise of honorable.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

The Spanish ministerial crisis comes sooner than anticipated. The resignation of the Canovas cabinet is undoubtedly tantamount to an admission of the failure of the Weyler campaign in Cuba.

(Rep.) The Denver Republican. (Col.)

In the event that Canovas is retained in the premiership he will reorganize the ministry so as to make it more harmonious. This would involve at best little more than a modification of the Cuban policy.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

It is to be observed that the abstention of the Liberals from the Cortes, while precipitated by the assault of the minister of foreign affairs upon a senator of the opposition, in reality rose to the dignity of an organized protest against Weyler's conduct of the war in the revolting island.

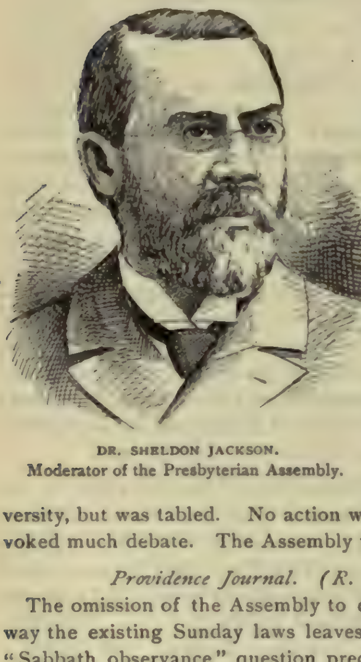
(Rep.) Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The significant thing in the ministerial crisis in Spain is that both the Conservatives, seeking to retain office, and the Liberals, maneuvering to secure office, agree that there must be a change of policy and a change of governor-general in Cuba.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Although the queen regent's decision to retain Canovas in power may put an end to one hope entertained by President McKinley, yet it should really accelerate rather than retard his own program in regard to Spain. . . . It might have been desirable to wait for the new ministry to study the situation and announce its policy. But, as the case stands, there is no reason now for postponing negotiations with Spain.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.



DR. SHELDON JACKSON.
Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly.

WITH no great doctrinal question and no heresy trial to settle, the Presbyterian General Assembly of May 20-28, inclusive, has been the shortest Assembly in eighteen years. It convened in the Auditorium in Winona Park, Eagle Lake, Ind. Among those included in its membership were Benjamin Harrison, ex-president of the United States; a member of his cabinet, ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker; the present governor of Indiana, James A. Mount, and the former United States commissioner of education, John Easton, LL.D. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring moderator, Dr. John L. Withrow, of Chicago. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the United States commissioner of education for Alaska, was elected moderator. Considerable time was devoted to missions. The question of disposing of the Presbyterian Mission House in New York City was settled in favor of not selling the building and, to cut down expenses, it was decided to reorganize the Board of Home Missions with only one secretary. On May 28 the use of wine at the sesquicentennial celebration at Princeton University came up for discussion. A resolution was offered in censure of the authorities of the university, but was tabled. No action was taken on the Sunday observance question that recently has provoked much debate. The Assembly will meet at Winona Park again next year.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

The omission of the Assembly to change in any way the existing Sunday laws leaves the so-called "Sabbath observance" question precisely where it has been ever since the present agitation was started. These laws explicitly prohibit much that now goes on as a matter of course. Of course it is a bad thing to have laws on the statute book that are not enforced. If one law may be broken with impunity, why not another? The practice of passing laws, or of refusing to repeal laws, which public sentiment does not indorse, is in every way reprehensible. There has been too much of the legislation usually described as paternal. Law has interfered too often in the domain of morals.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The quiet indicates rather the triumph of the Briggs party than the cessation of its orthodox opponents from the old strife. The new school seems to have conquered toleration. Accordingly the General Assembly will not this year engage the public interest which was attracted to it when the authority of the Bible was its main subject of discussion. The Bible has been set aside, and believers in an infallible inspiration, and skeptics who treat Scripture as a revelation, from God only so far as it does not conflict with demonstrated natural laws, are allowed to hold their views without interference.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

By tabling a resolution censuring the authorities of Princeton University for providing wine at the anniversary banquet last fall the Presbyterian General Assembly wisely refrained from an intrusion into affairs which it was not charged to supervise, and for which it is in no sense responsible. In a word, the Assembly set a good example of minding one's own business.

(Presb.) The Presbyterian. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Neither did the Assembly take any retrograde step in regard to any of its former deliverances upon the issues between liberals and conservatives. The truth is, the Briggs' controversy with its vexed problems is over, and our church means to stand by her record in regard to it, and to deal squarely with the newer questions that are pressing for solution in her administrative relations.

(Presb.) The Evangelist. (New York, N. Y.)

The Evangelist sends greeting and congratulations to Dr. Sheldon Jackson in the chair. We do not at all disparage his excellent unsuccessful opponent; but we know and honor Dr. Jackson and feel justified in the feeling that he has come to his own, and receives no mark of approval and confidence which his long and faithful and self-denying service of the church has not over and over merited.

(Evan.) New York Observer. (N. Y.)

Among the forces that have made for peace in the Presbyterian Church—peace with honor—during the past year or so must be metioned the Rev. Dr. Robert R. Booth and the Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow. The irenic sermon with which Dr. Booth opened the Assembly at Saratoga, N. Y., in May, 1896, and that preached by Dr. Withrow at Eagle Lake, Ind., in May, 1897, were conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of loyal and catholic-spirited Christian men. One or two more such moderators' sermons and one or two more meetings of the Assembly conducted under such inspiring influences will make us forget those things which are behind which revealed so much that was human and unbrotherly.

THE SULTAN OBJECTS TO MINISTER ANGELL.

It finally has been settled that James B. Angell will be acceptable to the sultan as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Constantinople, Turkey. Advices of May 28 announced that the Turkish minister in Washington, D. C., Moustapha Bey, had lodged with our government a formal protest of the Sublime Porte against receiving our newly appointed minister to Turkey, Dr. Angell. On investigation the State Department, acting with United States minister Terrell at Constantinople, learned that the fact of Dr. Angell's belonging to the Congregational Church was the only cause of the Porte's protest. The sultan, it appeared, had been advised that the Congregational Church was a Jesuitical body and therefore he feared Mr. Angell would be obnoxiously active in propagating his doctrine among the Mohammedans. Assurances as to the true character of the church in question removed all his objections to the appointee and an official announcement to this effect was cabled to Secretary Sherman on June 1.

JAMES BURRILL ANGELL.
United States Minister to Turkey.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

Surely Turkey does not expect the United States or any other Christian or civilized nation to send a minister who applauds Armenian massacres and justifies the policy of the sultan toward his helpless Christian subjects. Any European minister is necessarily an enemy of assassination and outrage, and if this be a disqualification, no American can go to Turkey.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

The sultan has a clear right to decline to receive him as *persona non grata*, and the fact that Minister Angell's connection with missionary societies is made the basis of the Mohammedan objection does not in the least interfere with this prerogative.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

In the present emergency nothing could be more foolish than for the sultan to make an issue between Mohammedanism and Christianity. He is a Mohammedan, of course, but why does he pay any attention to differences of religion when his fate is in the hands of powers that profess allegiance to Christianity? If they decide that he shall gain nothing by his conquest of Greece, he will gain nothing by it. If they decide that his empire shall be wiped off the face of the earth, it will be as they decide. He is all-powerful when he is facing only Greece. He would be powerless if called on to face the Christian nations. It is not easy to understand why he should be so stupid.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

If American missionaries in Turkey, in common with others, are received and protected by treaty provisions, what just ground is there for objecting to a diplomatic representative who is in active sympathy with missionary work, rather than lukewarm or antagonistic?

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

We have but few men who are well fitted for foreign service. Angell is one of them, and he was only induced to consider the acceptance of the Turkish mission by strong urgency of his friends, including the president.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

This is altogether too rich for the times. Perhaps the unspeakable Turk would prefer that a follower of the prophet be sent, if one who is a naturalized American could be found. If the United States is to be represented, it should be by a representative American, and the president will have hard work to find such a minister who is not opposed to the cruelties of the Turkish government, and not wanting in sympathy for their methods in dealing with Christians.

MARQUIS ITO IN AMERICA.

MARQUIS ITO.
Ex-Premier of Japan

The Japanese statesman Marquis Ito, who passed through the United States on his way to Queen Victoria's jubilee, will be remembered as the premier of Japan during the Chino-Japanese War of two years ago. He is now the leading representative of Japan's progressive party, having worked his way up from the ranks of the common people. Accompanying the marquis are Marquis Kido and two Japanese newspaper men, S. H. Yokioko and I. Osada by name. They landed in America at Vancouver, made a hurried journey by railway to Montreal, and thence proceeded to New York to take sail for France. They reached New York on May 27 and were cordially welcomed by their countrymen in that place. The Japanese minister from Washington, several consuls, and other distinguished men called on the visitors. On May 28 the party embarked on a French Line steamer. Marquis Ito will go to Paris to meet Prince Takehito, of the imperial house of Arisugawa, special envoy from Japan to the queen's jubilee. Both Marquis Ito and Marquis Kido will figure in the jubilee as members of this prince's suite.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The arrival of the Marquis Ito at Vancouver is an event surpassing in national interest the visit of Yamagata, that other distinguished Japanese statesman and warrior who represented the mikado at the coronation of the czar. The prominence of the marquis in the war with China, and the military genius displayed by him during that struggle, make of him a peculiarly picturesque and dignified oriental figure. Notwithstanding these facts, however, it would be manifestly unwise to swallow without a grain of salt the statements made by the marquis concerning international relations, in the course of an interview to which he submitted on his arrival. Chief among his assertions were two: first, that Japan will not compete commercially with the United States, except in trade with China, and second, that his government would not accept the Hawaiian Islands as a gift. Ito is something of a diplomat, and the language of disavowal is the language of diplomacy in the earlier stages of colonial and commercial expansion.

NO WOMEN IN CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Woman's proud triumph in getting such a conservative university as Cambridge, England, to vote on the advisability of granting degrees to women has, so far, ended with the vote. The question has been under agitation for many months and especially since early in March, when the senate of the university of Cambridge engaged in a three days' debate on the matter. Finally on May 21 a vote was taken in the senate of the university on the following proposition: "It is desirable that the title of the degree of bachelor of arts be conferred by diploma upon women, who, in accordance with the now existing ordinances, shall hereafter satisfy the examiners in a final tripos examination, and shall have kept by residence nine terms at least, provided that the title so conferred shall not involve membership of the university." A total of 2,375 votes were cast, of which 1,713 were against the proposition and only 662 for it, giving a majority of 1,051 votes in the negative. The result of the struggle was celebrated by crowds of undergraduates in such a boisterous manner as to require vigorous measures by the police to prevent a riot.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It must not be for a moment imagined that this result is a setback for the higher education of women, or that it expresses any disapproval of such education. It means merely that the two great, historic universities of England, which have so largely shaped national life and character, and have exerted for centuries a vastly greater influence over the current of English affairs than any other universities have over affairs in other lands—that these unique institutions are to retain their unique character. There are other universities in England of high rank to which women are admitted on terms of equality with men, and in which they may obtain substantially as good education and as high degrees as in Cambridge or Oxford. The number of them, and the number of women students in them, will doubtless continue to increase.

The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

And so it is settled for the time being that no woman can be a bachelor of arts at Cambridge. Perhaps if some woman would promise to help develop a winning crew for Cambridge against Oxford the sex would be admitted to full membership in the university.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

Let her prove that she will add materially to the tone and advantages of Cambridge, and she will get into the same class as the male students there. Agitation, it strikes us, is the least potent argument for her claims, though some women and other friends of higher education have already informed the university people that that means of overcoming opposition will be employed until the barriers are lowered.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is readily conceded that the recommendation was radical for such a conservative place as Cambridge, and it may also be granted that experience and opinion are by no means unanimous, even in the United States, as to the advisability and wisdom of coeducation. It seems probable, however, that it is not fear of having to take a course of lectures on hats or the latest fashions in bloomers that actuated the Cambridge undergraduates in their demonstrations, but that the compelling motive was rather fear of intellectual competition and rivalry.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Aside from its characteristic ungallantry, the action of the students at the University of Cambridge in defeating a proposal to permit women to take degrees from the institution is interesting as showing the tardy advance of educational progress in the older centers of Europe. It proves that the progressive impulses which have welcomed women into the foremost institutions of learning in America have not yet modified the musty traditions which govern those of England, and that the wholesome principle of coeducation has not yet received its proper recognition abroad.

MAX MARETZEK.

MAX MARETZEK.

The musical world of America loses a prominent promoter of grand opera in the death of the musical composer and *impresario*, Max Maretzek. Born in Brünn, Austria, he early studied medicine at the University of Vienna, but abandoned medicine for music, became director of the local theater of Brünn, and at the age of eighteen years wrote and composed the opera "Hamlet," which proved a success. He then went to Paris as a writer of ballet music and thence to London as assistant conductor to Balfe at Her Majesty's Theater. In 1848 he came to America and was made conductor of the Italian Opera Company, playing in Astor Place, New York. For several years he was not successful financially but he held the position of conductor and was the first tenant of the Academy of Music, opened in 1854. The next year he included Brignoli and La Grange in his company and had "Semiramide" and "Il Trovatore" sung for the first time in America. Mr. Maretzek induced many musical celebrities to come to this country, among whom were Mme. Bertucca, whom he married, Piccolomini, Adelina Patti, and Pauline Lucca. He fostered the greatest operatic works, introducing those of Meyerbeer and Verdi, and Gounod's "Faust," restored many operas, such as "Don Juan," "The Magic Flute," "The Marriage of Figaro," and was the first to popularize Italian opera in New York. His last appearances in the field of grand opera date from 1878, when he brought out a production of his own, entitled "Sleepy Hollow" and founded on Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The opera did not share the success of his other compositions. From this time nearly till his death he gave singing lessons. His wife, a son, and two daughters survive him.

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS ON LABOR TRUSTS.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

AT the dinner on May 22 in Philadelphia, given in honor of the former ambassador to Italy, Wayne MacVeagh, ex-Senator George F. Edmunds touched a responsive chord when he spoke on the hostility that is now prevalent to trusts. He declared that the hostility was all one-sided, inasmuch as it ignored the great labor trusts. This is what he said:

"Somebody has said something in the course of this evening on the subject of our economy, of the intensities of the concentration of various trusts—sugar, oil, tobacco, and rope trusts. We find in the newspapers lots of things about these trusts. But have they got them all? Where is your plumbers' trust? Where is your plasterers' trust? Where is your carpenters' trust? Where is your every trust of labor and organization in every human industry that exists in the United States?

"There came under my observation in your city of Washington a touching illustration a few years ago. I had occasion to employ a plumber to do a small piece of work for me, and during the progress of the work he asked me if I could not find a place for his son in one of the departments. I asked him why he did not take his son into his own establishment and there teach him his trade. He said:

"'Senator, I cannot do it.'

"I said, 'Why?'

"'Why,' he said, 'the Plumber's Union only allows two apprentices in the state from a certain district, and my son cannot get in.'

"I said, 'Why don't you teach him your own trade in your own shop?' and he made reply:

"'Why, senator, if I did, I could not get a job in this whole city.'

"Is not that a trust which is wrong? Well, that runs through every trade. And so they may talk about our honest men with wives and families to support who are willing to work for one and two dollars a day but can't get it. Why? Because their union or their trust won't allow them. The standard is set for them, and if they don't wait and starve their families until they can reach that standard they can't get work anywhere. Everywhere they go they are met by the same condition of affairs, all over our United States: a workingman can't work for what he wants to—he must work for what somebody else says he must."

TESLA'S NEW LIGHT.

Popular Science News. (New York, N. Y.)

Nikola Tesla, the electrician, has patented a device for producing almost incalculable electrical vibrations. It was by the use of this device that Mr. Tesla has been able to demonstrate the scientific possibility of producing brilliant illumination by means of vacuum tubes that were not in mechanical contact with the electric source. Under the influence of a current of electricity interrupted sixty million or eighty million times a second the tubes with which Mr. Tesla was experimenting burst into brilliant white light, which was demonstrated by photography to be much more powerful than the arc electric light, although the tubes were entirely disconnected and stood so far away from the exciting coils that Mr. Tesla sat in a large armchair between the tubes and the coil while he was photographed by the light of the tubes.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN SCIENCE.

Electrical World. (New York, N. Y.)

It has been announced that Dr. P. Zeeman, of the Amsterdam University, while working at Leyden, discovered that the lines of a metallic spectrum are broadened when the source of light is in an intense magnetic field. The discovery will probably substantiate the hypothesis that radiation is due to the motion of electric charges, whether free or associated with the vibrating molecules of the luminous body. It has seemed more and more likely, as knowledge of ether-physics has advanced, that radiation could not be excited by the motions of the inert molecules of matter, but must of necessity require their electrification. The new facts apparently demonstrate that this is true, and throw another ray of light upon the still obscure subject of the mechanism of radiation. Of course the principle bearing of the discovery is upon the theory of light. It is a step toward more complete knowledge of the means by which the particles of a body at high temperature disturb the adjacent ether. It contains also the germs of conclusions regarding the nature of radiating and absorbing matter which may go far toward extending our knowledge of molecular and ether-physics. There is little doubt that the solutions of two mysteries, the nature of light and of electricity, are destined to be simultaneously attained. This discovery is probably the most important contribution to science since Roentgen's announcement of his new form of radiation.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

May 7. Princeton triumphs over Yale in the intercollegiate debate in New Haven, Conn.

May. 10. The Berliner (Bell) telephone patent is declared valid by the United States Supreme Court.——The United States Supreme Court denies a rehearing of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association.

May 11. The Supreme Council of the American Protective Association opened its annual session in Washington, D. C.——The Illinois Supreme Court decides in favor of the constitutionality of the inheritance tax.——The American Medico-Psychological Association convenes in Baltimore, Md.

May 12. A direct inheritance tax bill receives the signature of Governor Hastings.

May 15. New York State's new civil service bill receives Governor Black's signature.

May 19. The American Baptist Home Mission Society convenes in Pittsburg.

May 25. President McKinley appoints Edwin H. Conger to be minister to Brazil.——The American Unitarian Association convenes in Boston.

May 26. Charles B. Hart, of West Virginia, is named as minister to Colombia.——Commander Booth-Tucker is convicted of maintaining a noise nuisance at the Salvation Army headquarters, in New York.——The United Presbyterians convene at Rock Island, Ill., in their General Assembly.

May 27. Congressman J. L. McLaurin is appointed to the South Carolina senatorship vacated by the death of Joseph H. Earle.

May 30. An earthquake visits most of the Southern and many of the Western States.

June 1. President McKinley selects Ellis H. Roberts as treasurer of the United States.——The International Commercial Congress opens in Philadelphia, Pa., with an address by President McKinley.

June 3. Ex-Secretary John W. Foster declines the post of ambassador to Spain.——The Congregational Home Missionary Society closes its annual session in Saratoga, N. Y.

June 4. The International Commercial Congress in Philadelphia adjourns *sine die*.

June 5. At the Western Intercollegiate Games in Chicago, the University of Wisconsin wins the championship and J. H. Maybury, of Wisconsin, breaks the world's record in the 220 yard dash, his time being 21 2-5 seconds.

FOREIGN.

May 6. The Transvaal immigration law is repealed by the Volksraad.

May 8. Rome and other places in Italy experience slight earthquake shocks.

May 9. Nicaragua abolishes capital punishment. ——The municipal elections in Spain are attended with riots.

May 11. The Honduras revolution ends.——The Liberals are the victors in the Quebec elections.

May 13. The chairman of the bimetallic parliamentary committee of the House of Commons in London reports that the prospects were never more bright for international agreement.

May 14. Tom Mann, English labor agitator, is expelled from France.

May 19. The German Reichstag passes a bill intended to restrain the German immigration to North America.

May 23. A new cabinet is instated in Denmark.

May 24. Queen Victoria's seventy-eighth birthday is celebrated in England with artillery salutes, ringing of church bells, and reviews at military and naval stations.

May 28. The Irish Parliamentary party decides against participating in the coming jubilee celebration.——Four hundred delegates attend the national bimetallic leagues in Paris; Premier Méline gives assurances of France's support in the efforts of the United States for an international agreement.

May 29. Lord Salisbury opens the queen's jubilee festivities in London with a banquet and reception.——Li Hung Chang approves a Belgian loan for building railways in China.

June 5. The Irish National League passes a resolution admonishing Irishmen not to participate in the queen's jubilee.——M. Gerault Richard, Socialist, is forcibly expelled from the French Chamber of Deputies amid great disorder.

NECROLOGY.

May 20. United States Senator Joseph H. Earle. ——Ex-Postmaster-General Horatio King.

June 5. Rear-Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee, distinguished United States naval commander.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1897–98.

The change inaugurated in last year's course of reading will be followed in the course for 1897–98, which will be known as the "German-Roman Year." The appropriateness of grouping for study Rome and her ultimate conquerors will be seen at once, and a comparison of the history and institutions of the two nations, each among the foremost in its time in vigor and intellectuality, will be found profitable and inspiring. The readers of the C. L. S. C. will have no cause to complain of the character of the books provided for this course. While written by specialists, and so giving the assurance of perfect accuracy and the results of the latest research, they have been prepared according to a definite plan and with reference to the requirements of the average reader.

The first book in the course, "Imperial Germany," is written by Mr. Sidney Whitman, a well-known London writer and newspaper correspondent. It gives a comprehensive survey of present-day Germany, defining its position among European nations as to government, education, literary attainments, commerce, and social life. Mr. Whitman's personal friendship with Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other leaders of modern Germany gives added value to his discussion of German politics, and autograph portraits of many of these form a valuable feature of the numerous illustrations.

The work on sociology has been prepared by Prof. Charles R. Henderson, of The University of Chicago, and is entitled "The Social Spirit in America." The field of discussion is broad and includes all the great sociological questions of the day. Professor Henderson has given particular attention to the institutions for social improvement which have arisen in the United States, and makes many practical suggestions for the advancement of the common welfare.

The study of Rome is introduced by "Roman Life in Pliny's Time," a translation from the French of Maurice Pellison. The title of the book indicates its nature, being a vivid and entertaining delineation of life as it was enacted in the narrow streets, public buildings, great theaters, and magnificent villas of ancient Rome during Pliny the Younger's career as an advocate, orator, and man of letters. The education of the children, the marriage customs, the treatment of slaves, the methods of conducting business, the forms of amusement, and modes of travel are discussed, and in many cases illustrated by reproductions of works of art, famous paintings, and street and house scenes.

Prof. Oliver J. Thatcher, of The University of Chicago, is the author of the history of the course, which is entitled "A Short History of Medieval Europe." It is a masterly survey of Europe during the period from 350 to 1500 A. D., written in a clear and convincing style, and showing evidences of careful study and thorough research.

A new and enlarged edition of "Roman and Medieval Art," by Prof. William H. Goodyear, of the Brooklyn Institute, presents, perhaps, the most interesting feature in the study of Rome. The book has been revised and enlarged and contains nearly two hundred reproductions of the masterpieces of Roman architecture, sculpture, and painting.

The Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will as usual be largely supplementary to the subject-matter of the books. There will be seven different series of articles, each running through nine consecutive numbers. Three of these series will be upon German, Roman, and American topics, one upon scientific subjects of general interest, and the remaining three will be devoted to religious articles, translations from the German, French, and Italian, and miscellaneous topics. During the coming year THE CHAUTAUQUAN will retain many of its old contributors, and new ones of equal merit will be introduced, forming a list that will assure the readers of the C. L. S. C. matter of solid worth and interest.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

To the yearly visitor at Chautauqua the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* seems as important a feature in its life as the steamboats or the morning lecture. The first thing sought in the morning, it is often a companion during the entire day, being a convenient guide to the various features of the scheduled program. It is as frequently resorted to for entertainment during leisure moments, and one invariably finds its pages interesting reading, whether one turns to a careful report of yesterday's lecture, the vivid recountal of a ball game, the recital of a talk with some of the many great men and women who are found at Chautauqua, the record of arrivals and their addresses, or just the "drift" caught up along the edges of its many-sided life, and affording one a glimpse of the cosmopolitanism of the place. Certainly, a day at Chautauqua without the *Assembly Herald* would be an unthought-of economy.

But it is those who have not the privileges of a season at Chautauqua who prize the paper most, and for this class ample provision is made. The *Assembly Herald* is sent by mail to every part of the country and world. The daily mailing facilities are good. The two steam power printing presses used to print the *Assembly Daily Herald* furnish an early edition for the morning mails, and a large force of clerks put the papers in the mail pouches to hurry them off promptly to the subscribers.

A newspaper serves a twofold purpose: it supplies the demand for the day's news, and it preserves in lasting form a history of current events and such other matter as it may contain. Perhaps a greater proportion of valuable literature is preserved in the *Assembly Herald* than in any other paper of its kind. One of its best features is the accurate report of lectures, addresses, and sermons. Many of them being delivered by men and women of world-wide fame, and discussing a vast variety of subjects, they are valuable for reference, and many a Chautauquan finds frequent occasion for referring to his file of *Assembly Heralds*.

One can gain a clearer idea of the place through the *Assembly Herald* than by any other method except a personal visit. The college with its different departments, the kindergarten, the art schools, the gymnasium, the clubs and classes, the C. L. S. C. Round Tables and class meetings, the social functions, the "special days," the many forms of amusements—all these interests, aside from the regular program, are noticed according to their importance. In short, the *Assembly Herald*, as the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly, whose growth and success it has recorded with its own, is making itself each year more and more indispensable to the *habitues* and friends of this summer town.

The coming season it will have an able and energetic staff of editors and reporters, and will continue to maintain its usual high standard. The first number of the twenty-second volume will be issued at Chautauqua Tuesday morning, July 20, and the last will appear Monday morning, August 23, making in all thirty numbers. The terms for subscription are $1.00 for the season, or in clubs of five or more to one post-office address, 90 cents each. The offer of last year will be renewed this season, according to which any one subscribing to THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the coming year, beginning with October, and to the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* will receive both for $2.70. This offer will be withdrawn after August 1, 1897. Address Dr. T. L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR JUNE.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—IX.

1. That he is inaccurate. 2. Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Madame Dudevant. 3. "Consuelo," "Les Maîtres Sonneurs" (The Bagpipers). 4. By introducing the oratorical element and through the addresses made in their Parlément. 5-6. Ludovic Halèvy, "L'Abbé Constantin"; Alphonse Daudet, "The Nabob"; Anatole France, "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard;" Louis Marie Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti), "The Marriage of Loti." 7. Sully-Prudhomme, "The Broken Vase"; Jose Maria de Heredia, "The Trophies"; Francois Coppee, "The Passer-by." 8. Gustave Doré. 9. Bouguereau, Jules Breton, Antoine Mauve, Henner. 10. "Angelus du Soir."

FRENCH HISTORY.—IX.

1. The storming of Antwerp by French soldiers under the Duke of Anjou. 2. M. Nicolas Fouquet. 3. The siege of Sebastopol. 4. They captured and held Malakoff, one of the defenses of Sebastopol, which made the evacuation of Sebastopol necessary. 5. Louis Philippe. 6. Louis Philippe. 7. By the passage of a law making the irremovability of judges impossible for three months. 8. More than two years. 9. They brought about a revision of the constitution. 10. The societies of the Jacobins and Cordeliers.

ASTRONOMY.—IX.

1. Georgium Sidus in honor of George III. of England, and Herschel. 2. The letter H, Herschel's initial, with a little circle added below. 3. It was observed and recorded as a fixed star at twenty different times, beginning as early as 1690. 4. By John William Draper in 1840. 5. Seven, five of the sun and two of the moon. 6. Two. 7. Dr. James Bradley. 8. Edmund Halley, because of the importance of his observations made during his trip to St. Helena. 9. James Bradley. 10. John Harrison.

CURRENT EVENTS.—IX.

1. January, 1895, in the form of a letter to President Dole. 2. John O. Dominis, an American and governor of Oahu. 3. In 1826. 4. By Secretary Marcy about forty-four years ago, when Hawaiian autonomy was threatened. 5. A treaty was signed by representatives of the two governments, presented

by Secretary Foster to President Harrison, who sent it to Congress with a message advising its ratification. 6. The attorney fee shall not exceed $100; the assignee can not receive more than $3 per day. 7. An arbitral tribunal to determine the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. 8. Five jurists: Right Hon. Baron Herschell and the Hon. Sir Richard Henn Collins, representing Great Britain; the Hon. Melville W. Fuller and the Hon. David J. Brewer, representing Venezuela; and a fifth jurist to be elected by the four named, or if they fail "to agree within three months from the date of the exchange of ratifications of the treaty" the king of Sweden and Norway is to appoint a jurist to act on the tribunal. 9. The jurist selected in the manner just described. 10. At Paris.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Thoughts on Nature.

A large field of observation is not necessary in order to appreciate the beauties in nature and to conceive the diversity of form in plant and animal life. In the case of Charles M. Skinner, a plat of land only eighteen by fifty feet in size was sufficiently large to arouse the feelings and impressions he has embodied in "Nature in a City Yard."* Before many leaves are turned the reader feels that the author is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, which he has made quite charming by combining exquisite touches of humor and a graceful, lucid style with practical sense.

The birds and flowers of New England are admirably pictured in a series of essays on "The Friendship of Nature,"† by Mabel Osgood Wright. In each season there is something pleasant and interesting about nature's life which the author sets forth vividly, and no one can read these bright and tender messages without a warm feeling of sympathy and friendliness for all in nature that brightens our lives.

From personal observation entirely the author of "Inmates of My House and Garden"‡ tells us she has gathered the contents of her book. It is an instructive work, written in a plain, straightforward style, and many interesting experiences in animal-taming are recorded. Many excellent illustrations accompany the text, which is printed on heavy paper in clear type.

Interesting phenomena may be found in the common objects about us if we seek to discover them. This is well illustrated in a collection of short nature studies called "Round the Year."‖ The sketches, the author says, are the result of observations made in Yorkshire, England, in 1895. The record contains facts from every department of natural science gathered during each month from January to December, and the faithfulness with which the author describes events and phenomena even to the minutest detail adds to rather than detracts from the charm of the work. Numerous illustrations vivify the descriptions and increase the value of the work.

In the interest of the new education, which seeks to promote original experimentation and to direct thoughtful attention to the result of the investigation of others, Appleton's Home Reading Books are published. One of these, "The Plant World,"* contains fifty extracts from the writings of those who have described vegetable life in various parts of the world. Both prose and poetry are included in the selections, which are valuable for their literary as well as for their scientific merit, and will furnish interesting reading for old and young. Pictures of rare forms of vegetation are included in the book.

Another of Appleton's Home Reading Books is "The Story of the Birds."† The author, James Newton Baskett, M. A., begins his recital with an account of the early ancestors of birds, and follows their evolution up to the present anatomical structure. The philosophical way in which the author presents his facts and the uniqueness of his comparisons make a combination which produces a happy style and an attractive book for general reading. The syllabus of the chapters, with the suggestions for study, are valuable aids to one who wishes to verify by personal observation the statements of the author. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

A guide to the study of ornithology is "Bird-Life,"‡ by Frank M. Chapman. In a simple and popular way he treats of bird evolution, the agricultural value of birds, and gives facts which aid in identifying a large number of the more common birds. If the work contained nothing but the seventy-five full-page representations of our little friends it would still be a book to be desired for its artistic qualities. There are also numerous text drawings illustrating the author's statements.

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* Nature in a City Yard. By Charles M. Skinner. 169 pp. $1.00. New York: The Century Co.

† The Friendship of Nature. By Mabel Osgood Wright. 238 pp. 75 cts.——‡ Inmates of My House and Garden. By Mrs. Brightwen. 277 pp. $1.25 ——‖ Round the Year. By Professor L. C. Miall, F. R. S. With Illustrations chiefly by A. R. Hammond, F. L. S. 295 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* The Plant World. Its Romances and Realities. Compiled and Edited by Frank Vincent, M. A. 242 pp. 60 cts.—— † The Story of the Birds. By James Newton Baskett, M. A. 291 pp. 65 cts. net. — ‡ Bird-Life. A Guide to the Study of Our Common Birds. By Frank M. Chapman. With Seventy-five full-page plates and numerous text-drawings by Ernest Seton Thompson. 281 pp. $1.75. New York. D. Appleton and Company.

The plants and lower animals are "living exponents of divine ideas," and therefore they are immortal, is the conclusion at which Dr. Thomas G. Gentry arrives after a careful study of animal and plant life.* To sustain his argument and give it the semblance of plausibility the author gives interesting phenomena and incidents relating to every form of life. The teaching of the Bible in regard to this subject is also discussed. The numerous illustrations represent various forms of plant and animal life.

Domestic Service.

The perplexities arising in the attempts to solve the problems of household labor are the subjects discussed by Lucy Maynard Salmon in a book entitled "Domestic Service."† As a starting-point the author gives an historical account of the industrial conditions existing in the eighteenth century. This is followed by a history of domestic service during and since the colonial period, showing that changes in general industrial conditions have affected domestic labor and that a return to the former state is impossible as well as undesirable. The relation of domestic service to the economic laws governing other forms of labor is clearly presented and the disadvantages and advantages which surround household laborers as well as the difficulties of employers are discussed in an impartial way, the arguments being supported by information obtained from the replies to the blanks sent out to employers and employees in 1889 and 1890. Then follows a discussion of the remedies for the difficulties attending this class of labor, which the author classifies as doubtful and possible. Discussions of the latter remedies lead the author to consider improved social conditions of domestics, the effects of specialization of household employments, profit sharing, and the value of thorough education in all matters pertaining to household economy. The author's interesting treatment of the subject is a strong plea for the same intelligent investigation and discussion of the problems of domestic service that is accorded to those arising in other employments, giving due consideration to the economic laws which govern all industries as well as to those which are peculiar to domestic labor.

Travels in West Africa.

The recent stirring events in Africa which have created great interest in that grand division have doubtless been the indirect cause of several publications relating to the Dark Continent. One of these* gives a sketch of a voyage to West Africa and a detailed account of events which occurred while the author traveled in Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons. From Liverpool the traveler set sail on the *Batanga* and fourteen days later landed at Sierra Leone. Each stopping-place furnishes a subject on which the author exercises her powers of description, and so well has she performed the task that the reader obtains a vivid impression of the scenes depicted. The work is not confined to a representation of the beauties of nature, but the habits and customs of the people with whom the writer mingled are equally well portrayed and many amusing incidents are related. While the volume is interesting for the general information and impressions it furnishes respecting a quarter of the globe that is little known, the pleasure derived from reading it would be greatly increased if the information were conveyed in terms which more nearly conform to the principles governing literary art. But in spite of the colloquialisms it is a book which the general reader will enjoy. A large number of excellent illustrations accompany the text, giving a good notion of the people and the scenes in a section of Africa to which but few writers have given any attention.

American Lands and Letters.

If there is one thing more than another which is proof positive of the entertaining and charming power of a book it is the fact that the reader, once having begun to scan its pages, is unable to lay the book aside until the last word is read. This power is possessed by Donald G. Mitchell's "American Lands and Letters."† The ninety illustrations, which include portraits of many eminent Americans, views of their homes and other buildings, facsimiles of title-pages, and portions of books and newspapers are in themselves full of attractiveness and interest. The mechanism of the book is of a high grade, meriting the admiration of all lovers of the artistic in the book-maker's industry. But it is not alone these externals which rivet the attention of the book-lover. It is the intrinsic value of the textual contents of the book, which have been invested with a fascinating quality by the captivating pen of Ik Marvel. In his most happy vein he has told the story of early letters in America, beginning the recital with an account of Captain John Smith, and omitting from the story the names of those Americans whose date of birth is in the present century. To set forth biographical incidents is not the purpose of the volume. With the few facts of this nature which form a part of the book there are interwoven valuable critical comments on the works of the various authors and many selections from their writings. All through the volume there is evidence of the keen power of discrimination possessed by the author, and no one can read it without a desire to know more concerning the people about whom Mitchell has written.

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* Life and Immortality; or, Soul in Plants and Animals. Thomas G. Gentry, Sc.D. 489 pp. Philadelphia: Burk & McFetridge Co.

† Domestic Service. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. 331 pp. $2 00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* Travels in West Africa. By Mary H. Kingsley. With Illustrations. 759 pp. $4.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† American Lands and Letters. By Donald G. Mitchell. 424 pp. $2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fiction. In a collection of short tales called "Stories of a Sanctified Town,"* it is the devotional element in human nature which the author, Lucy S. Furman, has exposed. With the pen of a genius she has presented the effects of the doctrine of holiness, picturing the extreme conscientiousness of the people who have embraced this belief and showing the literalness of their interpretation of the Scriptures.

In the domain of the absolutely unreal in romance Anthony Hope may be said to wield the most powerful pen. In "Phroso"† exciting incidents follow each other in rapid succession, and the reader is constantly possessed with an overwhelming curiosity to learn what next can possibly happen. With a happy *denouement* the author closes the recital of the marvelous incidents, the scene of which is the island of Neopalia. If there is anything needed to intensify the vividness of the author's delineations—and we think there is not—it will be found in the numerous illustrations of the text.

The life history of the Rev. Theron Ware‡ makes a story which will furnish entertainment for a few hours of leisure. The young minister is introduced to the public at a session of an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his career in his pastorate at Octavius is vividly illuminated in a style peculiar to the author. Remarkable changes are brought about in one year's time. An accidental meeting of the minister with a Catholic priest and a young lady of his parish at the death-bed of a townsman is made the beginning of the evolution of the narrow-minded, unsophisticated young man. The rapid progress through the various degrees from the good to the superlatively bad and the succeeding revolution are pictured by direct and suggestive statements. Not less forcible, but rather more interesting, is the representation of religious conditions which exist in certain church organizations.

Kentucky in 1795 is the place and the time in which the events of "The Choir Invisible"* begin. The principal characters are John Gray, a schoolmaster, Amy Falconer, to whom he is devoted, and her aunt, with whom Amy lives. During the recital of the story the importance of one of the personages gradually diminishes, while that of the other increases in the same ratio and she becomes an important factor in the development of Gray's character. The book contains excellent bits of moralizing, beautiful flashes of imagery, and many exquisite expressions, relating the historical events and telling of the customs current in Kentucky in the early years.

Three excellent stories of the "tarpaulin" and his adventurous life are contained in a small volume called "The Port of Missing Ships."† The author of this volume, John R. Spears, is just the one to write of this phase of existence, for the vivacity and perspicuity of his style reflect the danger and excitement attending life on the ocean. The first of the stories presents a picture full of pathos. The other two tales have in them enough of the sentimental with the venturous to show that a sailor's life is not entirely without the romantic element.

A story which is deeply interesting is entitled "The Honorable Peter Stirling."‡ In a forceful way the author tells about the struggles of a young man who opens a law office in New York and rises from a position of obscurity to social and political distinction. It furnishes a study of bossism in New York politics, gives an ideal picture of what may be accomplished by honesty of purpose, energy, and a fine discrimination between right and wrong. The Hon. Peter Stirling is, of course, the central figure, and the author has made him an example of all that is noble in humanity. Not less admirable are the women characters, who also have a part to act in this powerful story.

We have always felt that we can depend upon Richard Harding Davis for producing an interesting story, and he has not disappointed us in "Soldiers of Fortune,"‖ recently published as a serial. A social function in New York is the place where several of the personages of the story first appear, and while all the characters command a moderate degree of attention, the chief interest becomes centered in two people, Robert Clay, a civil engineer, and Hope Langham, a young girl who has not yet made her début into society. The scene of the story shifts from New York to the northeast coast of South America, where Clay is superintending mining operations for Hope's father. To this place the Langham family come for the summer, and it is then that the real action of the story begins. A revolution furnishes sufficient excitement for the most exacting reader and supplies a background for the simple story of love which is related. It is a tale full of life and spirit, and it is told in the author's usually vivacious style. The illustrative work has been done by C. D. Gibson.

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* Stories of a Sanctified Town. By Lucy S. Furman. 240 pp. New York: The Century Co.

† Phroso. By Anthony Hope. Profusely Illustrated by Henry B. Wechsler. 306 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

‡ The Damnation of Theron Ware; or, Illumination. By Harold Frederic. 512 pp. New York: Stone & Kimball.

* The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. 361 pp.—

† The Port of Missing Ships and Other Stories of the Sea. By John R. Spears. 183 pp. $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ The Honorable Peter Stirling and What People Thought of Him. By Paul Leicester Ford. 417 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

‖ Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis, with Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. 364 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The End of the Beginning"* is a short story in which a little that is tragical is mingled with much that is philosophical and introspective. The author, who evidently desires to remain unknown, has chosen a cemetery for the opening scene of his novel, but it is somewhat relieved of its somberness by the cheerful spirit of the little girl who makes the place her playground. The recital, which at times becomes tiresome, is really an account of the development of an unusually thoughtful little girl into a bright, lovable woman.

Cyclists and readers in general will be amused by a story called "The Wheels of Chance."† A poor draper, one of the principal actors, decides to spend his vacation on a cycling tour along the south coast of England. The happenings of the week are ingeniously woven into an entertaining tale of adventure, in which a young lady and a fond stepmother also play an active part. The numerous illustrations are in perfect keeping with the animated recital.

Studies in Literature.

The first thirty years of the nineteenth century is the period of time which the author of "The Age of Wordsworth" ‡ presents to the students of literature. In a generally clear and popular manner he first gives a succinct history of romanticism in Europe. Then follows an account of the series of changes through which the romantic movement passed in the different forms of literary production. The author has used a small amount of biographical material, confining himself to such facts as are necessary to a comprehensive presentation of his subject.

The sixth and seventh volumes of "The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," ‖ edited by William Knight, contain the author's poems produced between the years 1814 and 1834. The footnotes on each page explain the variations in the texts of the different editions of the poems and each selection is preceded by paragraphs containing information relating to the time, place, or circumstances in which it was written.

For the purpose of helping the literary world to more fully understand Byron and the effect of environment on his character and literary production, a collection of his letters has been edited by William Ernest Henley*. The present work includes Byron's correspondence from 1804 to 1813 and fully one-third of the volume is given up to interesting explanatory notes. A portrait of Byron very appropriately forms the frontispiece.

Part III. of "Le Morte D Arthur" † is published in a style uniform with the other volumes of The Temple Classics. The textual part begins with Book X. and closes with the fourteenth book. Side-notes are conveniently placed on each page and the glossary contains the needed expositions.

In a volume of essays on medieval literature ‡ W. P. Ker has described in a general way the epic and romantic literature of the Middle Ages. The larger part of the work is devoted to an account of the three schools—Teutonic epic, French epic, and the Icelandic histories—and it is enlivened by illustrations from many notable productions. The literature of the Heroic Age and romantic mythology are also themes which the author has carefully presented.

Christopher Marlowe's play "Doctor Faustus" ‖ is one of The Temple Dramatists series. An extended preface to this edition tells the source of the plot, relates the early stage history of the play, and gives an account of the early editions. A glossary and notes are valuable features of this little volume.

An excellent edition of Shakespeare's "Macbeth"§ is one of Longmans' English Classics. It is prepared for use in secondary schools and is therefore abundantly supplied with annotations, bibliographies, and other explanations necessary to a work of this kind.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 306 to 336 of this issue.

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* The End of the Beginning. 326 pp. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

† The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. With Illustrations by F. Ayton Symington. 321 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ The Age of Wordsworth. By C. H. Herford, Litt. D. 334 pp. 90 cts.——‖The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Edited by William Knight. Vols. VI. and VII. 407 + 433 pp. $1.50 each. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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* The Works of Lord Byron. Edited by William Ernest Henley. 489 pp. $1.75.——† Le Morte D Arthur. By Sir Thomas Malory. Part III. 307 pp. 50 cts.——‡ Epic and Romance Essays on Medieval Literature. By W. P. Ker. 470 pp. $4.00.——‖The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. A Play Written by Christopher Marlowe. Edited with Preface, Notes, and Glossary by Israel Gollancz, M.A. 126 pp. 45 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

§ Shakespeare's Macbeth. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by John Matthews Manly, Ph. D. 254 pp. 60 cts. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1897.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—June 26—August 23. Recognition Day, August 18.

Beatrice, Neb.—June 15–27. Recognition Day, June 24.

Bethesda, O.—August 4–18. Recognition Day, August 12.

Burlington, Ia.—June 22–July 4. Recognition Day, July 3.

Clarion, Strattonville, Pa.—June 30–July 20. Recognition Day, July 16.

Connecticut Valley, Northampton, Mass.—July 13–23. Recognition Day, July 22.

Crete, Neb.—June 30–July 9. Recognition Day, July 8.

Crystal Springs, Miss.—June 28–July 25. Recognition Day date not fixed.

Des Moines, Ia.—July 5–22. Recognition Day, July 22.

Devil's Lake, N. Dak.—July 1–16. Recognition Day date not fixed.

Eagles Mere, Pa.—July 27–August 25. Recognition Day, August 19.

Fairmount Chautauqua, Kansas City, Mo.—June 1–12. Recognition Day, June 10.

Findley's Lake, N. Y.—July 31—August 29. Recognition Day, August 12.

Franklin, O.—July 23–August 8. Recognition Day, August 2.

Fryeburg, Me.—August 3–21. Recognition Day, August 17.

Havana, Ill.—August 6–16. Recognition Day, August 10.

Island Park, Rome City, Ind.—July 20–August 2. Recognition Day, July 29.

Lakeside, O.—July 6–August 5. Recognition Day date not fixed.

Lancaster, O.—August 9–19. Recognition Day, August 17.

Lexington, Ky.—June 29–July 9. Recognition Day, July 6.

Lithia Springs, Ill.—August 5–23. Recognition Day date not fixed.

Monona Lake, Madison, Wis.—July 20–30 Recognition Day, July 28.

Monteagle, Tenn.—June 30–August 27. Recognition Day, August 18.

Mountain Lake Park, Md.—August 4–24. Recognition Day, August 19.

Mount Gretna, Pa.—July 1–30. Recognition Day, July 21.

Ocean Grove, N. J.—July 13–22. Recognition Day, July 22.

Ocean Park, Old Orchard, Me.—July 24–August 30. Recognition Day, August 12.

Ontario Outing Park, Appleton, N. Y.—August 11–24. Recognition Day, August 23.

Ottawa, Kan.—June 14–25. Recognition Day, June 21.

Pacific Grove, Cal.—July 13–24. Recognition Day, July 20.

Ridgeview Park, Pa.—July 24–August 3. Recognition Day, July 31.

Rock River, Dixon, Ill.—July 27–August 13. Recognition Day, August 6.

Rocky Mountain Chautauqua, Glen Park, Col.—July 14–30. Recognition Day, July 30.

Round Lake, N. Y.—July 26–August 13. Recognition Day, August 12.

Ruston, La. — July 5–31. Recognition Day, July 14.

Salem, Neb.—August 7–15. Recognition Day, August 13.

Shasta Retreat, Cal.—July 26–August 1. Recognition Day, July 29.

Spirit Lake, Ia.—July 8–23. Recognition Day date not fixed.

Talladega, Ala.—June 21–July 18. Recognition Day, July 13.

Waseca, Minn.—July 6–23. Recognition Day, July 20.

Waterloo, Ia.—June 29–July 15. Recognition Day, July 15.

Winfield, Kan.—June 15–25. Recognition Day, June 18.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY OF 1897.

ENVIRONMENT is a potent factor in the success of every organization, but in none more so than in an institution which has for its threefold object recreation, intellectual advancement, and religious development. This fact seems to have been recognized by the founders of the Chautauqua Assembly and the Chautauqua System of Education. A location more perfectly ideal than the Assembly grounds or one better suited to the purposes to which Chautauqua is dedicated would be difficult to find. Its elevated position and proximity to Lake Erie tend to produce conditions of climate not excelled by the atmospheric phenomena of the seaside resort or the summer home on the mountain slope. The panorama of picturesque scenic effects which gradually unrolls before the summer visitor is a constant source of charm and delight. An allusion to the lake of pure, sparkling water, with its irregular shore-line and the background of hills bedecked with groves of natural wood, is but a suggestion of the beauties of nature in which the surrounding country abounds. To the beauties with which nature has supplied the Assembly grounds the art of landscape-gardening has added many improvements. Public parks with flowers, paths, and fountains are scattered here and there in the beautiful grove, through which wind many avenues and driveways.

PRES. G. STANLEY HALL.

It is here in this sylvan nook that are clustered the cottages which furnish pleasant summer homes for thousands of visitors who annually come to this retreat, where they may enjoy the conveniences of urban life while at the same time they are removed from the summer heat, dust, and turmoil of the city.

Since the erection of the first rude buildings in the early Chautauqua days, the development of the "Chautauqua idea" has demanded the addition of lecture and Assembly halls, denominational buildings, chapels, college buildings, bookstores, bazaars, and other edifices necessary to college towns. Several of the C. L. S. C. classes have erected attractive club-houses, and through the generosity of interested people the necessary funds were furnished for the erection of the several memorial halls, which contain class-rooms, reception parlors, and lecture halls, thus meeting the expanding social and educational needs of Chautauqua.

MADAME BAILY.

The approaching session of Chautauqua Assembly opens June 26 and continues until August 23. The plan of the general program is the same as that which has characterized this department of the Assembly since it was first organized. A little investigation, however, will reveal the fact that each year new features are introduced and that the exercises assume a broader and more comprehensive scope, making programs full of variety and interest. Questions of popular and vital interest are to be discussed from the platform by speakers who have made their subjects a lifetime study. Mr. Percy Alden, of London, well-known as a worker in social settlements, will describe the methods by which he has accomplished successful results. Among the many noted educators and scholars who are to be present at Chautauqua are Pres. William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, and Pres. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. They will deliver several addresses on subjects just now of special interest to the public. Chancellor Vincent will also favor the Assembly with several lectures delivered in his charming style. Several eminent readers, among whom is Mr. George W. Cable, will be welcome visitors at Chautauqua, and the general interest in the Scotch school of fiction has lead the Assembly managers to arrange for readings from the works of Barrie and Watson.

MR. PERCY ALDEN.

A great variety of attractions has been provided for lovers of music. Rogers' Band and Orchestra, which has been greatly strengthened, will again enliven the Assembly with fine music. There will be numerous concerts, in which instrumental and vocal soloists of rare ability will take a leading part. The rendition of "The Mount of Olives," under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer, with full chorus, orchestra, and soloists, will be an interesting feature of the musical program.

CHAUTAUQUA NEW EDUCATION IN THE CHURCH.

PRES. WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

Underlying every agency that makes for true culture is the religious and spiritual instruction which for the most part is considered the work of the church and home. Christian people all over the world have awakened to the fact that these agencies are not accomplishing the highest possible results, and they are seeking to substitute systematic methods of instruction for the haphazard teaching in the Sunday-school, thereby increasing the efficiency of the church and Sunday-school organizations. The most highly approved methods of instruction used in the secular schools are the ones which will form the basis of the work in this department. By lecture courses, conferences, conversations, and class work the relation of psychological facts and pedagogical laws to religious instruction will be discussed and in the classes on Sundays there will be practical demonstrations of the applicability of these to teaching in the Sunday-school. Religious instruction in the home, primary department work in the Sunday-school, and general Sunday-school work will receive the attention of progressive laborers in Christian work. The International Lessons for the second half of the year will be studied at the Sabbath Convocation, which takes the place of the Assembly Sunday-school. An initial course of studies for classes in the Hall of the Christ will be instituted during the Assembly.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THE C. L. S. C.

The interest in general education aroused by the C. L. S. C. continues without abatement and many thousands annually avail themselves of the opportunities it offers. From the first, four years have been required for completing the C. L. S. C. course. It has always included popular and interesting studies in science, literature, and history, and the subjects studied each year so coordinate that any one giving faithful attention to the work for forty minutes each day will have a very complete comprehension of these branches of learning and will at the same time acquire habits of systematic study which will aid him in the further pursuit of knowledge.

The changes made from time to time in the C.L.S.C. course are in harmony with the spirit of the times. It now includes the French-Greek, the German-Roman, the English, and the American Courses. The members of the Circle during the coming year will find much to interest them in the history of Germany and German institutions, and in the account of Roman art and civilization. The science of sociology will also be studied by the readers of the course for 1897–98.

The C. L. S. C. branch of the Chautauqua System of Education will receive a large amount of attention in the work of the Assembly. The interest in the "Rallying Day" observed last year has led the counsellors to inaugurate this season's C. L. S. C. work with similar attractions. A special program has been prepared for Rallying Day, August 5, and delegates from the circles throughout the land are expected to be present and take an active part in the discussions, which will be developed to the interests of the C. L. S. C.

The delegates will be cordially greeted at the informal reception, and at the public exercises in the Hall of Philosophy addresses of welcome will be made by Bishop Vincent and others. The Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, will deliver an interesting lecture, and Prof. Shailer Mathews will favor the Assembly with an address on the French Revolution. Musical attractions will be provided, and the reception in the Hall of Philosophy will be the fitting conclusion to a program full of inspiration and interest.

During the Assembly daily C. L. S. C. Councils will be held and the Round Tables will convene three times a week. At these meetings there will be discussions on many subjects attractive to the members of the Circle.

In the general program of the Assembly arrangements have been made for an unusually large number of lectures on topics supplemental to the subjects to be studied by the C. L. S. C. readers during the coming year. Social problems which are now agitating the general public will be discussed by the ablest speakers on the lecture platform, and orators equally eminent will speak on German history and literature, and Roman art. The work in this department of the Assembly culminates in the exercises of Recognition Day, August 18. The address before the C. L. S. C. Class of '97 will be delivered by Pres. J. F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, Baltimore. This will be followed by the distribution of diplomas and the exercises of the day will close with the usual C. L. S. C. Rally.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

THE CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

IN arranging the general program for the summer Assembly of 1897 numerous educational interests have been considered and special efforts have been made to satisfy the requirements of the great variety of tastes represented by the vast audiences of the Assembly. For those particularly interested in religious work a series of thirteen lectures on biblical and religious subjects will be delivered by talented and authoritative speakers. Students of history, literature, art, philosophy, and pedagogy will find that a rare treat has been provided for them in the coordinated series of addresses by noted educators and platform orators. Many topics of practical value to every intelligent man and woman will be discussed from the Assembly rostrum, particular attention being given to sociological and economic problems. Diversity is given to the program by stereopticon entertainments, athletic exhibitions, pronunciation and spelling contests, sleight of hand performances, concerts, regattas, and illuminations, making a list of entertainments replete with interest, instruction, and pleasure.

THE DAILY SCHEDULE.

Saturday, June 26.

P. M. 3:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The Sunny South from Sea to Sea." *Mrs. Kate Crary.*

Sunday, June 27.

A. M. 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Dr. W. P. Odell.*
P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, June 28.

P. M. 3:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 5:00—Address: "The Cooperative Idea in Christian Education." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
" 8:00—Concert: *The Sherwood Quartet* (*Miss Jennie Osborn, soprano, Miss Mabelle Crawford, contralto, Mr. Frank S. Hannah, tenor, Mr. W. A. Derrick, basso*), *chorus.*

Tuesday, June 29.

A. M. 11:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture; "The Alps and the Rhine." *Mrs. Kate Crary.*

Wednesday, June 30.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Cause and the Cure of Superficiality in Religious Teaching." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
P. M. 2:30—Concert. *The Sherwood Quartet, Mr. I. V. Flagler, organist, Mr. Henry Vincent, accompanist, chorus.*
" 5:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Readings. *Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.*

Thursday, July 1.

P. M. 3:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 5:00—Address: "The Order of Service in the Sunday-school." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Italy and Rome." *Mrs. Kate Crary.*

Friday, July 2.

A. M. 11:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture. *Prof. H. G. Lord.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Readings. *Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.*

Saturday, July 3.

A. M. 11:00—Opening Exercises of the Collegiate Department. Address: "The Study and Teaching of History." *Prof. H. B. Adams.*
P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert, conducted by *Dr. H. R. Palmer. The Sherwood Quartet, Mr. I. V. Flagler, chorus.*
" 8:00—Reception to Instructors and Students of the Collegiate Department.

Sunday, July 4.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Prof. Rush Rheese.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Pres. Wm. De Witt Hyde.*

A SHADED THOROUGHFARE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.
" 8:00—Illustrated Sermon. *Rev. M. W. Chase.*

Monday, July 5.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Patriotic Platform Meeting.
" 4:00—Lecture: "The World of Sense-Perception and Illusion." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Some Questions and Answers in Delsarte Culture." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "From Ocean to Ocean; or The Land in Which We Live." *Rev. M. W. Chase.*
" 9:00—Fireworks.

Tuesday, July 6.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Some Teachers' Musts." *Prof. F. J. Miller.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The World of Science and Art." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.': A Study in Story-telling." *Prof. F. T. Baker.*
" 8:00—Reading: "Julius Cæsar." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*

Wednesday, July 7.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: Art Among the Hebrews." *Pres. W. R. Harper.*
P. M. 2:30—Entertainment. Music, *The Sherwood Quartet*, readings, *Miss Marian Short.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "The World of Persons." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Recent Tendencies of American Art." *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

Thursday, July 8.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Philanthropic Reforms of the Century as Reflective of the Theology of the Age," I. *Prof. D. A. McClenahan.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The World of Institutions." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "Some Aspects of the Poetry of Whitman. *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Readings. *Miss Marian Short.*
" 9:00—Edison's Vitascope.

Friday, July 9.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Philanthropic Reforms of the Century as Reflective of the Theology of the Age," II. *Prof. D. A. McClenahan.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The World of Morality." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*
" 5:00—Lecture. *Prof. E. H. Lewis.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The Passion Play," I. *Dr. J. J. Lewis.*

THE NORTH SHORE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE JUNIOR OUTLOOK CLUB AWHEEL, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Saturday, July 10.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The World of Religion." *Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.*

P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Sherwood Quartet, Mrs. Flora Ward, soprano, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, contralto, Mr. Homer Moore, basso, Mr. Harry Fellows, tenor, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, pianist, Mr. I. V. Flagler, organist, Mr. Henry Vincent, accompanist.*

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The Passion Play," II. *Dr. J. J. Lewis.*

Sunday, July 11.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Prof. F. K. Sanders.*

" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Rev. E. Winchester Donald.*

P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.

" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.

" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 12.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The World of Beowulf." *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Study of Nature and Feeling for Nature." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "Cultivation of Literary Taste in Children." *Prof. F. T. Baker.*

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Recent Progress in Physical Science." *Prof. L. H. Batchelder.*

Tuesday, July 13.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Chaucer as a Realist." *Mrs. P. L. McClintock.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Motor Side of Training." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "The Authority of Criticism." *Prof. W. P. Trent.*

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The History of Caricature," I. *Pres. John Finley.*

Wednesday, July 14.

A. M. 11:00—Musical Lecture. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

P. M 2:30—Entertainment. Magic, *Signor Bosco*, music, *Rogers' Orchestra.*

" 4:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: Literature Among the Hebrews." *Pres. W. R. Harper.*

P. M. 5:00—Lecture: "Reading and Language." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*

" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.

" 8:00—Concert: *Chorus, orchestra, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mrs. Flora Ward, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

Thursday, July 15.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Harvard Cooperative Philanthropic Movement." *Rev. Raymond Calkins.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Adolescence." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "Matthew Arnold *vs.* Shelley. *Prof. W. P. Trent.*

" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The History of Caricature," II. *Pres. John Finley.*

Friday, July 16.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Two Devotees of Greek: Tischendorf and Schliemann." *Prof. W. W. Bishop.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "Nutrition." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling." *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*

" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.

" 8:00—Prize Spelling Match.

Saturday, July 17.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Emily Dickinson's Poetry." *Prof. W. D. McClintock.*

P. M. 2:30—Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Mrs. Flora Ward, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "Robert Browning from a Minister's Study." *Dr. Wm. V. Kelley.*

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Wagner." *Mr. Homer Moore.*

Sunday, July 18.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Pres. W. R. Harper.*

" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Dr. Wm. V. Kelley.*

P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.

" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.

" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 19.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “Matthew Arnold as an Apostle of Sweetness.” *Dr. Wm. V. Kelley.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: “Pioneers of Popular Education.” *Prof. H. B. Adams.*

“ 5:00—Lecture: “New Studies in Mental Development.” *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*

A COTTAGE SCENE AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 8:00—Entertainment. Banjo solos and negro melodies, *Mrs. Nina Drummond-Leavitt*, recitations from his own verses, *Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks.*

Tuesday, July 20.

A. M. 11:00—Address: “The Effect of Club Life on the Home.” *Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: “Chautauqua and American Summer Schools.” *Prof. H. B. Adams.*

“ 5:00—Lecture: “Plato, the Teacher,” I. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*

“ 8:00—Illustrated Readings from Ian Maclaren. *Prof. W. Douglas Mackenzie.*

Wednesday, July 21.

A. M. 10:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

“ 11:00—Lecture: “The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: The Monotheistic Idea.” *Pres W. R. Harper.*

P. M 2:30—Address before the Chautauqua County Political Equality Clubs. *Rev. Anna Shaw.*

“ 4:00—Lecture: “Chester and the National Home Reading Union.” *Prof. H. B. Adams.*

“ 5:00—Readings: Schiller’s “Maid of Orleans.” *Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker.*

“ 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.

“ 8:00—Entertainment. *Mrs. Nina Drummond-Leavitt, Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks.*

Thursday, July 22.

A. M. 11:00—Address: “The Social and Domestic Effects of the Higher Education of Women.” *Mrs. May Wright Sewell.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: “Cambridge and Oxford Summer Meetings.” *Prof. H. B. Adams.*

“ 4:00—Lecture: “Plato, the Teacher,” II. *Prof. W. L. Bryan.*

“ 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.

“ 8:00—Illustrated Readings from Ian Maclaren. *Prof. W. Douglas Mackenzie.*

Friday, July 23.

A. M. 11:00—Address in the Interest of the Woman’s National Sabbath Alliance. *Mrs. Mary Wellington White.*

P. M. 3:00—Lecture: “Vacation Courses in Edinburgh and Other New Movements in Popular Education.” *Prof. H. B. Adams.*

“ 5:00—Lecture: “George Eliot, the Poet.” *Mr. A. Emerson Palmer.*

“ 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.

“ 9:00—Readings from James Whitcomb Riley. *Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker.*

Saturday, July 24.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “The Newspaper of Today.” *Mr. A. Emerson Palmer.*

P. M. 2:30—Concert. *Orchestra, chorus, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mrs. Flora Ward, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

“ 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: “American Illustrations and Illustrators.” *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

Sunday, July 25.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Prof. Rush Rheese.*

“ 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Rev. Graham Taylor.*

P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.

“ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.

“ 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 26.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “Waymarks of the Labor Movement: From Serfdom to Wages; The Peasant Pioneers.” *Prof. Graham Taylor.*

P. M 2:30—Lecture: “Forces in German Literature. *Prof. J. H. Worman.*

“ 4:00—Lecture: “University and Social Settlements in London.” *Mr. Percy Alden.*

“ 5:00—Lecture: “The Child in the Home.” *Pres. W. L. Hervey.*

“ 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: “Dutch Art.” *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

Tuesday, July 27.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “The Eve of the Industrial Revolution: The Cry of the Factory Child.” *Prof. Graham Taylor.*

P. M. 2:30—Lecture: “National Epics.” *Prof. J. H. Worman*

“ 4:00—Lecture: “Poverty and the State.” *Mr. Percy Alden.*

“ 5:00—Lecture: “The Child in the Sunday-school.” *Pres. W. L. Hervey.*

“ 8:00—Prize Pronunciation Match.

Wednesday, July 28.

A. M. 10:00—Lecture: “The Factory System: Its Economic, Social and Ethical Results upon Labor.” *Prof. Graham Taylor.*

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: Religion and Conduct." *Pres. W. R. Harper.*
P. M. 2:30—Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. I. V. Flagler, Mrs. Flora Ward, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, Mr. Homer Moore.*
" 4:00—Lecture. *Mr. Percy Alden.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Recital: "Drumtochty Fouk," arranged from Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." *Miss Katharine E. Oliver.*

Thursday, July 29.

HUMANITARIAN DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Organization of Labor: From Inferiority to Equality Before the Law." *Prof. Graham Taylor.*
P. M. 2:30—Platform Meeting under the auspices of the New York State Humanitarian Society: "Protection of Child and Beast from Cruelty; Child Saving and Reformation; Humane Education of the Public." Addresses by prominent speakers.
" 4:00—Lecture: "Minnesingers and Mastersingers." *Prof. J. H. Worman.*

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

P. M. 5:00—Lecture: "The Child as a Member of Society." *Pres. W. L. Hervey.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Life in East London." *Mr. Percy Alden.*

Friday, July 30.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Social and Religious Aspects of Industrial Peace and Progress." *Prof. Graham Taylor.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "The Mystics and the Reformers." *Prof. J. H. Worman.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "The Social Outlook in England." *Mr. Percy Alden.*
" 5:00—Reading: "The Spanish Gypsy." *Mr. S. H. Clark.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Recital. "An Evening in Thrums." *Miss Katharine E. Oliver.*

Saturday, July 31.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "Home Missions and City Evangelization."
" 10:00—Lecture: "The Practical Side of Delsarte Culture." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "The New Germany." *Prof. J. H. Worman.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." *Bishop C. C. McCabe.*
" 5:00—General Missionary Conference: "Japan, China."
" 8:00—Grand Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. Homer Moore, Mrs. Flora Ward, Miss Zora Gladys Horlöcker, Mr. Harry Fellows, Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

Sunday, August 1.

MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

A. M. 9:00—Missionary Consecration Service.
" 9:30—Bible Study. *Prof. W. H. Marquess.*

A. M. 11.00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Bishop C. C. McCabe.*
P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.
" 4:00—General Missionary Conference: "The Student Volunteer Movement."
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Song Service.
" 8:00—Annual Meeting of the Chautauqua Missionary Institute. Address: "Home Life in Darkest Africa." *Rev. E. H. Richards.*

Monday, August 2.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "Africa and Other Missionary Fields."
" 11:00—Address. *Bishop C. C. McCabe.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "The Value and the Tyranny of Reminiscences." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "Robert Louis Stevenson." *Mr. L. H. Vincent.*
" 5:00—General Missionary Conference: "India."
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The Interpretation of Recent Art." *Rev. G. F. Salton.*

Tuesday, August 3.

A. M. 9:00—Woman's Missionary Conference: "Young People's Societies and Missions."
" 11:00—Lecture: "The Psychology, Hygiene, and Morality of the Bicycle." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles." *Mr. Edward Page Gaston.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "Barrie and the New Scotch School." *Mr. L. H. Vincent.*
" 5:00—General Missionary Conference: "How to Interest the Church more Deeply in Missions."
" 8:00—"Old First Night." Anniversary of the opening of the original Assembly. Short addresses, songs, etc.
" 9:45—Fireworks.

A KINDERGARTEN PLAY, CHAUTAUQUA, N Y.

Wednesday, August 4.

TEMPERANCE DAY.

A. M. 10:00—Meeting under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League. Address: "How and Why." *Rev. P. A. Baker.*
" 11:00—Meeting under the auspices of the Non-partisan W. C. T. U. Address, *Mrs. H. C. Campbell.*
P. M. 2:00—Platform meeting under the auspices of the National W. C. T. U. Address, *Miss Frances E. Willard.*
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: The Messianic Hope." *Pres. W. R. Harper.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "How the Other Half Lives." *Mr. Jacob A. Riis.*

Thursday, August 5.

C. L. S. C. RALLYING DAY.

A. M. 10:00—Address: "The Genesis of the Gang and Gang Rule." *Mr. Jacob A. Riis.*
" 11:00—Question Box. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 1:30—Welcome to C. L. S. C. Delegates.
" 2:30—Addresses: "Men, Women, and Children: What the Army is Doing for Them." *Commander Frederick and Consul Eva Booth-Tucker.*
" 400:—Lecture: "George Gessing and Other Realists." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. Homer Moore.*
" 9:00—C. L. S. C. Reception.

Friday, August 6.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Switzerland and Swiss Institutions." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Lecture: "Love, Courtship, and Matrimonie." *Mr. Jahu DeWitt Miller.*
" 4:00—Lecture: "George Meredith." *Mr. L. H. Vincent.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meeting.
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Battling with the Slum." *Mr. Jacob A. Riis.*

Saturday, August 7.

A. M. 10:00—Lecture: "Culinary Rubbish." *Mrs. E. P. Ewing.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "Thomas Hardy." *Mr. L. H. Vincent.*
P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. I. V. Flagler, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, and others.*
" 8:00—Lecture: "Is the World Better or Worse?" *Mr. Jahu De Witt Miller.*

Sunday, August 8.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Prof. D. A. McClenahan.*
" 11:00—Morning Service. Sermon. *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*
P. M. 2:00—Memorial Exercises.
" 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Concert.

Monday, August 9.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Family as a School. *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 3:00—Lecture.
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy." *Dr. H. R. Palmer.*
" 8:00—Readings. *Mr. S. H. Clark.*

THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Tuesday, August 10.

DENOMINATIONAL DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Family and the Factory." *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 2:00—Grand Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. I. V. Flagler, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. H. E. Williams.*
" 3:15—Denominational Congresses.
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.
" 5:00—Lecture: "The Poetic Inheritance of the American Child." *Prof. Martha Foote Crow.*
" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "From Luzerne to Milan." *Mr. Percy M. Reese.*

Wednesday, August 11.

JAMESTOWN DAY.

A. M. 10:00—Lecture: "The Family Before the Law." *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*
" 11:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought: Life After Death." *Pres. W. R. Harper.*
P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.
" 2:30—Address: "Backbone." *Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "An Elizabethan Banquet." *Prof. Martha Foote Crow.*
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—Entertainment: Magic, *Signor Bosco,* Edison's Vitascope.
" 9:00—Illuminated Fleet.

A LAKESIDE GROUP, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Thursday, August 12.

PARENTS' DAY.

A. M. 10:00—Lecture: "The Family Life of Degenerates." *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*

" 11:00—Address: "The Ideal Christian Home." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

P. M. 3:00—Address: "The Home and the Prison." *Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.*

" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.

" 5:00—Address: "The Kindergarten and the Home." *Mrs. Ada M. Hughes.*

" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.

" 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Florence the Beautiful." *Mr. Percy M. Reese.*

Friday, August 13.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Family and the Church." *Prof. C. R. Henderson.*

P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.

" 2:30—Annual Exhibition under the auspices of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education.

" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Class Meetings.

" 5:00—Lecture: "The Inner Life." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.

" 8:00—Grand Concert: Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Homer Moore, and others.*

Saturday, August 14.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "The Turkish Question." *Prof. H. P. Judson.*

P. M. 2:30—Readings from his own works. *Mr. George W. Cable.*

P. M. 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Rome as It Is To-day." *Mr. Percy M. Reese.*

Sunday, August 15.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Prof. D. A. McClenahan.*

" 11:00—Morning Service. Baccalaureate Sermon. *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.

" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.

" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, August 16.

A. M. 11:00—"Christianity and the Inner Life." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.

" 2:30—Lecture: "England's Greatest Reformer—John Wyclif." *Pres. W. H. Crawford.*

" 4:00—Lecture: "Lessing and 'Nathan the Wise.'" *Dr. N. I. Rubinkam.*

" 8:00—Readings from his own works. *Mr. George W. Cable.*

Tuesday, August 17.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer." *Pres. W. H. Crawford.*

P. M. 1:30—C. L. S. C. Council.

" 2:30—Concert. *Chorus, orchestra, Madame Cecilia Eppinghausen Baily, Mr. Wm. Sherwood, Mr. Homer Moore, Mr. I. V. Flagler, and others.*

" 4:00—Lecture: "The Inner Life and Christian Biography." *Bishop John H. Vincent.*

" 5:00—Lecture: "Herder." *Dr. N. I. Rubinkam.*

" 8:00—Promenade Concert and Feast of Lanterns.

Wednesday, August 18.

RECOGNITION DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Address before the C. L. S. C. Class of '97. *Pres. J. F. Goucher.*
P. M. 2:00—Distribution of Certificates.
" 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
" 8:00—C. L. S. C. Rally.

Thursday, August 19.

GRANGE DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Band Concert.
P. M. 2:00—Address: "The Twentieth Century Woman." *Mr. John Temple Graves.*
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 5:00—Lecture: "Goethe's 'Faust,'" I. *Dr. N. I. Rubinkam.*
" 7:00—Epworth League Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Camp-fire of Chautauqua County Veterans' Union.
" 9:15—Edison's Vitascope.

Friday, August 20.

GRAND ARMY DAY.

A. M. 11:00—Patriotic Concert.
P. M. 2:00—Address.
P. M. 4.00—Lecture: "Goethe's 'Faust,'" II. *Dr. N. I. Rubinkam.*
" 7:00—Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.
" 8:00—Address: "The Citizen and the State." *Mr. John Temple Graves.*
" 9:15—Edison's Vitascope.

Saturday, August 21.

A. M. 11:00—Lecture: "Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell.'" *Dr. N. I. Rubinkam.*
P. M. 2:30—Readings, Humorous and Dramatic. *Prof. A. H. Merrill.*

Sunday, August 22.

A. M. 9:00—Bible Study. *Pres. W. R. Harper.*
" 11:00—Morning Service.
P. M. 3:00—The Assembly Convocation.
" 4:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7:30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, August 23.

A. M. 11:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3:00—Lecture: "The Violin." *Hon. Hiram L. Sibley.*
" 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
" 8:00—Reading: "Esmeralda." *Prof. A H. Merrill.*

[End of the Season of 1897]

A FAMILIAR SCENE AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE CLASSIFIED PROGRAM.

Sermons.

June 27, Dr. W. P. Odell.
July 4, Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.
July 11, Rev. E. Winchester Donald.
July 18, Dr. Wm. V. Kelley.
July 25, Rev. Graham Taylor.
August 1, Bishop C. C. McCabe; Rev. E. H. Richards.
August 8, Dr. J. C. Mackenzie.
August 15, Bishop John H. Vincent.

Courses of Lectures.

The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought and its Expression in Art, Literature, and History. Pres. W. R. Harper, July 7–Aug. 11.

Popular Educational Movements. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 19–22.

Child Study. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 12–16.

How the Mind Builds the World: An Interpretation of the Philosophy of Idealism. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 4–10.

A Group of Contemporary English Writers. Mr. Leon H. Vincent. Aug. 2–7.

Illustrated Lectures on Cities of Italy. Mr. Percy M. Reese, Aug. 10–14.

Present English Social Movements. Mr. Percy Alden, July 26, 27, 29, 30.

History of the Labor Movement. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 26–31.

The Family as a Social Institution. Prof. C. R. Henderson, Aug. 9–13.

Problems of German Literature in the Eighteenth Century. Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, Aug. 16–21.

Pedagogy. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 19–22.

A Study in the History of Civilization. Prof. J. H. Worman, July 26–30.

Biblical and Religious.

Sunday Morning Bible Studies; July 4, 25, Prof. Rush Rhees; July 11, Prof. F. K. Sanders; July 18, 22, Pres. W. R. Harper; Aug. 1, Prof. Wm. H. Marquess; Aug. 8, 15, Prof. D. A. McClenahan.

The Cooperative Idea in Christian Education. Bishop John H. Vincent, June 28.

The Cause and Cure of Superficiality in Religious Teaching. Bishop John H. Vincent. June 30.

The Order of Service in the Sunday-school. Bishop John H. Vincent, July 1.

The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought, and its Expression in Art, Literature, and History. Pres. W. R. Harper, July 7–Aug. 11.

Philanthropic Reforms of the Century as Reflective of the Theology of the Age. Prof. D. A. McClenahan, July 8, 9.

The Passion Play. Dr. J. J. Lewis, July 9, 10.

The World of Religion. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 10.

The Inner Life. Bishop John H. Vincent, Aug. 13, 15, 17.

Historical and Biographical.

The Sunny South from Sea to Sea. Mrs. Kate Crary, June 26.

The Alps and the Rhine. Mrs. Kate Crary, June 29.

The New Germany. Prof. J. H. Worman, July 31.

Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles. (Illustrated.) Mr. Edward Page Gaston, Aug. 3.

Switzerland and Swiss Institutions. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 6.

The Turkish Question. Prof. H. P. Judson, Aug. 14.

England's Greatest Reformer—John Wyclif. Pres. W. H. Crawford, Aug. 16.

John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer. Pres. W. H. Crawford, Aug. 17.

The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison. Bishop C. C. McCabe, July 31.

MRS. ELLEN M. HENROTIN.

Literature and Art.

Shakespeare's "Henry VIII": A Study in Story-telling. Prof. F. T. Baker, July 6.

Recent Tendencies in American Art. (Illustrated.) Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 7.

"Julius Cæsar," Reading. Mr. S. H. Clark, July 6.

Some Aspects of the Poetry of Whitman. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, July 8.

The World of Beowulf. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, July 12.

Chaucer as a Realist. Mrs. P. L. McClintock, July 13.

The Authority of Criticism. Prof. W. P. Trent, July 13.

Matthew Arnold *vs.* Shelley. Prof. W. P. Trent, July 15.

The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling. Prof. W. D. McClintock, July 16.

Emily Dickinson's Poetry. Prof. W. D. McClintock, July 17.

George Eliot, the Poet. Mr. A. Emerson Palmer, July 23.

American Illustrations and Illustrators. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 24.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Forces in German Literature. Prof. J. H. Worman, July 26.

Dutch Art. (Illustrated.) Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 26.

National Epics. Prof. J. H. Worman, July 27.

"Drumtochty Fouk," arranged from Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." Miss Katharine E. Oliver, July 28.

Minnesingers and Master Singers. Prof. J. H. Worman, July 29.

MR. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

The Mystic Reformers Prof. J. H. Worman, July 30.

The Interpretation of Recent Art. (Illustrated.) Rev. G. F. Slaton, Aug. 2.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. L. H. Vincent Aug. 2.

Barrie and the New Scotch School. Mr. L. H. Vincent, Aug. 3.

George Gessing and Other Realists. Mr. L. H. Vincent, Aug. 5.

George Meredith. Mr. L. H. Vincent, Aug. 6.

Lessing and "Nathan the Wise." Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, Aug. 6.

Thomas Hardy. Mr. L. H. Vincent, Aug. 7.

The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy. Dr. H. R. Palmer, Aug. 9.

The Poetic Inheritance of the American Child. Prof. Martha Foote Crow, Aug. 10.

An Elizabethan Banquet: A Study of the Spirit of the Renaissance. Prof. Martha Foote Crow, Aug. 11.

The History of Caricature. (Illustrated.) Pres. John Finley, Aug. 13, 15.

Readings from his own works. Mr. George W. Cable, Aug. 14.

Herder. Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, Aug. 16.

Readings from his own works. Mr. George W. Cable, Aug. 17.

Goethe's "Faust." Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, Aug. 19.

Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, Aug. 21.

Philosophical.

The World of Sense-Perception and Illusion. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 5.

The World of Science and Art. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 6.

The World of Persons. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 7.

The World of Institutions. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 8.

The World of Morality. Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, July 9.

Sociological and Economic.

Philanthropic Reforms of the Century as Reflective of the Theology of the Age. Prof. D. A. McClenahan, July 8, 9.

The Harvard Cooperative Philanthropic Movement. Rev. Raymond Calkins, July 15.

The Effect of Club Life on the Home. Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, July 20.

The Social and Domestic Effects of the Higher Education of Women. Mrs. May Wright Sewell, July 22.

Address in the interest of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance. Mrs. Mary M. White, July 23.

The Newspaper of To-day. Mr. A. Emerson Palmer, July 24.

Waymarks of the Labor Movement. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 26.

University and Social Settlements in London. Mr. Percy Alden, July 26.

The Era of the Industrial Revolution. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 27.

Poverty and the State. Mr. Percy Alden, July 27.

The Factory System. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 28.

Life in East London. Mr. Percy Alden, July 29.

The Organization of Labor. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 29.

Social and Religious Aspects of Industrial Peace and Progress. Prof. Graham Taylor, July 30.

The Social Outlook in England. Mr. Percy Alden, July 30.

THE MODEL OF PALESTINE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Address under the auspices of the National W. C. T. U. Miss Frances E. Willard, Aug. 4.

Address under the auspices of the Non-partisan W. C. T. U. Mrs. H. C. Campbell, Aug. 4.

How the Other Half Lives. Mr. Jacob A. Riis, Aug. 4.

The Genesis of Gang and Gang Rule. Mr. Jacob A Riis, Aug. 5.

Men, Women, and Children: What the Army is Doing for Them. Commander Frederick and Consul Eva Booth-Tucker, Aug. 5.

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The Family as a Social Institution. Prof. C. R. Henderson, Aug. 9–13.

The Ideal Christian Home. Bishop John H. Vincent, Aug. 12.

The Home and the Prison. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, Aug. 12.

The Kindergarten and the Home. Mrs. Ada M. Hughes, Aug. 12.

The Citizen and the State. Mr. John Temple Graves, Aug. 20.

Pedagogical.

The Study and Teaching of History. Prof. H. B. Adams. July 3.

Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.": A Study in Story-telling. Prof. F. T. Baker, July 6.

Some Teachers' Musts. Prof. F. J. Miller, July 6.

The Poetic Inheritance of the American Child. Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Aug. 10.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

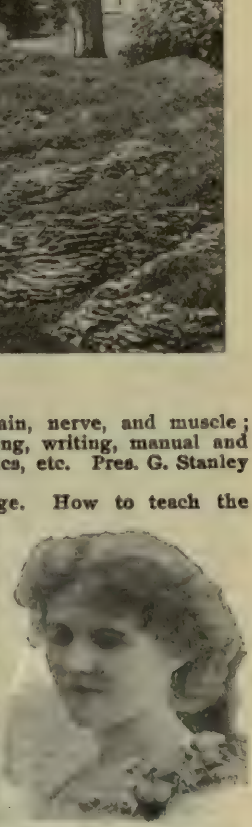
The Study of Nature and Feeling for Nature. Its relation to the study of art, literature, science, and religion; when and how it begins; methods, branches and motives up the school grades; the new love of nature. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 12.

The Cultivation of Literary Taste in Children. Prof. F. T. Baker, July 12.

The Motor Side of Training. Its physiology and hygiene; relation to brain, nerve, and muscle; special methods of drawing, writing, manual and physical training, athletics, etc. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 13.

Reading and Language. How to teach the elements of reading; best material for both stated and cursory reading; composition; when and how to begin foreign languages; the psychology of expression; dramatic reading. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 14.

Adolescence. Its physical and psychic changes; how it should affect methods and subjects in the upper and grammar grades, high school and college work; its place in educational schemes of the past and future; its dangers and safeguards. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 15.



MISS MARIAN SHORT.

Nutrition. Natural and artificial appetites of infancy, childhood, and youth; diet of brain workers; school luncheons; the higher nutrition; metabolic activities; effects of use and disuse; relation between trophic functions and study. Pres. G. Stanley Hall, July 16.

Pioneers of Popular Education. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 19.

New Studies in Mental Development. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 19.

Chautauqua and American Summer Schools. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 20.

Plato, the Teacher. Prof. W. L. Bryan, July 20, 22.

Chester and the National Home Reading Union. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 21, 22.

Cambridge and Oxford Summer Meetings. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 22.

Vacation Courses in Edinburgh and Other New Movements in Popular Education. Prof. H. B. Adams, July 23.

The Child in the Home. Pres. W. L. Hervey, July 26.

The Child in the Sunday-school. Pres. W. L. Hervey, July 27.

The Child as a Member of Society. Pres. W. L. Hervey, July 29.

Miscellaneous.

From Ocean to Ocean, or The Land in Which We Live. Rev. M. W. Chase July 5.

THE BOYS CLUB CRUISER, "THE DOLPHIN," CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Some Questions and Answers in Delsarte Culture. Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, July 5.

Choice Food at Cheap Rates. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, July 7.

Recent Progress in Physical Science. Prof. L. H. Batchelder, July 12.

Two Devotees of Greek: Tischendorf and Schliemann. Prof. W. W. Bishop, July 16.

Address before the Chautauqua County Political Equality Clubs. Rev. Anna Shaw, July 21.

The Practical Side of Delsarte Culture. Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, July 31.

The Value and the Tyranny of Reminiscences. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 2.

The Psychology, Hygiene, and Morality of the Bicycle. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 3.

How and Why. Rev. P. A. Baker, Aug. 4.

Question Box. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Aug. 5.

Love, Courtship, and Matrimonie. Mr. Jahu DeWitt Miller, Aug. 6.

Is the World Better or Worse? Mr. Jahu DeWitt Miller, Aug. 7.

Culinary Rubbish. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Aug. 7.

Backbone. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Aug. 11.

The Twentieth Century Woman. Mr. John Temple Graves, Aug. 19.

Illustrated Lectures.

The Sunny South from Sea to Sea. Mrs. Kate Crary, June 29.

The Alps and the Rhine. Mrs. Kate Crary, June 30.

Italy and Rome. Mrs. Kate Crary, July 1.

From Ocean to Ocean; or The Land in Which We Live. Rev. M. W. Chase, July 5.

Recent Tendencies of American Art. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 7.

The Passion Play. Dr. J. J. Lewis, July 9, 10.

Recent Progress in Physical Science. Prof. L. H. Batchelder, July 12.

Wagner. Mr. Homer Moore, July 17.

Reading from Ian Maclaren. Prof. W. Douglas Mackenzie, July 20, 22.

American Illustrations and Illustrators. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 24.

Dutch Art. Mr. A. T. Van Laer, July 26.

Home Life in Darkest Africa. Rev. E. H. Richards, Aug. 1.

The Interpretation of Recent Art. Rev. G. F. Salton, Aug. 2.

How the Other Half Lives. Mr. Jacob A. Riis, Aug. 4.

Battling with the Slum. Mr. Jacob A. Riis, Aug. 6.

From Luzerne to Milan. Mr. Percy M. Reese, Aug. 10.

Florence the Beautiful. Mr. Percy M. Reese, Aug. 12.

Rome as It Is To-day. Mr. Percy M. Reese, Aug. 14.

The History of Caricature. Pres. John Finley, Aug. 13, 15.

KINDERGARTNERS AND PUPILS, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOLS.

THE RECOGNITION DAY PROCESSION AT THE GOLDEN GATE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

A SYSTEM of education for the masses of busy people—this expression signifies in a few words the nature of the culture force known as the Chautauqua System of Education. A glance over the years that have passed since the founding of this wonderful educational factor shows an unprecedentedly rapid growth of a popular movement started at the right time—a time when secret forces were at work showing the people the necessity of education for the masses if our civilization maintain its superiority. Looking at it from this distance of time, the founding of the system seems little less than an inspiration, and the phenomenal growth attests its popularity and power to accomplish the purpose for which it was founded. Of the two important branches which compose the Chautauqua System of Education the first one organized was the C. L. S. C., and thousands of readers, both old and young, have availed themselves of the possibilities of self-culture and self-education offered by this reading course.

THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT OF CHAUTAUQUA.

The Collegiate Department is the second division of the Chautauqua educational system. Twelve schools, at the head of which is Pres. William R. Harper, of The Chicago University, now constitute this department. More than fifty instructors from the most important colleges and universities in the country put their best efforts into the work of the schools, in which there are more than one hundred different courses of study. As in previous years, new attractions are offered this season to public school teachers, professionals, and specialists who desire to keep abreast of the most progressive and advanced work of their departments. The student beginning to specialize will also find that his needs have been considered in the arrangement of the courses of study. The Collegiate Department being a branch of the University of the State of New York, each student may, if he so desire, take the regents' examination at the close of the session, and satisfactory grades will secure for him a pass certificate. The coming session of the Chautauqua Schools continues from July 3 to August 21, and each class organized will meet several hours each week.

HOTEL ATHENÆUM, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Eleven courses of study, directed by five skilled instructors, are offered in the School of English Language and Literature.

In the department of Old English the instructor, Mrs. Porter Landor McClintock, of Chicago, has three objects in view. She purposes to prepare the special student of English for rapid progress by instructing him in the elements of the language, to present the history of the English language, and to elucidate the grammatical difficulties of modern English. Five hours a week will be given to class-room work in this department.

The study of Chaucer will also be directed by Mrs. McClintock. In a general way the art of Chaucer's method will be investigated and his place in literature explained. Much of the five hours a week, however, will be taken up with a literary study of "The Prologue" to "The Canterbury Tales," "The Knightes Tale," and "The Nonne Preestes Tale."

Shakespeare is the character to which Prof. Martha Foote Crow, of The University of Chicago, will give her attention. In the Shakespeare Course the dramatic method of the poet will be studied in connection with the sources from which the plots were derived. Five hours a week will be given to a dramatic analysis of Shakespeare's "King Lear."

Prof. W. P. Trent, of the University of the South, conducts the study of elegiac literature and the life and works of Milton. A comparative study of "Paradise Lost" for the purpose of pointing out the superiority of this masterpiece will consume a part of the period apportioned to the work in this course. Prose composition will also be considered and the beauties of Milton's style discussed.

Browning, Tennyson, and British fiction are the three subjects allotted to Prof. E. H. Lewis, of Lewis Institute, Chicago. The outline of work in these departments includes a study of selected poems, lectures on contemporary poets and on the principles of literary criticism pertaining to fiction, and a study of a representative work by Jane Austen, Thackeray, Kingsley, Trollope, Reade, Blackmore, Meredith, and Hardy.

Mr. L. T. Damon, of The University of Chicago, has charge of the departments of Rhetoric and English Composition. Practical work in literary construction will be required and the student will have the benefit of the instructor's criticism. Advanced literary composition will occupy a part of the time and the class-room discussions on the theory and principles of prose writing will be very beneficial.

SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

The faculty in the School of Modern Languages are Prof. Henry Cohn, of Northwestern University, Prof. Henri Marion, of the United States Naval Academy, Madame Marion, and Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn.

In addition to the usual three classes in German—the beginning, intermediate, and advanced—there will be organized, if ten persons request it, a class for advanced students who wish to read scientific German. Children may enter a class organized for them and taught according to the most approved pedagogical method. Lectures on literary subjects will be delivered, and at the German club, declamations, songs, and the rendition of comedies will be required.

The French division of this school offers unexcelled advantages. There will be beginning, intermediate, advanced, and juvenile classes, each taught so that the greatest amount of knowledge may be acquired in the shortest possible time. An excellent

A CLASS IN PHYSICAL TRAINING, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

feature of the work is the study of French comedies in parts to be rehearsed by the students.

Social occasions and the French and German tables furnish opportunities for conversation.

SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

In the School of Classical Languages Prof. F. J. Miller, of The University of Chicago, will teach the Latin. He will employ the inductive method in the beginning class, which is designed not only for beginners, but for those desiring to review and for teachers wishing to be instructed in methods. The training courses are adapted to the needs of both beginners and teachers, and translating selected portions of Cæsar's Commentaries, prose composition, sight-reading, discussions, and method study will be the work of one class. Another class will be employed in the study of Virgil, giving particular attention to grammatical and poetical constructions, versification, and figures of speech.

The Greek in this school will be taught by Prof. William W. Bishop of Northwestern University. By the inductive method he aims in a few weeks to familiarize beginners with conjugation, declension, indirect discourse, and other essentials of Greek grammar, special drill being afforded by turning English into Greek. Portions of Xenophon's Anabasis will be read and efforts made to help the Greek students to acquire an extended vocabulary and master the principles of Greek grammar.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

Prof. William Hoover, of Ohio University, again has charge of the department of Mathematics, in which four classes will be formed.

There will be two divisions in which students may study algebra. The members of the first division will be beginners in the work, taking up the subjects of factoring, radicals, equations, and exponents. In the second division the class will begin with quadratic equations, and practical work will be required in the study of the binomial theorem, ratio and proportion, progressions, logarithms, and various complicated processes in which algebraic principles are involved.

Plane geometry will occupy the attention of students five hours a week from July 3 to August 13. The members of the class will be expected to do most of the work, much of that required being original solutions and construction of problems. Attention will also be given to plane trigonometry.

The departments of General Physics, Electricity, and Mechanics are to be presided over by Prof. L. H. Ingham, of Kenyon College. Instruction will be imparted largely by means of the lecture method. The fundamental principles underlying physical phenomena will be explained and illustrated by laboratory experiments. A special course has been arranged, consisting of forty-six laboratory experiments in physical measurements, hydrostatics, thermometry, expansion, latent and specific heat, polarization, electrical measurements, etc.

Prof. L. H. Batchelder, of Hamline University, is to superintend the department of Chemistry. The four courses provided for students are Systematic Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis, Quantitative Analysis, and Organic Chemistry. Illustrated lectures, quizzes, and experiments are some of the attractions of the courses. A fully equipped laboratory and an excellent library are accessible to the students of chemistry.

The instructors in botany are Miss Anna Schryver, of the Michigan State Normal School, and Mr. W. H. Sherzer. Structural and cryptogamic botany may be investigated by advanced students, while lectures, laboratory work, and field lessons will take the attention of those little informed on the subject of botany.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MUSEUM, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

In the department of Mineralogy the students are expected to do practical work in identification of specimens. Daily lectures will be delivered in this department.

Three courses—Elementary Zoology, Elementary Biology, and the Advanced Course of Biology—are in charge of Prof. H. L. Osborn, of Hamline University. By lectures, readings, and practical laboratory and field work the principles of these sciences will be explained. Exceptional advantages for students in these departments are offered in the surrounding territory. The necessary instruments and appliances for practical work are furnished in the laboratory.

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES.

The School of Social Sciences has three instructors for the four courses provided for students.

TWO CHAUTAUQUA LAKE STEAMERS.

The history of Prussia from 1640 to 1815 furnishes subjects for class lectures by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University. In the department of Domestic Institution Prof. C. R. Henderson, of The University of Chicago, will consider the historical forms of the family, discussing laws of ethics and social questions of interest to the family.

Prof. George E. Vincent, of The University of Chicago, will present, illustrate, and criticise social theories in a department called The Province of Sociology. In the Social Psychology Course the relation of individuals to society and the influence of social groups upon each other are questions to be ably discussed.

SCHOOLS OF SACRED LITERATURE.

There are fifteen courses in the three branches which compose the Schools of Sacred Literature. In the School of the English Bible there are five instructors, Pres. William R. Harper, Profs. D. A. McClenahan, Rush Rhees, F. K. Sanders, and William H. Marquess. The practical truths to be obtained from the proverbs of Old Testament sages, the life and gospel of St. Paul, and the Pauline epistles are some of the subjects to which the thoughts of the students will be directed. There will be Saturday morning conferences and Sunday morning Bible studies conducted by the different members of the faculty, and the New Testament work will be in a line with the International Series of Sunday-school lessons.

The School of Hebrew and the Old Testament offers excellent opportunities to the beginner, the reviewer, and the advanced student. Particular attention will be given to grammatical points, sight translation, and to acquiring a vocabulary. The text studied will be the first eight chapters of Genesis, and for critical translations selected portions of the Psalms and the prophesies will be used.

Profs. Rush Rhees and William H. Marquess have charge of the School of New Testament Greek. It is expected that the students in this school will master grammatical principles, become skilled in sight translation and reading aloud, and acquire an extensive vocabulary. The Gospel of St. John, the Acts, and the Letter to the Galatians will be studied.

The general topic of the six mid-week lectures to be delivered by Pres. William R. Harper is "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought and its Expression in Art, Literature, and History."

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

Few summer educational institutions offer a wider field for pedagogical study than the Chautauqua School of Pedagogy. Teachers in public and private, normal and training schools, supervisors, principals, and superintendents are given an opportunity for practical work under trained specialists.

A course of lectures on educational subjects of special interest to students of pedagogy will be delivered by Pres. G. Stanley Hall, Prof. William L. Bryan, Prof. Franklin T. Baker, Pres. Walter L. Hervey, and others.

The General Pedagogy Course, under the supervision of President Hervey, of the Teachers' College, New York, and Miss Wohlfarth, is designed to aid superintendents, principals, and teachers in normal schools in planning courses of study and training teachers. Lectures and conferences are a part of this course.

President Hervey and Prof. W. L. Bryan, of the University of Indiana, have charge of the course in Psychology and Child Study. The lecture method will be principally employed to present the value of observation of mental phenomena and development and to demonstrate the relation of psychology to education.

For those skilled in kindergarten work there is a course in Theory of the Kindergarten. Attention will be given to the principles on which true education is founded and to methods for securing good reading and study. The text-books used will be Froebel's "Education of Man" and "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten."

Miss F. E. Newton, of Chicago, will give instruction in the departments of Kindergarten Methods and Mother Play and Nursery Songs. In the first course Round Table meetings will be held for discussions on the psychological, physiological, and hygienic value of the different games, occupations, and programs of the kindergarten. Child development is to be studied in the second course. Members of the class will be expected to write papers on subjects belonging to this department.

Stories and Story-telling, English Literature, and English Composition are the courses supervised by Prof. F. T. Baker, of the Teachers' College, New York. Practical lessons in story-telling will be the work in the first department. Methods of teaching literature and composition in grammar and high school grades will be presented in the other courses. A critical analysis of poetry, the essay, and the drama, will be made to illustrate methods. Coleridge, De Quincey, and Shakespeare are the authors to be studied.

Ten hours a week from July 10 to July 23 will be given to the course in Primary Teaching, conducted by Miss Amy Schüssler. The relation of kindergarten work to the primary school and methods of presenting the various branches of study to children will be subjects for discussion.

A CLASS IN CHINA PAINTING, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

How to obtain the highest possible results in the study of geography, history, reading, and mathematics with a minimum expenditure of energy and in the least possible time is a subject which will employ the attention of Miss Julia H. Wohlfarth.

By lectures and class lessons Mr. S. H. Clark, of The University of Chicago, will set forth and demonstrate the principles of vocal expression and the relation of literary interpretation to good reading. The informality of the class lesson will give an opportunity for critical work by each member of the class.

The Nature Study Course, superintended by Miss Anna A. Schryver, of Michigan State Normal School, includes discussions on the general utility of nature study in the schools, laboratory work, illustrative lessons, field studies, and short excursions. Particularly helpful will be the observation lessons taught to a class of children in the presence of the students of this course.

AN OUT-DOOR SKETCH CLASS, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Two courses in Physical Training, the elementary and the advanced, are offered in this school. Practical work with gymnasium apparatus will be done and a weekly talk on physical training will be given by some member of the School of Physical Education. Miss Trowbridge has charge of this department.

The summer session of the New York State Department of Education, from July 13 to July 30, offers special advantages to the public school teachers of New York State. The state course will be free to teachers from New York.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

One of the special advantages of the Chautauqua schools is the opportunity they offer for an extended course in music. The members of the faculty in the School of Music are men of experience in this branch of education.

The general plan of work in the school is much the same as that of last year. Each student is urged to confine his studies to some definite course in order to derive the greatest good from his labor.

On July 5 the Young People's Model Singing Class will be organized. All dwellers at Chautauqua who wish to be able to read music at sight will be admitted free of charge to this class. The

Choral Union method of instruction will be employed to teach the rudiments of music. The members of the class will be permitted to enter the Assembly Choir.

Mr. L. S. Leason will have charge of the department of Music in Public Schools. The methods used in the New York City schools will be employed.

The Teachers' Club will be directed by Dr. H. R. Palmer. He will demonstrate the Palmer Method of Elementary Class Teaching for the benefit of inexperienced teachers. The students will be required to repeat the lesson explained, after which members of the class will be given opportunity to criticise.

DESK CARVED AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The course in Harmony is divided into four classes to meet the needs of students of every grade. Mr. I. V. Flagler will have charge of advanced harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Those entering the analytical harmony class, taught by Dr. Palmer, must understand chord formations and progressions.

The principles of voice formation will be the subject of a daily lesson or lecture in the Vocal Culture Course. Mr. J. Harry Wheeler is to be the instructor.

The class for boys and girls under twelve, called the Primary Chorus, directed by Mr. L. S. Leason, will appear in concert programs during the season. Admission to this class is free.

During the entire season Dr. H. R. Palmer will have charge of the Chorus Choir, to which ready readers of music will be admitted. Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" and other classical music will be studied and will constitute parts of programs for public concerts.

Musical entertainments will be given from time to time during the Assemby. Mr. I. V. Flagler will again favor Chautauquans with lectures and recitals, and Rogers' Band and Orchestra will give daily open-air concerts.

Private lessons in piano, organ, voice, banjo, guitar, mandolin, zither, cornet, saxhorn, flute, and piccolo may be obtained from first-class instructors.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

Students in the School of Fine Arts will have the benefit of the latest methods of instruction by artists who have studied at home and abroad.

Three classes make up the Academic Division—the antique, still-life, and sketch class. The work done in the sketch class will be especially helpful in illustrative art.

Three hours daily will be given to work in the Out-Door Class. It is the design of this class to study the effect of different lights on draped figures, particular attention being given to the principles developed by the *plein-air* school. Opportunity will be given to make a study of the horse.

At the Saturday morning conferences there will be informal talks by different members of the faculty of the school on important art subjects. In addition to these there will be a course of illustrated lectures by Mr. A. T. Van Laer, of New York, on art history and criticism. Sculpture, architecture, and painting will each be treated in a manner attractive to the general public.

Miss Leta Horlöcker, of New York, assisted by Miss Louise Thompson, of Bloomington, Ill., will conduct the department of China Painting, and Mrs. Vance-Phillips will instruct pupils in figure painting on porcelain,

In the Wood Carving Course, of which Miss Laura A. Fry, of Purdue University, has charge, assistance will be given those who wish to give instruction in this branch of art in the public schools. Classes in modeling will be organized with special view to the needs of the teachers in primary grades.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Since the organization of the department of Physical Education there has been a constant development in the aim and scope of the work, until now it is an important school of nine courses with eight members in the faculty and fifteen assistants. The gymnasium, erected in 1890, is fully equipped with the necessary apparatus for practical gymnastics. The work in the Normal Course, which is designed to train teachers in gymnastics, has been carefully graded and two years of hard study are required in which to complete it. In the junior year particular attention will be given to the principles underlying the different forms of exercises, the instruction in which is a combination of lectures and physical exercises.

Those who have satisfactorily passed examinations in the junior work will be admitted into the senior class. Daily lectures will be given on the theory of physical exercise and a portion of each day will be given up to practice in the American and German forms of light gymnastics and to Swedish educational gymnastics. In both classes a study will be made of anatomy, physiology, kinesiology, etc., that the students may thoroughly comprehend the special value of the different exercises for physical development.

A class in Medical Gymnastics, to be taught by Dr. J. W Seaver, of Yale University Gymnasium, will be formed for teachers who have been unable to obtain a medical education, if a sufficient number desire it.

The course in Athletics includes boxing, fencing, tennis, baseball, swimming, rowing, and field sports.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

Mr S. H. Clark, of The University of Chicago, and Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, of Chautauqua, are the instructors in the School of Expression, the courses of which are broad and comprehensive. Efforts will be made to meet the needs of teachers in normal schools and colleges.

The school aims to develop individuality in elocutionary work after correct standards of expression are established and to guide the student to an appreciative and artistic interpretation of literature.

In the course in Philosophy and Technique of Gesture, conducted by Mrs. Bishop, the relation of mental conditions to corporeal expression will be explained by the analysis of the gesture. By physical culture and pantomimic exercises grace and freedom of gesture and development of imagination will be secured.

Mr. Clark will give instruction in the departments of Philosophy and Practice of Vocal Expression, Literary and Dramatic Interpretation, and Mental Technique and Practice in Rendering. His teaching will involve psychological fundamentals, artistic rendition of literature, and the literary analysis of "As You Like It," besides the study of selections from Tennyson and Longfellow.

Individual class work under the guidance of instructors will be required of the students, at which time they will have the benefit of wise criticisms. During the season there will be pupils' recitals where students may put into practice the principles learned in the class-room, and much may also be learned by observing the Assembly lecturers.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS.

Seven departments of instruction are grouped in the School of Practical Arts.

Mr. Joseph T. Robert, of Chicago, will give instruction and practice drills in parliamentary law. Members of the class will have opportunity to perform the duties of presiding officer or secretary.

The Conversation Class will be in charge of Miss Julia Pauline Leavens, of Washington, D. C. who will make an effort to guide the students in acquiring an extensive vocabulary, training the memory, and gaining command of fine English. As a means to this end there will be extemporaneous discussions on a wide variety of themes.

Every form of correspondence will be considered in the Letter Writing Course. Miss Susan S. Hubbell, of Buffalo, N. Y., will be occupied with this work from July 5 to August 13.

Both plain and fancy cooking will be taught by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Rochester, N. Y., who has charge of the Cookery and Domestic Economy Department. The work of the Normal Class in Household Science will be adapted to the needs of teachers, matrons, and housekeepers. From August 2 to August 7 there will be a conference of cooking-school teachers under the auspices of the Cooking School Teachers' League.

Mr. N. S. Curtiss, of Syracuse, N. Y., will instruct students in photography.

Instruction in phonography and typewriting will be given by Mr. William D. Bridge, A. M., of Boston, who teaches the Graham System of Standard Phonography.

The special object of the work in the Business Training Department will be to prepare teachers for taking charge of commercial courses in the higher institutions of learning. Five courses are included in this department, the superintendent of which is Mr. Charles R. Wells, of Syracuse, N. Y.

MEN'S CLASS IN PHYSICAL TRAINING, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

In the numerous summer Assemblies springing up in different parts of the country there may be seen a sign of the progressive spirit of this century. The value of education and the accompanying culture are yearly becoming more apparent to the general public and the opportunities for intellectual progress offered by the different Assemblies are eagerly seized. In addition to the usual program of lectures and concerts there are connected with each of these summer gatherings educational departments where teachers and laborers in other professional fields may obtain fresh inspiration for their work. Men and women from every walk in life are entering these schools for the purpose of acquiring what before has been impossible to them for lack of time and opportunity. But without the schools the Assemblies would still be educative in their influence, for the contact with great minds and progressive thought through the lectures and entertainments furnishes a means of elevating and broadening the mental vision. Add to the intellectual advantages offered by the Assemblies the amusements and recreations furnished for the visitors, and we have an ideal summer resort for old and young. The American people have recognized this fact and by their liberal patronage are doing all in their power to establish and maintain these centers of culture, as is shown by the following reports from a large number of summer Assemblies.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA. For the Beatrice Chautauqua Assembly, which opens June 15 and closes June 27, several departments of instruction have been provided by the management, President Dudley and Supt. W. L. Davidson. At the head of the Sunday-school department will be Dr. G. L. Eaton; C. C. Case will direct the music, and Dr. M. M. Parkhurst is to look after the Bible study work. Classes in art, physical training, and elocution will also be formed.

THE GOLDEN GATE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The lecturers to be present are well known to the public, and special entertainments will be provided for Teachers' Day, Woman's Day, and the Grand Carnival of Nations.

On Recognition Day, June 24, John R. Clarke will address the Assembly, a fitting conclusion to the special Round Tables to be held.

BETHESDA, OHIO. The grounds of the Epworth Park Assembly, at Bethesda, O., have been beautified, new cottages built, and everything placed in readiness for the opening day, August 4.

During the two weeks' session Dr. D. H. Muller, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Rev. Sam P. Jones, Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, Dr. George M. Brown, Governor Bushnell, and others will appear on the platform.

For the benefit of those attending the Assembly arrangements have been made for able instruction in music, physical culture, elocution, oratory, and Sunday-school work.

In the interests of the C. L. S. C., Round Table meetings will be conducted by Dr. David C. Osborne, the superintendent of instruction, and by Dr. George M. Brown, who will deliver the address on Recognition Day, August 12.

BURLINGTON, IOWA. Word comes that extensive preparations are being made for opening an Assembly at Burlington, Ia., June 22, the session to continue until July 4.

Among the speakers engaged for the occasion are Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Dr. Henson, Robert McIntyre, Col. George W. Bain, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Rev. Booker T. Washington, May Wright Sewell, Jane Addams, Dr. George M. Brown. An abundance of music will be furnished by the Burlington Choral Society and the Ottumwa Male Quartet, assisted by several bands.

July 3 is the date of Recognition Day, at which time Dr. George M. Brown will be the chief speaker.

CLARION, STRATTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. An interesting program has been prepared for the Clarion Assembly, which opens June 30 and closes July 20. Lecturers of ability will appear on the platform. Among them there may be mentioned Pres. W. H. Crawford, Rev. Eugene May, Chaplain J. H. Lozier, Rev. R. F. Randolph, Prof. A. G. Fradenburgh, and Prof. John A. Anderson.

The Boys' Congress, the Girls' Club, and the C. N. A. work are attractive features provided for

Assembly guests, and the exercises of the Fourth of July celebration will be especially interesting.

July 16 is the date of Recognition Day.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS. The Connecticut Valley Chautauqua holds its eleventh annual session from July 13 to July 23, at Laurel Park, Northampton, Mass.

Under the direction of Superintendent Davidson and President Hodges an interesting program has been prepared. The exercises each day of the Assembly are to be in the interest of some great organization and the speakers are among the ablest on the lecture platform. Among them we note the following well-known names: Dr. J. M. Buckley, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Jahu De Witt Miller, Col. George W. Bain, and Herbert A. Sprague.

In the educational department instruction will be provided in music, Sunday-school normal work, physical training, and W. C. T. U. work.

C. L. S. C. work will be discussed at the daily Round Tables and on Recognition Day the address will be delivered by Bishop C. C. McCabe.

CRETE, NEBRASKA. For fifteen years the Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly has held its annual session, and the prospectus for the coming meeting, June 30–July 9, shows the usual number of attractions arranged for the visitors by the president and superintendent of instruction, M. D. Welch and Rev. Willard Scott.

Lectures will be delivered by Miss Kate Kimball, Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, Rev. E. H. Richards, Dr. Washington Gladden, Prof. W. Douglas Mackenzie, and John B. Koehose. The vitascope will be exhibited eight days and the Fisk Jubilee Singers and Mr. Francean, the male soprano, will assist in the musical division of the program.

The already excellent prospect for the C. L. S. C. will be bettered by the Round Table meetings, conducted by Miss Kimball, and by Recognition Day services, July 8, at which time Dr. Washington Gladden speaks.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI. About four thousand dollars have been spent in improvements on the Mississippi Chautauqua Assembly grounds since last season, and the session will be held June 28–July 25.

Educational interests are represented by the departments of literature, science, history, pedagogics, and Bible study, and excellent work is promised in the C. L. S. C. department.

Lectures will be delivered by Dr. Henson, Rev. Eugene May, Dr. Alfred A. Wright, and other prominent speakers.

DES MOINES, IOWA. The second session of the Midland Chautauqua Assembly opens July 5 and closes July 22.

In the list of special days announced are Farmers' and Good Roads' Day, G. A. R. Day, Music Day, Chautauqua Rally Day, Woman's Club Day, and Recognition Day, July 22.

In the C. L. S. C. department there will be four skilled workers, Dr. and Mrs. B. T. Vincent, Miss Kate F. Kimball, and Dr. George M. Brown, who is to deliver the Recognition Day address. Receptions lectures, and daily Round Table meetings will be interesting features of the work.

Instruction will be given in several other depart-

THE BOYS' CLUB IN PROCESSION, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

ments of popular education. A general program full of attractions has been arranged and a large number of eminent lecturers have been engaged.

The Assembly this year will be held on new grounds. Several new buildings have been erected, among them a commodious auditorium.

DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA. The growing interest in C. L. S. C. work in North Dakota has resulted in a program for Devil's Lake Assembly in which this department of instruction occupies a prominent place.

Extensive improvements have been made on the Assembly grounds, and the convenience of guests has been considered in the construction of a new hotel, dock, store, and bathing-house.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY." AMPHITHEATER, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The sixth annual session continues from July 1 to July 16, and with Pres. H. F. Arnold and Supt. George Hindley at the head of affairs an interesting time may be expected.

EAGLES MERE, PENNSYLVANIA. July 27 is the date for opening the second annual session of the Eagles Mere Chautauqua Assembly, which closes August 25. Since last year many improvements have been made on the Assembly grounds and every effort has been put forth to make this an ideal place for rest, recreation, and improvement.

Under the management of the president, Gen. James A. Beaver, and the chancellor, Rev. N. H. Schenck, several departments of instruction have been provided. Byron W. King will have charge of the elocution and oratory, and instruction in painting, sketching, music, kindergarten work, and physical culture will be given by competent directors.

Among the speakers engaged for this season are Rev. C. F. Aked, Bishop Fowler, Dr. Eugene May, and Gen. James A. Beaver.

The date of Recognition Day is August 19, and it is expected that Bishop Fowler will address the members of the C. L. S. C. on that occasion.

FINDLEY'S LAKE, NEW YORK. At Findley's Lake, N. Y., the third annual meeting of Lakeside Assembly will begin July 31 and continue to August 29.

A new amphitheater, hotel, and cottages are among the improvements on the grounds.

On Recognition Day, August 12, interesting exercises will be held and special efforts will be made during the entire session to organize classes in C. L. S. C. work.

In addition to the usual entertainment provided for Assemblies, instruction will be given in music, elocution, and Bible study.

FRANKLIN, OHIO. The second session of the Miami Valley Chautauqua opens July 23, at which time the improvements in progress since last summer will have been completed.

Under the supervision of Rev. E. A. Harper an excellent program has been prepared for the coming session. Lectures will be delivered by Bishop Vincent, Dr. Talmage, Rev. Sam Jones, General Gordon, Bishop Fowler, Governor Bushnell, Dr. John Potts, Dr. A. J. Palmer, and others.

Departmental work will be in charge of Prof. E. I. Antrim. Round Table talks will be given by Dr. George M. Brown, who will also deliver the Recognition Day address.

The Assembly closes August 8.

FRYEBURG, MAINE. From August 3 to August 21 the Northern New England Assembly will hold its annual session.

To the educational department photography and shorthand have been added. Instruction will also be given in physical culture, music, and parliamentary law.

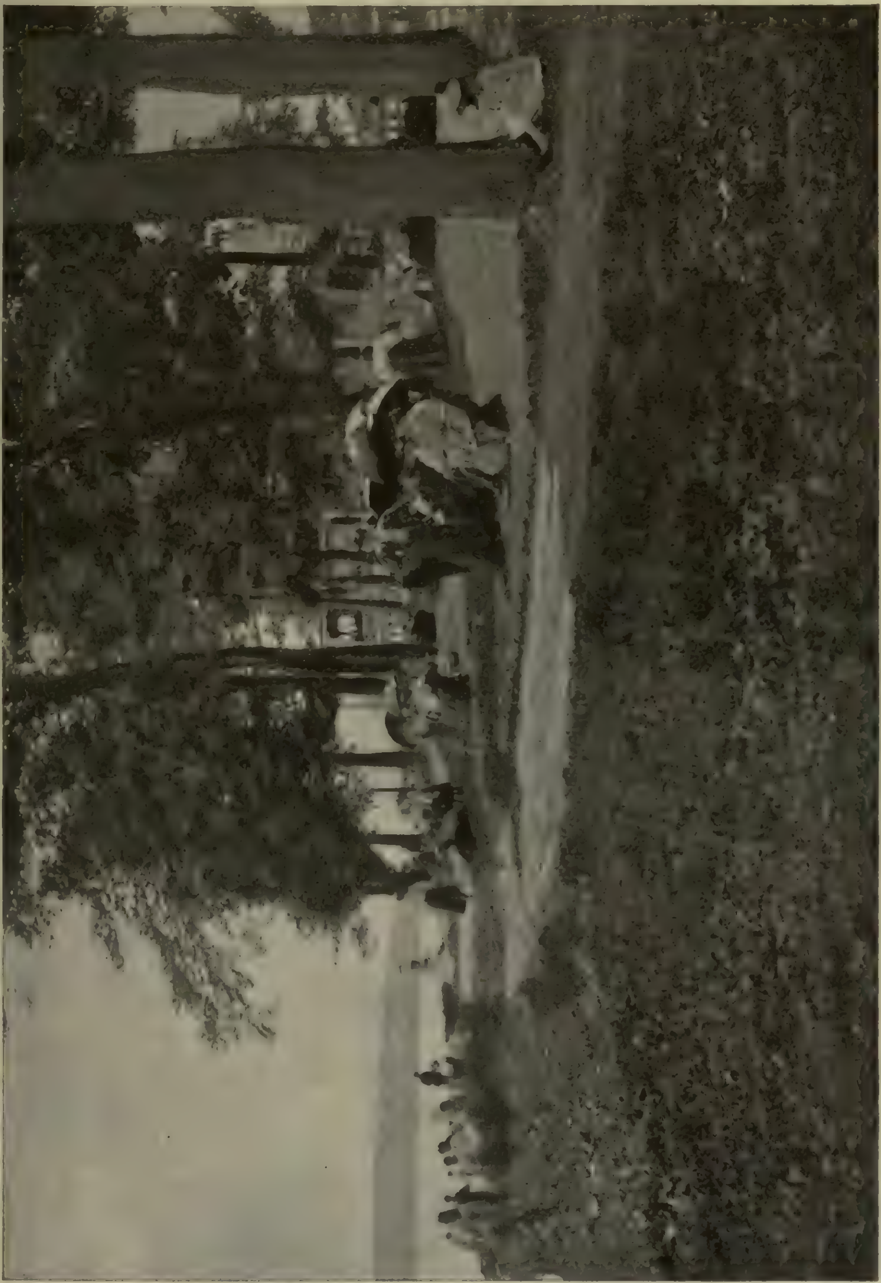
The list of eminent speakers engaged to deliver lectures includes the names of Hezekiah Butterworth, Frank R. Roberson, Prof. Homer Woodbridge, Miss Vida Scudder, and Mr. Gorham Gilman.

At Round Table meetings the C. L. S. C. work will be discussed. Recognition Day is August 17.

The management is represented by the president, Rev. George D. Lindsay, and the superintendent of instruction, Rev. Ernest H. Abbott.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS. The Havana Chautauqua Assembly, under the management of Rev. M. P. Wilkin, who acts as president and superintendent of instruction, opens its third annual meeting August 6, and continues ten days.

C. L. S. C. Round Tables will be ably conducted and its interests discussed on the platform. The



A MORNING SCENE NEAR THE LAKE SHORE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

services of Bishop Vincent have been secured for Recognition Day, August 10.

In the educational department women's work, particularly in the W. C. T. U., will be considered and cookery will be in charge of Miss Grace Braggins of Cleveland. Bible study is to receive attention also.

For the entertainment of visitors lectures will be delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Lorado Taft, Frank Roberson, Rollo Kirk Bryan, Dr. J. R. Reitzel, and Bishop Vincent. The Weber Male Quartet and the Mendelssohn Quartet Orchestra are to be present and the vitascope will be on exhibition.

ISLAND PARK, INDIANA. Under the able management of Pres. L. J. Naftzger and Supt. Will E. Grose the Island Park Chautauqua Summer Schools and Assembly will be provided with excellent instruction and entertainment.

The prospectus of the nineteenth session, July 20 to August 2, announces the cineomatograph as a special feature. The Merchants' Band, of Peru, will furnish music and Prof. R. Clark Hubbard will have charge of the musical department.

A COTTAGE HOME AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

A strong educational department has been provided. Each of the seven sections—parliamentary law, Itinerants' Club, kindergarten, physical culture, vocal and instrumental music, hygiene and home-training, and astronomy—is in charge of an able instructor, and the platform talent engaged represents the best in the country.

The prospects for the C. L. S. C. are exceptionally bright and an unusual amount of work will be devoted to this interest. On Recognition Day, July 29, addresses will be delivered by Revs. H. J. Becker and Will E. Grose.

LAKESIDE, OHIO. At the Lakeside Assembly, July 6–August 5, effective work for the C. L. S. C. will be done in the Round Table meetings.

Class instruction will be given in normal work by Miss S. A. Wilson; in music by Prof. W. H. Critzer; in kindergarten work by Miss Clare Fox; in the languages by Miss Linda Duvall; in art by Mrs. L. B. Shelden, and a class for boys and girls will be conducted by Mrs. E. A. Berry.

The president and superintendent of instruction, J. S. Oram, has secured the services of many eminent lecturers, thus insuring the success of the twenty-first session of this Assembly.

LANCASTER, OHIO. The announcements sent out by the managers of the Lancaster Assembly show that under the direction of Pres. C. H. Moore and Supt. Willis V. Dick extensive preparations have been made to furnish an entertaining and instructive program for the summer meeting of '97.

Classes in the languages, art, oratory, physical culture, parliamentary law, biblical exposition, and the children's normal will be formed under able instructors and the Ministerial Institute will be conducted by Rev. M. M. Parkhurst.

On August 10 the entire day will be given up to the "Eisteddfod," a competitive literary and musical festival. Other special days have been set apart for the Anti-Saloon League, for industrial reforms and Sunday-school work, for a young people's congress, a church convention, and the interests of the G. A. R.

An incomplete list of speakers engaged for the summer contains the names of Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, Dr. George M. Brown, Dr. D. H. Moore, Rev. Louis A. Banks and Rev. Booker T. Washington. Music will be furnished by the Ohio Wesleyan Glee Club, Arion Ladies' Quartet, and Boys' Industrial School Band.

The C. L. S. C. work will be conducted by Dr. George M. Brown, and it is expected that the growing interest in the C. L. S. C. will result in the organization of new circles. Recognition Day services will be held August 17, and Dr. George M. Brown will be the speaker.

The dates for opening and closing the Assembly are August 9 and August 19.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. This is the tenth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua Assembly. The opening date is June 29 and the closing is July 9.

There is an encouraging growth of interest in C. L. S. C. work reported from this section of the country. Daily Round Table meetings will be held and Dr. George M. Brown will address the Assembly on Recognition Day, July 6.

A woman's club, missionary gatherings, and an oratorical contest are some of the special features of the program, on which Edward Maro, the magician, also occupies a place.

Pedagogy, W. C. T. U. methods, kindergarten, and physical culture are the departments of instruction to be presided over by skilled educators.

Many able speakers will occupy the platform and with President Shaw and Superintendent Davidson at the head of affairs a profitable session may be expected.

THE JUNIOR OUTLOOK ON PARADE, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

LITHIA SPRINGS, ILLINOIS. Music will be a special feature at the seventh session of the Lithia Springs Park Assembly. In the evening entertainments the stereopticon will be prominent.

The W. C. T. U. school of methods will be conducted by Miss Maria Brehm, and Dr. George M. Brown will be present August 8 and 9 to present the interests of the C. L. S. C.

The list of lecturers to address the Assembly contains the names of Rev. Sam Jones, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, John G. Woolley, Col. John Sobieski, and others equally prominent.

General improvements have been made on the grounds and several buildings erected. The season continues from August 5 to August 23.

MONONA LAKE, WISCONSIN. At Monona Lake Assembly able instructors will have charge of the work in Bible study, primary teachers' work, elocution, Delsartism, and cooking.

Interesting lectures will be delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Mr. Leon H. Vincent, Rev. Sam P. Jones, B. Fay Mills, and others.

During the season, Round Tables and other exercises will promote C. L. S. C. work, and on Recognition Day, July 28, an interesting time is anticipated.

SCENE AT ONE OF THE BOAT LANDINGS, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

It is expected that the improvements on the Assembly grounds will be in readiness for the coming ten days' session, which opens July 20.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE. On the summit of a Cumberland Mountain in Tennessee, at the very center of the South, there has been growing for fifteen years an Assembly which has been adapting itself to the peculiar needs and wishes of the southern people. There is scarcely a community in all the South that has not been quickened by influences from this Assembly.

Of course there is an extensive Assembly program. Monteagle is fostering a spirit of genuine oratory in the southern land, as well as developing those influences that are striving to elevate society to its proper sphere.

There has been an earnest effort to make the Assembly's summer schools factors in the education of the South. The progress in this direction is seen in the coming of the famous Boston School of Expression, with President Curry, Mrs. Curry, and a full faculty, to Monteagle for a summer session. The Vanderbilt Summer School of Physical Culture holds its annual session at Monteagle; likewise there are schools of art, music, languages, science, methods, kindergarten, and stenography, each with a separate faculty made up from the leading teachers of the South, and the International Teachers' Home Association has recently located its southern summer home on the Assembly grounds, at Monteagle. We can but mention the extensive courses in Bible, Sunday-school, and C. L. S. C. work, whereof one can learn from the published programs.

The success of Monteagle is due largely to the Woman's Association, which has expended thousands of dollars in improving the grounds and buildings and in supporting a free reading-room and circulating library.

A SAILBOAT ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

The coming session continues from June 30 to August 27, and August 18 is the date fixed for Recognition Day.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND. The Mountain Chautauqua has its home at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, twenty-eight hundred feet above sea level.

Its natural beauties left little to be desired, but more than three hundred thousand dollars have been used in improvements. Rev. C. W. Baldwin, A. M., of Washington City, the efficient president, and the alert board of directors are looking well after the material interests of the place.

More than two hundred tastefully built cottages are scattered about the park, and five splendid hotels, three of them really palatial, open their hospitable doors to tourists. A charming lake covering twenty acres, lying in the basin of the hills, furnishes splendid boating and fishing facilities. Last year a beautiful Hall of Philosophy was erected and dedicated by Bishop Vincent.

The summer schools in connection with the Mountain Chautauqua are the pride of this educational center. Some of the ablest instructors from the leading universities and colleges have charge of the various departments during the continuance of the Assembly and special inducements are offered to public school teachers. The school building is large and adequate to the purposes, and the following departments are offered in liberal arts: the Germanic, classical, and Romance Languages, economics, history, and natural science, including physics, zoology, botany, chemistry, and pharmacy. There are also special classes in painting, music, elocution, wood-carving, physical culture, kindergarten, amateur photography, stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, Sunday-school normal work, and Bible study.

The season at Mountain Lake Park lasts from the first of June to the last of August. Gatherings of various kinds in the interest of great reforms are held all through these months, so that something of interest and importance is going on all the time.

The Assembly covers three weeks in the heated month of August, and has for seven years been under the direction of the well-known Chautauqua manager Dr. W. L. Davidson.

The Mountain Chautauqua will this year hold its fifteenth annual session, and the attendance promises to eclipse all former records. The dates for opening and closing the Mountain Chautauqua are from August 4 to August 24.

MOUNT GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA. Nearly thirty educational departments are provided by the Pennsylvania Chautauqua and in each one instruction will be given by educators of high rank.

Readings, illustrated lectures, oratorical and musical contests, concerts, impersonations, and the picture-play are combined to make a program complete and varied in its attractions.

Many eminent lecturers will appear on the Assembly platform. Among them are Dr. Weidner, Dr. Schmucker, Mr. Leon H. Vincent, Lieutenant Peary, Captain McIlvaine, Dr. Harrison, and Dr. Stine.

Mr. George H. Lincks will direct the C. L. S. C. work, in the interest of which Round Tables will be conducted. The date of Recognition Day is July 21.

Among the many additions made to the Assembly grounds are cottages and lecture halls. July 1 and July 30 are the dates for the sixth season.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY. At the thirteenth session of the Ocean Grove Assembly provisions will be made for instruction in the normal, biblical, junior, and musical departments of educational work. In Round Tables, lectures, and Recognition services, on July 22, the interest of the C. L. S. C. will be looked after.

The president of the Assembly is Rev. E. H. Stokes and the superintendent of instruction is Dr. B. B. Loomis.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE. The management of Ocean Park Assembly, at the head of which are Hon. L. Webb, president, and Rev. E. W. Porter, superintendent of instruction, have made extensive preparations for a C. L. S. C. Grand Rally Day, August 6. Reports of delegates from various reading circles, Round Tables, conferences, and discussions are some of the attractions offered. On Recognition Day, August 12, Hon. E. P. Gaston will lecture in the morning and Dr. O. P. Gifford will deliver the address to the C. L. S. C. graduating class.

Educational work in the Bible Institute will be conducted by Dr. Howe, of Bates College, and Prof. Bachelder, of Hillsdale College; oratory and physical culture will be taught by Miss Sadai Prescott Porter; the children's normal Bible class is to be in charge of Miss F. B. Berry; Miss A. S. Burpee will conduct the normal mission class and the Sunday-school workers' conference, and Prof. A. P. Briggs is to give instruction in music.

Among those engaged to speak from the lecture platform are Prof. H. B. Sprague, Rev. J. E. Rankin, Dr. Eugene May, Leland T. Powers, Hannibal A. Williams, and Prof. F. E. Bancroft.

From year to year improvements have been made on the Assembly property and the new building and open parks are the noticeable features of this year's additions.

The coming session opens July 24 and closes August 30.

ONTARIO, NEW YORK. The general manager of Ontario Outing Park Assembly is William H. Outwater.

Fourteen meetings of this Assembly have already been held and for the fifteenth session the grounds have been made more attractive by extensive improvements.

C. L. S. C. Round Tables will constitute a part of the work in the educational department. On Recognition Day, August 23, Dr. George M. Brown will address the Assembly.

Among the prominent lecturers to be present during the season are John H. Woolley, Rev. J. B. Watson, Prof. William H. Dana, George W. Bain, D. W. Hooker, Miss Harriet May Mills, and Rev. Anna Shaw.

The Assembly will meet from August 11 to August 24.

OTTAWA, KANSAS. Since 1883 the annual sessions of the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly have been held continuously at Forest Park, Ottawa. This beautiful park has proven especially adapted to these meetings. It has plenty of delightful shade, half a mile of river frontage, with steam launch and plenty of boats. The park is close to the city and only one block from all lines of railway depots. It is in fact the most accessible and beautiful park for an outing in Kansas.

A commodious tabernacle which will seat five thousand people, an ample dining hall, a beautiful Hall of Philosophy, an Assembly Hall, a Normal Hall, and a Woman's Building, now in process of erection, comprise the principal buildings.

Dr. J. L. Hurlbut of New York, has been superin-

THE KINDERGARTEN'S ANNUAL "STRAW RIDE," CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

SCENE AT THE BATHING DOCK, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

tendent of instruction since 1882. Rev. D. C. Milner, D.D., now of Chicago has been president continuously since 1883.

The lecture platform has in the past years comprised many of the best in the land and has uniformly sustained an unequaled reputation in the West. Elaborate and broad educational work has been sustained, consisting of twelve to fifteen departments, such as the normal, musical, temperance, C. L. S. C., art, kindergarten, Biblical Institute, literature, Y. W. C. A., physical culture, Sunday-school, Woman's Council, etc. The instructors have always been of the highest grade. The work of the superintendent of instruction, president, and other officers has been intelligent and unselfish, and has met with great success.

The present season is the nineteenth in the history of the Assembly and the date of closing is June 25.

Recognition Day exercises will be held June 21.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA. The eighteenth session of Pacific Grove Assembly opens July 13 and closes July 24.

Mrs. E. J. Dawson, coast secretary of the C.L.S.C., will have charge of the circle work during the session, and the president of the Assembly, Dr. Eli McClish, will be the chief speaker on Recognition Day, July 20.

Superior advantages are offered in the educational department for the study of science. The Hopkins Seaside Laboratory will have charge of biology; conchology is to be taught by Prof. Josiah Keep; entomology will be in charge of Prof. C. E. Woodworth; Miss M. E. B. Norton and Dr. C. L. Anderson will teach botany. Instruction will also be given in art, music, and Sunday-school normal work.

Among the leading speakers engaged are Dr. A. W. Lamar, Edward Page Gaston, E. R. Dille, D.D., David Starr Jordan, and Miss Ida Benfey.

RIDGEVIEW PARK, PENNSYLVANIA. July 24 and August 3 are the dates for opening and closing the seventh session of the Ridgeview Park Assembly.

Arrangements have been made for a series of Bible lectures by Dr. W. C. Weaver, the president of the Assembly. Instructive and entertaining lectures will also be delivered by Dr. S. A. Steel, Bishop Becker, Dr. S. P. Leland, Miss Varum and others.

The outlook for the C. L. S. C., which is already very good in this section, will be greatly advanced by discussions in Round Table meetings.

The great day of the Assembly will be Recognition Day, July 31, at which time Dr. S. A. Steel will deliver the address.

ROCK RIVER, ILLINOIS. The date for opening the tenth session of Rock River Chautauqua Assembly is July 27 and the meetings continue until August 13.

The Assembly park has been greatly improved each year, and its situation along the banks of Rock River affords ample opportunities for fishing, rowing, sailing, and steamer-rides.

Three series of special lectures are announced. Five lectures on art will be delivered by Mrs. T. Varnette Morse. Municipal life and social evils are subjects to be treated by Amos P. Wilder. The third series, that by Mrs. W. F. Crafts, will be for mothers and teachers on child-study, supplemented by practical kindergarten work during the last five days of the Assembly. Other speakers engaged for the season are Pres. W. H. Crawford, Dr. Carlos Martyn, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Rev. C. W. Heisler, and Dr. George M. Brown.

Music will be furnished by the Im-

MEMBERS OF THE OUTLOOK CLUB BEFORE HIGGINS HALL, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

perial Quartet, of Chicago, the English Hand Bell Ringers, and the Dixon Military Band.

The exercises planned for Oratorical Field Day are designed to be particularly interesting. Other special days are Sunday-school Day, Woman's Day, G. A. R. Day, and C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, August 6, on which occasion Dr. T. De Witt Talmage will be the orator.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, COLORADO. A wide-awake committee has had charge of the arrangements for the eleventh session of this assembly held at Glen Park, Col., and the program prepared shows that the management is alive to the interests of the readers of the C. L. S. C. course.

Throughout the Assembly, from July 14 to July 30, lectures, Round Table talks, and lessons will be given on Greek and French subjects, thus supplementing the work done by the C. L. S. C. readers during the year. Special efforts will be made on Recognition Day, July 30, as well as during the Assembly, to interest the people in this work.

Many prominent speakers will appear on the lecture platform, among them being Chancellor W. F. McDowell, Pres. W. F. Slocum, Dr. A. B. Hyde, Mrs. Jean Hooper Page, and Prof. George Cannon. Several cities have consented to give a *musicale* or an evening's entertainment, which will add much to the already varied program.

Competent workers will have charge of the following departments of instruction: Bible normal, Sunday-school normal, science, kindergarten normal, physical culture, and reading and oratory.

The principal officers of the Assembly are Pres. F. M. Priestley and Supt. Frank T. Bayley.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK. Visitors at Round Lake Assembly, July 26–August 13, will find many improvements have been made on the grounds which will add much to their pleasure and convenience.

Through the efforts of the president, Dr. William Griffin, and the superintendent of instruction, Dr. H. C. Farrar, an excellent program has been prepared for this session—the twentieth in the history of this Assembly. Among the names of lecturers to be present may be noticed Dr. H. A. Buttz, Dr. S. F. Upham, Dr. M. B. Chapman, J. B. Van Benschoten, Prof. I. J. Peritz, and Dr. James R. Day.

In the educational line provision has been made for classes in music, art, oratory, languages, and Bible study.

The utmost possible will be done to increase the interest already aroused in the C. L. S. C. As a means to this end Recognition Day services will be held August 12.

RUSTON, LOUISIANA. The season of 1897 at the Louisiana Chautauqua opens July 5 and closes July 31.

Mr. Henry M. Furman, of New Orleans, will deliver the address on Recognition Day, July 14. The general work of the C. L. S. C., in which there is much interest in this section, will be discussed in special conferences and Round Tables.

The eight departments of instruction, of which Prof. R. L. Himes is superintendent, are Latin, mathematics, music, physical culture, English, science, drawing, and kindergarten methods.

Lectures and concerts by skilful artists will make up a program entertaining and educative.

SALEM, NEBRASKA. The patrons of the Salem Inter-State Chautauqua are to be especially favored this season. An eight-days' program crowded full of attractions has been provided. The magniscope will be on exhibition several evenings. The Slayton Jubilee Singers have been engaged for the entire season.

On the list of orators engaged the following names appear: Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Rev. Sam W. Small, Mrs. Helen Gougar, Dr. Jahu De Witt Miller, Prof. Charles Lane, Prof. A. W. Hawks, and Prof. William H. Dana.

A GLIMPSE BETWEEN THE TREES, CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The state secretary of the C. L. S. C., Mrs. L. S. Corey, will be present to look after the interests of this department. The Recognition Day exercises will be held August 13, and the addresses are to be delivered by Prof. Charles Lane and Supt. Sam W. Small.

Opportunities for study will be given in the departments of Bible exposition, music, Christian lyceum, children's normal, and Sunday-school work.

August 7 and August 15 are the dates on which this Assembly will open and close its fifth session.

SHASTA RETREAT, CALIFORNIA. Much interest is shown in C. L. S. C. work in the territory around Shasta Retreat, and the advantages of this educational system will be fully presented at the third season of Shasta C. L. S. C. Assembly, July 26–August 1. The Rev. Eli McClish has been secured as orator for Recognition Day, July 29.

David Starr Jordan, Miss Ida Benfey, Edward Page Gaston, and others are to deliver lectures.

That the management considers the comforts and convenience of the patrons is shown by the extensive improvements on the Assembly grounds.

A CHAUTAUQUA LAKE STEAMER.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA. The principal officers of Spirit Lake Assembly are president, W. T. Carlton, and superintendent of instruction, A. B. Funk.

July 8 and July 23 are the dates annnounced for opening and closing the fifth session of this Assembly, for which the grounds have been much beautified since last summer.

Students will be given an opportunity to join classes in the Sunday-school normal, the Bible school, elocution and oratory, and music, each of which will be conducted by expert workers.

The platform talent engaged includes Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, and Revs. C. F. Aked, Robert McIntyre, and Booker T. Washington.

At the Round Table meetings discussions will take place for the purpose of enlarging the already excellent prospect of the C. L. S. C. in this territory.

TALLADEGA, ALABAMA. At the Alabama Chautauqua Assembly, July 13 is the date of Recognition Day, and the Hon. J. B. Graham has been selected as the orator for the occasion. Mrs. Kate M. Jarvis will conduct daily Round Table meetings during the season, June 21–July 18.

Able instructors will have in charge the departments of instruction, which include literature, art, the languages, elocution, kindergarten, stenography, book-keeping, and penmanship.

Among the able lecturers who will add to the success of the varied program are W. J. Sanford, J. D. Barbee, A. L. Peterman, P. S. Henson, G. W. Briggs, C. A. Evans, and W. M. Baskervill.

The principal officers are president, Dr. A. B. Jones, and superintendent, George R. McNeill.

WASECA, MINNESOTA. A large number of first-class attractions are announced for the Waseca Assembly, which opens its thirteenth session July 6.

The educational department is composed of several schools. Rev. C. J. Little, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, will conduct the School of Theology. The School of Sociology will be under the guidance of the Rev. S. G. Smith. Prof. P. M. Pearson, of the Cumnock School of Oratory, will have charge of the School of Oratory. It is expected that classes will also be organized in French, German, science, and cooking.

The general program will be made up of readings, stereopticon entertainments, concerts, and lectures. The list of speakers during the season includes the names of Frank R. Roberson, Revs. J. R. Reitzel, J. W. E. Bowen, N. D. Hillis, Sam P. Jones, and others equally noted.

Discussions of C. L. S. C. work will take place in the class-room, daily Round Tables, and at the campfire; the Recognition Day exercises will be held July 20. President Henry Wade Rogers will deliver the address. The Assembly closes July 23.

WATERLOO, IOWA. In making arrangements for the sixth session of the Waterloo Assembly the management, represented by Pres. O. J. Fullerton and Supt. F. J. Sessions, have consulted the tastes and convenience of the patrons.

Electric lights have been substituted for the old method of illumination, and an electric car line has been constructed through the Assembly grounds.

In the interests of the C. L. S. C., Mrs. A. E. Shipley will conduct daily work, which will culminate in the exercises of Recognition Day, July 15. The orator for the occasion is Dr. Thomas Nicholson.

Classes will be formed in sociology, elocution, French, German, Bible study, and music.

Col. George W. Bain, John R. Clarke, Hon. George R. Wendling, Sam P. Jones, Jahu De Witt Miller, Father J. F. Nugent, and Dr. John W. Finley are some of the noted speakers engaged.

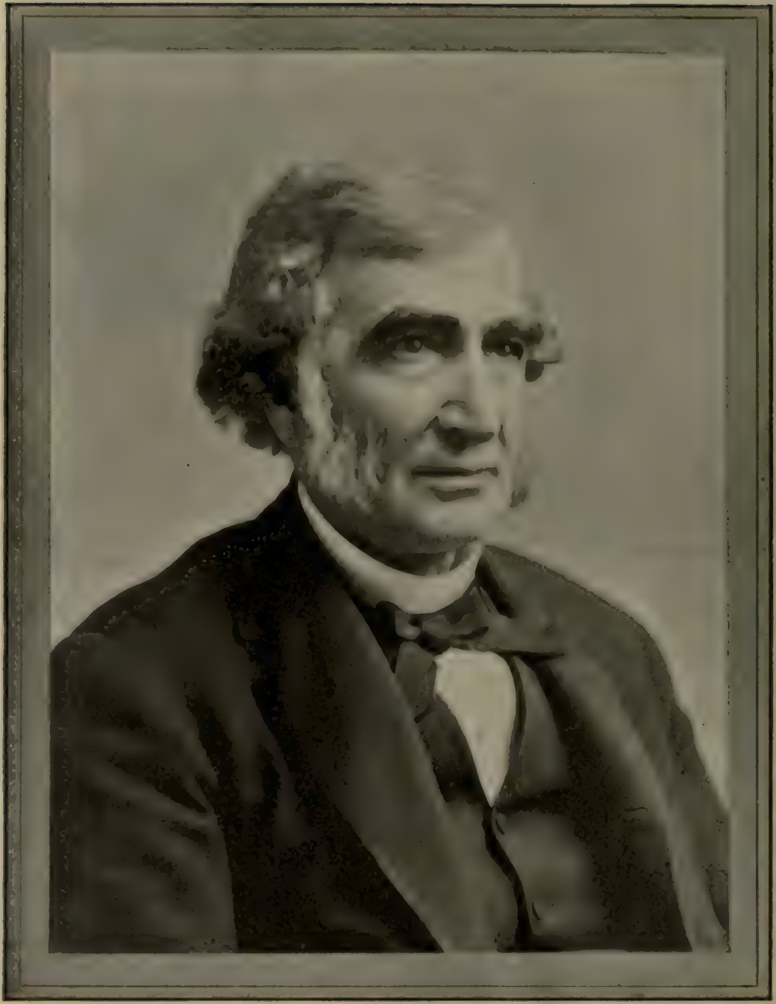
The Assembly opens June 29 and closes July 15.

WINFIELD, KANSAS. The eleventh session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly opens June 15 and closes June 25. Improvements are annually being made on the grounds.

Lecturers of national reputation have been engaged. The list contains the following names: Russell H. Conwell, A. A. Willetts, Jahu De Witt Miller, Frank R. Roberson, Henry W. Shyke, Edwin A. Schell, and W. J. Bryan.

Instruction will be offered in sacred literature, W. C. T. U. methods, kindergarten, and art.

Friday, June 18, is Recognition Day. The prospect for the C. L. S. C. in this region is excellent, and it is expected that many new readers will be won by the efforts of Alma F. Pratt during the Assembly.



JUSTIN S. MORRILL, OF VERMONT, THE SENIOR MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

See page 467.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JOHN H. VINCENT, *Chancellor*, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y. All "personal" letters should be so marked on envelope. LEWIS MILLER, *President*. JESSE L. HURLBUT, *Principal*. *Counselors:* LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.; BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D. D.; J. M. GIBSON, D. D.; W. C. WILKINSON, D. D.; EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.; JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D. MISS K. F. KIMBALL, *Executive Secretary*. A. M. MARTIN, *General Secretary*.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

I.

THE population of Washington may be divided into two classes—permanent and transient residents. The latter are mostly officials of the government, who appear and depart as the inauguration days come round, leaving both pleasant and unpleasant reminiscences among those who remain. There is also a large nomadic community, attracted by the social advantages of the capital, who reside at the hotels and boarding-houses, or take furnished residences or apartments for the season, spend their money freely, contribute to the gaiety of the winter, and flit off to Europe or to the watering places when the roses begin to bloom in the parks.

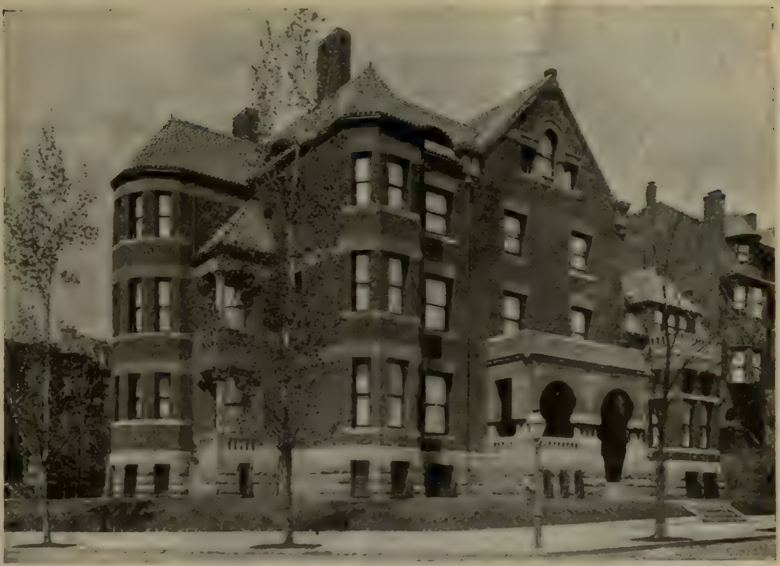
ALFRED C. HARNER, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE SENIOR MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

There are plenty of fine furnished houses offered this class of visitors. There are more handsome homes to rent furnished in Washington than in any other city in the country. It is considered good form for even prosperous people to add to their incomes by entrusting their *lares* and *penates* to strangers. In the fall of the year the streets and avenues of the most aristocratic section of the city are ornamented with large sign-boards upon the lawns or cards in the windows informing the transient residents that the permanent population is willing to be replaced for a time if well paid for the condescension. The rentals of these furnished houses are much out of proportion to the rates charged for those unfurnished. A house that may be leased for $200 a month unfurnished by the year will rent for $400 a month for six months if it contains $2,000 worth of furniture. The transient does not need it any longer, for that term covers what is known as "the season," and the permanent can spend the winter in Europe or California upon the proceeds of the transaction.

A furnished house usually contains everything that is needed for comfort and convenience except linen and silver, and those are often supplied when a deposit is made to cover their value. Habitual house renters, however, will tell you that there are tricks in the trade, and that fine furnishings, bric-a-brac, and pictures often vanish between the times when the lease is signed and the new occupant takes possession. But of course the people are expected to dress their wares in the best garb possible. Thus a rich man from New York or California can come here in October, find a residence ready for him, with a cook and butler and housemaids familiar with the place, and breakfast on the table if he likes. He can spend the winter in idleness and enjoyment. He can attend the receptions at the White House, listen to the debates at the Capitol, loaf his mornings away at the club, spend the afternoons in calling and attending teas, and go away in April after checking off the inventory and paying the appraisements for breakage and other damage to the property.

DRAWING-ROOM OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. HUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

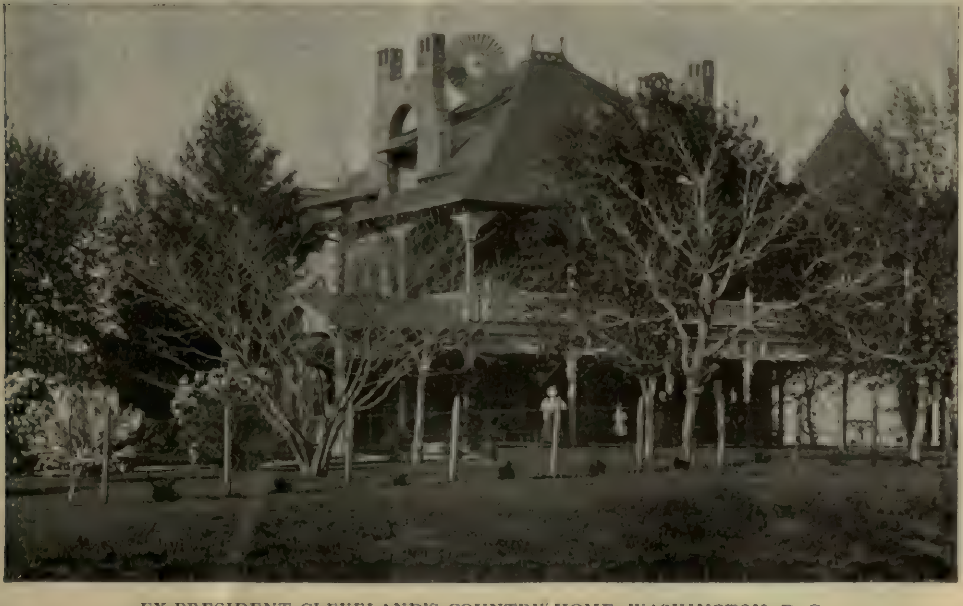
Those who have money and leisure find Washington the most attractive place of residence in this country for the winter months, particularly if they are fond of society and politics. The schools are unsurpassed, and there are three colleges and universities at which a classical or professional education is offered for their sons. There are excellent finishing schools for the daughters also, and the young ladies may have the opportunity of studying the manners of the *crème de la crème* of the American aristocracy, and make acquaintances that will be valuable and friendships that will be enjoyed all the rest of their lives. Washington is not, however, a favorable place for marriages. Girls are often brought here to find husbands. Every winter blushing buds are offered on the auction block, but the bidders are few and ineligible. Most of the unmarried men



RESIDENCE OF MRS. PHŒBE A. HEARST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

in Washington are officers of the army and navy whose pay is small, officials in the departments who have no prospects, or *attachés* of the embassies and legations, whose antecedents must always be investigated, and if they are without reproach are usually waiting for a gold-mine, or the millions of a railway king or a pork baron. The rising men of the country—those who will control the commercial and industrial destinies of the next generation—do not have time to indulge in the pleasures of the capital. Their sisters may come here, but they must stay at home and make the money to foot the bills. There are marriages, however—a great abundance—in the spring. Almost every day there is an awning erected in front of the portico of St. John's Church, the fashionable place of worship which Washington used to attend, and in which every bride would like to take her vows.

Many of the rich and transient class, after a winter or two in rented houses, are so fascinated with the attractions at Washington that they erect residences of their own, and become units in the permanent population.



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S COUNTRY HOME, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The beautiful architecture that has made Washington the finest residence city in the world testifies to their number as well as to their satisfaction, and no administration abdicates the throne, and no Congress expires without adding a few worthies to the already long list.

Most of the higher official class occupy rented houses, and leasing for one, two, or four years obtain them at lower rentals than the winter residents; but prices are much higher than in any other city except New York. None of the Cleveland cabinet except Mr. Carlisle owned their homes in Washington, nor did any of the Harrison cabinet except Mr. Blaine and Mr. Foster, both of whom were counted as permanents. The McKinley cabinet are not all settled at this writing. Mr. Sherman owns many houses in Washington—the greater part of his fortune is invested in real estate here—and a few years ago he built a beautiful stone mansion from his own designs, in which he resides; but his associates will probably rent furnished houses as their predecessors have done.

Quite a number of the senators own residences in Washington, as do several of the representatives, although superstition forbids it. It is a curious fact that nearly every public man who has purchased or erected a home at the capital has been retired to private life at the following election, and therefore when a senator or a representative indulges in this luxury his friends apprehend a defeat.

Nearly all the European governments provide handsome residences for their cabinet ministers, and it would be advisable for the United States to do so, because so much is expected of these officials in a social way. Public opinion requires them to live in a certain degree of luxury, and do a certain amount of entertaining. They are not allowed to seek quiet homes in the suburbs, or limit their enjoyment to their family circles, but they must include in their visiting

SECRETARY SHERMAN IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

and invitation lists the seventy million of our population, which is rather expensive of course, and requires an establishment much larger than would be necessary for them in private life. When Secretary Tracy was looking for a residence at the beginning of the Harrison administration he was told that the rental was $7,500 a year. He hesitated a moment, and then remarked: "What shall I do with the other $500 of my salary?"

A member of the cabinet receives $8,000 a year. He cannot live in a style becoming his position without paying at least $5,000 for a residence and $1,500 more for servants and horses and carriages. He is expected to give at least one reception a year, which will cost him not less than $500, eight or ten dinner parties, which will cost at least $100 each with the greatest economy; and his salary is exhausted. All this is for the benefit of the public, and he is often compelled to appeal to a lean purse for funds to provide the ordinary expenses of his family. I know a member of a recent cabinet who has no private fortune. He has been in public life since he was twenty-five years old, and his salary has never been large enough to allow him to save anything. Therefore during his official residence here he was compelled to limit his expenditures to $8,000 a year. The ladies of his family had been trained to economy and had a genius for management; another cabinet lady said that they could make one dollar go as far as she could make three. But although they did the best they could, and lived as quietly as the requirements of his position would permit, he found himself over $3,000 in debt at the end of his term, with no immediate prospect of earning anything.

If suitable residences were pro-

RESIDENCE OF EX-SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON, WASHINGTON, D. C vided for the cabinet they might live comfortably upon their salaries, but as a rule it costs twice as much as they receive to keep up appearances.

When people read in the newspapers that senators have been detected in stock speculations, and have made money in sugar certificates, it is well to remember that their salaries are only $5,000 a year, and that they cannot live as senators should live upon that income. It has often been suggested that each state should purchase or erect at Washington residences for its representatives in the Senate. That is an admirable idea, and would prevent many a scandal and protect many a reputation. Other governments furnish residences for their diplomatic representatives in foreign capitals. The United States owns but one. That is at Tokyo, and cost $16,000. The Japanese government donated the ground upon which it stands. Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and several other countries own the buildings occupied by their embassies and legations at Washington, and their ambassadors and ministers are paid much more liberally than ours. The British ambassador, for example, receives in salary and allowances as much as the president of the United States, while our ambassador at London is paid one third as much. The United States pays its public servants less than any other government in the world, with a few insignificant exceptions, and since the order of President Cleveland depriving consuls of notarial fees it is almost impossible for any of our representatives in foreign countries to live decently upon their salaries. The same rule applies at home, but that is not so important, except to those who happen to be personally interested.

RESIDENCE OF SENATOR McMILLAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A certain senator, who may not be named, pays $3,000 a year for a residence which is not nearly so comfortable or so elegant as that in which he lives at home. His three servants cost him $600 a year. He is compelled to keep a horse and carriage, which costs $500. Last year he paid $400 in charity. Most of it was spent for railroad tickets to send home citizens of his own state who were stranded in Washington and knew no other person to whom they could appeal. This year the demands upon senators and representatives on that account will be unusually large because of the presence of so many disappointed office-seekers. The senator gave $500 as a contribution to the treasury of his party. This exhausted his salary. He received $720 as rental for his home residence, which is all the property he owns, two fees amounting to $1,000 for arguing cases in court, and his son-in-law, who is a rich man and knows his circumstances, gave him $2,500 as a Christmas present. This covered his household bills, but he was compelled to borrow $250 to pay his traveling expenses while he was stumping his state for McKinley and Hobart last fall.

Senators who are unmarried, or who leave their families at home, or have only wives to come with them, may live with comfort in a boarding-house at an expense of $150 a month. They can also rent apartments of three or four rooms and have their meals served in restaurants at a slightly greater cost, but under these circumstances they cannot enjoy life themselves, or extend hospitalities to their constituents, or repay their social obligations.

A great deal more is expected of a senator than of a representative, and his expenses are necessarily larger. It is considered entirely proper for a representative to live in a boarding-house or at a cheap hotel, but it is thought not to comport with senatorial dignity to do so.

The senator's wife receives her friends every Thursday afternoon during the season, and all the world may call. Usually she invites the wives of the representatives from her state, or the wives of constituents who are visiting Washington, to assist her. It is considered a great honor to receive at a senator's residence. It is expected that she will serve a cup of tea, a sandwich, a salad or a croquette, ice cream and cake, salted almonds and other confectionery, and she must provide for at least two hundred people. This will cost from $50 to $100, and it must be repeated five or six times during the season. While such entertainment is not imperative, it is expected, and required by the laws of official society. The wife of a senator may receive in the parlor of her boarding-house, but the majority of her husband's constituents will go home with unfavorable reports about her social position and the penuriousness of her husband. People like to have their senators and representatives live as well as those from other states. Jeffersonian simplicity is a beautiful thing in theory, but not in practice. We love to read about the able men who obtained their education by the light of pine-knots, but when we visit them we prefer electricity.

There are so many representatives that they do not rank so high socially as the senators, and it is possible for members of Congress to go through their term without letting anybody know where they live. They can economize. They can take small houses in back streets, they need not have reception days, and they can live as quietly as they do at home; but this is impossible for a senator.

Senators and their wives are invited to dine at the homes of their colleagues and at the houses of other officials and private citizens, and an inexorable law requires them to return this hospitality. They must give dinner parties, and when constituents who have been active and generous in their support visit Washington they must receive social attentions. Distinguished people must be invited to meet them, and their visits must be made as pleasant as possible, regardless of the drain upon the poor senator's purse.

There are senatorial families who do not appear in society. They cannot afford to do so. They have children to educate, and their means being limited they are compelled to deny themselves privileges and pleasures for their constituents, but their usefulness is thereby impaired. A man may be great and powerful and learned, but in these days of conventionalities he cannot live in a tub like Diogonese or in a cave like the Delphic oracle.

Since the reformation of the civil service, the minor officials of the government have been given a permanent tenure of office and may no longer be classed as transients. Formerly there used to be a general exodus of clerks from the executive departments at the close of each administration, and their places were filled with newcomers who had been working in the ranks of the successful party. It is a serious question whether a permanent civil service is a good thing. There are two sides to the case, and while the constant changes that were formerly made for political reasons, without regard to the qualifications of the appointee, or the good of the service, became an iniquity, it is nevertheless a benefit to any institution to occasionally bring in fresh blood and brains, and new ideas, into the transactions of its business. The tendency among the department officials since they were assured of permanent employment has been to drop into ruts, to resist innovations, to do as little as possible consistent with the fixed standard of efficiency. It may be said, at the same time, that assurance of permanent employment brings better material into the public service, even at the sacrifice of personal ambition and independence, and that a faithful government clerk can do better work if he is relieved from the anxiety and uncertainty that always prevailed when he was the prey of politicians. Yet a stagnant pool is not healthful, a stream must be in constant motion to remain pure. The danger of removal and the prospect of promotion often inspire efficiency; but under the present system, commendable as it is in many respects, the clerks in the executive departments at Washington are becoming hacks, hopeless but contented.

The average salary paid to permanent government employees in Washington is about $1,200, and a man may live comfortably upon this compensation. There is no city in the world that offers so many pleasant and healthful houses at a low rental, and the real estate agencies and building associations afford opportunities for the erection and the purchase of homes upon the payment of small monthly instalments. I know of no city where wage-earners are so secure in the pursuit of happiness or live so well. The schools are free, and as good an education as any man or woman needs is furnished all comers. The climate for ten months in the year is as favorable as that offered by any city on the globe, and every government employee is allowed thirty days leave of absence each year, which he can spend in recreation and travel. With a life insurance policy to secure the loved ones from want in the event of disability or death, and a home paid for, the government clerk may settle down with a satisfaction that few wage-earners enjoy. A large proportion of the clerks now on the pay-roll of the executive departments have been in office many years. The soldiers appointed at the close of the war are beginning to feel the effect of exposure in camp and battle-field, and the infirmities of age, and it is a blessing for them that the government is still mindful of their patriotism. That provision of the civil service law which allows the appointment of persons who served in the Union Army without examination has been very liberally construed by the present administration, and the veterans removed for inefficiency by the last administration are again holding government pens in their palsied hands.

Another class of government clerks are familiarly known as "sundowners." This term is used to describe men who obtain positions in the government service in order to support themselves while studying law or medicine or pursuing an academic course at one of the universities. The recitation and lecture hours in these institutions are arranged to accommodate such students. Instead of going to the class-room at nine o'clock in the morning and at three in the afternoon, as is common in ordinary colleges, their classes are called at half past four or five, and at seven or eight in the evening. Thus a young man may occupy a government desk from nine until four, and devote the rest of his time to the pursuit of knowledge, and in three years receive a physician's degree or a diploma from a law college; or he may have acquired a thorough commercial education at a business college.

All these young men expect to resign and enter upon the practice of some profession as soon as they have finished their studies, but the allurements of official life, and the uncertainty of success in a professional career prevent most of them from carrying out their original plans. Many are anxious to get out into the world, and make reputations and win wealth, but they are too timid to make the plunge. They settle down under the civil service law, and are soon firmly rooted for life as public functionaries. They marry the daughters of their associates, buy little houses on the instalment plan, and stifle their ambition.

Formerly such clerks were able to add a little to their incomes by practicing their professions out of office hours. It was a frequent thing to see signs upon the doors of private houses announcing that John Jones, attorney at law, had his office hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 4:30 to 6:30 p. m., or that Peter Smith, M. D., was prepared to receive patients at similar hours. But the bar association and the medical associations of the District of Columbia succeeded in persuading Congress to pass laws for the suppression of "sundown" practitioners, and now no employee of the government is allowed to engage in other business. Nevertheless there are many who have money invested, in the names of members of their family, in shops, groceries, and other trades, and they even practice medicine "on the sly" in their neighborhoods and among their acquaintances, although their signs have been taken down. I know a government clerk who owns an extensive nursery, and sends flowers by the car-load to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. I know another who manages one of the most popular dairies in the city, and has a dozen milk wagons upon the streets. Another is a partner in the management of a hotel, and the clerks whose wives keep boarding-houses are legion.

What becomes of the discharged employees of the government? Most of them settle down in Washington and obtain positions in law offices and in other places of business. Nearly all the attorneys and claim agents in the city formerly served in Congress or were in the executive departments. They had slender ties at home, and the attractions of Washington were too strong to leave. If one would take a list of the bar association of the District of Columbia he would discover that nearly two thirds of the lawyers originally came to Washington to hold office.

There are also inducements for scientific and literary men to seek positions in the public service. They are allowed to live in comparative leisure, so that they may pursue their studies and investigations in a congenial atmosphere, and if they are fortunate enough to obtain appointments in the scientific branches of the government they not only receive good salaries, but are certain of permanent employment, and can command better positions in private life if they desire to resign.

THE USES OF ELECTRICITY IN SANITARIUMS AND IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

BY GEORGE H. GUY.

THE subject of the uses of electricity in sanitariums is not one which admits of very extended treatment, since, however excellent may be the conception and practice of electrotherapy in isolated cases, the average standard of electrotherapeutic administration in such institutions can hardly yet be regarded with unmixed satisfaction. However, laudable attempts are being made to place the department devoted to therapeutic electrical applications on a strictly scientific basis, and from such efforts have emanated some interesting and original results.

Among these may be named the medical establishment in which anemia, chloroanemia, and tuberculosis in a nascent state are subjected to a treatment based upon the oxidizing and antiseptic properties of ozone. A large room, made beautiful with flowers and colored lights, is filled with a continuous supply of ozone, electrically produced. Here the patients promenade or lounge, converse or read, as they think fit, while inhaling the beneficent and restorative ozone to the full extent of their lung power. The esthetic surroundings are said to accentuate the benign effect of the treatment on the patient.

For cases in which a more concentrated form of ozone is desirable, there is another apartment where the patient inhales a stronger dosage through receivers to which the mouth is applied. The results naturally vary with the age of the patient and the nature and progress of the malady, but it is said that young patients derive more benefit than those of advanced years.

Another electrical application which is closely identified with sanitarium practice is the electric-light bath, in which it is sought to confirm the truth of the proposition that the properties of the electric light are similar to those of sunlight. The body of the patient is placed inside a closet or box, the mirrored inner surface of which is thickly studded with incandescent electric lamps, and literally bathed in light. It is claimed that the penetrative power of the intense heat rays of the electric light is much greater than that of other forms of heat baths. The caloric of the Turkish, vapor, or Russian bath is communicated by convection, and slowly works its way into the body by heating the successive layers of living tissue, which possess to some degree the nonconducting powers of glass and allied substances; whereas, entering the body directly, instead of tediously percolating through its covering, the radiant heat of the incandescent electric light is said to stimulate and vitalize the tissues to a high degree.

Within the last three or four years several instruments have been designed for the cure of deafness. In almost every instance the name of the instrument has been suggestive of the general principle employed—that of mechanical or electrical vibrations, made slow or rapid according to the affection and its condition. While the outcome of experimentation with these instruments has not been encouraging, the disposition to have recourse to vibratory influences has caused attention to be directed to the specially systematized use of the telephone for impaired hearing. Although the record of specific cases is limited, marked benefits are reputed to have been secured from the treatment.

The electric bath has always been a leading feature of the electrical department of the sanitarium. Although it is one of the commonest and best of hydro-electric methods, as ordinarily prescribed and administered, it is futile and empiric; its actual power is but little realized and its true province imperfectly understood.

Mr. Edison, when seeking relaxation from his labors in perfecting the phonograph and the magnetic ore separator by being humorous at the expense of the newspaper reporters, has suggested that one of the future methods of defending a fort will be the employment of a hose which will direct against the advancing enemy a jet of water. The stream will be connected to the current supply of a powerful dynamo, and as the water, freighted with its electrocuting charge, strikes the besiegers, their doom will be sealed. This idea has been turned to account in the sanitarium in the employment of the electric douche. A stream of water playing on the patient is charged with electricity from the metal nozzle. A single "jet" nozzle is used for current concentration, and a "rose" nozzle for current diffusion, so that the subject can have his electric drench in either allopathic or homeopathic doses.

The difficulty of administering an electric douche internally has been surmounted by the invention of a special electrode. The patient first swallows a pint of lukewarm water and then the electrode, which is subsequently attached by means of its conducting cord to the battery terminal. This treatment is claimed to be salutary in nervous disorders of the stomach and intestines.

Whatever their scientific value eventually may be proved to be, these utilizations of electricity indicate an earnestness and a spirit of investigation which augur well for the ultimate status of electrotherapeutic practice in sanitariums.

The application of electricity in the practice of medicine and surgery, regarded generally, has made remarkable strides within the last five years. Much of this progress is attributable to the labors of the electrotherapists of the United States. In England the status of the science of electrotherapy may be estimated by the fact that one of the most brilliant and representative surgeons in London said recently to the writer: "Well, you see, we don't believe in electricity; I think it does more harm than good." In France notable advance is being made under the influence of such teaching as that of Apostoli and the physiological labors of D'Arsonval. But the original work of Morton and others has served to place America in a leading position in electrotherapy, and in no country in the world is there so much promise of the early deliverance of the science from the grip of conservatism and the baneful effects of empiricism and fraud. It is being firmly based on electro-physics, on electro-biology, or the physiologic response of electricity in all its forms in normal tissue, and on rational therapeutics.

Although electricity is one and the same thing whatever modality, or expression, it assumes, it has been found expedient to differentiate its manifestations as employed in medicine and surgery. The first form is frictional or static electricity. This is seen in the great laboratory of nature, atmospheric electricity, the characteristic of which is its enormously high electromotive force, which mounts up into millions of volts, accompanied by a minimum of current strength, or amperage. To illustrate the difference between electromotive force and current strength may be instanced the striking and scattering of a pile of bricks by lightning.

This is the work of high potential electromotive force; yet the same stroke would hardly deposit a few grains of silver upon a copper plate which could be electroplated by a small battery of such cells as are used to run bells. But in depositing the copper these cells do work by current strength, that is, by electrolysis; that is, by decomposition; that is, by an entirely different method from that employed in the forcing asunder of the pile of bricks.

Static electricity, produced by what is termed an influence machine, in the hands of the expert has led to the evolution of a new and successful method of treatment, wide in its scope and remarkable in its results, especially in nervous affections. An eminent practitioner has made the discovery that in some of its demonstrations, hitherto unsuspected, it is an almost infallible specific for gout and rheumatism. The way in which it banishes the torture of those diseases and corrects their abnormal conditions is astounding.

Another form of electricity resorted to in medicine is the induction current, produced from induction coils, and made prominent, in 1830, under the general term of faradism. These currents swing rapidly to and fro, and accomplish little electrolysis. Later came currents of much higher rate of alternations per second, known as high frequency, high potential currents. These currents were first brought into recognition as a practical therapeutic agency by Dr. W. J. Morton in 1881. It is with these modern currents of high frequency and high potential that the greatest advances along the line of the application of electricity to medicine have been made; partly because from their nature they may be applied to the entire organism or individual at a single sitting, rather than to local parts, and partly because of their intrinsic power and unique qualities.

The physiology of these currents is that vibrating with intense rapidity, sometimes at a rate of millions of alternations a second, they course through the living organization at such inconceivable speed as to fail to excite the nerve and muscle into the painful contractions of ordinary electric currents.

Although, however, the nerve and muscle

are not adapted to respond to such rapid impulses, it must not be concluded that the currents are inefficacious. For some reason unknown to science, other parts of the patient are beneficially affected. The response takes place in the domain of what is known as the trophic system of nerves; that is, the nerves that control the assimilative and nutritional functions of the subject.

As a result of this distinctive selection on the part of the current for the part of the organism which it influences, it follows that what doctors call the metabolism, or nutrition, of the patient is improved. This, in popular language, means that the patient's processes of life are carried on to better advantage; the air he breathes, and the water he drinks, and the food he eats are utilized in a more effective manner, and the system, instead of being clogged with the by-products, the smoke, so to speak, of the combustion in his tissue, does its work more efficiently, and throws off final products, such as carbonic acid, which he breathes out, and water, which he exhales by the skin and lungs, and urea, uric acid, etc., more actively.

To use a homely simile, we may compare a man to a kerosene lamp. If the lamp be choked for want of air it does not burn freely, smoking rather than giving light. In other words, the decomposition is not complete, and the lamp is being suffocated by the products of its own imperfect combustion. Make the draught better, see that the fuel is consumed, and the lamp performs its functions perfectly. This is exactly what happens to the human lamp when subjected to the action of high frequency, high potential currents. Appetite and sleep return; there is increased cheerfulness and energy for work; walking becomes easier; the appearance of the patient changes for the better, and the nervous system yields gratefully to the magical influence of this most wonderful tribute of science to the nineteenth century.

As regards the use of the old or more familiar galvanic current, the newest conclusions arrived at by experiments, and from the increased knowledge of the present day, are that small currents are stimulative to living tissue in a large class of diseases, and large currents break down the tissue. Between these two effects is a happy medium of administration which only the skill and judgment of the expert can secure, and which is elusive to the tyro and the quack. The latest adaptations of the galvanic current take advantage of one of its properties about which little is known; namely, its capacity of exerting a directive influence upon fluids by which it is conducted from the positive to the negative pole.

This phenomenon, which was at first described as the mechanical effect of the current, is later known as cataphoresis. Many confound it with electrolysis, or the power of decomposing the fluid which conveys the current. Both are distinctive, though coexistent properties of the current.

Modern views of electrolysis teach us that while some of the molecules of the fluids which convey currents are decomposed, in other words undergo electrolysis, others are not decomposed, and convey the direct influence of the current. This is cataphoresis. Cataphoresis, simply defined, is the driving of medicaments into living tissue. It is very much like the driving of a nail into wood by a hammer. The wood is human tissue, the nail is the medicine, and the hammer is the electric current. This affords a new way of administering medicines and injecting them into the circulation of the blood, a method in many cases infinitely preferable to introducing them into the stomach in the ordinary way. This process alone, so far as it relates to anesthetic practice, is an advance in surgery possibly only second to the discovery of general anesthesia itself.

The marvelous possibilities of general medication by electricity may be suggested by the recital of the revolution that has been brought about in the treatment of spinal diseases. At one time certain forms of spinal disease baffled every diagnosis, and their character could only be determined at the post-mortem of the patient. Now electrical diagnosis determines their existence in the living subject, indicating their exact location. Medicine is then placed on a sponge or other electrode and placed over the seat of the disease. Current is turned on and as it flies through the tissues it carries with it the particles of the healing medicine, and the disease is cured. By means of this cataphoric action in many of the processes of minor surgery the part to be operated upon may be locally benumbed by electro-cocaine anesthesia, and the trouble of producing extensive general anesthesia is obviated.

In dentistry, cataphoresis is supplanting many of the primitive methods, from the reproach of which even that progressive profession has for many years past vainly endeavored to escape, and has made actually painless operations at last possible. For by this method cocaine can be applied not only to the soft tissues of the body but to the hard substance of the tooth. The teeth, although coated by a superficial skin—the enamel—internally are composed of a tubulous structure called dentine, quite capable of conveying current, since within the little tubules is enclosed a gelatinous filament rich in salts and fluid, which make it a good conductor of electricity.

If a cavity in the tooth—which is constituted a cavity for the reason that the enamel has been destroyed and a portion of the dentine has been encroached upon—is filled with a pledget of cotton saturated with a solution of cocaine, and to this pledget is applied a piece of platinum wire connected to the positive pole of the ordinary galvanic battery, and a very small current is allowed to flow, in a period varying from six to thirty minutes, according to the ability and knowledge of the operator—the shortest period recorded is a minute and a half—the cocaine will be conveyed by the electric current down the tubules to the nerve itself, and the dentist can proceed with the dreaded preparation of the tooth without pain to the patient. The tooth can be excavated, filled, or even extracted without the infliction of the slightest suffering.

If one takes into account the steady and accumulated agony of dental operations throughout the world, and considers the wear and tear of protracted pain which they entail, he may easily comprehend what an enormous boon to suffering humanity such a process as this will be when generally applied in dentistry.

It remains to say a few words about the induction current. Every person who has taken a shock from an electric nickel-in-the-slot machine at a railroad station has had an experience of the induction current, commonly called in medicine the faradic current. Medically the induction current would not be used in the same crude form, but would be attenuated and tempered to the tissue by improved mechanical devices. None the less, the current is the same.

This current produces three well-known actions: the benumbing effect—not equal to an absolute lack of sensation, and therefore not utilizable for the production of anesthesia; a fatigue effect upon the nerve and muscle where it is used too strongly; and an exciting effect on the nerve and muscle. The fatigue effect is due to overstimulation, and wherever it is exhibited the current has been used in violation of physiological laws. This abuse has become lamentably widespread from the incompetence of many of the practitioners who have taken upon themselves the administration of electricity. As used just as it comes from the machine, the current may be legitimately employed to stimulate or excite a paralyzed nerve or a paralyzed muscle; but soon an overstimulation, an exhaustion of the part treated ensues, and what was intended as an aid to therapeutics turns out to be a hindrance.

Modern physiological and laboratory work have established the proper way to administer this current, which is, to sustain the contraction of the muscle during half a second, release it for half a second, and continue this rhythm for a considerable length of time. Under such an administration the muscle is strengthened instead of wasted. This process is effected by suitable clockwork mechanism, and must in no sense be confounded with the sudden and sharp impulses which usually accompany the operation of the slowly vibrating faradic machine sold in medical supply stores.

It will be noted that no attempt is made here to enter on a discussion of the expansive subject of the X-ray, although its place in surgery is more than obvious.

When the extensive inroads into all the higher byways of life made by modern electricity are considered—in light, heat, and power, the modifications of manufactures, and new developments in electro-chemistry—it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the sciences of medicine and surgery, despite the impedance of a conservative guild, cannot long remain outside the reach of the progressive spirit of the age. Electrotherapeutics to-day is based, not upon the musty literature which purports to teach it, but on the diligent experimentation and exploration of active men in the medical profession, who search for aid and light in every direction and find it in the current periodical literature relating to the application of electricity to every-day work. Those who would take a hand in the building up of this new science have but little tradition to guide them. The standard sources of information on the subject are comprised in a limited literature of small handbooks and technical articles. No work at all worthy of the subject has yet appeared. Electrotherapy, in its present phase, waits for a master hand, like that of Erb, in his day, now long past, in Germany, or of Duchenne in France, more than half a century ago.

THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF FRANCE.

BY YVES GUYOT.

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IN France we have no census such as that of the United States. Our quinquennial enumerations are concerned only with the population, divided up according to sex, age, occupation, and nationality. We have no information about the value of estates improved and unimproved, except in the documents concerning direct taxes. We know the number of manufacturing, financial, and commercial firms, because each one is recorded on the roll of licenses, but we do not know the amount of business of these firms unless they are incorporated. We know the amount of business of the railroads, because they are controlled by the state. We know the number and the power of the steam-engines, because they are tested by the mining service, which likewise controls the mines in the interest of the national treasury and of public safety. The indirect taxes give us interesting details about the production of sugars, wines, ciders, and alcohols. The custom-house officers publish every month the fluctuations of external commerce and of maritime navigation.

With these different elements I shall try to give to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN a sketch of the manufactures and commerce of France.

It is generally believed that the part of the population of France occupied with agriculture is by far the most numerous. This is a mistake. The active population, consisting of employers, clerks, and workmen, who live from agricultural pursuits includes, according to the enumeration of 1891 (the last of which we have the details) 6,535,000 persons. But there are engaged in manufactures, in transportation by land and water, and in commerce 6,733,000 persons. From which it appears then that there are 198,000 more persons employed in these occupations than in agriculture; but in reality it may be said that the difference is not worth noticing.

The total number of employers engaged in manufactures, transportation, and commerce is 1,963,000; the number of clerks employed in these three lines of occupation is 724,000, and the number of workmen employed is 4,045,000.

These figures indicate how manufactures are divided up in France. The number of workmen is only within 82,000 of double the number of employers. This makes about one employer for every two workmen. In commerce the number of workmen is less than the number of proprietors.

If we consider on one side the wage-payers and on the other the wage-earners, both clerks and workmen, we find that the population is divided up in the following manner: wage-payers, 1,963,000, wage-earners, 4,769,000. That is, for every 100 persons occupied in manufactures, transportation, and commerce there are 28 wage-payers and 72 wage-earners, many of whom are part of the family of their employers and are preparing themselves to become in their turn industrial capitalists. The characteristic of manufactures in France is therefore their extreme subdivision. The large factory is the exception.

The licenses which are required of every firm, whether industrial or commercial, as well as of the lawyers and doctors, constitute 1,834,000 entries.

For a half-century the chief criterion of the industrial development of a country has been the increase of its motive power. In 1859 France counted 13,700 engines, representing 169,000 horse-power; in 1879, 49,900 engines, representing 3,181,000 horse-power; in 1895, 85,400 engines, representing 6,121,000 horse-power. To this must be added 979,000 horse-power, representing the water-power employed. The central stations for electrical power are as yet little developed.

Textile manufactures occupy 838,000 persons, of whom 78,400 are employers. We consume on an average 220,000 tons of wool for our manufactures. This is the industry which, from the point of view of exportation, stands at the head of all the others. It has for its centers Rheims, Roubaix, Fourmies, and Sedan. Far from demanding protection, it asks for nothing but freedom. For it has machinery capable of supporting a population three times that of France.

Lyons is the great silk market. Thanks to an establishment created by a decree in the year XIII., and called the public warehouse for weighing and drying silks, we know exactly the quantity of silks received here. This establishment reduces the silks to a uniform degree of humidity and indicates the commercial weight, which becomes a law to the buyer and the seller. The following table gives the annual average of silk brought to this establishment for some years. (A kilo is equal to 2.2 pounds.)

1809–18	392,100	kilos
1819–28	516,900	"
1829–38	649,200	"
1839–48	1,367,200	"
1849–58	2,498,500	"
1859–68	5,041,900	"
1869–78	3,750,700	"
1879–88	4,861,500	"
1893	5,911,200	"
1894	5,839,600	"
1895	6,022,400	"

The weight of silk in France alone in 1895 was 9,420,000 kilos, and for the whole of Europe, including France, 21,545,000 kilos. The total production of the factories at Lyons has been valued by the Chamber of Commerce at $79,800,000,000, of which $23,000,000 was for materials of silk mixed with cotton or wool and $31,000,000 for pure silk. The exportations of textiles, ribbons, silk passementeries, pure or mixed, rose in 1895 to $54,160,000, of which England absorbed $24,000,000 worth and the United States $15,000,000. The importation of foreign silks into France rose to $10,030,000.

The manufacture of clothing and toilet articles occupies the largest number of persons; that is, 964,000, of whom 225,000 are employers. The tariffs of 1892 caused capital to flow toward cotton manufactures. Numerous spinning and weaving establishments were set up. The English came and set up great spinning establishments with 100,000 spindles. There resulted a phenomenal overproduction which might have been foreseen. The building industry occupies 624,000 persons, of whom 173,500 are employers.

To judge by the noise they make in Parliament one might think that the miners occupy an important place from a numerical point of view in France. But there are only 87,000 in the mines and 28,500 workmen on the outside. The number of them increases every year. This is due to the farm-hands who come and take work in the mines and never return to their former occupation. In 1895 the total number of days' work in mines was 38,898,000; the total wages was $31,900,000; the average daily wages was 82 cents, and the average annual wages $232. In the northern basin and in Pas-de-Calais the expense of manual labor per ton amounts to $1. In the region of the Loire it amounts to $1.20. In the basin of the Gard to $1.50. The number of leases of mines is 1,403, of which 636 are for minerals for fuel, 321 for iron ore, and 56 for rock salt. Out of this number only 502, or 36 per cent, are worked.

In 1876 the production of minerals for fuel was 17,000,000 tons; the importation of the same, 24,000,000 tons. At present the production is 28,000,000 tons and the importation nearly remains stationary. The basin of Pas-de-Calais alone furnishes 11,000,000 tons. It is a basin which was discovered less than fifty years ago. The North produces 5,000,000 tons and the Loire 3,500,000 tons. The number of mines for mineral fuel worked at a profit was 146, against 152 worked at a loss. The revenue derived from the first was $7,287,000; the deficit of the second rose to $1,200,000. Of the mines for iron ore 30 have been at a profit of $210,000 and 42 at a loss of $307,000. The year 1890 was the year of greatest profit. The mines for mineral fuel realized $13,000,000 of profit. At the mine, pit coal is worth in the North and in Pas-de-Calais, $2.00; in the Loire region $2.80; in the Gard, $2.40. The coal-miners consume for their own use 2,363,000 tons.

The railroads consume 4,510,000 tons of mineral fuel of all kinds. Metallurgy consumed in 1895, 6,051,000 tons of mineral fuel. The total production of castings was, in 1876, 1,435,000 tons. It has risen to 2,004,000 tons, out of which the department of Meurthe and Moselle, which hardly counted at all twenty years ago, now produce 1,254,000 tons, or 60 per cent. The total production of iron has diminished from 1876 to 1895 from 837,000 to 757,000. The production of steel has increased from 214,000 to 715,000 tons. Our exportation of castings, iron, steel, and machinery represents 385,000 tons, or 145,000 more than we import. The industry of metallurgy occupies 109,000 persons, of whom 6,200 are proprietors. The manufacturers of machines and tools, the turners, the blacksmiths, and the cutlers, represent altogether 423,000 persons, of whom 104,000 are employers.

The number of distillers of alcohol is about 2,960. That number has a tendency rather to diminish than to increase. But this is not a proof of a diminution in the production of alcohol, for about 40 factories represent the production of 1,400,000 barrels, out of the 1,550,000 which are subject to the laws every year.

The manufacture of sugar occupies in the discussions of Parliament a place not in proportion to the number of persons who are occupied with it, nor to its economic importance. It counts 23 refiners and 356 manufacturers. The production of refined sugar varies from 500,000 to 700,000 tons. At the price of $3.00 per 100 pounds, it represents, therefore, from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 per year. The domestic consumption is 24 pounds for each inhabitant per year, while in England it rises to 88 pounds.

The law of 1842 organized the French railroads. It was modified by the agreements of 1859 and of 1883. The roads are managed under the system of guaranteed interest. A single company has never come under law, that is the Northern Railway. The guaranteed interest is diminishing. In 1845 France had only 550 miles of railroad under public management. In 1852 she had 2,400 miles; in 1870 the war caused her to lose 520 miles; in December, 1896, she had 22,000 miles under general management, to which must be added 2,500 miles under local management.

Railroad accidents are rare. In '85, '87, '92, and '93 there was not a single traveler killed so far as came to public knowledge. The number of travelers increased from 6,882,000,000 in 1884 to 10,330,000,000 in 1894. The number of tons carried one kilometer, or 62 per cent of a mile, during the same period has increased from 10,478 to 12,482,000,000. In 1894 the receipts from travelers (taxes deducted) was $80,184,000, which is an average of less than one cent per traveler, and for merchandise $130,000,000, or a little over one cent per ton carried one kilometer. The total receipts were $210,000,000. In 1896 the total receipts had risen to $248,000,000. The construction of the railways at present in operation has consumed $3,200,000,000, of which one fourth was furnished by the state and three fourths by the companies.

The total length of the watercourses constituting the principal lines of navigation is 3,600 miles; secondary lines 4,100 miles; total 7,700. At the close of the last war the number of tons carried one kilometer on our watercourses was 1,557,000,000; in 1876, 1,953,000,000; in 1887, 2,383,000,000; in 1894, 3,912,000,000.

The industry of naval construction has almost disappeared from France, in spite of the law of 1893 which granted prizes for navigation only to ships built in France. Our navigation in 1896 represents in entries and clearings 15,241 French ships, with a tonnage of 8,413,000, and 30,600 foreign ships, with a tonnage of 15,723,000. The lines of subsidized steamers are included in these figures.

The total foreign commerce in France in 1896 was $767,400,000 in importations; $681,000,000 in exportations; total, $1,448,400,000. This sum divided by 38,517,000 inhabitants gives a commerce of $37 per head. This is exactly the same figure that Germany has.

In 1896 the foreign commerce of France amounted to the following:

	Imports.	Exports.
Great Britain	$101,000,000	$201,300,000
Germany	64,000,000	69,000,000
Belgium	56,000,000	100,000,000
United States	62,000,000	45,000,000
Spain	58,000,000	21,000,000
Italy	25,000,000	23,000,000
Switzerland	15,000,000	36,000,000
Russia	35,000,000	5,000,000

The exports of France to Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and the United States amount to $416,000,000. Four nations therefore absorb 67 per cent. The imports from these four countries amount to $283,000,000 and represent 36 per cent.

Let us now look at what France buys and what she sells. I take the first eleven objects according to their importance.

IMPORTS.	
Wools in the mass	$ 74,000,000
Silks	35,000,000
Wines	58,000,000
Coffee	37,000,000
Cotton in wool	30,000,000
Pit coal	33,000,000
Cereals, grains, and flours	26,000,000
Berries and oil-producing fruits	28,000,000
Skins and furs (undressed)	27,000,000
Common woods	29,000,000
Animals	16,000,000

EXPORTS.	
Wool textures	$58,000,000
Silk textures	49,000,000
Wines	49,000,000
Furniture	26,000,000
Wools in the mass, combed and dyed	25,000,000
Silks	19,000,000
Cotton textures	26,000,000
Prepared skins	18,000,000
Garments and linen	20,000,000
Skins and furs (undressed)	15,000,000
Objects made of skin or leather	16,000,000

It will be seen that we specially import raw materials and food substances. It is not from fancy, from taste, or from fashion that we buy wools in the mass, silks, cotton in wool, skins, and undressed furs. It is for the purpose of transforming them into manufactured articles. If in spite of the custom-house duties we buy wines to the amount of $58,000,000 from abroad, it is because we have need of them to strengthen our own wines that have not enough of alcohol in them, or to supply our own consumption. If we buy pit coal it is because we find it profitable to buy foreign coal, at least in certain parts of our territory. We export again these materials under the form of manufactured articles—textiles of wool, of silk, cotton, wines, prepared skins, and articles made of leather or skin.

If we compare the price of our imported merchandise with that of our exported, we find that in 1895 the imported ton was worth $34, the exported ton $96, showing a difference of $62, or 182 per cent.

We are a people who manufacture articles relatively dear, but people always get the worth of their money.

We have aristocratic notions of our duties as manufacturers. We like to say to those who ask us for cheap things, "Go to our neighbors. They will give you as many as you want, and perhaps even falsify our trade mark, but we never dishonor it. We shall give you what is good but you must pay for it. Do not ask us to do anything else. We will never consent."

In 1895 we had an increase of $59,000,000 over 1894. This increase includes $20,000,000 sold to the United States in consequence of the adoption of the Wilson Bill, and $6,500,000 sold to Switzerland in consequence of the special Franco-Swiss agreement. Our exports to the United States increased that year as follows: silk textures and skein silk from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000; woolen textures from $2,500,000 to $7,750,000. Articles of skin and leather from $2,000,000 to $3,500,000; garments and linen from $1,100,000 to $2,000,000, etc. In 1896 our exports to the United States decreased from $58,000,000 to $45,000,000. Our imports from the United States increased from $57,000,000 to $62,000,000.

Such is a sketch of the condition of the manufactures and commerce of France, which may be supported by authentic documents.

DO LABOR-SAVING MACHINES DEPRIVE MEN OF LABOR?*

BY HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

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THIS important question is subject to two answers, one "Yes" and the other "No," the answers being in accordance with the point of view from which the question is approached. To the man individually who finds himself even temporarily thrown out of employment on account of the adoption of a new invention the answer must be "Yes"; to men collectively the answer must be emphatically "No." Whether the answer shall remain "Yes" to the individual man depends upon his particular skill and general knowledge and the facility with which he can adapt himself to new lines of employment. The question is an old one to the people living now, but one hundred and twenty years ago it was a new one and could not then be answered.

Every improvement by which society is benefited temporarily hurts somebody; every advancement in civilization, no matter in what direction the advance is made, means the temporary discomfort, inconvenience, and loss, even, to some man or some set of men. No one would for a moment, when considering the subject from an ethical point of view, consider the restriction of the liquor traffic as harmful to the country at large; yet the cessation of the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors would deprive the farmers of this country of a market for more than ninety million bushels of grain, and agricultural stagnation in a far greater degree than has ever been experienced would be the result. According to recent estimates, probably one billion dollars of capital would be thrown out of active and remunerative employment, a million men deprived of wages, transportation crippled, and a vast train of temporary industrial evils would follow.

An advocate of the extension of the Keely cure told me a few weeks ago that more than two hundred thousand men had during the past few years abandoned the liquor habit entirely, through the influence of the cure. These men were all what might be termed hard drinkers. The result industrially, as my informant insisted, meant the loss of a market of several millions of bushels of grain to the producer. Thus the complete application of the principle of prohibition would necessarily result in industrial depression, readjustment would take place, capital would be turned into new channels, and labor ultimately benefited. This is only an instance of what occurs whenever society is benefited.

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* Consult the following works by the author: "Report on the Factory System of the United States," Tenth Census; "Industrial Evolution of the United States." Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.

The introduction of machinery, which took place on the lines as we now understand them between 1760 and 1770, was met with riot and an opposition which at one time looked like the suppression of invention. When Hargreaves' jenny was first brought into use the remark was that he could by some unknown power spin more threads than any one else, and his invention, instead of gaining him admiration and gratitude, excited the suspicion of the spinners, who raised an outcry that it would throw multitudes out of employment. A mob broke into his house and destroyed not only his spinning-jenny but most of his furniture. These scenes have been repeated all along the history of the application of inventions in the mechanic arts; yet their introduction was hastened greatly by the abolition of the slave trade, by which millions of pounds sterling were diverted from old lines, left inactive, and finally applied to the erection of great factories, by which the cost of clothing was reduced and the consumption of raw material vastly increased.

When a thousand threads could be spun on a single machine, whereas by the old hand method only one thread could be spun, it is not strange that the new force met with great opposition, nor is it strange now, when some of the magnificent inventions of our day are put into practical operation, that the individual man, finding himself out of employment, should not only come to the conclusion that machinery is the enemy of mankind, but that he should bring to his views the sympathetic support of large bodies. But it is not true that men, in the aggregate, have been deprived of labor through what are called labor-saving machines. As a matter of truth, so-called labor-saving machines, while they do in the initiative save labor to their owners, really make labor in the aggregate; they supplement individual muscular force to a very large extent, but they create or expand labor when labor is considered in the abstract. So the answer to society must be that such machines do not deprive men of labor, and this position is clearly supported by the facts in the case, and for these facts it is not necessary to go back of the experience of the last generation of the nineteenth century.

In 1870 the *per capita* consumption of iron in the United States was 105.64 pounds; in 1890 it was 283.38 pounds. This vast increase in the *per capita* consumption of iron is a complete offset in its results to the effects of any individual displacement which may have occurred. The *per capita* consumption of cotton in this country in 1830 was a little less than 10 pounds; in 1890 it was almost 19 pounds. This clearly and positively indicates that the labor necessary for such consumption must have kept up to, if not gone far beyond, the standard existing in the olden time—and I mean by "standard" in this respect the actual number of people employed.

The consumption of steel shows similar results. In 1880 it was 46 pounds *per capita*, and in 1890 it had risen to 144 pounds. This rise is a sure indication that labor must have been actively employed, or the extension in the *per capita* production could not have taken place.

One of the most valuable uses of statistics is in correcting popular and fallacious impressions, and in discussing this particular question they are thoroughly conclusive. They show that in all countries where manufacturing industries have been planted to the greatest extent the people are more largely employed as to numbers, proportionately to the whole number of population, than in countries where mechanical industries do not prevail. This statement alone is sufficient to answer society that the introduction of machinery has not deprived men of labor.

Looking to our own country again, it is found that from 1860 to 1890, the most prolific period of inventions, and consequently a period of the greatest influence arising from the introduction of these inventions, the population increased a little over 99 per cent, while the number of persons employed in all gainful occupations (manufacturing, agriculture, domestic service—all occupations) increased over 176 per cent. In the two decades from 1870 to 1890 the population increased 62.41 per cent, while the number of persons in all occupations increased 81.80 per cent.

But making a finer analysis of the statements from which the foregoing are drawn, it is found that the increase in the number of those engaged in manufacturing, mechanical, and mining industries—those which must have felt the influence of inventions more than other lines of industry—was, for the period from 1860 to 1890, 172.27 per cent, while the total population increased but 99.16 per cent. If, therefore, there is a higher percentage of the people employed now than formerly, the results of the application of machinery must have been beneficial in the aggregate, instead of detrimental—more men must have been called into active employment as machines were more generally applied.

The above facts are reinforced very emphatically by the statistics relating to the grade of occupations, and these show clearly that the increase in the proportion of people employed to the whole number of people is found in the numbers engaged in the skilled trades and in semi-professional callings, and not in the lower grades of employment. Common labor of every kind—labor which demands simply the application of muscle with very little use of tools—remains more nearly stationary so far as numbers are concerned. This leads to the inevitable conclusion that the ranks of skilled labor, which are constantly being enlarged, are drawing from the ranks of unskilled labor. This must be so necessarily, because the object of machines primarily is to perform the operations of common unskilled labor.

The use of machines, however, necessitates not only the greatest care in their preservation, but also in their operation; so a man who is intelligent enough to operate one machine is intelligent enough to operate another in some other industry. Unskilled and ignorant labor cannot do this. Here is seen the beneficent results of the introduction of power machinery. This position destroys one that is commonly accepted—that the use of machinery degrades the individual intellect and that under such use the mechanic is deteriorating. If there is anything in this position, which is being approached just now while depressed times are upon us, and which is resurrected during every period of industrial depression, then the reverse must be the truth, and the greatest intellectual development and the development of the greatest skill, as well as the increased welfare of the individual worker, are to be found in the return to the crude forms of labor that existed prior to the introduction of machinery. In simple terms this position means that the common operation of sawing wood and like processes have more in them which makes for the higher standard of living of men than the operations attending ordinary machine manufacture. Whoever wishes to take this position is welcome to it, but it is useless to argue with the advocates of it.

The great increase in the employment of people at advanced wages is to be found in those industries where the highest grades of machines have been introduced, and the fact that such introduction has created occupations that never existed prior to their introduction leads to the conclusion stated. Thousands and thousands of people are employed in telegraphy, where not a single individual has been displaced. These thousands find remunerative employment in the construction of telegraph lines, the manufacture of instruments, and the operation of lines. The telephone has added to this accumulation, while the whole field of electrical appliances has provided for the employment of armies of skilled workers, and the employments known in the past have not been trenched upon in any degree. Electroplating, as a subdivision of the application of electricity, has brought remunerative and congenial employment to many thousands of people.

If we look at the introduction of railroads the same general result is to be seen. The railroads of the country employ in their operation more than three quarters of a million people. When we look at the construction of road-beds, of rolling stock, and all the necessary equipment for convenient and commodious travel, it is certain on reflection that new occupations have been offered to vast numbers of wage-receivers. The invention of water-proof clothing, sewing-machines, printing devices—inventions in innumerable directions have more than offset by expansion any displacement of labor that can be shown in other directions.

A couple of years ago, while visiting Minneapolis and St. Paul, I patronized the electric line between the two cities, and on one trip, in talking with a man who was formerly a mechanic, I was informed that the opening of the electric line, by which the people could have a service every few minutes between the two cities, had practically thrown out of employment the brakemen and other train hands employed on the steam railway. My informant's conclusion was that the electric line had damaged the men thrown out; but when I came to question him he was frank enough to admit that under the old steam-road *régime* the trains were not very frequent between the two cities and that only six or eight people were practically injured by the new order of things, while it took eight or ten times the number of men to run the electric cars.

This is true everywhere. Rapid transit in our great cities has been instrumental in bringing a vast number of well-informed men into active employment. A low-grade man cannot run an electric car; he must have intelligence enough to understand and comprehend the methods necessary for the propulsion of the cars, and as an intelligent being he is vastly superior to the man required to drive the horses of an ordinary street-car.

A late invention that has aroused considerable agitation and contention also is the linotype machine. Fortunately for society at large, the compositors are a very intelligent body of men. Their work is regulated by the Typographical Union. When a linotype machine was first introduced successfully some apprehension existed on the part of the compositors of the country, and many fears were expressed that their occupation would be seriously injured and many men permanently thrown out of employment. Many men were thrown out of employment, but I have been informed by members of the Typographical Union, by publishers, and by newspaper managers that at the present time, in all probability, there are as many men employed in setting type, either by the old methods or by the new, as were employed when the linotype was introduced. If this result has occurred in so short a time as that which has elapsed since the introduction of the linotype machine, the conclusion is perfectly rational that a very few years will see many more men employed in the work of composition, relative to the whole number of persons employed in all occupations, than at any previous period.

The great demand for reading-matter of all grades necessitated the introduction of new methods. The managers of every political campaign and of all parties involved depend now upon vast quantities of reading-matter. The stump still holds its place, but the printing-press does the work; the stump does not convert men from one political position to another, or enlighten them in the same way that the printing-press does. The dissemination of knowledge means the expansion of all printing devices or methods by which the knowledge can be carried to the individual. The farmers and mechanics of our country are readers of daily papers—more, they are readers of literary magazines, of art journals—and the supply of all the matter at low cost is a necessity which can be met only by invention. One magazine has reached the enormous circulation of nearly nine hundred thousand copies per month. Under the old methods this would have been a physical impossibility. The enormous editions of the great dailies could never have been reached without the employment of the power-press, whose limitations seem to have no bounds. The latest capacity of the modern printing-press is ninety-six thousand eight-page papers in one hour. To do the press work alone for this number of papers would take, on the old plan, a man and a boy, working ten hours a day, one hundred and forty days. The knowledge that is now demanded could not be obtained without the new devices, and the number of men employed in manufacturing machines, in making the paper necessary for such enormous editions, and in the distribution of the papers, together with the news-agents everywhere, is probably so large that no real displacement has taken place.

So I believe that for every fact which can be brought to bear upon the question to show that machines have deprived men of labor another fact can be referred to which will prove that more men have been supplied with labor than have been deprived of it. Every impartial investigation of the subject has proved this.

This is not the place to indulge in any remarks relative to the philosophy of the use of machinery, to its influence in producing a higher grade of men, in securing increased facilities for education, or in ethical ways. I have only sought to answer as briefly as possible, by the use of ascertained facts, the question at the head of this article. It would not be fair, however, to close without insisting that there has been no debasement of humanity by the substitution of machinery for human labor, and that there is no danger in such substituton. I must insist that it has not helped to create new and tremendous inequalities of society, or turned thousands into tramps and vagabonds, or hardened the natural selfishness of men in any way. It has at times been a hardship, for it has created new relationships in life. It has changed the old individual relations of the employer and the employee to the corporate relation; but it is now forcing men to the conclusion that moral attributes are just as powerful and the application of moral principles just as feasible under the new corporate as under the old individual relations. It has been the means of reducing the work-day from twelve or fourteen hours to nine or ten hours, and the inevitable result will be still further reduction in the time necessary for the earning of a living. It has not only shortened the work-day, but it has increased the remuneration per hour.

These influences have been going on until there has been established a new law of production, which is that the employment of machinery necessitates a larger outlay of capital for the production of a given unit; that the profit to capital on this unit is decreasing; that the reward to labor for the same unit has increased, and that the cost to the consumer has decreased.

Most machinery is expensive, and a works well equipped with the very best appliances finds itself obliged, when new processes are invented and new mechanical devices brought into existence, to sell its old machines for old iron. Labor must then replace it all, and so the evolution of inventions goes on, ever widening the opportunities for employment, ever shortening the work-day, ever increasing the reward to labor, and ever bringing a larger proportion of the whole population into employment. In reaching this conclusion, which is substantially supported by actual facts, no consideration has been given to speculative periods or periods of depression; only the general tendency from one decade to another can be considered, legitimately.

STREET LIFE IN LONDON.

BY NED ARDEN FLOOD.

THE street life of London is typically English. It has no prototype on the Continent or in America, and much less anywhere else in the world. Differing always with the locality, it presents so many interesting varieties, all so distinctively unlike, yet so peculiarly English, that one reaches with no little difficulty a conspectus of the whole.

Changeful ever, this life of the streets, it is not the same in the afternoon as the morning, and as the day wears on and night comes new aspects are presented. In a half-hour's tour from the more fashionable quarters of the West End through the central portion of the town to what is called "the city," or the commercial center, on to the depths of the East End, one may observe, without the exercise of much discrimination, new phases of life, new pursuits, new customs, the whole seeming to be a kaleidoscopic picture wrought with different degrees of color and intensity.

Within the great circle described by the underground railroad, which includes the miles of London topography which are most important, radiating from the very center of life, one may see at any time, be it day or night, a human panorama enacted in typical fashion, disclosing traits of English character which are nowhere else to be observed.

The streets themselves, in the main, are not wide, indeed many of the principal thoroughfares are narrow as compared with those of New York and more especially those of Paris. Moreover, they do not extend for miles in straight lines, but are crooked and turned in the most unaccountable ways; are everywhere interrupted, intersected, and cut

CHEAPSIDE.

LONDON BRIDGE.

to pieces by innumerable smaller thoroughfares, streets, and lanes. Long familiarity with the streets of London would be required before one could get about with much facility, or without danger of losing one's way.

More than one Briton has found much of humor in the names of American towns and cities, lakes and rivers, but it is to be doubted if the nomenclature of the New World, as it is viewed by Britons, presents more of absurdity than is to be found in the street names of Great Britain and particularly those of the English metropolis. Picadilly Circus and Oxford Circus are the names by which two important squares are known, and which frequently bring no little confusion to the foreigner who knows not their real meaning. Indeed English street names would conduce even more to the mirth of the foreign observer were it not for the fact of reverence for things of great venerableness. Cheapside, the name by which one of the important trading streets in the city quarter of London is inappropriately designated, might seem upon first thought to be an index to the character of the street, and I doubt not that more than one Englishman has been called upon to explain that all street names are not to be accepted literally.

While the street nomenclature of London rests for its support upon much that is important in the history of London and of Great Britain, and while many historic landmarks are described by queer looking and worse sounding titles, one is nevertheless impressed with their confusion, their humor, and their oddity. Thus one is not slow to remark those thoroughfares which go by the names of Rotten Row, Shoe Lane, Bolt Court, Petticoat Lane, Pudding Lane, and Mincing Lane; and The Poultry, Cornhill, Bunhill Row, Milk Street, Red Lion, Lamb Street, and dozens of others are equally obscure and humorous in their facial meanings, not to say incomprehensible to the foreigner who follows them about for the first time.

However narrow, the streets of London are yet with few exceptions well paved and clean. That they are comparatively level a glance at the topography of the town will suggest. As for their lighting, but little remains to be wished for. The street lamps and electric lights are as numerous as they are necessary, to all appearances, the matter of lighting being one of more than ordinary

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

importance when it is considered that the dark gray sky, the mists and fogs which crowd down upon London, oftentimes before midday, require the presence of night lamps long before the twilight hour.

Taking one's position in the streets for a view point, and looking up at the long rows of buildings on either side and off into the distance skyward, following their topmost line, or standing upon some high eminence taking a bird's-eye view of the metropolis, one is at once impressed that there are no sky-scrapers in London. The tall office building, that monstrosity of architecture which has come to many American cities in response to the demands of trade, is nowhere in evidence. But a view of London is materially enhanced by the stately spires of its cathedrals and other historic buildings which penetrate the close-hanging sky in many quarters. The buildings of London do not represent a wide variety of architectural types; indeed the streets are quite frequently monotonous, flanked as they are on either side by long rows of buildings whose architecture is much the same, consistent for miles. The substantial character of the buildings is everywhere apparent; indeed it is quite evident that they are constructed more for their enduring qualities and in conformity to well-established and defined laws of architecture than for the purpose of sensational attraction and showy adornment.

But the life which is lived in these streets is that which contains most of interest. It is that upon which the sun does not shine for days in succession, it is that which is so used to damp, foggy, murky weather, so accustomed to the wet and the rain that its cheerfulness is a study and its powers of resistance developed beyond the ordinary. The character of the weather in London is primarily responsible for many social customs. That it rains frequently, in fact much of the time, is the excuse of the man who keeps his trousers turned up at the bottom, who carries his umbrella almost continuously from day to day, and whose mackintosh is quite as much a part of his wardrobe as many of those garments which Americans consider much more necessary.

In other climates, where rain and wet weather are the exception instead of the expected order of things, overshoes and rubbers are quite commonly used for protection, but in London these devices are not commonly employed. The footwear of the English people is strong, stout, and heavy. It is made intentionally to do away with overshoes. It stands for itself and is durable enough to resist the damp and the wet. Hence it is that one observes, even on the wettest days, but few rubbers worn by the men or even the women in the London streets.

FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The hats of the men afford an opportunity for a curious study. They go to extremes. Probably the two types most representative are the small low-crowned, narrow-brimmed, stiff derby or "pot hat" and the high silk hat. The first is conspicuously the headgear of the cabman, omnibus driver, and not a few artisans and other humble folk; the latter is worn at all times by the "English gentleman," its freshness indicating not alone its age, but, together with its accompaniment of clothing, somewhat of the character and condition beneath.

The pot hat discloses a more or less national trait. This is nothing less than a predilection for diminutive construction, which it must be said has not spread to feminine headgear. The pot hat appears compressed and restrained, and conveys a notion of its repression much the same as does an English locomotive, a passenger coach, or, more particularly, a "goods" or freight car, which when made up in trains appear extremely diminutive. This deduction may appear a trifle strained, but that it suggests itself is scarcely to be gainsaid.

As for the silk hat, whose proportions are ample enough, it is sufficiently in vogue to be observed in great numbers in all the main thoroughfares in London. Nowhere in America except in certain fashionable quarters of the large cities during the evening hours is it so much in evidence. In "the city," where the money is made, it is worn by the business man regardless of his coat, which is as unlikely to be of a frock pattern as it is almost certain to be of the sack sort, and cut extremely short at that. But in the West End, where the money is spent, and punctilious attention is paid to fashionable standards, the frock coat, or in the evening the dress coat, is a necessary accompaniment of the silk hat.

One cannot go far in the streets of London without encountering the venders of newspapers and matches. Of course there are other street hawkers, but of them all these are the most numerous. There are the usual street-corner stands presided over by men, boys, and old women, where the newspapers may be readily obtained, but the assiduity and enthusiasm of this class, and particularly the itinerant venders, is best evidenced after midday and on into the evening, when the streets are more crowded and the editions of the afternoon papers are rapidly multiplying. But few persons have the fortitude to seriously attempt comprehension of the hawkings of these venders. They are no more easily understood than the announcements of the guards on an American elevated train. Happily or not an intelligent invention has come to the relief of a long-suffering public in the form of posters printed in large, plain type displaying important news headlines, which these venders hold suspended in their hands. The hawking still continues, but it is not so widespread or so conspicuous as it once was.

NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

And the match sellers—they are omnipresent, always persistent but less noisy than many of their contemporaries in other lines. That they supply a real demand is manifest by their continued and increasing presence, and the source of the demand one is at once compelled to observe in the large number of men who smoke in the open air.

It is fairly exceptional to see men or boys

REGENT STREET.

smoking other than cigars or cigarettes in the cities of America, but in London pipes are most common. It is striking, this smoking of pipes in the streets, and as one passes farther east in the city it becomes more noticeable. Apparently it is not a serious breach of good form to smoke tobacco amidst the throng of the thoroughfares, and the great prevalence of the custom is not to be taken as a certain sign of intemperance. I once remarked the practice to an English scholar, who gave me a knowing look and replied with scientific seriousness that it was accounted for by the "extreme humidity of the atmosphere."

The means of transportation in London appear to be fully adequate for the population. The cable car, trolley, and other electric cars have not yet made inroads upon the streets, nor is the elevated railroad an appreciable factor in the rapid-transit facilities of the great city, there being comparatively few miles of it, covering a district which frequently escapes observation. Three ways of getting about quickly from place to place are at the disposal of the great number of people who must ride in London each day. These are the omnibus, the cab, and the underground railroad. Of these the omnibus is most in evidence. It is everywhere present in all quarters of London, hundreds passing and repassing each day, as many as twenty-five being counted at a square within as many seconds.

The omnibus is one of the important social institutions of London, for it is employed as a means of transit by thousands if not millions every year. It is larger than the overland stage or mail-coach which did service in the territory of our great West during the pioneer days, and even to a later period. Quite the same is it in size as the ordinary omnibus to be seen in many of the small towns of America, except that the most important part of this English vehicle begins where that of the American bus ends. It is the top of the English omnibus which is most popular, for here upon its roof a platform is built out in an extended way slightly over its body, upon which are placed seats, arranged to accommodate from sixteen to twenty persons. The driver sits in front and the top of the bus is reached by a winding stairway with an iron railing at the back of the bus.

Distances are great in London and most

PALL MALL AND SENIOR CARLTON CLUB.

people ride. The first and most convenient resort of the people is the omnibus, and the preferable seats are on top. Riding here for the first time, one experiences a slight feeling of nervousness. It seems almost an impossibility for a bus, heavily loaded and top-heavy in appearance, to make its way, drawn by two horses, through the narrow, crowded thoroughfares. Were it not for the fact that the buses are substantially built and evenly balanced, and the traffic of the streets well managed, it would doubtless be an easy matter to overturn one, should a careless driver relax his vigilance for the moment. As it is, but few accidents occur.

The sides of these vehicles are covered with highly colored advertising posters, the horses are driven by men whose good nature is worth mentioning, and they are engineered by fairly courteous conductors, who stand on the rear platform and collect fares. These omnibuses, of which there are more than one hundred separate lines, nearly all operated by the same company, penetrate every quarter of London between eight o'clock in the morning and midnight. Each line has its particular route. They all keep to the left and stop at the corners of streets and at many intermediate points to discharge and take on passengers. The fares vary ordinarily from a penny to a sixpence, that for the average distance probably being not more than two cents in American money.

London from the top of an omnibus is a strange kaleidoscopic picture, more full of interest and less debilitating than that afforded by a ride in a Chicago cable car or a New York elevated train. Here one may sit and go along with the procession, see a dozen or more different phases of social life in half an hour, and receive impressions which by experience I have found can be gained in no other way.

Cabs, too, are everywhere. There are more than ten thousand of them and nearly twice as many horses daily employed in the streets of London. They are much more of a necessity than a luxury, owing to their cheap fares. One of these, of which the larger proportion are two-wheeled hansoms, may be had by one person for a drive of two miles for about twenty-five cents, or by the hour at the rate of about fifty cents for the first hour and half that sum for every additional hour.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The omnibuses and cabs are the chief means of transportation to be observed in London, but the most important factor in the intramural traffic is the underground railway, with lines running through tunnels under the buildings and streets of the city, radiating from its important centers, and extending to many of the suburbs. The immense traffic which flows through the conveniently located stations below the street level is for the most part concealed from view. The figures tell the story, however, for the number of passengers carried in a year amounts to a little less than one hundred million and their fares average less than five cents each. To enter one of the dimly lighted underground stations, and then be whirled along in the darkened subways through a continuous cloud of smoke is an experience which requires frequent repetition before one's patience and forbearance, not to say physical condition, is able to submit to the ordeal with grace.

In America, outside of St. Louis, there are few railroad tunnels which, in proportion to length, can be held responsible for so much of ill humor and physical discomfort. Still the underground lines of London have much of facility, and an economic importance sufficient withal to offset their disadvantages.

The police officers of London are in truth public servants, and as a rule they have real appreciation of the character of their positions. They are intelligent and courteous. Upon them, in the main, rests the responsibility of handling the traffic of the streets. A policeman standing on duty in the middle of an important thoroughfare, where it is divided by a cross street, is the central figure of a lively picture. For ten minutes, it may be, a constant stream of cabs, omnibuses, carts, and other vehicles has been passing up and down. Then his hand is uplifted and immediately there is a break in the lines; these two streams suddenly cease their flow, and by another swift motion of the hand the waiting lines on the cross street are set in motion. This is repeated many times daily in those quarters where traffic is most congested. Thus by tact and attention is the traffic of the streets greatly facilitated and absolutely controlled.

ROTTEN ROW, IN HYDE PARK.

The London policeman is all-powerful; he is a law unto himself; he not only commands but inspires respect. From his snapshot decisions there is no appeal, and his commands are accepted as finalities by impatient drivers, whose objections, if they have any, are lost in the din and noise. Nor is his attention confined to the procession of vehicles, for he pays quite as much notice to pedestrians. In stature he is ordinarily stalwart; his disposition is fearless, and he is seldom disconcerted. It is needless to suggest that his place "on the force" is not gained by a "political pull." On the contrary, the reason for his selection is substantially evidenced by his fitness, his intelligence, and his businesslike and courteous replies to the many reasonable and foolish questions put to him during every hour of the day. He understands his business and has pride in his calling.

A feature of street life in London is its military aspect. Tommy Atkins is a familiar figure and the gay colors of his uniform lend animation to more than one scene. And Tommy himself is not uninteresting on parade. A holiday for him is a serious matter, even if he doesn't look it, and as he prances along, not infrequently in company with his sweetheart, he forms an attractive part of the moving picture. His presence is commonplace and occasions little or no comment even from the street urchins, who seemingly have ceased to wonder at his brilliant plumage.

Not so with the Scotch Guards, however. One autumn afternoon I chanced to be walking for some distance behind one of them, a strong, well-built, vigorous fellow. On he marched, to all appearances totally oblivious of the sensation that followed in his wake. He wore abbreviated plaid skirts which fell far short of the knees and left his legs bare and unprotected down to the tops of his stockings, which partly covered his calves. His boots were stout; a close-fitting blouse shielded the upper part of his body, and a distinctively Scotch cap set far over upon the side of his head completed the costume. Surely he was an unusual sight, even in cosmopolitan London. Every third or fourth person turned to look at him in passing, and for the whole time he was in my sight an increasing band of street urchins followed at his heels, making sport at his expense.

Altogether the rather somber character of London street life is relieved no little by the enlivening presence of her Majesty's soldiers, although it is to be remarked that the military coloring in the streets is far less conspicuous than in many cities on the Continent, as for example in Holland or Germany, where the uniforms are more numerous and of brighter colors.

But for the fact that it keeps moving, one would scarcely believe the reality of the picture to be seen at almost any point in the main thoroughfares of London. Vehicles of many sorts, the omnibuses towering above all the rest, are ever passing and repassing, monopolizing the whole of the narrow space between the sidewalks, being tangled and blockaded only to free themselves and proceed as before. And on either side is a never-ending procession of pedestrians representing all sorts and conditions. In the midst of the excitement, in the natural confusion of this great bustling throng, in the focus of these life centers, stands the London policeman, imperiously, unceasingly, and successfully maintaining order where, were once his vigilance relaxed, might be hopeless chaos.

The streets of London are its arteries. Through them flows that life which typifies much that is purely and wholly English. Here, in whatever quarter, are to be found the externals of the English character set off by the historic monuments of its founders, displayed amidst the most advanced civilization in history.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?" —*Job v. 11.*

[*August 1.*]

I WANT to speak to-day about God as the consoler. "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" And I have been led to these opening words by thinking how this side of God's life shows itself only to certain conditions of this life of ours. It is not for everybody. It is not for the very young and joyous. You would not go to a young man just bursting through the open doors of life, radiant with health, eager for work, with an infinite sense of vitality, and say, "Come, here is God, who consoles men. Give yourself to him." To such a soul you have something else to say: "Here is God the strengthener. Here is the setter of great tasks; the God who holds his crown of victory on the tops of high mountains up which his eager-hearted young heroes may climb to win it; the God who asks great sacrifices and who gives glorious rewards." You say nothing about the God of repair, the God of consolation, the God who takes the broken life into his hands and mends it; nothing of that God yet. The time will come for that. And is there anything more touching and pathetic in the history of man than to see how absolutely, without exception, the men and women who start out with only the need of tasks, of duties, of something which can call out their powers, and of the smile of God stimulating and encouraging them—how they all come, one by one, certainly up to the place in life where they need consolation?

The nature begins to break somewhere. Perhaps the physical strength gives way first. It is an epoch in a man's life when he takes his first medicine to repair the ravages of time, the wear of the machine. Before he has taken food for support; now he takes medicine for repair. He has reached his need of consolation. Or perhaps it is the spirit that gives way before the body breaks. The social life decays, or with one blow is dashed to pieces. The trust we had in one another is dislodged. The terrible disappointment in self, the consciousness of sin, bursts or creeps in upon us, and then the hands for the first time are reached out for consolation. It is as if we had sailed gaily all day up and down a glorious coast, rejoicing in the winds that swept around its headlands and caught our sails, thinking the bolder the coast the better, never asking whether there were a place of refuge anywhere; till at last the storm burst upon us, and then we never thought the coast so beautiful as when we saw her open an unexpected harbor, and take us into still water behind the rocks that we had been glorying in, out of the tempest's reach.

And yet we cannot say how early in this life of ours the God of consolation may be needed, and may show himself to the needy soul. It is the glory of God's consolations that they reach every grade and kind of need. The child with his sorrows has as much right to them as the man with his. Indeed there is one view in which no trouble of man is great enough, and then there is another view in which no trouble of man is too small, to be worthy of touching the heart of God. And so let us count nobody out; let us all try to find how God consoles his people.

[*August 8.*]

FIRST of all, God is the consoler of man by the very fact of his existence. There is a class of passages in the Bible which to me seem mysteriously beautiful, and which appear to rest the peace of the human soul upon the mere fact of the existence of the larger life of God. Such is that verse of the forty-sixth Psalm, "Be still, and know that I am God." "Thou shalt know that I, the

Lord, am," is the noble promise that comes again and again, full of reassurance. It is because God is that man is bidden to be at peace. And this is not hard to understand. If anybody has ever felt that his life, with its little woes, was easier to bear because there were great men living the same human life with him, he can understand it perfectly. The men of larger life of whom he knew never came near him, never touched his life, never spoke to him, perhaps never knew of his existence. It was not what the great men of the world had done. It was simply that they had existed.

Indeed the power of mere activity is often overrated. It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellow men. Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. It seems to me that there is reassurance here for many of us who seem to have no chance for active usefulness. We can do nothing for our fellow men. But still it is good to know that we can be something for them; to know (and this we may know surely) that no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without somebody's being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

And now just so it is with God's life and the life of man. Here is an atheist. He is a thoughtful, conscientious man, but by failure after failure his life has been broken down into a low and hopeless tone. He has come to a terrible doubt whether there is any such thing as being good. He seems a mere sham to himself, and all his fellow men are shams around him. He has really lost the belief of absolute morality altogether. He has fallen down into the wretched theories of expediency, and he hates himself for lying there, and yet he cannot get away. And then suddenly or gradually it is made known to this man that there is a perfect God. Is that nothing to him? The God does not speak to him yet. He does not know that the God cares for him; not even that the God is aware of him. Only this, that the God is; that purity is not a delusion, and justice not a guess, for there is a perfectly pure, just Being. Is it not like the sunrise to that poor broken man? Is he not comforted?

[*August 15.*]

But we must go a great deal farther than this. We begin with the knowledge of God's existence, and that consoles us when we are in perplexity and sorrow. But what comes next? The sympathy of this same God, whose existence is already real to us. It becomes known to us not merely that he is, but that he cares for us. Surely this is a great step forward. We had to convince ourselves perhaps that there was not something cold and distant in the thought of the divine existence as a source of human consolation. But here there can be no doubt. Any one will say, "If I could only be sure that he, the God of all things, really cares for me; that when any sorrow comes to me it strikes right at his heart, and he is sorry too—if I could be sure of this I do not know of anything I could not bear.

Who shall attempt to describe the indescribable, and tell the power of sympathy? You go to see your friend on whom some great sorrow has fallen. You say a few broken and faltering words, and then you go away disheartened. How entirely you have failed to do for him that which you went to do, that which you would have given the world to do. How you have seemed only to intrude on him with vulgar curiosity when you really longed to help him. How many times you have done this, and then how many times you have been afterward surprised to find that you really did help him with that silent visit. My dear friends, never let its seeming worthlessness make you keep back that sympathy of which your heart is full. Go and give it without asking yourself whether it is worth the while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to tell what it is worth. The sympathy of God for man has just this same difficulty about it, if we try to analyze it. We cannot say that he has done anything for us. We cannot tell even of any thought that he has put into our minds. Merely he has been near us. He has known that we were in trouble and he has been sorry for us.

How do we learn of such a sympathy of God? How can we really come to believe that he knows our individual troubles, and sorrows for them with us? I know only the most simple answers. In the first place, give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures he has made, and that the only real, effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into his love, and knowing it separately surrounds it with his separate sympathy. In the next place, open the heart to that same conviction as it has been profoundly pressed upon the hearts of multitudes of men everywhere. It is not inconceivable. It is only the special prominence of certain ideas in our time which have made some people think it inconceivable that a personal God should care separately for every one of his million children. Above all, get the great spirit of the Bible. Read into the heart of the Book of Life until you are thoroughly possessed with its idea—the idea which gives it its whole consistency and shape, the idea without which it would all drop to pieces—that there is not one life which the Life Giver ever loses out of his sight; not one which sins so that he casts it away; not one which is not so near to him that whatever touches it touches him with sorrow or with joy.

[*August 22.*]

By his existence and by his felt sympathy, then, God gives his consolations to the souls of those who need them. But more than this. When your friend is in trouble you first of all try to remind him, in some most unobtrusive way, that you are living and that you are his friend. Any little token of your life, a gift of flowers, or any trifle, will do that. Then you go and sit down by him, and without a word let him know not merely in general that you are his friend, but that you are very sorry for him in this special sorrow. But if you really respect him and care for his whole nature, you want to do something more than that. You want, in the kindest and gentlest way, to get certain great consoling thoughts home to his bruised and broken heart. And so it is with God. He too has his great truths, his ideas which he brings to the hearts he wishes to console. He does not treat his sufferers like children who are simply to be petted with soft words and patted with soft hands till they forget their grief. He deals with them as men who are capable of knowing the meanings, the explanations, and the purposes of the troubles that come to them. And so he gives them his great truths of consolation.

What are those truths? Education, spiritually, and immortality—these seem to be the sum of them. You are in great distress. Your friend is gone. Your life is broken. Your soul is stunned. Is it possible that, sitting still or walking drearily about in your grief, God should make you know education or the law of growth, the endless principle of the sacrifice of a present for a better future; should reveal spirituality, and make you know the soul's value as far superior to anything that can concern the outer life; should open to you immortality, and show you the endlessness of his plans, so that what has seemed to your wretchedness to be finished should appear to be only just begun, and not ready to be judged of yet?

Is there no consolation in these great thoughts? They do not take your sorrow off; and oh, my dear friend, whatever be your suffering, I beg you to learn first of all that not that, not to take your sorrow off, is what God means, but to put strength into you that you may carry it as the tired man, who has drunk the strength-giving river, lifts up his burden by the river-bank and goes singing on his way. Be sure your sorrow is not giving you its best unless it makes you a more thoughtful man than you have been before—unless it opens to you ideas that have before been unfamiliar; mostly these three ideas, education, spirituality, immortality. Those ideas are the keys of all the mysteries of life, and so the gateways to consolation. And it is wonderful to see how, just as soon as a man is really crushed and sorrowful, God seems by every avenue to be offering those great ideas for that man's acceptance. He seems to write them on the sky, to whisper them from every movement of the commonest machinery of life, to fill books with them that never seemed to know anything of them before, to make the vacant house and the full grave declare them. You are a child of God whom he is training. You are to live forever. Know these truths. By them triumph over the sorrow that he cannot take away, and be consoled.

[*August 29.*]

But even this is not all. God consoles us by what he is, by what he feels for us, by what he teaches us. But all these, as I tell them over, seem to have something passive about them. And there is hardly a sufferer who does not crave something more active. "Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down," he cries; "touch the mountains and they shall smoke." And so he prays for God to help him, to do something positive for him. What shall it be? Men are puzzled a good deal about prayer nowadays. I suppose a good many men have really stopped praying for some things which they used to pray for, and for some things which God very much wishes them to pray for still. But the prayer of men for what their souls will always count the greatest miracle of God, for spiritual regeneration, for newer, deeper, holier lives, that prayer has probably not been much affected by all the speculations about prayer. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Men will keep on praying that so long as they believe there is a God, even if they have long ceased to pray for the changing of the wind and the stopping of the pestilence.

And so when a man in trouble prays God to do something for him, this is the real miracle by which God stands ready to answer that man's prayer. He will not send an angel as he did to the women at the tomb, but he will come himself and show his presence and his power by working the miracle of regeneration upon the soul that has cried out for him. My dear friends, that is the consummate consolation; everything leads up to that. I see a poor creature sitting in sorrow. He catches sight of God's existence and he is helped. God sends him assurance of his sympathy, and a smile finds its way across the face that seemed all given up to sorrow. God teaches him his truth, and the disheartened heart remembers once more what it was to be brave and strong. But then God comes and takes that soul, and positively, strongly lifts it up and away into the new life. He forgives the man for his sin, and he gives him the new heart. When we look into his glowing face, and ask the old question that Eliphaz asked of Job, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" how quick and sure his answer comes back: "No, very great!"

Are the consolations of God small with thee?—his existence, his sympathy, his truth, his power? As I recount them all it seems to me so great and beautiful to be the child of such a God! And pain and suffering grow holy when we think how through them the Father comes to his children. Let us not be cheated by mere theories to say that sorrow is not dreadful. Let us not stand here in perfect health with our unbroken friendships and dare to say that sickness is not wearisome, and bereavement is not sad. We only mock the sufferers all around us when we say that. It is very cruel. But let us claim that if a man really is close to God there is a victory over the pain and a transfiguration of the sadness.

And so if you want consolation you must come to him. It is not a dead phrase. It was not dead when he spoke it first in Jerusalem, and said, "Come to me." It was the very word of life. You must come to him, know him, love him, serve him. In his church and his service you must take your place. Nay, let us not say "must." Our duties are always best stated as our privileges. You may come to him, for he has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May we all come nearer and nearer to him, and find peace.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

THE TAX ON INHERITANCES IN ITALY.

BY G. RICCA SALERNO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE tax on inheritances, which has been evolved by the more modern methods of financial administration, has become one of the principal resources of the budget in many states and notably in England, France, Holland, Belgium, and Austria. At its beginning it was limited in extent, indefinite, having no fixed relations. But with the progress of civilization it has gone on acquiring the characteristics of a genuine impost. It is first introduced here and there for especial reasons and is limited to collateral heirs and non-relatives. Then it is extended to direct relatives, parents or children, assumes greater proportions, until it finally reaches the conspicuous position it enjoys to-day. And as the *vicesima hereditatum* was established by Augustus in order to supply veterans of the Roman army with pensions and save the citizens from more serious burdens, as certain contributions levied in the Middle Ages and toward the Renaissance on hereditary property had an especial, feudal, and monarchistic character, so the taxes on estates which are now being laid in various states of the American Union are justified by peculiar and different motives, benevolent, educational, administrative, and the like. In the United States also the collateral inheritance tax alone is levied in the majority of instances. Direct inheritances are taxed in a few states only and then quite lightly. In some states the tax has even been declared unconstitutional.

Such was the situation in Italy in the years preceding our political unity, during which taxes on inheritances were levied only in part and but lightly. The idea prevailed that hereditary estates should not be subject to taxation, and that, touching the direct succession of the members of the family, it was an arbitrary thing, not at all legitimate. The application of the law passed under the French rule, in 1798, was not far-reaching, and it was afterward considerably modified. Later on the different states of the peninsula had different laws, direct inheritances paying on the average one per cent, indirect and collateral five to ten per cent. In certain localities the direct successions were not taxed at all, in others all taxes of this nature were abolished for years at a time.

This was the primitive stage of the tax in Italy, before the formation of the new kingdom, and this is the stage which certain European countries of retarded civilization, or where the democratic movement is retarded, as Russia, Greece, Roumania, and Spain, have only now reached. Especially noticeable in this respect is the example of the German states, where a general tax on incomes has been developed and elaborated, but where the status of the inheritance tax is still undetermined. In Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse the direct heirs are entirely exempt so far as parents and children are concerned, while the next degree of relationship is taxed in Baden only, at one and two thirds per cent. The collateral heirs pay, according to their degree of relationship, from two to eight per cent in Saxony and Würtemberg, from three and a half to ten per cent in Baden, from four to nine in Hesse. In Bavaria, according to the law of 1879, the tax on inheritances is four per cent for parents, brothers, and sisters, six per cent for children and descendants to the fourth degree, and eight per cent in all other cases. There are numerous exemptions also, applicable to small estates. In Prussia according to the law of 1891 the tax is levied on the net assets of the estate, and is one per cent for pensions and annuities, two for lineal descendants, four for collateral heirs to the sixth degree, and eight for the other degrees and non-relatives. Sums of $36 are exempt, while lineal inheritances and those between husband and wife are not taxed unless exceeding $218.

In 1852 a more regular, uniform, and complete method of levying the inheritance tax was established in Italy. The minimum of exemption was fixed at $100 for direct successions. The per cent then levied was low and differed according to the degree of relationship, and the tax was levied only on the net assets of the estate, contrary to the French and Piedmontese laws previously existing. Bequests and inheritances were placed on the same footing and they were taxed at one half of one per cent for lineal descendants, two per cent for husbands and wives, five for brothers and sisters, uncles and nephews, great-uncles and grand-nephews, seven for cousins german, nine for relatives to the twelfth degree, ten for other connections and non-relatives.

The numerous legislative enactments passed since then have not altered the basis and the fundamental idea of the tax, though they have modified in some degree the amount of levy and the methods, according to the various requirements of the treasury. For instance, a law of 1866 reduced the lineal tax from five tenths of one per cent to two tenths, and abolished the exemption of $100, introducing in its stead an exemption of the hereditary portion which the dowry laws demanded. In the collateral line relationship ended at the tenth degree. Other minor provisions were adopted. A law of 1868 raised the tax of lineal descendants from two tenths of one per cent to one and two tenths per cent, and this was applied to the entire estate, without dower or other exemption. An addition of one per cent was also made to the other classes up to and including the cousins german. A law of 1870 added two tenths to all, and one of 1888 another tenth to all but direct inheritances. The receipts have increased quite slowly from $1,411,400 in 1862 to $7,262,200 in 1894–95.

The last notable modifications of the tax were introduced by a law of 1894, which fixed at one and six tenths per cent the impost on direct inheritances, and raised all the others to the extreme limit of fifteen per cent for the non-relatives. The transfers among the living, anticipating bequests, are taxed the same as the inheritances properly speaking. This law also abolished all exemptions which had been granted for various reasons by a law of 1874 and one of 1888. But the law of 1894 favored charities and mutual benefit associations, which in former laws had been classified with the inheritances of brothers and sisters. Their quota was reduced from seven per cent to five. A preceding regulation still remained in vigor, whereby gifts not less than $10,000 in amount, to municipalities and provinces for beneficent, educational, or hygienic purposes, are taxed for a tenth only of the normal tariff.

There is, besides this, no exemption in favor of certain degrees of relationship, or to the advantage of members of the family, or for the benefit of religious institutions. The tax is uniformly applied with fiscal rigidity to all the taxpayers, whoever they may be, without regard to condition. A limit of six months is granted the heirs for the payment of the tax, and penalties are fixed for the cases where they fail to do so, and for insufficient returns. Besides, the treasury has a privilege, as it has in the case of all other taxes, of a tax on all property transferred, whether real estate or personal, while the heirs, legatees, and administrators are all and each responsible for the payment of the impost. The rigor of such regulations, and the comparative size and uniformity of the tax, have rendered the burdens of certain classes of taxpayers very severe, without procuring a corresponding return for the state. An official report has already remarked on the unreasonableness of placing collateral heirs from the fifth to the tenth degree of relationship on the same footing, subject to the same quota. One might also say that the same requirement of one and six tenths per cent for direct inheritances, though certainly not burdensome to large fortunes, constitutes a serious charge on the smallest estates. Then the Italian law, like the French, Austrian, English, and others, puts an equal tax on parents and children, while in the more recent legislation, as in the case of certain German states and the Swiss cantons, there is a tendency to assess the latter more than the former.

If, then, we consider the difficulties and expenses inherent in the affidavits required to obtain deduction of the debts against the estate, the restrictive regulations of the laws on this point, which are interpreted by the courts in a sense even more restrictive, and the defects, the imperfections of the methods employed to ascertain the value of certain portions of the personal estate, we can easily understand how the burden bears more heavily on the smaller inheritances. In particular the small proprietors and manufacturers, who own property which cannot be easily concealed, should be favored with some alleviation of the tax. It is estimated that several score millions of dollars of personal property escape the vigilance of the treasury every year. Much of this is transferred from one person to another so it may not appear in the estate, which may soon be made available by the death of the owner. It is true that a law of 1888 obliges all who hold property received from relatives or parents in deposit to declare such property before completing the transfer. But this regulation does not apply to a whole mass of personal effects, such as stocks, bonds, and notes payable to bearer, which amount to a large sum and are easily hidden from the tax collector.

We would suggest, therefore, that the burden on the small estates should be lightened by facilitating methods for deducting the debts against them, by admitting frequent transfers of the same property, and especially by establishing a suitable minimum of exemption. Then the aggregate tax should be increased by introducing the progressive principle, the percentage of impost rising with the value of the estate, by distinguishing in the direct line of inheritance the progenitors from the descendants, and by grading the degree of relationship in the collateral line more equitably. There is great need that the tax on inheritances, freed from all the uncertainty and complications which attend the levying of taxes on the property of the living, should acquire a distinct shape and should enter on the third phase of its historical development, in which it becomes a conspicuous part of the ordinary sources of revenue. Like the income tax it is susceptible of gradation, is flexible, adapted to the increase of wealth, and hence becomes an efficacious instrument of direct taxation. The most important of the innovations I propose for Italy is the introduction of the system of progressive taxation. This system is the chief characteristic of the inheritance tax in those countries of which I have spoken, countries of a civilization superior to ours.

England offers a good example of this method. In virtue of the law of 1894, carried by the Harcourt ministry, progressive taxation has been established. In the direct line the percentage of taxation varies from one per cent for estates of from $500 to $2,500 to eight per cent for those upwards of five million, and in the collateral line it varies from four per cent to eighteen. Estates less than $500 are exempt from taxation in the direct line, and those less than $5,000 are exempt from supplementary taxation in the collateral line. So the return to the treasury, which before amounted to about $50,000,000, was immediately increased by more than $15,000,000, and is gradually tending to surpass the returns from the income tax even. An analogous reform was recently proposed in France and approved by the Chamber of Deputies after a long and lively discussion. But it was rejected by the Senate. The graduation of successions was to rise from one per cent for estates under $400 to four per cent for those of $600,000 and more in the direct line, and eight and a half per cent to twenty per cent in the collateral line. No minimum of exemption was fixed but certain deductions were allowed which should not exceed $200. The same system of graduated taxation obtains in certain English colonies and in the Swiss cantons. This system seems destined to be adopted by other states and before many years may be quite universal in its bearings.

To see how it would apply to Italy let us take the inheritances which fell in during the fiscal year 1890–91. Then the total sum of bequests amounted to about $196,715,000, divided somewhat as follows: the direct heirs received $12,158,000; the husbands and wives, $18,483,000; benevolent institutions, $3,403,000; brothers and sisters, $21,422,000; uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, great-uncles, and so on, $22,310,000; cousins german, $1,641,000; relatives to the tenth degree, $1,412,000; non-relatives and other legatees, $6,465,000. The tax collected on these estates amounted to $7,292,000.

It will be seen from the above statistics that the largest percentage of inheritance (61.81) went to the direct heirs, while the collateral heirs to the fourth degree did not reach the percentage of twenty-three, and the rest scarcely exceeded fifteen per cent. Yet the tax paid by the direct heirs, notwithstanding the large sums they inherited, was but 25.63 per cent of the whole, or little more than a quarter. The collateral heirs to the fourth degree received hardly more than one fifth of the sum total of estates, and yet paid two fifths and more (24.60 per cent) of the tax. A useful measure, then, to introduce would be one looking to a more equal distribution of the tax, by which the direct heirs shall pay more. This could be accomplished by a progressive system of taxation and a separation of the direct heirs into the two classes of progenitors and descendants, on which the burden of the impost should be differently laid. This progressive tax should be accompanied by a minimum of exemption.

Again, taking the statistics of the fiscal year 1890–91 as a basis and applying these discriminations to it, we find that the estates under $100 are of the least fiscal importance, since they contribute but 1.63 per cent of the total hereditary property. All these might be exempted with much benefit to the impecunious legatees and no particular injury to the government treasury. Still the minimum of exemption might be fixed at $60 and this be combined with a partial exemption, or reduction of the rate on the estates between $60 and $100. The estates of $100 and upward to $800 reach but 10.49 per cent of the whole, while those from $2,000 to $10,000 amount to 20.74 per cent and those upward of $10,000 constitute more than one half of the total, or 57.92 per cent. This last is a proportion which offers a broad margin to the application of higher rates.

Now if we take another standpoint of valuation and distinguish these sums by the degrees of relationship into which they came as estates we find that out of $196,600,000 we have $121,400,000 going to direct heirs. Of these more than $69,000,000 came from estates exceeding $10,000. By applying a graduated tax to this sum, making $20,000 and $200,000 the boundaries, and 2.5, 3.5, and 4 per cent the respective taxes, we obtain from these larger estates alone a revenue of $2,352,600, while under the old system the total revenue from the entire $121,400,000 was only $1,919,800. After the yield of these $69,000,000 there would still remain of direct inheritances some $52,400,000, of which $25,200,000 millions belong to estates between $2,000 and $10,000, $11,600,000 to estates between $800 and $2,000, $13,800,000 to those between $100 and $800, and $2,000,000 to those lower than $100. Considering this last category exempt from taxation, and applying to the other three classes the rates of 2, 1.6, and 1.2 per cent respectively, we obtain from the first class a return of $505,200, from the second a return of $168,400, and from the third one of $166,000, or a total of $779,800, to be added to the returns on the $69,000,000 given above. We have, besides, the collateral heirs and the husbands and wives. Restricting the collaterals to the fourth degree of relationship and applying our same system of gradation, but rising to 7 per cent from 1.2 per cent, we would get a return of more than $1,000,000 in excess of what was actually collected. These figures, it seems to me, speak sufficiently eloquently for the progress in method, and admit as well the principle of exemption for the smallest estates. More revenue would be obtained and the poorest classes would bear the lightest burdens.

A GENTLEMAN OF DIXIE.

BY ELLEN CLAIRE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MASTER.

A GENERAL of the Civil War, who was laid to rest not many months ago, in a reunion speech delivered years after '65 said that only two states of the Union knew what civil war meant. In one of these states—the southern—the scenes of this drama were enacted.

To a stranger who could have accompanied the master of Heart's Delight on his round of the estate that afternoon the fat acres must have appeared as God's own country. Even from the owner, accustomed to the rich verdure of the wooded hills intervening between him and the river, and to the sweep of the rolling prairies stretching to the front, the scene called for an exclamation, at once of delight in its beauty and satisfaction in its ownership. The trees and grass were bedecked with the glorious splendor of the young summer; the fleecy clouds, lazily, leisurely wafted along the vaulted blue, served but to intensify its pretense of rainlessness; the sun kissed the meadows till they were dazzling, and threw the tree-tops into still darker relief; over all brooded the calm of the sleeping Pan, as though nature were taking a Sabbath after the toils of the springtime; woodland on the east, flower-carpeted prairie on the north, while the western horizon was bounded by a succession of mounds whose heights fairly glowed with that purple light which is the most beautiful thing in nature, and without which a landscape appears as bare as washed grapes.

The master stood a moment at the barnyard gate, waiting for Job, the negro servant, to bring his horse, and in the interval surveyed the view with comprehensive glance. A few hundred yards away stood the "big house," newly painted, fronting the highway. To left and right and behind it stretched the section or more of land belonging to its owner, while farther on down the road was a second section, his brother's property. The master's expression changed from thoughtful to tender as his brother came to mind.

"Dear Max!" he murmured half articulately. "I wish he were here to ride with me to-day—and Ned! But they will be coming home soon now."

South of his brother's acres lay those of Mrs. Chester, his wife's cousin, and adjoining his own lived his life-long friend and his father's friend before him, Mr. Dupey.

Yes, he was favored beyond most mortals, he thought. He had thought it many times before, but the felicity of his lot recurred to him with especial force that day—happiest of men in his wife, happy in his children, in Max, in his broad fields, surrounded by friends and kinsmen. He was wondering what single thing Providence had denied him, when Job interrupted with:

"Heah's yo' hoss, Mahs John."

The master mounted and Job still stood, cap in hand.

"Well, what is it, Job?" and the speaker's eyes twinkled humorously.

"Don' yo' wan' me go wid yeh?"

"No, I don't need you to-day."

"Den—he! he!—I 'low yo' don' keer ef I go er-feeshin'?"

"Not a bit, but don't stay too long; your mistress might need you."

"Yas, sah, dat's so, but I ain' gwine fuh. Dey say de creek am fa'r bilin' wid feesh sence de ribber done rez, an' dey'll bite lack musquitehs t'day."

The gods allow a man few moments when he may boast of absolute happiness; thrice blessed is he who is visited once a decade with supreme content! Just now the master could think of nothing to increase his felicity, yet a moment later he had ridden away with clouded brow, his mind disquieted with a momentous problem. He gave the horse the bridle and rode along, his thoughts taking voice:

"How the question will be settled the Almighty only knows. I do not believe slavery is a crime; if I did I'd free my darkies, so help me God! What would those simple creatures do without a guardian?—a master? All of them—Job, even—are as helpless as infants. The time may come when in the evolution of the race they will be capable of self-government, but not yet—not yet. But it does look, though I won't admit it to Evelyn, as if we may have—"

"Well howd'y' do, colonel. There you air a talk'n' to yourself as usual. Jest this morn'n' I was say'n' to Siley, 'Colonel Seddon do beat all fur talk'n' out loud to hisself. He passed here t'other day when I was work'n' clost to the fence in the garden, and was jabber'n' away hard ez he could.' And here you air agin at the same trick."

Persons guilty of the colonel's weakness do not like to be caught in the act; possibly his face evinced a shade of displeasure.

"Lordy me, how I do run on!" the speaker continued after a momentary pause. "Siley says my tongue's loose at both ends, and I s'pose it's true. Did you want t' see Siley? He ain't here; he went to town."

This unceremonious interruption to the master's reflections had come from the wife of his overseer, immediately by whose cottage the bridle-path leading round the fields had taken him. The woman's voice was shrill and high-keyed, and her volubility jarred upon him.

Nearly a twelvemonth previous to this afternoon of early June, 1860, an ill-favored pair with one child had migrated to the county-seat, Jefferson, two miles distant from the Seddon home. There they were accorded the slight welcome usually given such uncomely strangers. The man, who answered to the name of Silas Wire, was of low stature, but a giant in muscle. He had a shock of black hair growing low on his forehead, small black eyes that shot fire when they were not concealed by his drooping lids, a swarthy skin, and close-shut lips that seemed never to have framed themselves into an agreeable sentence. In justice to Mr. Wire it must be said there was no deception about him—villain was written on every feature.

He and his wife were living examples of the theory that unlikes attract—matrimonially—for she was his exact opposite in appearance and temperament. She was tall and lean, with washed-out hair, eyes, and skin. Her head was almost the shape of an egg, set somewhat aslant, the small end forming the chin; there was no line to mark the top of her forehead and the beginning of her crown. Her mouth was large and ill-shaped, and when she talked one could not help wondering if her use of it were not responsible for its ugliness, for she was as loquacious as her husband was taciturn. Before she had been a resident of Jefferson two weeks every other resident knew that she had been reared in Kansas, that her maiden name was Susan Ketchum, that she had been married ten years, that she stood in considerable awe of her husband, whom she humored with wifely zeal, and that Kansas was still to her the paradise of states. Months afterward no one was any wiser concerning her husband's past, a sure token that she herself was ignorant of it. Even of his nativity there was no certainty beyond his vague claim to birth in the South.

When Colonel Seddon's overseer died this man applied for the position, and in default of a better was employed; but he found favor with neither the servants nor the master; the former feared and hated him, the latter distrusted. More than once the master's restraining hand was needed to check the lash of the overseer, who thought this the sovereign remedy for any remissness of care or energy.

Apology is due Colonel Seddon for keeping him so long in uncongenial company; in kindness to him this description must end.

With the manners of a southern gentleman toward women, born of his conviction that every woman is a lady, he raised his hat and responded with courtly, if forced, grace to Mrs. Wire's babbling.

"No, madam, I saw Silas this morning.

I am only taking my weekly ride around the farm."

Then without further ado he rode on, but Mrs. Wire was not yet through.

"When is the boys com'n' home?" she called after him.

He turned his horse round. "Who?" he questioned, not understanding.

"The boys—Max and Ned, your brother and son—ain't they com'n' home this week?"

Mrs. Wire had never seen the young gentlemen she named so familiarly, and there was a touch of acerbity in the master's tone as he answered:

"We look for them shortly. I cannot say exactly when they will be here."

But when he had quickened his horse's gait to avoid any further questioning, the woman's impudence struck him as so ludicrous that he laughed aloud, and the more he thought of it the more he laughed, until every shadow of misgiving was chased from his brow.

Mrs. Wire, leaning on the gate, looked after his retreating figure and mentally soliloquized:

"He is uncommon perlite, I declare. Oh, Kansas! wouldn't I be glad if Siley had them grand manners! He says, though, he ain't got time fur sech foolishness, and maybe he ain't. And p'r'aps 'twould be awful uncomfor'ble liv'n' with a man so high and mighty-like all the time. I jest can't imag'n' the colonel er-sett'n' by the kitchen fire, with his feet on the stove, real nice and homelike—I jest can't. It has a kind o' sober'n' effect jest to see him pass erlong the road. And Mis' Seddon, she's jest as bad; ain't never come in this house but onct, and that when little Sile had the pneumony. That Nell o' hers, too, and little Sile's jest sooted to be playmates; and her and me could er spent many a pleasant afternoon er-sew'n' together. Ackchally them niggers puts on airs too. That sassy Job! say'n' we wusn't noth'n' but po' white trash! I furgot to tell Siley 'bout that—I'll tell him t'night."

On went the master past the fields of feathery hemp, odorous and graceful, suggestive of a bountiful return and a full purse; on past the wheat-fields not yet turning to a waving sea of gold. Beyond lay row on row of corn, and here he found the darkies busy with hoe and plow. Their merry songs and loud guffaws reached him long before he saw them.

Arriving at the edge of the field he found Uncle Isaac, the sovereign of the colored element by right of age and his semi-clerical calling, vainly remonstrating with Pete, his recalcitrant offspring, because he persisted in taking a nap in the overseer's absence. Pete was a young giant of eighteen, black as ebony, with lips like a bellows and eyes like small saucers. He lay stretched at full length on the soft ground, looking at his father with mischievous defiance. In vain the old man entreated, threatened and denounced—Pete's only response was a loud snore, his eyes wide open. Such mockery was intolerable; but just as Isaac raised his hoe to apply it to the boy's head he saw the master. Pete, who had raised his hands to protect his skull, wondering why the blow did not fall looked out, and he, also, saw. With one bound, which threw his father sprawling to the ground, he reached his hoe and began plying it with wonderful assiduity.

Colonel Seddon had viewed the whole scene with ill-concealed amusement, and the climax appealed so thoroughly to his sense of humor that he restrained himself with difficulty. Recovering, he said with forced severity:

"Pete! you rascal! What do you mean? Isaac, the next time he refuses to work break the hoe handle over his head. It's a blessed thing for the lazy wretch that Mr. Wire didn't come to the field just then."

"Dat it am, mahsteh, dat it am," said Isaac, who had scrambled to his feet. "'Tw'u'd ben wus'n breckin' er hoe han'le ober his haid."

"Haw! haw! haw!" came in chorus from the others, except Pete, who was covered with shame.

"'Fo' Gord, mahsteh," Isaac continued, "dat Pete am mo' scan'lous den de Provigul Son. Yo' heah me, yo' limb yo'! Ef yo' goes any fuhder in de way ob sin dar ain' no fat possum gwine be killed w'en yo' comes back po' an' needy. Yo's bringin' meh gray ha'hs in sorreh t' de grabe."

This speech had long ago lost its pathos, so the master had no scruples about cutting it short, saying:

"The corn is looking as well as ever I saw it, Isaac."

"Dat's so, mahsteh, dat's so. It am bery fine. But, Lahd! how c'u'd yo' spect any-t'ing else wid de groun' black ez er niggeh's face, an' de rain comin' eber time we needs it? Lahd! mahsteh, w'en I fus' seed dis sile ahter we come frum Firginny I was plum struck wid 'mazement."

This was another statement Colonel Seddon had heard a few score times; so, knowing that a long dissertation on the merits of the two states, very much to Virginia's disadvantage, would follow, he hurried away on his tour of inspection.

When he was at safe distance the hoes relaxed their energy, and Uncle Isaac's eulogy of the master, always delivered after sight of him if there was an audience, found willing if not disinterested listeners.

"Jes' look how straight he set on dat hoss! I tell yo' dar ain' no gemmuns lack de gemmuns ob our fambly."

"Does yo' mean yo'se'f, pappy?" interrupted the pert Pete, all his boldness returned, the master away.

"Yas, I does, yo' onregin'rit niggeh! I means mehse'f an' meh ole mahsteh, w'at was Kunul Seddon's pa, w'at teached meh t' be er gemmun, an' meh Mahs John, an' Mahs Max, an' young mahsteh. All on us knows how t' 'poht ou'sebs. Dah was meh ole mahsteh, w'at died 'fo' yo' was bohned —him an' Mahs John's much erlack ez two black-eyed peas, on'y ole mahsteh wus mo' grandiferous in 'is manneh lack den Mahs John. Lahd! Lahd! I recomember w'en bofe uv us wus young in ole Firginny, an' we'd go t' pahties, an' I'd look in de windeh t' see de pretty ladies, an' dah he'd be er-scrapin' an' er-smilin' an' er-dancin'. No sech ketch in all de cyounty ez meh mahsteh. Wil', dough—mighty wil' sometimes. But it don' hurt rale gemmuns t' sow wil' oats lack it do po' white trash.

"An' mahsteh did sutny mah'y splendid. Miss Nellie Maxwell was de lackliest ub all Kunul Maxwell's chillun, an' his fambly was a'mos' ez good ez ourn. Den ahteh mahsteh mah'ed he settle down an' jine de chu'ch, an' no man wus stiddy ez mahsteh. Mahs John an' Mahs Max jes' lack 'im, eben in dey looks. He had dem same shinin' black eyes an' 'ristocrat air, ez ole mis' call it. An' Mahs Ned, he's comin' right 'long in dey footprints, on'y he look lack he ma in de face. An' sutny ef eber der was er angel on dis arth it am Mis' Ebelyn; she'n mahsteh an' Mahs Max an' dey chillun is jes' de cream ub dis cyounty, an' nobody ain' gwine 'spute dat.

"Hi! yo' niggehs! yo' lazy, ohnery dogs! Git t' wuck! Use dem hoe han'les odder way 'cep'n' t' res' on 'em."

Meanwhile the master, all unconscious of the faithful old servitor's praise, was pursuing his way, noting a weak place in the fence here, there selecting trees to be felled for next winter's wood, next moment planning a change of crops for a depleted field, observant of everything, and remarking all with the eye of an experienced farmer. Yet not seldom, in the midst of these practical concerns, he halted his horse on some eminence to feast his soul on the gorgeous beauty of the day and the landscape, in which he delighted with a true lover's fervor.

On the way back, close upon the negro quarters, he saw his little daughter Nell running to meet him. Ned was the mother's idol, but this little maiden was the sunbeam of the father's heart. His face was alive with tenderness as he quickened his horse's gait and hastened toward her.

Regardless of her dainty white dress and best shoes she tore along the damp path, evidently with most important news to communicate; but she came to grief by plunging into a tiny pool of water, and was splashed from head to foot. The pause was momentary, however, for she started on faster than before, crying at the top of her voice:

"Father, hurry! hurry! Neddie's come! Neddie's come!"

By this time she had reached him, panting with the run and excitement, her dark hair curling itself into a thousand ringlets, her cheeks rosy and eyes shining. The father stretched down his hand, which she grasped tightly with both her own, and in an instant she was seated before him in the saddle. As they sat thus together the idlest observer could not fail to note the striking resemblance between them. His eyes, hair, and clear-cut features were repeated in her. Colonel Seddon was a strikingly handsome man in spite of his forty-two years—rather, because of his years, with the maturity of judgment and unfaltering principles they had brought him—and his reproduction in the child was without any loss of comeliness. More than once Job, seeing them thus together, had declared to the other servants:

"No wondeh Missy Nell am de apple er mahsteh's eye, foh she's 'zackly lack 'im."

The colonel, in spite of Nell's happy tidings, could not repress a smile at her bespattered appearance.

"What will your mother say to this soiled dress, Nellie?"

"Oh, she won't care to-day, for Neddie has come. Father, aren't you glad Neddie and uncle are home again?"

"I am indeed. How did they happen to come so soon?"

"Neddie said he just s'posed the boats and trains ran faster 'cause he wanted to get home so bad. When they got to Jefferson they didn't wait for the carriage or a horse or anything, but walked home! I was playing in the back yard, and when the dogs barked as if they were glad about something I just thought maybe uncle and Neddie had come, and sure enough they had."

"And I was wishing for them this very day!"

"We knew how glad you'd be, so when Hannah had dressed me mother sent me to meet you. Uncle has gone over to Cousin Mary's to ask her and Cousin Edith and Cousin Adolphus to come to supper."

"That will be delightful, won't it?"

"Yes, sir—I mean—I'm glad Cousin Edith is coming and I don't mind Cousin Adolphus, but I wish Cousin Mary would be a little sick—not much, but just a little sick, you know, with a headache or something—and couldn't come."

This naive speech Colonel Seddon attempted to rebuke, but his tone had in it so much of hidden laughter that the little maid felt sure of his sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MASTER.

THE heir had come home after his first long absence. While the master was being panegyrized by Uncle Isaac, two lithe figures in travel-stained garments were hurrying across fields to reach Heart's Delight. The older was undeniably like the master, but the younger had blonde hair and complexion, and eyes like the sky. In manner they were as unlike as in feature, for a natural reserve and dignity, in keeping with his broad-shouldered manhood, was apparent in the dark-haired, while his companion had an air of comradery and joyous good fellowship that was irresistible. Half the time he walked hat in hand, his yellow curls fanned by the breeze; he ran, he danced, he whistled, he sang, he talked; indeed at times he seemed to be doing all at once.

"See!" he cried, "there's the big elm I fell out of when I broke my collar-bone. And there's the creek! Bless the dear little stream with its muddy bottom! I wouldn't exchange it for all your clear creeks, if they flowed over gold pebbles! Do you remember, Max, how you taught me to swim? And once when I sneaked off, thinking I'd try it alone, and got beyond my depth, you happened along just in time to pull me out? You always did stand by me like a brick, Max."

All the boy's emotions were wrought to the utmost tension by the joy of the home-coming, after a ten-month's absence, and the sight of the familiar landmarks, and his eyes were brimming with tears. He actually delayed a moment to grasp his companion's hand, who was as much surprised as affected at this unusual demonstration.

"You were a brick to stand by, Ned," he replied, "but I don't remember anything worth mentioning."

When they came in sight of the yard Ned's delight swelled to ecstasy.

"Jove! but it's beautiful!—the same old place!—they have painted the house!—oh, the roses!—don't they smell sweet!"

Truly it was beautiful, this haven of rest and content to which two eager hearts had lost no time in coming. The deep, wide lawn swept by a gentle incline from the road to the house. Just outside the gate stood the stile-block, immaculate, as was the fence also, with its fresh coat of whitewash. At the sides the yard was inclosed by a hedge of rose-bushes, now a mass of red and white, that showered the air with their petals at every touch of the breeze and made it heavy with perfume. Forest trees, strong and splendid with their centuries of growth, cast silhouettes upon the thickly-matted blue-grass carpet, and lent to the surroundings an air of stately comfort that a landscape-gardener would strive in vain to imitate.

The house itself was large and comfortable, though hardly handsome. Across the entire front stretched a wide double gallery, supported by square columns; over it woodbine—here known only as honeysuckle—of half a dozen varieties climbed and rioted with a reckless prodigality of blossoms. The house was painted white, and the green shutters were greener by contrast. The interior arrangement was after the regulation pattern; the entrance was to a wide hall, out of which opened on one side the sitting-room, on the other the parlor; back of these were sleeping apartments, and the whole upper floor was devoted to the same purpose. At the rear of the hall a door led to a porch that had the dimensions of a barn, the dining-room opening off it at one side. Back of all, separated by an entry from the main building, was the kitchen, which looked the realm of Vulcan, with its huge fireplace and dusky divinities, gay in red bandannas and intent on culinary mysteries. Except the dining-room this was the most interesting apartment of the house, and the most important.

The furniture of the home was in keeping with its exterior; not a piece was for show, but all for service; consequently, while there was not a superabundance, it was substantial even to elegance. Much of it was made of solid mahogany. In the dining-room was a sideboard handsome enough to distract any housekeeper of to-day. Many of the bedsteads were of the same material, great four-posted affairs, with the bed so high from the floor—and by much the higher because of the pounds of feathers composing it—that the mistress must needs get upon a chair to climb into it at night. Valances of white muslin curtained the lower part, and high above the sleeper's head hung a Swiss canopy. Ah, dear! hygiene has done much for our sleeping arrangements, but it may be questioned if old-fashioned sleep did not disappear with the old-fashioned beds, where the linen was redolent of rose-leaves or sweet fern or other delicious odors, and the very appearance invited to repose. With such a bed, in addition to a high bureau surmounted by a small glass, the bedrooms at Heart's Delight needed little other furniture. Indeed the same absence of display and the same attention to comfort and refinement were everywhere apparent. In the parlor was a piano; no stain flecked the polished surfaces of the brass andirons, the chairs were capacious, the carpets not too good for every-day use.

Within calling distance from the rear fence the negro quarters formed a picturesque addition to the scene. Built of brick, which glowed in the afternoon sun, they supplied the bit of vivid color necessary. Close to them, though hidden from one approaching the front grounds, were the workshops, for Colonel Seddon, like others of his time and fortune, had his own mechanics, servants trained to the different trades from their boyhood.

Thus briefly and inadequately have been sketched the main features of the home round which the incidents of this story cluster; but words cannot convey an idea of the plenty, the prosperity, the generous hospitality, the kindliness, the culture, the Christianity which filled in the outline and made of this spot as veritable a paradise as earth can know.

At the stile Max and Ned were greeted by the dogs in a pack, but the latter left his uncle the response to their welcome, and leaping the fence ran at full speed to the house. His mother, called to the window by the barking of the dogs, had only time to recognize Max when Ned entered the room like a whirlwind, clasped her tight, smothered her with kisses, and cried, "Mother! my dear, dear mother!"

Then it was her time. She held him off from her that she might look her eyes full; she drew him close again, caressing him as she would a baby. Happy tears bathed her cheeks. "Mother's boy—her only boy—home again!—the time was so long—my darling—my precious"—these and a score besides of tender endearments she murmured.

Between every mother and her eldest son there is a peculiar attachment. He is, or promises to be, the grand man of the world to her. He is the representative of his father and at the same time a part of her own life; he is her contribution to the controlling force of the world, and so her love is admixed with deference, for every woman acknowledges a true man her master in many ways. Any other relation between a mother and her eldest son is unnatural and pitiful and betrays a deficiency in one of them.

While Mrs. Seddon and Ned were having this happy moment together, Nell, who had heard the dogs, ran to learn the occasion of their noise. She was too late to see her brother, but threw herself into Max's arms. They hurried into the house, and there she seized upon Ned, while Mrs. Seddon turned to Max, almost her child in care and affection, with a loving greeting.

"We did not think of your coming for several days yet," she said. "Your brother thought you would both be so in love with the Virginia cousins that you would spend some time with them after commencement."

"Oh, uncle, did you bring your sheepskin?" interrupted Nell.

"Yes, miss, and you shall have the first sight of it. No, sister, Ned was in a hurry to get home, and we tore ourselves away from feminine charms."

"Just hear him, will you, mother! I was crazy to get home, but the attraction for my uncle was just as great. He thinks Virginia girls don't compare with one peerless creature I could name."

Max reddened and asked hurriedly: "Where is my brother?"

"It is too bad," Mrs. Seddon replied, "he went this afternoon for his ride round the farm. I would send for him, but probably he would get back before the messenger could reach him."

By this time the darkies had learned the return of their young masters. A negro's talent for collecting news is something remarkable; he seems to absorb it from the air as one does measles or diphtheria. Max and Ned had only been home a few minutes, yet the servants were assembling from kitchen and quarters, and in ten minutes more Pete would be heading a train of admirers from the fields. Hannah, Job's sister, and nurse to both Ned and Nell, was the first to come, yet not until she had taken time to change her apron and head-kerchief. Ned saw her in the hall and ran to meet her, not even shrinking when she threw her capacious arms around him and squeezed him soundly.

"Bress de Lahd! meh boy's come home," she said again and again. Like his mother, she held him at arm's length, scanning his features. "Mo' lack yo' ma den eber, I declah. Yo's gettin' betteh lookin' 'eber day, honey. Yo's gwine be mos' ez good lookin' ez mahsteh ahteh all."

Max came forward, saying:

"Have you no welcome for me, Hannah?"

She made a deep courtesy, then seized the outstretched hand, exclaiming:

"'Deed I has, Mahs Max; I's pow'ful glad t' see yo' bofe."

"Hug him too, Hannah," said Ned mischievously.

"La, chile, ain' yo' done stop dem teasin' ways yit?"

Max, either because he feared such a catastrophe or because of his wish to humor Hannah's eagerness to pose as a belle, hastened to say:

"I thought you would be married before this, Hannah."

Hannah was a young maid of forty, but she simpered and looked shy, as she had seen her betters do under like circumstances.

Ned laughed and asked:

"Why don't you marry, Hannah?"

She shook her head.

"Now I lays down Hannah an' gits up Hannah—den I don' know who I is."

After the laugh at this speech had subsided, Ned inquired:

"Where's Job? and Pete, my old comrade? and Uncle Isaac? and all the darkies? Oh, it's so good to be home again!"

With that he seized his mother and kissed her, then kissed Nell, who had been holding to him as though he were a dream and might vanish. Max looked on and smiled, just as happy, if less demonstrative.

The servants had now collected in a body at the back porch and were calling vociferously, "Mahs Max! Mahs Ned!" so the whole party went out to receive the compliments and felicitations negroes know so well how to bestow. A general hand-shaking with all the older ones followed, but the piccaninnies ran each other races, turned somersaults, stood on their heads, and in every way possible celebrated the occasion becomingly.

After due inquiry had been made concerning the health of every servant on the estate the darkies felt at liberty to comment on the personal appearance of the young gentlemen, but the criticism was as flattering as though passed by a son of Erin just from the Blarney stone. Yet it was sincere, for concealment was so impossible to those simple natures that they spoke as freely in one's presence as though he were away.

"Mahsteh betteh be lookin' out," said cook Julie, "er he won' be de fines' gemmun in de lan' no mo'."

"Dat ain' so," Job answered with spirit. "Ain' no man libbin' what kin tech mahsteh in looks."

"Sho! Mahs Ned beats mahsteh all t' pieces," rejoined Pete.

"Wul, I 'low Mahs Max am de lackliest one ub de bunch," put in Yellow Dick.

The discussion might have gone on indefinitely, but Mrs. Seddon soon ended it by sending Hannah to dress Nell, giving the cook and her assistants permission to try themselves in the supper, and scattering the others to their various tasks. Max, divining that the mother would like her boy all to herself for a time, volunteered to go and inform Mrs. Chester of their arrival. He made the offer hesitatingly, and was covered with confusion at Ned's immoderate laughter.

But Mrs. Seddon assented with alacrity, adding:

"Bring them back to supper. Tell Cousin Mary I will accept no excuse."

Then the mother listened with eager interest to all a boy would have to tell at such a time—the temptations, the victories, the friends he had made, the professors he most loved—till the arrival of Nell with her father broke up the conversation. Ned rushed from the [illegible] with a boyish whoop, but the greeting with his father might have been purely formal [illegible] not Nell cried in an aggrieved tone, "Why Neddie, aren't you going to kiss father?" Whereupon he put up his lips with a most engaging shyness. His father kissed him heartily, but Ned's tenderness must have touched him, for there were tears in his eyes as he said, hoarsely:

"Thank God! you are at home again, safe and well, my son."

CHAPTER III.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

It would be hardly possible to overestimate the privation to the well-to-do southern family in the straitened hospitality of *post-bellum* days. Before the war there was open house the year round. The latch-string was never drawn within. Many a guest came for three days and remained as many months. Expense had not to be considered; the rich acres yielded abundantly; there were servants waiting for orders. Hospitality was not only a gratification; it was a duty. Many of the southern aristocrats had brought the custom of lavish entertainment from their English homes, and penuriousness in this regard would have dishonored the family escutcheon. To spectators it may seem to have been wasteful profusion, but to the actors it was glorious living. Country homes were given up to refined amusements and cultured conversation, and the most serious duty of life was helping to make elegant society.

Of such homes Colonel Seddon's was a type, for though he lived on the border-land between North and South he had brought to his adopted state all the customs of his Virginia ancestry. This night of Ned's arrival his face glowed with supreme satisfaction as he glanced from the bountifully spread table to the faces of his guests.

Besides the family there were Mr. Mayhew, the pastor of the Jefferson church to which the Seddons belonged, young Dupey, son of the colonel's old friend, Mrs. Chester—Cousin Mary—Mr. Adolphus Chester, her son, and Miss Edith Chester. The first two may be dismissed with brief descriptions.

Mr. Mayhew did not need his cloth to proclaim him a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. He had a face one would instinctively trust, and his brow was indicative of judgment as well as goodness. He had been educated for a lawyer, but believing it God's will that he should preach the Gospel he sacrificed worldly ambitions, though his prospects were the brightest, and obeyed the divine voice. Such a man is a hero.

George Dupey was the eldest and, in Africo-American dialect, the "lackliest" of five sons, and probably the best example this story will afford of the ill effects of slavery upon the owners. His father had the manners of a Chesterfield and could weep in sympathy with his friends, but was the most cruel master in the county. That negroes have feelings, affections, souls seemed never to have occurred to him; they were cattle that must be fed and clothed only to be kept alive, to be bought and sold, in every way to be maltreated, to be the objects on which his own or his sons' inhumanity could vent itself. In this atmosphere of refined brutality his family was reared. The four younger sons had their father's cruelty without his elegance. Under different circumstances George might have developed into a generous manhood, but he could not outgrow the dwarfing effects of early training and daily example. Yet he was as polite as his father, cultured in books, not unhandsome, and very much in love with Edith Chester.

At Mrs. Seddon's right sat Mrs. Chester. She was about forty-five years of age, plump, well-dressed, and well-preserved. She had been a beautiful girl and could still boast of many charms, augmented as they were by the utmost care in her toilet. After much thought and numberless conferences with her mantua-maker, she had settled upon the costume she deemed most becoming, and this, except early in the morning, she wore with little variation the year round—always when she was receiving or making visits. The dress was a lustrous black silk, that rustled when she walked, with the starched swish so musical to feminine ears; this was set off by real lace ruffles at her neck and wrists and a tiny square of jaconet edged with Valenciennes on her head. In character she was a singular compound of pride, vanity, shrewd generosity—if one can be both generous and shrewd—love of display, and parental adoration.

Opposite Mrs. Chester sat her duckling, Theodosius Adolphus (Chester *père* had been something of an historian and hero-worshiper). To his mother Adolphus was a paragon without defect; to the rest of the world he was a rather dull, pompous, red-faced, enormously fat young gentleman of twenty-five, whose chief care in life was a good meal and whose chief pride his bejeweled hands. On the present occasion he was gorgeously attired in a suit of vivid blue broadcloth, a satin vest, highly polished boots, exquisite linen, and a huge stock that threatened to cut his neck in two, but the agony of which was easily borne when he caught sight of his reflection in the plate and glass on the table. It has been said that as long as a man has what he wishes to eat and a woman all she wishes to wear there is no reason why they should not live happily together. In Adolphus' case the condition would have to be enlarged to include food, raiment, and a good chair, with plenty of leisure to enjoy it; for as long as he had these he was the most amiable of men.

At the lower end of the table, at Colonel Seddon's right hand, sat Edith Chester. Little need be said here of her character, for the development of that will be a task of after pages. In feature she resembled her mother, but traits shone in her clear brown eyes of which her mother did not know the existence. A mass of dark brown hair rippled from her broad white forehead; she had a sweet, red-lipped mouth, a sensitive nose, and a firm jaw that melted into a white, full throat. But neither her graceful form nor her beautiful features constituted her chief charm; that was her voice. According to her emotion it ranged the whole diapason, but every tone was clear and exquisitely musical. Once heard it would dwell in the memory forever. In laughter it rang out as clear as a sky-lark's, and all laughed with sympathy; when she was serious it was rich and full like an organ, as though heavy with unshed tears. If voice be an index to character—and surely we have no better—Edith Chester had the sweetness and innocence of Eve before the serpent entered the garden.

It was due to her voice, perhaps, more than to her bonny face that every man, woman, and child declared her the prettiest girl in seven states. Even during this very supper Job, after looking his fill through the half-closed door, retired to the kitchen to comment:

"It do beat all. Dah's Mahs 'Dolphus—he ain' no gret shecks at looks, ef he am so mons'ous big; nuh Mis' Ma'y, dough mahsteh do say she wus er pow'ful good-look'n' young lady, 'cepin' fuh dat rampageous cut t' huh eyes—'fo' Gord, dey kin peahs clean t'rough yeh lack er sword! But Miss Edie! oh, Lahd! she am prettier den ary rose in de gard'n, and her voice soun' jes' lack er angul frum heaben."

It was over this assemblage that the master glanced with such unfeigned content.

"This is like living again," he said in his cheery tone. "It was often very lonely during the cold days of last winter, with you boys away, Edith shut up at boarding-school, and Adolphus running off to town whenever he got the chance. Edith, you and Max may count your school-days the happiest of your life, but I am selfish enough to be glad they are over."

"I was just thinking with alarm," said Mrs. Seddon, "of the array of diplomas confronting us, and of how very careful I must be of my p's and q's in such learned company."

"Yes, indeed," her husband added, "with Max an A. M. from Virginia University, Edith B. L. from the oldest school in the state, Ned's title sprouting, and even little Nellie begging me to teach her Latin and Greek, we must be careful not to slip."

"My dear brother," expostulated Max, "who owned the first diploma in this family from my university?"

"I should say so," Ned insisted. "Why, father, the dons at college have not yet quit talking about your scholarship, and the relatives wished to know if you had forgotten your literary ambitions. They think you could have done anything in that line if—"

"Didn't the relatives say anything about me?" interrupted Mrs. Chester.

Ned winked at Max—who controlled himself by an effort till he noticed Edith's crimsoning face—and then answered:

"You know they did, Cousin Mary. Why they paid you enough compliments to turn your head. You must have been a Venus in your girlhood."

Mrs. Chester gave her head-dress a little pat and straightened her lace ruffles as she answered complacently:

"Yes, I was handsome, if I do say it myself. Edith looks very much as I did."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Edith.

"Well, I always considered it false modesty to pretend you don't know your own beauty. Why, I had more beaux than half a dozen girls could expect. I remember one night at a ball at Richmond—Senator Hilltop's son and I danced together, and actually nearly all the other dancers stopped just to watch us!"

Nell's eyes opened wide. "Mr. Mayhew says it's wrong to dance, Cousin Mary," she interposed, innocent of giving offense.

Mr. Mayhew chuckled, but Mrs. Seddon called reprovingly, "Nellie! Nellie!"

"It's not half so bad as bringing up little girls to be impudent to their elders," Mrs. Chester rejoined sharply. "I taught your Cousin Edith that children should be seen and not heard."

Nell was crushed, and George Dupey sympathetically covered her confusion by saying:

"I haven't heard you mention the political situation, Max. We think and talk of little else here."

It was the first mention since the young men's return of the vexatious problem that was then distracting the Union. When Ned and his mother were alone they had been dangerously near the subject, but she had skilfully avoided it, unwilling that any reference to what instinctively filled her with foreboding should cloud the joy of his coming. But postponement of the dread question was no longer possible.

"It's the same way in Virginia," Max answered quietly.

"Father," Ned broke in excitedly, "if this comes to war wouldn't you take the side of the South?"

"Certainly, my son."

"I told Max so, but he was sure you would go with the Yankees."

All eyes were turned toward Max in inquiry, though no one spoke.

He looked grave as he said:

"I don't think I expressed it that way. I didn't mean take sides with any section. I thought my brother would be loyal to his country."

"And so I am when my country deserves it, but when it interferes with private rights and state rights I am bound to it no longer. I hope you haven't taken up any absurd notions on this subject, Max."

"I think exactly what I have thought for years—that slavery is a crime."

The explosion of a bomb could not have caused greater consternation.

Mrs. Chester was the first to find her voice. "Maxwell Seddon! when your father and grandfather and all the first families of Virginia have always owned slaves, then for you to say slavery is a crime!"

"I am sorry to differ from them, Mrs. Chester, but I think it is a crime, both against the owner and the slave," was the stout reply.

"You are using strong language, Max," said Colonel Seddon; "it smacks of quixotism. I have given the subject much thought—for I wish to do my duty, God knows!—and I am convinced that slavery is not only right but necessary. What could those simple, ignorant creatures do without a master?"

It was exactly the course of reasoning—nay, even the words—of his afternoon soliloquy.

"Learn to take care of themselves, just as they will have to, soon or late. At first they will suffer privation, perhaps half starve, but what of that? They will be free! Better miss a few dinners and escape the lash."

"You talk wildly, Max," said George Dupey. "A negro cares nothing for a beating if he has plenty to eat. Don't measure him as you would a white man."

Max began to answer excitedly, then hesitated, and finally was silent before he had uttered an intelligible word.

His brother, not noticing his confusion, continued the discussion by saying:

"The darkies are still children in mental development."

"And will remain so while they are kept in bondage."

"Max! do you think that after a century's advantages of freedom the negro race could equal the white? Could it ever?"

"No, I think not; it is an inferior people and will stay so. But it can be educated above the plane it now occupies. As we have a bad bargain on our hands let us do the best we can for the blacks and ourselves at the same time. Think how much contact with the Caucasian has already done for the negro."

"Then let them keep on developing in the same way. Why free them?"

"Because they have reached the stage where they can stand it, and you know there is not the slightest chance of any education for them so long as they are slaves. But above all I would free them for the sake of the South. Slavery is enslaving the owner; it is an anachronism that will bring ruin to those who vindicate it. The clock of heaven and destiny cannot be turned back to fit a survival of medievalism. I care not how disloyal you may think me, all my affections are with my own people, and I know the South can never assume the place it is entitled to in the Union while its best blood and brains are wasted in idleness. Say, Mr. Mayhew, if I am not right."

"In many respects I think you are; yet, as your brother and I are perfectly agreed on the subject, you and he are nearer together than you think. We too wish to see slavery abolished, but would use different means. In his own good time the Lord will show us the way, I doubt not, and then you will find your countrymen the most zealous abolitionists. As the North foisted the iniquity upon us I think it should let us solve the problem in our own way. But I feel no alarm about war; I have too much faith in our good sense for that."

Adolphus had now finished his supper and could afford to take a hand.

"I hope it will come to war. I long to get a chance at those rascally, impudent Yankees. We can clean up the whole set in three months. I'll undertake a dozen myself."

At this modest speech Ned burst into such uncontrollable laughter that his merriment restored the somewhat strained condition. As they left the dining-room Colonel Seddon laid his hand fondly on his brother's shoulder, saying:

"Max's heart is sound; he will forget these radical notions before he has been home a month."

Max smiled, but shook his head.

When seated in the parlor again Ned said:

"It seemed hardly fair, Edith, for these men to monopolize the conversation at supper; you use the time now in singing us a song. Let us see how much you have improved during the year."

"While my lord sits by in judgment," said Edith demurely, but her eyes twinkled.

Ned did not enjoy raillery and made no further request, but Max said eagerly:

"Please sing. It has been so long since we heard you."

Without a word she went to the piano and sang a half dozen of the old songs which now, after so many years, thrill us as the newer, passionless rimes never can. Yet if one could hear her sing these songs they would find increase of meaning, for no matter what she sang her voice roused the best and purest in one's nature. As the rich cadences of the plaintive negro melody with which she concluded rose and fell, Mrs. Chester forgot herself, Mrs. Seddon's eyes were wet, and the master reclined in his chair in absolute bliss. Even George Dupey, who had been anathematizing Max for daring to usurp his office of leaning on the piano, was filled with gentler feelings, and wondered if there were any inhumanity in the treatment of his father's slaves. Mr. Mayhew composed a whole sermon of such burning eloquence that if he could have preached it he would have been immortalized. Ned dreamed of glory and martial exploit, and quivered with the force of the celestial fire kindling his veins. But Max! —breathing the perfume of her breath, watching the light of changing emotions on her face, he was in such a tumult of passion that he could not tell whether it had in it most of pain or of ecstasy.

For a moment after the singing there was silence. Ned broke it by saying simply:

"Thank you, Edith."

"I thank you too," said the pastor; "you have done me good."

The colonel added:

"I never heard you sing better, Edith."

But Max did not wish the spell broken.

"The evening is so beautiful—let us walk outdoors," he said, hardly trusting himself to speak and astonished at the composure of his voice.

But Edith did not know whether she dared trust herself with this young gentleman whose eyes had so dangerous a glow, and answered:

"Mamma may think it's too damp."

Mrs. Chester, however, was too worldly-wise to object to her daughter's walking with a desirable catch like young Seddon, and assented willingly, only conditioning that she put on her shawl. All eyes followed the pair with pleasure except those of Dupey and Adolphus. The latter took little heed of others' happiness, and George was chafing with jealousy. In company with Mr. Mayhew he soon took his departure, his heart like lead.

Those remaining arranged themselves in homely comfort. Ned pillowed his head on his mother's shoulder, while she caressed his face with loving strokes. Nell, cuddled in her father's lap, lay deliciously content. Mrs. Chester, as though she could not put off her stately mien, sat erect and dignified, her crisp tones in sharp contrast with Mrs. Seddon's soft, even speech. Adolphus lolled in the easiest chair, admiring his hands and talking occasionally of the university, where he had been two years, and on which he considered himself an authority.

As they thus sat and talked Ned said suddenly:

"In walking out to-day we met a man who must have moved in recently, as we didn't know him."

"Describe him," said Colonel Seddon.

"He had a diabolic face; it has been recurring to me ever since. He was short and heavy-set, with small black eyes and a quantity of black hair; on one cheek was a scar."

"The overseer!" exclaimed Mrs. Seddon.

"I suppose it was," her husband admitted, "though I had never judged him quite so severely."

"Your overseer! Whew! I shouldn't like that man to hold the lash over me, or even nourish a grudge against me. Father, I didn't like his looks at all."

"Oh, Wire knows on which side his bread is buttered; he doesn't dare be too severe," the master answered confidently.

"Such creatures as he can be easily kept under control," Adolphus added.

But Ned could not be convinced. "Perhaps you are right," he said, "but—I wish your overseer were a different man, that's all."

As Max and Edith left the hall he caught up from the rack a white silk shawl and deftly placed it around her head before she was aware of his intention.

"Let's go into the garden," she said. "I haven't seen Cousin Evelyn's garden since I came home."

What a place it was! Around a large circular bed were arranged smaller ones of various shapes, with wide gravel walks between. There were roses by the bushel; calycanthus blossoms still perfuming the air; odorous honeysuckles; a huge mock-orange, showering down its white petals; pinks of twenty varieties; phlox, sweet peas, nasturtiums—everything that the dear old-fashioned garden contained, even to the herbs for savory dishes.

After Max had filled Edith's hands with the choicest blossoms they sat down on a rustic seat beneath a wide-spreading lilac. The long twilight of the June evening was nearly spent; from every point of the horizon the purple shadows were crowding in like armed foes. The air was exquisitely soft and balmy. Away off in the west the evening star, like a spark shed from the sun in its swift descent, twinkled radiantly. Careless speech at such an hour is a profanation; the whole earth has been transformed into a temple for the Most High.

Max broke the silence after a pause.

"What do you think of the subject we were discussing at supper?" he asked.

"I hardly know. Slavery seems uncivilized—yet what could we do with the darkies were they free? The present condition is certainly bad, but I suppose we shall have to endure it."

"I don't believe we shall be allowed to endure it. Within a decade a change will come. The whole world is clamoring for it; not even Henry Clay could patch matters up much longer."

"But it does make me so angry," she said, clasping her hands, "for the northern people to act as they do! Because slaves can't be used there advantageously they have none, and so they circumscribe the rights of the southern owner in every way possible. They know nothing about darkies—they are not capable of deciding this question! Let the South have time and it will solve the problem right."

"I wish I could think it, but I cannot. Don't you remember the picture of the Lady of Shalott in that volume of Tennyson brother prizes so highly, and used to let us look at on rare occasions? To me that picture symbolizes the South, every day more completely fettered with bands of its own weaving. The curse is upon the slaveholder; he has eyes but is blind—he is a slave himself and knows it not! He will never be free till another strikes off the shackles."

Edith could not fail to be moved by such earnestness.

"Why do you take it so seriously?" she asked.

"Listen to an incident of my childhood. Ten years ago, when I was a boy of thirteen, I was visiting at Mr. Dupey's. You remember Pompey, that servant he used to have?—as faithful a soul as ever lived. Well, Pompey had committed some trifling offense—was sent to town, I believe, and did not get back as soon as they thought he ought—and Mr. Dupey gave him a whipping. Oh, it was so horrible! I can't sit still now and talk of it. For years I'd awake in the night to hear the poor negro's pitiful cries and see the blood streaming from his lacerated back. After the beating a ball and chain were put on him, and yet he was forced to do his regular work. Not long after, before that hateful badge of servitude was taken off, he died; nor do I believe he has been the only servant on that farm murdered by ill treatment. I came very near being ungentlemanly enough to remind George of this at supper.

"You know how small a circumstance will turn the current of our lives. Though but a child I have never been the same since, for I then resolved to do all I could for the abolition of slavery. This determination has grown with my life, though until now I have never told it except to one friend at college. And while at first I saw only the slave's side, I now realize the calamity to the master also. That strengthens my purpose."

Max's strong feeling brought tears to Edith's eyes. After a moment she said:

"I have seen cruelty there too, but not so terrible as that. But I do not know another master so unkind. Mamma's servants have their own way pretty much, for all she uses such sharp language with them, and Cousin John is more like a father than a master."

"Yes, my brother is a model, and defends slavery partly because he judges other masters by himself. But one case like John Dupey's could not be atoned for by a hundred humane owners."

"Oh, you are extravagant! When you think of the privations, the anxieties—the ills of every kind saved to the slaves of the hundred humane masters they would surely outweigh the ill treatment of the one. But I agree to make your purpose mine if only you will not trust to an outside force to right wrongs in our midst. Other southerners feel as you do—within our own section there is a regenerating influence. Let us begin at once to leaven the mass."

Her confidence was so unmingled, her innocence so beautiful, her expression so angelic that he would not have been mortal had he not seemed to assent. In truth he could have thrown himself at her feet.

Then they talked of other things, her dark eyes inspiring him to an eloquence he did not dream he possessed. They talked till the stars were out and little Nell came calling:

"Cousin Edith! Cousin Edith! Your mamma is going home!"

"What do you think of our young lady?" Colonel Seddon asked his brother after their guests had departed.

Think of her! How could he think when he was intoxicated—on fire—he knew not what?

"She is a goddess in scarlet and gold," he answered deeply, almost solemnly.

"This whim of Max's annoys me," said Colonel Seddon to his wife when they were alone in their room.

"Oh, he will forget such notions before long," was the reassuring reply.

"But that isn't his way. He is quiet, you know, but very determined. I never knew him to exhibit such feeling as to-night."

"You don't fear any serious outcome to this discussion of war, do you?"

"Not if common sense and conservatism prevail; but you heard Adolphus to-night!"

Both smiled at the recollection.

"Edith may have something to do with changing Max's views," said the wife; "if ever I saw love-light in any one's eyes I saw it in his to-night."

"Yes, I saw it too. I wish it could be! Edith is the loveliest girl in the world—but one."

His fond eyes left no question of who the one was.

At the same hour another conversation was taking place between another husband and wife—Mr. Silas Wire and his amiable spouse.

"An' so this here Job's sayin' we are po' white trash, is he?"

"Yes, and I say it's long er that Mis' Seddon he's so impident. Never ben in this house but onct, an' that when little Sile was nigh dead with that awful spell of pneumony."

While she spoke her husband sat biting his nails and letting all the ugly scowl of his soul show unrepressed. Finally he brought his clinched fist down upon his knee with force, saying:

"That Job 'ud better stand round me pretty lively, for all his master dotes on him so, or I'll give him a lashin' he won't soon forgit."

"Now, Siley, you be keerful, er you'll be los'n' your job."

"Shut up! You're always workin' me up an' then afraid I'll do somethin'. If that nigger cuts any antics round me I'll thrash him, job or no job. This place ain't goin' to last forever noway. War's comin' sure as fate, an' if the Yankees whip, these damned Humpty-Dumpties will take a fall. Then where'll your slaves an' their masters be? I'm layin' my plans for it now."

With this ominous prophecy Mr. Wire laid himself down to as sound repose as the just and conscience-free.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO GUARD OUR YOUTH AGAINST BAD LITERATURE.

BY ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

THIS is a most serious problem, and demands most earnest consideration. The only effectual way, when we consider the environments which surround the youth of to-day, is to blindfold their eyes and stop their ears. This not being practicable, we must look for some method more feasible.

First, there must be a conviction upon the hearts of parents that wholesome food for the mind is as essential as wholesome food for the body. Parents must be as careful to quarantine the mind from contagions of immorality as they are to ward off infectious diseases from the body.

Character-building begins in earliest infancy. Progress at first is not rapid, and yet the infantile mind begins to absorb influences—to store up impressions—long before there is outward indication of what is developing within. The smile of a mother's love, doubtless, is the first decoration in the chamber of imagery in the baby's heart. That love-look, accompanied by tender words, comforts, soothes, preserves harmony of feeling, and brings a sense of security. Happy is that mother who, realizing the higher interests of her child, enters this sacred chamber of her child's heart not only with her love, but introduces the love of Jesus Christ as something still more beautiful —hanging, as it were, these two pictures as the first decorations upon the walls of memory's storehouse. Happy is the child thus blessed. Happier still in after life if the heart be further filled with beautiful stories, with divine influences of God's Word, with love for flowers, singing birds, and the innocent and lovely things from nature.

Parents are divinely appointed artists to decorate the walls of memory's storehouse, and marvelous resources are at their command. God's Word teems with hallowed influences. The fields and woods are filled with sweet perfumes of fruit and flowers. The forests are flecked with many-hued songsters. Babbling brooks offer their song of praise to their Creator. The lowing of the kine, the bleating of the lambs, the deep, ominous growl from the beasts of prey, all possess attractions which may be borrowed as helps. The lightning and the thunder, the storm-cloud and cyclone but tell of the power and majesty of the ruler of all hearts.

Good books, inspiring poems, sweet music, clean stories, all are elevating and within the reach of most parents. All these are helps—colors lent from heaven to be used in beautifying child life and character. Mingle these, as lines of beauty, tints, and colors are employed in some master work of art, and tastes will be formed and character established upon a lasting foundation.

Alas, how few parents there are who remember that divine and spiritual agencies are ever at hand; that all nature offers her perfume of sweetness, loveliness, majesty, and power as helps in beautifying child life, building up character, and forming a taste for noble things! Establishing a habit of right thinking, placing thought upon a high and lofty basis, creating a thirst for the beautiful are some of the best safeguards against low and defiling publications.

Having started right, care should be had that the mother's efforts are not checkmated by some vapid, sentimental, and weak-minded servant or nurse girl. Good reading should be furnished servants, and no servant should be allowed to bring into the home matters which are unclean, immoral, or criminal. Servants having care of children often read or tell them trashy and sensational stories which pique curiosity, arouse a craving for the unreal and exaggerated, and familiarize the youthful mind with details of shocking crimes. These effects are often produced by the nurse's taking children before shop windows, news-stands, and bill-boards containing pictures of criminal and sensational matters, and for the sake of keeping them quiet allowing them to gaze upon things which would not for one moment be tolerated in the home by the parent. Native innocence is destroyed, tastes are perverted, and the receptive mind of childhood soon craves these unhealthy excitements.

Another source of danger is from advertising sheets and quack advertisements handed out upon the street or thrown into areas and vestibules, and often containing pernicious matters. Servants often read and discuss them in the presence of children. The fertile mind of youth quickly perceives that there is something which they are not presumed to know about, and curiosity thus awakened must be satisfied.

Still another foe is found in journals which scoff at religion and exalt gross and shameful things. These are too often admitted into homes where, if the writer of these degrading details should undertake to utter by word of mouth the very same matters, he would be at once kicked into the street. Why should a blackguard write, print, and send into the home matters which he would not be allowed to voice in the family circle? Why should decent men and women buy and read the sayings of a filthy-minded reporter, or the story of a divorce or contested will case reeking with filthy details? What use have our sons and daughters for the contents of the letters of libertines and unclean persons? It is bad enough to have these vile details in the court. Why admit them into the home? Yet thousands of professedly good people do it.

There are certain things which a parent can do to guard the home circle. Advertisements of trashy story papers, quack pamphlets, and suspicious circulars thrown into areas, vestibules, and front yards can be immediately burned up. Newspapers and magazines which contain nude or suggestive pictures, details of criminal deeds, bloodshed, lust, and scandal can be barred from the home by a little watchfulness.

No editor or publisher should be permitted to send into the home a sentence or line which he could not utter as a guest in the drawing-room or parlor. No newspaper, religious or otherwise, should be permitted to place before the child the advertisement of any criminal or questionable business. No person should be permitted to introduce to the child any disreputable person by means of a paid advertisement. If the quack and the medical charlatan would not be employed by the parents to treat the son or daughter, then no publisher of any newspaper should presume to introduce or recommend any such person to the child through the advertisements in his paper.

But guard the home as sacredly as one may, there are foes lying in wait to curse the child as soon as he leaves the house. Bill-boards, walls of buildings, fences, and trunks of trees often contain matters which are practically finger-boards to destruction. Moral nuisances line the pathway of our children. News-stands and shop windows contain contaminating influences. The child passing from home to school, or from father's to grandfather's home, has thrust before its mind things which no child should look upon. Often the first shock to the child's modesty is received while walking the street with father or mother, by seeing some lewd picture upon the bill-boards or in a shop window.

The native innocence of childhood is destroyed. The early training is strained and stained. This is a critical time. The first lewd thought is an entering wedge of Satan to corrupt taste for the divine and beautiful and checkmate parental training. Evil thoughts, like bees, go in swarms. Given place for a moment, others recruit the leader, each one striving for the mastery over the soul. Imagination and fancy, the reproductive faculties of the mind, are awakened and set in motion.

When these looms are started, fed by evil influences gathered from criminal and vicious books and pictures, then satanic entertainment is furnished the boy and the girl. The devil never loses an opportunity to weaken good intentions, and always assails the human soul at the most vulnerable point. In this connection study the present environments of the youth of this nation. As has already been seen, bill-boards and shop windows bid for the ruin of the young. These degrading things often start the cog-wheels of the reproductive faculties of the mind in motion. For instance, details of crimes in the daily press breed criminals. Many newspapers are, practically speaking, the primary department of crime. They not only give shocking detail of gross crimes, but they minutely discuss the weapon used and how it can be used to the best advantage. The particular kind of poison employed is named and its peculiar characteristics described; even the secret attack of highwaymen and burglars upon helpless men and women in the dark are told with blood-curdling detail.

To show that this is not visionary, I present a few facts gathered in the office of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice between the 15th of December last and the 15th of January, 1897. On the former date I began to collect clippings from the newspapers showing the number of boys and girls arrested for crimes; and although this record is very imperfect, yet the thirty days of up-to-date experiences disclose the following startling facts. These criminals, reported as twenty years of age and under, were arrested in the following numbers for the following crimes: horse-stealing, 1; perjury, 2; counterfeiting, 2; train-wrecking, 4; shoplifting, 6; grand larceny, 5; arson, 7; felonious assault, 9; highway robbery, 16; petty larceny, 28; burglary, 49; suicide, 3; attempted suicide, 5; attempted murder, 9; murder, 12; drunkenness, 7.

In many of the reports relating to these youthful criminals it is admitted that these crimes were the results of reading blood-and-thunder story papers, or the details of crimes as they appeared in the daily press.

Any thoughtful reader of current events has doubtless seen that whenever any revolting crime has been sensationally detailed in the daily press the same crime has been repeated in manner and form by those whose minds have been affected by these details.

Coming a step lower in the scale of corrupting influences we find still more terrible foes to public morality. Unclean publications, like canker-worms, do their work secretly and in the dark. Intemperance is the more chivalrous foe of the two, for it hangs out danger-signals in the red nose, the blear eye, the bloated countenance, the tainted breath, and the reeling step. But a child whose mind has been affected by obscene books, pictures, and similar vicious influences too often conceals the infection within his or her heart. Unknown to parent and teacher the undermining influence goes on, while the child finds excitement and entertainment by imagination's bringing up those deadly and seductive things which have entered his mind through eye or ear. Corrupt thoughts and perverted imagination set the wheels of evil habits in motion. Evil habits are like grooves in the brain, into which the wheels of a perverted nature continue to run, destroying all manly and womanly instincts, discounting future usefulness, and mortgaging the soul to the spirit of evil. These secret evils rob the eye of its youthful luster, the cheek of its healthful flush, and the voice of its ring. They unnerve the arm and steal away the elastic step.

A man who ran away from his home and entered upon a life of dissipation because of the influence of an evil book upon him while at college, said among his last words: "Warn all young men to let these foolish books alone. They take you one step on a bad road and the rest comes quick and easy. If I try to have better thoughts the scenes of vice come right back to me, like a slap in the face. They are burned in. I cannot get rid of them. They come too between me and the memory of my precious mother. How dare I think of her? Oh, I could not look in her sweet face again!"

But most pathetic of all, just before his death, in a faint and feeble voice he said: "If through His infinite mercy I am ever forgiven, do you think I will cease to remember? How could I enter heaven with those polluting scenes and those polluting memories clinging to me? Oh, if I could only forget!"

Another young man, just before he died, in speaking of the cloud that had come over his heart because of the influences sown in early days, said: "I cannot get a glimpse of God. I wait and wait, but I only see the awful scenes of my youth. I am in a far country where God is not."

His experience brings to mind the words of Sir Walter Scott: "A head which listens to folly in youth will hardly be honorable in old age."

Perhaps no more effectual way of warning parents and teachers concerning the dangers which assail the youth of this great nation can be found than by giving a few statistics gathered from the last report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. At the close of the writer's first twenty-five years of active service a meeting to celebrate that occasion was held in Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, on the evening of March 2, 1897, at which time the following statements, among others, were presented: "There have been 2,164 arrests made, and more than 70 tons' weight of contraband and immoral matters have been seized and destroyed."

These tons of matter included 63,149 pounds of books and 27,424 pounds of stereotyped plates for printing these books, or more than 45¼ tons in these two items alone.

There was also included in that report the following startling figures of matters seized in addition to the above: 874,593 photographs and pictures and 5,912 negatives for making photographs; 384 engraved steel and copper plates, 857 woodcuts and electro plates, and 58 lithographic stones, all for illustrating books; 2,396 obscene figures and images; 96,680 articles for immoral use; 1,582,718 circulars, songs, and poems; 564,942 lottery circulars;

3,321,391 lottery tickets; 1,812,000 pool tickets on horse-races, and 2,053,000 green-goods circulars.

These are all subtle, insidious, and deadly influences that have been prevented by the efforts of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice from doing their hellish work in the community. They, however, must be considered as representing only a percentage of each of the individual vices assailed. Duplicates of these matters seized have been sown in the community, and the harvest of this seed-sowing for evil will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are tried before the eternal bar of God's judgment.

There is another item in this report that speaks volumes of warning to parents and teachers; namely, "142,394 letters and 1,335,392 names and addresses seized in the possession of persons arrested."

To these addresses and those found in the old letters the venders of criminal matters send advertisements of their nefarious publications and implements of vice. Many children through the medium of the United States mail—the great artery of communication—have thrust upon them deadly influences, unbeknown to their closest friend. These atrocious foes, striking in the dark, every one of them, are recruiting agents for the infernal regions. Many and many a lovely boy and girl has thus received a mortal stab through these intrusive and unsought missives of vice.

When a boy or girl is discovered who has gone wrong in life, seek first to ascertain what influence has been secretly at work in the heart of this afflicted one. For all such tempted and tried ones let the utmost stretch of Christian sympathy and charity be extended.

THE SUGAR BEET IN FRANCE.

BY P. P. DEHÉRAIN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE manufacture of sugar from beets dates from the beginning of the century. It will be remembered that, in order to reduce England, the emperor attempted to ruin its commerce by establishing the continental blockade. As sugar, produced up to that time exclusively in tropical regions, entered only by fraud and in small quantities, it reached excessive prices. Naturally an attempt was made to extract it from some of the vegetables which grow in France, and after unfruitful attempts advantage was taken of some interesting experiments made in Germany with the beet-root some years before.

The emperor was interested in the matter, and, thanks to large subsidies, the culture of the beet was established in several departments; factories arose, home-grown sugar appeared in market, and when the empire fell the new industry was established.

Several times, however, it almost disappeared. Sugar, always considered a food luxury, had been from its origin heavily taxed by the various governments which succeeded each other in France. In addition the sugar cane planters of the colonies were jealous. They interceded with the government, and the Chambers discussed different bills, crushing the manufacture of beet sugar. Finally means was found of letting the rival industries live, and then the manufacture had a great extension in France. Up to 1846 the production had remained less than 33,250 tons of refined sugar, ten years later it reached 95,000 tons, and last season it amounted to 665,000 tons.

It must not be thought, however, that this augmentation is the sign of great prosperity. Production has progressed more rapidly than consumption, the price of sugar has lowered more than half; from $12.00 per 100 kilos (220 pounds) it has fallen to-day to $5.00.

The culture of the sugar beet, established from the outset in the Northeast, was gradually extended to the West and South. During the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 this culture made at the same time the fortune of the planters and that of the manufacturers, while assuring relatively high salaries to the workmen.

This prosperity was not of long duration. While the cultivators continued to obtain abundant harvests, declaring themselves satisfied, the manufacturers complained of the quality of the roots, of which the proportion of sugar became too feeble for their treatment to continue advantageous. This impairing of quality was real and increased with the length of time the beet was cultivated in a region. It was at first thought to be due to the exhaustion of the soil, but experiments proved that this was not the case. After considerable difficulty and analysis of a great many beets, some of which were grown under known conditions while others were obtained from various parts of France, I discovered that the poverty of the roots in sugar coincided with their richness in nitrogen. Copious manures had so enriched the land in nitrogenous matters that it bore only bulky roots swollen with water and albuminous matters, but little charged with sugar.

The nitrogenous composts are injurious to the manufacturer because they lower the quality of the roots, but on the other hand they are very advantageous to the cultivator as they increase the amount of the harvest. The manufacturers attempted to restrain these abundant manures which ruined them, and the result was misunderstandings and dissatisfaction between them and the farmers.

All these discussions would have ceased if from this time the farmers had been incited to furnish rich beets by being paid a price graded according to the amount of sugar the beets contained. This solution, which had to be imposed several years later, was unfortunately postponed. The war between farmers and manufacturers continuing, the development of the French sugar factory was checked, and Germany, profiting very cleverly from it, pushed its manufacture of sugar to the prodigious figure where we see it to-day.

At length the law of 1884 was passed. This law accorded a rebate of 8 per cent to the manufacturer. In other words, when the works put on sale 100 pounds of sugar the tax was collected upon only 92 pounds; the tax on the other 8 pounds was given to the manufacturer. Furthermore it was supposed that from a ton of beets only about 13 pounds of refined sugar could be extracted, and any excess of 13 pounds obtained was not taxed. This encouraged the manufacturer to perfect his apparatus so as to extract from the roots a large fraction of the sugar they contained; it constrained him besides to treat only beets rich in sugar.

The farmers had to be interested to produce such beets, and this was at length accomplished by coming to the only rational market basis—purchase at a price variable with the richness. The determination of the richness is very easy, as it depends upon the density of the juice.

The essential condition of obtaining roots rich in sugar is the judicious choice of the seed. The best seeds have been produced by Louis Vilmorin, who by means of careful selection and cultivation has succeeded in obtaining a race of beets remarkable for their saccharine qualities.

In a well-worked field, well fertilized, the farmer has sown good seed in rows from 14 to 16 inches apart; he has regularly separated the beets, leaving only one root every 10 or 12 inches, retaining about 9 to the square yard. Is he sure of obtaining a good harvest? Alas, no.

First of all, there is the legion of insects who enter upon war; then inclemencies of weather; the frost of the springtime which compels commencing to sow again; the drought which in May prevents the coming up, in July flattens upon the chapped soil the poorly watered leaves; the prolonged rains of autumn, which lower the quality. But if since the passage of the law of 1884 there have been bad years, others on the contrary have been very favorable. At the beginning, when the state abandoned the whole tax on the excess of 13 pounds, the merchants realized handsome profits. New works arose, and although little by little the treasury diminished its favors, the impulse had been given, the industry has prospered.

In this connection it is fitting to indicate briefly how the sugar beet is treated in the works.

When at the end of September the beets spread out their leaves upon the soil, the farmer says they are ripe and proceeds to pull them. In hard ground this is difficult; he does not succeed in removing beets well fitted into the soil if he confines himself to making an effort upon the leaves; the beet must be upheaved with a fork in order that the women and children who follow the workmen may have nothing to do but to pick it up. As soon as the roots are out of the earth it is necessary to prepare them for delivery. Women and children armed with knives cut on one side the tapering part of the beet and on the other the neck adorned with leaves. The roots are disposed in heaps near the roads and covered with a thick bed of beet tops to preserve them from the frost.

When the beets are upon the road they must be got to the works, and here is a source of great expense which an attempt is being made to reduce. Some factories have small lines of railroad which carry loaded cars into their yards. Along the lines they set up scales on which are weighed the wagons, whose contents pass immediately into the cars.

As soon as a wagon-load of beets is weighed, a sample beet is taken off to establish the value of the load. This value is determined from the real weight of the beets and their richness in sugar.

Deliveries follow each other rapidly during the month of October. The beets are stored in long ditches or pits, where they are covered with a thick bed of earth to preserve them from frost. The essential thing is to shelter them from moisture. If water penetrates into the pits the beets begin to grow and form sprouts at the expense of the sugar they contain. They become impoverished and their treatment no longer gives the excess which at present prices is the only source of profit.

The treatment of the beets when they are taken from the pits or wagons always commences by washing. Then they pass to the meter of the state. It is upon the indications of this apparatus that the tax is collected; it registers automatically each load of 1,100 pounds that it receives.

For a long time the roots were reduced to an impalpable pulp, which was then submitted to the action of hydraulic presses. The juice extracted by their powerful effort did not include all the sugar contained in the beets and this process is to-day abandoned. The machines now employed cut the beets into narrow ribbons which are immediately conducted to the diffusion vats.

Two liquids unequally charged with soluble matter separated by a porous wall tend to take the same composition. The soluble matter of the concentrated solution is diffused through the partition and distributed in the weaker solution until equilibrium is established. The method employed for exhausting the pieces of beets of the sugar they enclose rests upon these laws of diffusion. Methodical washing is employed. If beets impoverished by several successive washings receive pure water, they will abandon to it the last traces of the sugar they yet contain, while if liquids already charged with sugar borrowed from beets still richer are applied to fresh beets, these will give up a part of their sugar because the solution in their cells is more heavily charged than the exterior liquid.

Although by diffusion liquids are obtained very much less charged with foreign soluble matters than the black juice which flowed away from the hydraulic presses, these liquids are yet so impure that they must be treated before they are conducted to the evaporating apparatus.

The sweet liquids are clarified by the successive action of lime and carbonic acid. This purification commences by the addition to the liquids of lime mixed with water, a mixture called milk of lime because of its whiteness. This lime enters into combination with some of the soluble matters drawn in during diffusion, but these combinations remain suspended and the liquid would not be limpid if carbonic acid were not then forced into it.

This first carbonation takes place in special vats; the carbonic acid precipitates the free lime and this precipitate acts as a fine meshed net to drag down the materials remaining in suspension up to that time. These clear liquids are poured off gently before the action of the carbonic acid upon the lime is exhausted, to avoid allowing the free precipitate to redissolve. When the rest of the lime has been separated by a second carbonation, liquids are obtained clear enough to be conducted to the evaporating apparatus. Evaporation in the open air and by fire has long since been abandoned. Sugar is a delicate substance which changes as soon as the temperature is elevated. To avoid this increase of temperature it is evaporated at low pressure by utilizing vapor as a source of heat. It is well known that a liquid boils at a lower temperature according as the pressure it supports is less. Again it is known that when water vapor is condensed to the liquid state it gives up most of the heat which has served to volatilize it and that in consequence it is an excellent means of warming a liquid to send in a current of vapor.

This knowledge has been utilized in the apparatus for the evaporation of the sugar juices. Three great metallic boilers are placed side by side, and the saccharine liquid passes through these in succession. The only heat applied is that of vapor.

As the liquids pass successively from the first boiler to the second, then to the third, their boiling point is lowered in proportion as, becoming more concentrated, they are more alterable. On leaving this boiler of triple effect the sugary juice deserves the name of syrup. It is then conducted to the last boiler.

Here the same principles are employed as in the triple boiler. A picked workman watches the tumultuous ebullition of the liquid; when he sees small crystals of sugar appearing, he admits a new quantity of syrup slowly so as not to dissolve the crystals already formed; he continues this until the boiler is well filled and then the introduction of liquid ceases and evaporation continues. When the evaporation is thought to be far enough advanced, air is admitted and the mass is cooled.

The boiled mass is formed of little crystals impregnated with liquor saturated with sugar; the crystals are separated from the liquid by means of centrifugal force.

The sugar obtained by these different treatments forms small crystals, hard and bright, which enter only in a small way into consumption. It undergoes new treatment in the refineries, it is redissolved, and then submitted to a confused crystallization; it appears at last in the form of loaf sugar.

This great industry is interesting not only from its principal product, sugar, but also from its residuums. Among these, in the first rank, is molasses, which contains almost half its weight of sugar, whose crystallization is obstructed by the organic and saline impurities with which it is mixed.

Another residuum of sugar, the deposit obtained when the sugar is purified by means of milk of lime and carbonic acid, is valuable to the farmers, who employ it in the improvement of heavy ground.

But of all the residuums from sugar manufacture the pulp remaining after the sugar is extracted from the beets is much the most useful; to it is due the prosperity of the countries where the beet is cultivated, as it affords excellent nourishment for stock. The pulp is naturally put at the disposal of the farmers; it is easily preserved and serves as food for fattening cattle during the entire winter.

Ten years ago the quantity of sugar produced in the world did not exceed 4,750,000 tons, extracted in almost equal quantities from cane and the beet; since that epoch the manufacture has increased considerably. It is estimated that in 1894–95 it attained about 7,410,000 tons, to fall back to 6,365,000 in 1895–96. The part of the beet has become more important since the war which desolates Cuba has made the production there fall from 950,000 tons to 190,000. In spite of this great deficit America yet brings to market a considerable quantity of sugar; during the last season Brazil produced 190,000 tons; Hawaii, which may be counted as a dependence of America, 152,000; Louisiana, 228,000; Argentine Republic, 95,000; the Lesser Antilles, 78,850. In Africa, Réunion gave 47,500 tons, Mauritius, 142,500, Egypt, 76,000.

It is in the extreme East that the extraction of sugar from cane is most active; the Philippines make 247,000 tons, and Java, which in less than ten years has doubled its production, gives 589,000. In Europe there exist four great producers of beet sugar: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and France. The manufacture has developed very unequally here. Twenty years ago France was first in rank; during the following years the production of the four countries became about equal. But since 1880 Germany has outstripped its competitors. Its production increased prodigiously until in 1894–95 it amounted to 1,710,000 tons; then it declined slightly, being 1,349,000 tons in 1896–97. The advance of Austria-Hungary has been less rapid; however it exceeded 950,000 tons in 1894–95, to fall back to 741,000 later on. Russia passed from 425,600 tons in 1889–90 to 693,500 in 1895–96. In France the production has declined from 735,300 tons in 1889–90 to 560,500 during the last season.

The quantity of sugar produced in the world by planters of cane as well as by cultivators of beets is, then, enormous. What becomes of it? In 1869 the total amount of sugar consumed was estimated at 1,900,000 tons. From that time it increased regularly until in 1891 it reached 5,225,000 tons; the next year it declined slightly, then it ascended to 5,700,000 tons in 1894.

But we have already seen that the production amounts to about 7,000,000 tons. There is, then, considerable discrepancy between production and consumption. The quantity of sugar produced in the world exceeds by a million tons what is consumed and the stock accumulating from year to year in the storehouses weighs upon prices and crushes them.

The situation is a very difficult one. Exportation becomes a necessity and all the producing states favor it. Recently Germany established an export bounty which led France to do the same. Nevertheless this is only a palliative, for French taxpayers could not long be made to pay for a merchandise destined for foreign consumption.

We have here an industry which lives only by profiting by a part of the tax on consumption which the treasury collects. It is a question, then, to know how this fraction of tax granted to the manufacture will produce the most useful effect. If the culture of the sugar beet has made the prosperity of some of the departments of France, it is because, owing to the pulp it furnishes, it permits fattening many cattle. It is the employment of this pulp which determines the increase of fertility. Then the law ought to favor the production of pulp, when in reality the law of 1884 restrains it. By laying the tax upon the beet put in the works, the manufacturers are forced to demand of the farmers roots of great richness, and in spite of repeated efforts of seed producers these beets are only slightly prolific. It is conceivable, then, that if the tax on the beet were transferred to the finished sugar (as has been done in Germany since 1891) prolific varieties might be used, giving more sugar and more pulp to the acre than those now sown. The increase of expense occasioned by the treatment of a greater quantity of beets would be largely compensated by a lowering of the purchase price. The premiums of the state would be offered only in the form of a bonus for manufacture.

By taking this step the situation would certainly be ameliorated without bringing about a solution of this inextricable difficulty, sprung from a production which, excessively excited by the premiums of the state, exceeds very much, each year, the quantities consumed. It is true the consumption might be increased, if the tax, which actually triples the price of sugar, were largely reduced. But who would dare to propose taking away from the budget $20,000,000 of receipts?

BELGIUM: ITS HISTORY, ART, AND SOCIAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D.

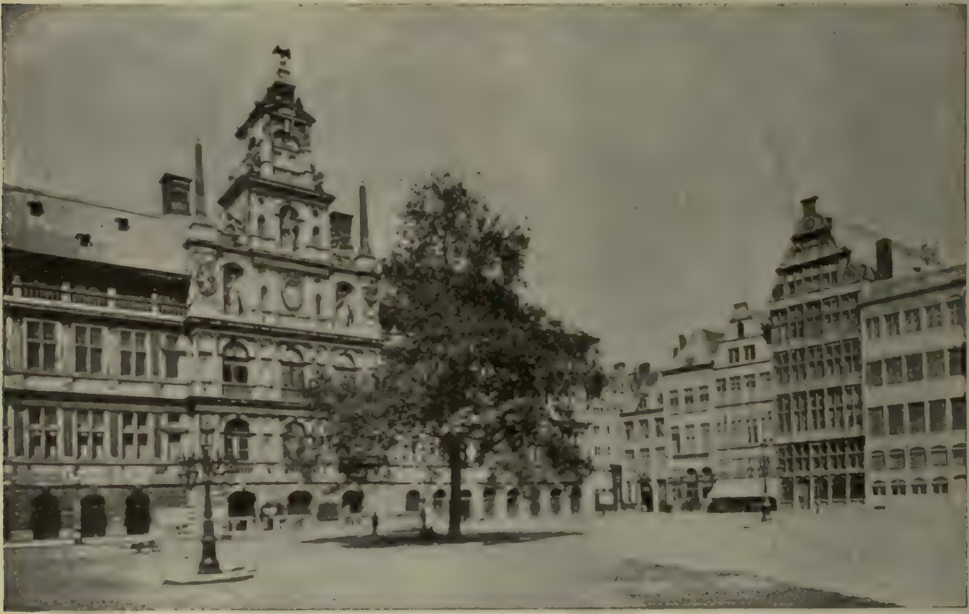
THE delta-lands at the mouths of the Scheldt, Maas, and Rhine—three of the most important rivers in Western Europe—have been, from the dawn of history, among the most populous on earth. It is no wonder that they have long been called "the cockpit of Europe," for in these Low Countries politics have always churned plenty of war and on these plains armies have met ever since history has had a record. Even before the lamp of written annals had shed its light, this was bloody ground; for here Celt and Teuton were ever struggling for mastery, but neither was able to annihilate the other. To-day, after unnumbered centuries, they abide, not as enemies but as rivals; in peace, though separate and distinct.

LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.

When in 1815 "the Dutch took Holland" from their French masters, a European congress joined ultra-Roman Catholic Belgium and ultra-Protestant Holland together in one; but the soldering did not last. In 1830 the revolution which overthrew the Bourbon king Charles XII. of France communicated its force to the adjacent land. Apparently by a spontaneous movement the population in Brussels rose against the Dutch government. The blue blouse of the Belgian workman, worn as the uniform of generals as well as of privates, became the emblem of freedom and associated with Belgium military life. A new era of prosperity began. Long before, in 1648, when the Dutch had conquered peace from Spain after an eighty years' war that exhausted Spain and reduced her from a first to a third-class power, they had closed the Scheldt to navigation, thus paralyzing Antwerp as a commercial city. The Belgians in regaining their freedom in 1830 won also the navigation of the Scheldt. Under the fertilizing rain of commerce

THE RIVER SCHELDT FROM THE DOCKS.

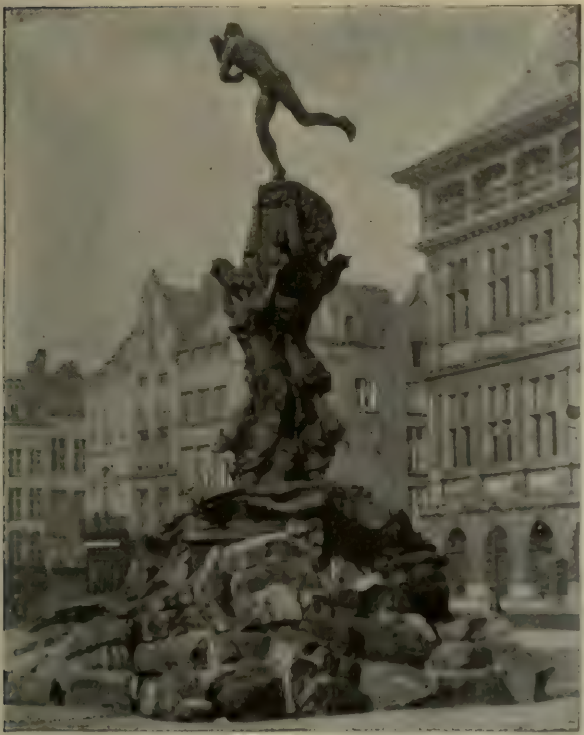
Antwerp, so long commercially like a desert, became green and flourishing, and is now one of the imperial seats of the world's commerce. One of the noblest of the Belgians' modern triumphs of sculpture commemorates in gorgeous allegory this decisive event in their history. The inscription on the City Hall, "Peace begets art; art ennobles the people," is heartily believed in by these lovers of beauty. Antwerp enjoyed the honor of a successful international exposition in 1894. The grounds, including over one hundred acres, covered the site of the citadel once erected by the Spaniard Alva to overawe the city.



CITY HALL AND SQUARE, ANTWERP.

The Netherlands are rich in civic symbols and heraldic designs, the inheritances and interpreters of their past, all of which throw a glamour over the travail and struggle of ages gone. Some of these are but illustrated myths, which show how "the disease of language" takes on a hectic flush, which makes even decaying things beautiful. Let us note this, as we step off the steamer from New York—if we have traveled on the Red Star Line—and walk out into the great square of Antwerp. From the ship's peak and the City Hall we see the national flag flying. These stripes, red, yellow, and black, placed perpendicularly beside each other, are the old colors of the duchy of Brabant. That fertile province in the center of Belgium, so long a state by itself, containing over twelve hundred square miles and a dense population of over a million souls, has Brussels for its star and crown, even as of old (when not divided, as now, into two portions) it had Antwerp for its seaport. The Belgian national symbol is the standing lion of Brabant, with the national motto, "Union makes strength" (*L' Union fait la force*), which we see on all the coins, nickel, silver, and gold.

In the great square, with its imposing City Hall of Antwerp, which fills all of one side, we see, not a piece of lace-work in stone, as in Louvain, nor the marvelous façade and daring spire of Brussels, but an edifice well suited for municipal business. To the right rise quaint and massive old edifices which have looked upon the stirring scenes of the sixteenth century. These were the old guild halls of those medieval trades-unions which so powerfully dominated local politics. They existed until the French Revolution, which swept away these strongholds of



FOUNTAIN OF BRABO, ANTWERP.

privilege in its flood-tide of democracy. Here in this square the very first martyrs of the Reformation, Heinrich Voes and Johannes Esch, were burnt by order of the great ecclesiastical corporation whose center was in Rome. This square has again and again been the burning-point of politics and of war, even as the city has repeatedly been the prey of foreign robbers and oppressors, or as Belgium has been coveted, seized, or like a shuttlecock knocked to and fro by its various owners.

Now, however, in this great space rises a work of art that sends fancy flying back of the looking-glass of history, turns the face to smiles, and provokes merry laughter. It is the colossal bronze image of the prostrate giant from which Antwerp gets its name. Standing over him, victorious, is the young hero after whom, according to popular etymology and mythology, Brabant is called. Ancient local folk-lore delights to tell that long ago—"when pigs were swine"—there was a tyrannical giant who had his castle by the banks of the Scheldt and laid heavy toll upon all ships and captains passing his castle. The men who would not pay had their hands cut off and thrown into the Scheldt. From the giant's custom of casting hands (*hand werpen*) into the river, Antwerp got its name. The young hero Brabo, having attacked the castle and killed the colossus, cut off his big hand. Here in bronze he stands to-day, holding in his right hand the giant's lopped-off member, and about to fling it into the Scheldt. It is the Flemish version of Jack the Giant Killer, or the Japanese Peach-prince, the Oni Conqueror. Aloft on a huge rockery, above and on which are various marine monsters, mermaids hold above their weed-robed heads ancient and dragon-

SHIPPING IN THE NEW DOCKS, ANTWERP.

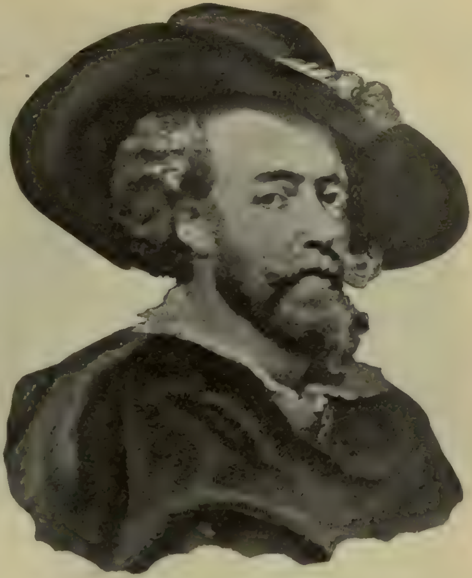
ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

prowed boats, whereon rests a castle with four towers. On each tower is a severed hand, and on top of all is Brabo, the hero of all the small boys of Brabant.

Prosaic etymologists, however, derive the name Antwerp from the Flemish *an t' werf*, that is, "on the wharf," where traffic first began. To-day the splendid city has overflowed far beyond the limits of its old wall lines. With forests of masts at its docks, steamers from the ends of the earth unloading or anchored in the stream, and the quaint historic edifices still standing, there are also rows, blocks, and squares of new houses, with high-priced vacant lots inviting the builder out toward the vastly extended fortifications; all of which remind an American of a "booming" western city.

Even with the lands of art and song enticing him southward, the American tourist lingers in the Antwerp galleries, glowing with acres of pictured canvas and rich in groups of almost breathing marble. The great Antwerp cathedral is the gem of Netherlands' ecclesiastical architecture. In the Middle Ages the art and devotion, the genius and the consecrated wealth of Fleming and Walloon made the ocean yield up its treasures and every land its cunning art to adorn this fane, in which the mine, the sea-caves, the forest, and the starry skies seemed transfigured in fretted roof, glorious statuary, carvings, sculpture, painting, and all the splendors of religious symbolism. Here also the fury of the fanatical iconoclasts burst and swept like a storm, cleansing the edifice with the besom of destruction. When after two centuries the church, "all glorious within," had again put on new robes of color and gold, incense and light, it was again inundated and left like a devastated landscape after the recession of a tidal wave, by the outbreak of the French Republicans in 1794. To-day, thrice renewed in splendor, it again challenges the admiration of sightseers and the devotion of the multitude, and is the shrine of art lovers.

As Holland is the land of Rembrandt, and Amsterdam the place to study the marvelous creations of this realist and wizard-king of light and shade, so Belgium is the land of Rubens, and Antwerp is the treasure-house of his triumphs in color. Wise were those rulers, Albert and Isabella, who, in the early days of the sixteenth century, knowing the genius of the southern Netherlanders, covered the scars of war with the canvases of this mighty colorist. For two centuries, yea, three, the world has been delighted with Rubens. In this city Motley, our own countryman, who, above all who had ever attempted to do it, not only told the story of the Netherlands in truest form, but also made it most fascinating, drew inspiration not only from historic archives but even more from the splendors of Ruben's art. For Motley, himself a colorist in words, is an artist and dramatist even more than an historian. To those who are surfeited, it may be even to disgust, with Rubens' lush flesh tints and open-breasted women, there is "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Annunciation" to show the nobler side of the great Fleming's genius.


PETER PAUL RUBENS.

The center and capital of "the land of Rubens," as that consummate literary critic Busken Huet calls Belgium, is Brussels, a city which reminds the traveler at once of Kioto in Japan and of Paris in France. With its river, its plain, its hills, its general outlook upon the landscape it reminds one of the mikado's city, with which it shares the same length of history. When the Hei-An-Jo or Castle of Peace, which became the Kio To, or premier city, was built in the heart of Japan, eleven centuries ago, there is mentioned in the old Belgic chronicles "a village in the marshes" (*broek*, marsh; *sele*, a cluster of habitations), and a century later the cross was reared upon a Christian church. Then, as for ages since, Bruges, with its canal leading to the sea, was the great mart of the country; and Ghent, according to the famous *mot* of the French king, is a glove big enough to hold Paris inside it. Situated on the great highway between the coast cities, Bruges and Ghent on the one side, and Cologne and interior Germany on the other, Brussels grew to be the center of fertile Brabant. Princes and nobles built their palaces on the wooded heights and hunted the wild boar in the luxuriant forests, while down below lived the traders and the humbler folk. The upper folks spoke French, the lower, German. There, in the contrast of language and modes of life on height and plain, we see an historic object-

STATUE OF RUBENS, ANTWERP.

THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

lesson, giving us at once in perspective the past ethnic history of the southern Netherlands, while it also foreshadows their future and explains to-day the critical problem of the nation. It further explains the structural weakness of the kingdom, and why the Belgians have no nationality in the sense that the Germans or French or English have.

Near so powerful a disturbing force as France and so potent a magnet as Paris, the men on the heights, the noblemen, their retainers, followers, tenants, and servants, speak the French language, read French books, borrow French costumes, and are influenced all the way through by French models. On the other hand the traders, manufacturers, mechanics, and farmers inherit and further borrow German ideas and models and adhere tenaciously to their ancestral Teutonic speech. In medieval days Dutch and German were one language. Then, as now, the fashionable, official, and most influential language and portion of the community was Walloon. A "Walloon" is nothing more than a "Gaul-on." The change of *g* into *w* is seen not only in "gild-helm," which becomes "William," or in "war-man," which becomes "guerre-man" or "German," but in "wal-nut," "Welsh," and "Corn-wall"—recalling also the ancient days when Welshmen or Wallachians were "foreigners" to the Teutonic people; that is, they were Roman, or had adopted Roman manners or customs. In our country we recognize in

PALACE OF THE NATIONS, BRUSSELS.

"Wallabout Bay," Brooklyn, the "Walloon's Boght," or the corner or bay where the Walloons, or first emigrants from the Netherlands, settled. To the Dutchman this was the "foreigner's" bay or bend, the Walloons being "foreigners" to the pure Dutch, even as American-born Spanish people are creoles to the Spaniards. Strictly speaking, the Walloons are the very much mixed descendants of the Belgii who defied Cæsar. "There was a cool, persistent temperament quite opposed to that of the Gauls of purely Celtic blood, a temperament which, allied with Dutch sturdiness, gave a basis for character not to be surpassed."

To-day forty-one per cent of the Belgians speak French, or, more properly, Walloon, while forty-five per cent of the people speak Flemish, or Belgian Dutch. Since the Middle Ages the Saxon has become English, the Low German, Dutch, or Flemish, and the High German, modern German. In the early Middle Ages all these were one speech. A German does not understand Flemish, or Belgian Dutch, though a Hollander does not have much trouble with it. Though the Walloons are in the minority, France turns the scale of influence. Further, there is a large school of Belgian writers who use the French language, the country is flooded with cheap re-prints from the French, the leading papers are published in the French language, and the artistic, literary, and linguistic influence of Paris is overwhelming. The cosmopolitanism of the French writers is also very corrosive against all attempts to cherish purely local or national ideals. Hence, the Flemings, who are somewhat in the majority, do not get their language recognized as they would like in government, courts, schools, or by the country at large. Nor are they likely to do so while lacking a great literature in the Flemish tongue. Nevertheless, in four provinces Flemish is almost wholly spoken.

BOULEVARD ANSPACH, BRUSSELS.

This ethnological and linguistic problem of Belgium is the greatest of all. The Walloon is ultra-Catholic, the Fleming only nominally so. The one is agricultural and the other manufacturing and industrial. The two elements are different in race, temperament, religious loyalty, and economic interests. Herein lies Belgium's great danger of national disintegration.

The most popular writer in Flemish was the celebrated novelist Hendrik Conscience,

THE CITY HALL, BRUSSELS.

born in Antwerp on December 30, 1812. His works, in nine volumes, contain over one hundred romances. These picture with marvelous faithfulness, and with tender sympathy and illuminating pathos, the humble life of the Belgian villagers. Among his writings are also histories and historical sketches which, while far from satisfying the critical student and man of research, delight the natives. As against the glamours of French influence, the Fleming loves to recall the splendors and achievements of his Teutonic forefathers in these lowlands which are his home. Hendrik Conscience died in Brussels on the 10th of September, 1883. On first visiting Antwerp I looked eagerly around to find some memorial of the Belgian Charles Dickens, but was disappointed to find only a rather shabby looking statue of Conscience set into a scant lot between two houses. Theodore Van Ryswijk, a Flemish poet who died in 1849, has also a monument in another part of the city, which I saw in passing. The statue of Conscience, by Joris, now stands in front of the Municipal Museum.

Space does not allow more than passing allusion to the wonderful school of Flemish painters, who in *genre* (subject or incident) are second to none in the world. These are perhaps best studied in the capital, to which we now travel with our readers in imagination. The likeness between Brussels and Paris is too strong to be accidental. This charming municipality, rich in marble and gilded architecture, is governed admirably with that mixture of ultra-conservatism and the spirit of progress which makes Belgium so worthy of study by the American. During this year,

PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

1897, an international exposition under the patronage of His Majesty the king of the Belgians is being held in the beautiful city, having been opened on April 24. It is to be kept going at least six months. It includes the works of art, science, industry, and agriculture of the contributing nations, and especially an exhibition of the products of New Africa.

Travel alone will not give a foreigner very much insight into Belgian home life, and even the little experience which the writer has had among friends in Ghent does not allow him to speak with authority, yet many of his impressions of Belgian life are distinctly pleasing. There is a spirit of courtesy manifest among all classes which is quite delightful, and a love of politeness and ceremony with which we Americans cannot be said to be burdened. The Belgians seem never to be in a hurry, but always to have the time for polite greetings and conversation. Indeed the notice which even the errand boy and child bearing a message require of the man of business, whose moments are valuable, is something which over-busy Americans would not tolerate. The time and attention given to the vital matters of weddings and funerals is indeed astonishing to Yankees who carry split-second watches, while the quality and quantity of the stationery consumed for various domestic events and episodes, as our collection shows, would delight the heart of our paper-sellers and engravers. Everything is arranged, not only in the cities but throughout all the rural regions, to give employment to as many people as possible. Labor-saving machines do not seem to be in demand. Both the domestic and commercial establishments have many more persons figuring both on their pay-roll and in actuality than in our country. Hence, where everything throughout the kingdom is more crowded than in our broad land, more of the oil of politeness and the lubrication of courtesy seem to be an absolute necessity, and with the Belgians is not lacking.

A praiseworthy institution peculiar to the Netherlands are the *Beguinages*, institutions for the honorable self-maintenance of women of all social ranks, who also assist the needy and care for the sick. Founded in the thirteenth century, the *Beguinages* have weathered all the revolutions that have wrecked many other things medieval, and they still flourish. Whether named from St. Begga, mother of Pepin, from Le Beque, a priest, or from the word *beggen*, to beg, these "nunneries" for single women or widows of spotless character promote active religious life. They were formerly numerous all over the Netherlands, north and south, but are now almost wholly in Belgium. Of the twenty or so still remaining, with thirteen hundred members, about one thousand are in Ghent; and here with a Flemish friend, wife of one of the university professors, I paid a visit to one of the largest and most famous. Thackeray has somewhere described their worship, which is held twice or thrice daily. Then the display of black robes, white linen headgear, and pure rosy faces in rapt devotion, seen in the dim religious light—the novices wearing also wreaths on their heads—is very impressive. The spotless cleanliness of everything is noticeable. To call about "coffee-time," that is, shortly after the midday meal, is to find, as my experience goes, very chatty, pleasant ladies, who know how to make superb lace handkerchiefs.

No country is more interesting to the traveler, because of its wealth of historic and artistic associations, its excellent government, its charming costumes, manners, and customs, the comfort of travel and transportation, the cheapness of the necessaries of life, the beauty of its cities, the splendor of its cathedrals, and the charm of its civic architecture. Think of it! Here is a country having an area of less than twelve thousand square miles, or one fourth of North Carolina, in which live over six millions of people, so that in some places there are over seven hundred to the square mile, and yet they live peaceably and comfortably. The struggle for existence may indeed require unceasing industry, thrift, and foresight; but then, the people are used to these, and the general comfort and average richness of life make a notable triumph of civilization. They have a king, but they have also manhood suffrage, and the sovereign is their servant and friend beloved, who addresses his people as "messieurs"—gentlemen. When the Liberals secured the extension of the franchise they were surprised at finding the first result an overwhelming Conservative victory.

As I pen the closing lines of this article I read of the announcement that the king of the Belgians has offered an international prize of twenty-five thousand francs, to be awarded in 1901 for the best work on the military history of the Belgians from the time of the Roman invasion to the present day. The writers may use the English, Spanish, Italian, German, French, or Flemish language. Truly a grand theme! May some reader of THE CHAUTAUQUAN win the prize.

HERBERT SPENCER: AN EPISODE.

BY FOSTER COATES.

MY first glimpse of Herbert Spencer was as he leaned over a billiard-table in the Athenæum Club in London two years ago. I had been trying very hard for a week to arrange for an interview with him. My first move was to write to him directly, telling him frankly that I was in London for the purpose of gathering material for magazine and newspaper articles, and that I wanted to talk with him about his life, his work, and the social conditions of the day. I had been advised that Mr. Spencer would not, under any circumstances, see newspaper writers.

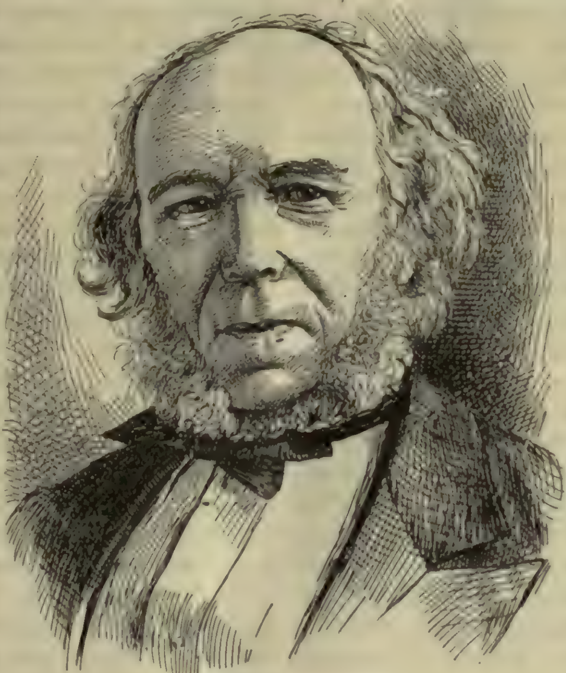
My brutally frank request must have paralyzed him, for in a day or two I received a finely worded reply from his secretary, written on the back of a printed note sheet stating that Mr. Spencer made it an invariable rule not to see members of the fourth estate. His secretary emphasized this fact not less elegantly than did the printed matter on the other page. Of course it was not necessary for me to reply, yet I felt it would be prudent to do so, and therefore wrote a brief note explaining that I had no desire to intrude and had hoped only to give to the American public a brief insight into the every-day life of one whose work had received more encouragement in the United States than in any other part of the world.

Very promptly, indeed the next day, I received a note in the same little round hand of Mr. Spencer's gifted secretary, saying that Mr. Spencer had read my communication with interest but still felt that he had nothing to tell. But, it was added, if I happened to be in the region of the Athenæum Club at three o'clock on any afternoon perhaps Mr. Spencer would be there. I was in the region of the Athenæum Club at three o'clock that very afternoon—to be exact it was two minutes of three. I sent in my card and was told, with the usual Turveydrop obsequiousness of the English club servant, that Mr. Spencer was playing billiards. I was not horrified or shocked; I was speechless. Never in the wildest flight of my imagination had I pictured Herbert Spencer playing billiards!

The servant departed and returned in a few minutes to say that Mr. Spencer would see me in the billiard-room.

As I passed in I saw a rather stout, well-kept man, with grayish side whiskers, grayish hair, and pink and white cheeks, bending over the table and trying to pocket a ball. He did not at the moment look like a philosopher. He was dressed in the conventional style of the English banker. His silk hat was shiny, his trousers were dark gray and creased just the same as the trousers of any other well-to-do Englishman. His cutaway coat was black and well fitting. His stomach was comfortable looking, and from the brown "spats" over his shoes to the tip of his hat he looked a prosperous, contented Englishman who had found the world going very well with him and who had a tin box full of consols laid aside for the proverbial "rainy day."

Mr. Spencer greeted me cordially, and during the next few minutes he chatted off and on about the weather, and explained that he would be at leisure when he had finished his game, and we could sit down quietly for a chat. I had not long to wait. Mr. Spencer does not know as much about billiards as he does about philosophy, but he managed to "scratch out" in fair shape. Then he conducted me up-stairs to the library and sat down in a comfortable leather-bottomed chair and proceeded to interview me. He asked me a great many questions about America, about New York, about the American people, about Boston, about our newspapers and our magazines, about our social conditions, and about politics. When it came my turn to ask questions I found that he shied off like a fractious colt. He explained that he really had nothing to say to the public. This coyness was not feigned; he acted like one who did not care to have the search-light put upon his affairs. Nevertheless he was amenable to reason, and in the course of the next hour went over a great many topics which he has elaborated in his life-work, the "Synthetic Philosophy," recently completed.


HERBERT SPENCER.

"We are on the eve," said Mr. Spencer, "of a social revolution." As he said this he looked at me calmly and added, "I have a mind to change that and make it 'the eve of another French Revolution.'" He spoke about the chasm, ever widening, between the rich and the poor. It was the old story, in which the rich were getting richer and poor poorer. He was a pessimist of the pessimists. He believed that we had fallen upon evil days. He was visibly disturbed at the prospect. He saw the cloud of trouble in the horizon. He said frankly that he did not believe the American republic had solved its greatest problems. The nation had passed through many trials, but he foresaw a struggle between the masses and the classes—a struggle that might be avoided for a time, but which would have to be fought out in the end.

Of the American people he spoke highly, and dwelt earnestly upon the fact that his works had received attention in the New World much earlier and more extensively than in the Old. He referred to his trip to this country, the honors showered upon him by literary men, and spoke most encouragingly of our literature as a whole. Concerning the daily newspapers he was not enthusiastic. Of the magazines he said that they compared more than favorably with the magazines produced in any other country. He discussed men and matters on both sides of the Atlantic with a good deal of freedom; told me about his own works, the opposition he had encountered, the break-down of his health, and when I rose to leave he was not in the least the awful ogre I had imagined him to be upon reading the first letter from the secretary. He followed me to the door, shook me warmly by the hand, invited me to call again whenever I was in the neighborhood, gave me some messages to friends in

America, and made me promise that I would send him for revision a copy of the interview.

I had taken copious notes, and my stenographer was to meet me at my hotel, where I was to dictate the matter at once. Up to this moment it had been easy work. Mr. Spencer had acted like a delightful elder brother, and had been at considerable pains to explain in detail many things that I had asked him. In an hour after leaving the great philosopher I had dictated the interview and had instructed my stenographer to take it at once, for revision, to Mr. Spencer's house in Regent's Park.

I did not see that stenographer again. He disappeared, and I was wondering what had become of him, and what had become of my interview, when I received a rather sharp letter from Mr. Spencer, in his own hand, drawing my attention to the fact that he had not yet received the matter for revision, and bluntly asking me if I intended to print the article without letting him see it. I hurriedly explained by note that I had forwarded the manuscript but had not seen the stenographer since, so was at a loss to know what had become of it. I never found out; and at the expiration of a week I had received three more letters from Mr. Spencer, each couched in a little more vigorous English than the one preceding, and there was nothing to do but go to the Athenæum Club and admit frankly what I believed was true, that the stenographer had fallen by the wayside and the manuscript was lost to the world.

Mr. Spencer received me affably, listened calmly to my explanation, and seemed somewhat annoyed that I should have been put out in that way. I promised to return the next day with a competent and reliable man, so that there would be no doubt about the matter's being taken down word for word, just as it was uttered. I had told him that I could remember pretty nearly his answers to my questions, but he scoffed at the idea, and told me to come on the following day, ask the questions anew, and he would take pleasure in replying.

And this I did. I found a competent stenographer who had been engaged for years in the House of Commons. I took him aside for five minutes before we entered the club. I told him what a great man Mr. Spencer was. He was inclined to argue the point with me. He did not think that all Mr. Spencer said was interesting. I had told him that I would ask the questions, Mr. Spencer would reply, and that I wanted him to take down every word that was uttered. This stenographer was one of those men who believe in saving time by epitomizing lengthy dialogues. I warned him again and again, and finally in a weakened condition timidly rang the bell at the entrance of the club and told the servant that I had an appointment with Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Spencer led me to a comfortable couch and sat himself down in a corner. This did not impress me favorably. I wanted my stenographer in that corner, myself in the other corner, and Mr. Spencer between us. With considerable trepidation I suggested that this arrangement would be easier for all of us. The great philosopher readily assented. And then came another trial of my life. The man with the note-book did not do as he was told. Mr. Spencer had been talking for perhaps four or five minutes, yet there was no note-book or pencil in sight. Perspiration was breaking out all over me. Finally in sheer desperation I turned to the stenographer and said: "Will you not, please, take this conversation word for word, as I requested?" In the most affable way this Englishman beamed upon me and replied, "Surely you don't want me to take this sort of talk!" I was compelled to explain once more that every word Mr. Spencer said was worth its weight in gold, and that I did not want a single sentence lost.

And then we started in. We went over the familiar ground, as I have before described. The subject was in a position from which he could not get away; he could not retreat in either direction. We held him in our grasp for quite an hour. I asked him all sorts of questions. It seemed to me that we discussed everything, from the beginning of the world to its possible end.

When we rose to go I promised Mr. Spencer that he should have the manuscript in his hands that evening. I went at once with the stenographer and saw the notes properly transcribed. I carried the copy myself to the philosopher's home, saw him again, and left it, and he promised to return it in a few days, with such corrections or amendments as he might desire to make. On the third day he sent me a line saying he had not yet finished the work, but would do so shortly. In three days more I received the manuscript. There was little left of the original work. It was cut, gashed, interlined, written over, written under, amended, annotated—indeed it had been born again. It was evident that the utmost pains had been spent upon every sentence. Not a statement was made that was not capable of verification. The whole system of his life was apparent in this work. I knew then, better than I had ever known before, how he had succeeded in the face of so many obstacles. Every sentence had been smoothed out carefully. It was a remarkably strong piece of work.

As I was going on the Continent for a few weeks, I sent Mr. Spencer a note saying that the article would not be published until my return to America, and that I would then send him some copies of it. I gave him the date of my sailing from Liverpool. When I reached the steamer I found a note from him recalling my promise and saying that he wanted me to be sure to send him half a dozen copies of the article.

After I had been in New York a week I received a cablegram from him, refreshing my memory, and before the article was printed I had two more cablegrams, showing his deep interest in the matter and, above all, his desire to be accurately reported.

Of Mr. Spencer's private life the world knows little. He lives at No. 64 Avenue Road, Regent's Park. He is seventy-six years of age. He was born in that garden spot in lovely England, Derbyshire, where all American travelers stop, either on their way from Liverpool to London or from London to Liverpool. His father was a teacher. There was nothing remarkable to distinguish young Spencer from any other lad of his day. He was interested in a variety of subjects, including insects, and it is on record that for years the rearing of caterpillars, the catching and preserving of winged insects, and making drawings of them, were his regular occupations.

His father was a philosopher and the two made many experiments together. When he was thirteen he was sent to study with his uncle, who was rector of a church near by. He devoted his time to mathematics, and after a three years' course he returned to his father's house and began his studies for the great work of his life. At sixteen years of age he was an adept in geometry. At seventeen he was a civil engineer, and from that on he began to take more regular studies in mathematical and miscellaneous works. He made a botanical press and an herbarium, and practiced drawing and modeling. From these he went on to inventive schemes of all kinds, including experiments in watch-making and machinery, in the manufacture of type, a new printing-press, and so forth. Of course the bent of his mind was toward a literary life. He made an effort to secure work in London and failed. Then he returned to engineering. Meanwhile he contributed to the periodicals of the day many articles of interest to engineers and architects.

Along about 1850 he secured a position as writer for the *Economist*, and subsequently contributed to various reviews elaborate papers on what has since come to be known as the "doctrine of evolution." Of his works every reader knows something. At his greatest, indeed his undying effort, the "Synthetic Philosophy," the world at the moment is pausing in astonishment and wonder.

When he contemplated this work Mr. Spencer estimated that it would require at least twenty years of toil. This would give two years to each of the ten volumes outlined in his plan. Instead, however, thirty-six years were occupied closely, laboriously, in what is recognized as the greatest study in modern philosophy. This was done in the face of opposition that very few men would have braved. Literary England knew little and cared less about the great plan. The author was broken down in health. He had no fixed income. The reading public had not given him any support. The prospect was discouraging in the extreme. Yet he went about the labor carefully, studiously, agreeing to work three hours each day. But this he found after awhile was quite impossible. He became a victim to insomnia. Sometimes he would not be able to write more than one paragraph in twenty-four hours. But he kept bravely at his task, paying no heed to what the world was saying or doing, shunning society, marking out his own line in life and determining to reach the top of the hill if life lasted.

Mr. Spencer is neither a Cambridge nor an Oxford man. He owes nothing to either of the great colleges; he owes more to his father and his uncle, and to his own correct mode of living and thinking, than to any other agency. While it is true that he has been a sufferer, he is neither a recluse nor an ascetic. It is said that he was fond of fishing and that in the old days he even engaged in bowling on the green. I have seen him play billiards. He cares little for general reading, but is fond of music and good plays. He has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, of course, wherever books are read. He is loved and respected everywhere. He has written much on topics of the hour, lectured some, and traveled a great deal. His home is large, roomy, and comfortable. His last days are passing in pleasantness and peace.

Spencer's synthesis, at its beginning almost a hopeless task, has turned out to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, literary and philosophic mile-stone of the nineteenth century's progress. It is not too much to say that his system of philosophy is the most comprehensive wrought by any one thinker since the days of Plato. In the centuries to come he will be appreciated at his full worth. The recognition which he has received has been tardily, grudgingly given, but when the glories of the Victorian Age are summed up, chief among them will be the life-work of this great thinker who toiled on, uncomplainingly, for so many years. Monuments in bronze and stone there be, all over England, to soldiers, poets, statesmen, bankers, and merchants, but these will crumble and fade away and be forgotten, while the fame of Spencer will grow and his wisdom will live through all the ages.

SOCIETY IN THE COW COUNTRY.*

BY E. HOUGH.

THE West in the good old times, before the influx of the so-called better classes, was a great and lovable country. We go back to it yet in search of that vigorous individuality which all men love. In the cities men are much alike, and, for the most part, built upon rather a poor pattern of a man. The polish of generations wears out fiber and cuts down grain, so that eventually we have a finished product with little left of it except the finish. In modern life the test of survival is much a question of the money a man is able to make. The successful money-maker can buy a part of the desirable things of life, and he may found a family, the latter, perhaps, not begun in love and mutual admiration of person so much as in admiration of the tangible evidences of that which is called success. Men do not love women because they are rich, nor do women admire men because they are rich; and, after all, the only problems of life are those of bread and butter and of love. All the rest is a mere juggling of these two. Such is the society of the artificial life of large communities. In the West the individual reigned, and there had not been established any creed of sandpaper.

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* From "The Story of the Cowboy." Copyright 1897 by D. Appleton & Co.

Among the little cow towns of the frontier the searcher for vivid things might have found abundance of material. Society was certainly a mixed matter enough. It was a womanless society for the most part, hence with some added virtues and lost vices, as well as with certain inversions of that phase. The inhabitants might be cowboys, half-breeds, gamblers, teamsters, hunters, freighters, small storekeepers, petty officials, dissipated professional men. The town was simply an eddy in the troubled stream of western immigration, and it caught the odd bits of driftwood and wreck—the flotsam and jetsam of a chaotic flood.

In the life of a modern business community a man must beware of too much wisdom. The specialist is the man who succeeds, and having once set his hand to an occupation one dare never leave it, under penalty of failure in what he has chosen as his life-work. In the West all this was different. Versatility was a necessity. The sucessful man must know how to do many things. The gleanings of any one field of activity were too small to afford a living of themselves. This fact was accepted by the citizens of the country, sometimes with the grim humor which marked the West. A young lawyer in a western town had out a sign which read, "John Jones, Attorney-at-Law. Real Estate and Insurance. Collections promptly attended to at all hours of the day or night. Good Ohio cider for sale at 5 cents a glass." A storekeeper had on his window the legend, "Wall Paper and Marriage Licenses," thus announcing two commodities for which there was but very small demand. One of the prominent citizens of such a town was a gambler, a farmer, a fighter, and a school-teacher all in one. There seemed to the minds of the inhabitants of the country nothing incongruous in this mixing up of occupations, it being taken for granted that a man would endeavor to make a living in the ways for which he seemed best fitted.

In any early cow town or mining-camp of the West there was sure to be a man from Leavenworth. No apparent reason for this curious fact seems ever to have been given, yet it is certainly true that no such town ever was settled without a man from Leavenworth to take part in the inauguration. He was apt afterward to be one of the town officers. He was nearly always a lawyer, or claimed to have once been one. He was sure to be the first justice of the peace, and in that capacity of high dignity presented an interesting spectacle. The early western justice of the peace was a curious being at best. Apt to be fully alive to his own importance, he presided at his sessions with a wisdom and solemnity not to be equaled in the most august courts of the land. It was rarely that the justice knew much law, but he nearly always was acquainted with the parties to any suit and with the prisoner who happened to be at the bar, and usually he had a pretty accurate idea of what he was going to do with the case before it came up for trial. It may have been such a justice as this of whom the story is told that he made the defendant's lawyer sit down when he arose to reply to the arguments of the prosecution, saying that the counsel's talk served to "confuse the mind of the court." Yet the frontier justice of the peace usually came well within the bounds of common sense in his decisions.

The first female inhabitants of a cow town were sure to come from Kansas. The family from Kansas nearly always came in a wagon, and there were usually two or three girls, sure to become objects of admiration for a large cowboy contingent in a short period of time. One by one the girls from Kansas disappeared down the tortuous road of matrimony, yet still the supply seemed unexhausted, more girls coming from Kansas in some mysterious way.

There was always a sheriff in a cow town, and he was always the same sort of man—quiet, courageous, just, and much respected by his fellow men. The public of the cow town had little real respect for the courts, and the judicial side of the law was sometimes farcical; but, by some queer inversion of the matter, all had respect for the executive side of the law, and indeed recognized that side alone as the law itself. The sheriff was the law. He was worthy of this feeling, for nearly always he was a strong and noble nature, worthy of an unqualified admiration.

There was always a barber in a cow town, and when a town was so run down that it could not support a barber it was spoken of with contempt. There might not be any minister of the Gospel or any church, but there were two or three saloons, which served as town hall and general clubrooms, being the meeting places of the inhabitants. There was no dentist or doctor, though there might be a druggist, who kept half a dozen or so jars and bottles.

There was always a little newspaper, a whimsical, curious little affair, which lived in some strange fashion, and whose columns showed a medley of registered and published brands and marks for the members of the cattle association living in that district, this business being almost the only source of revenue for the newspaper. Of news there was none, except such as all men knew. The editor of the paper had a certain prestige in political matters, but led withal an existence properly to be termed extrahazardous. This paper was ground out from the hand-press every week, or almost every week, with a regularity which under the circumstances was very commendable. Sooner or later, if one paper began to make more than a living, another paper came in, and then life assumed an added interest with the inhabitants. Both papers were then read, so that everybody might see what one editor was saying of the other.

One of the owners of the saloons was sure to be a gambler as well as a dispenser of fluids. He had more money than anybody else, and also a surer chance of sudden death. He always killed one or two men before his own time came, but his time came some day. If it seemed that the gambler's partner was getting too "bad" to be needed in the economy of the town, he was asked to "move on," and this he was wise enough to do. Another gambler came in then.

The lawyer of the town was something of a personage. His library did not amount to much, consisting probably of not more than two or three books—not very many, for one cannot carry many books when on foot, and the lawyer nearly always walked into town; but the lawyer had all the authorities in his head, and so did not need a library. The lawyer was naturally a candidate for the territorial council, for county assessor, or anything else that had any pay attached to it. Of strictly legal work there was not much to do, but the lawyer always remembered his dignity, and you could always tell him in a crowd, for he was the only man in the town who did not wear "chaps" or overalls. He had no occasion to prosecute or defend any client for theft, for everybody in that country was afraid to steal, and burglary was a crime unknown. It was rarely that a man was prosecuted for horse-stealing; never unless the sheriff got to him first. A "killing" sometimes gave the lawyer a chance, but this was not a thing to make much stir about.

The cow town was very proud of any public improvements, very resentful of any attempt to cast slight upon such improvements, and very jealous of the pretensions of any other town of its neighborhood. It being rumored that a certain foothills city over toward the edge of the range was to have a railroad tunnel which would add to its attractions, it was gravely suggested by the citizens of a rival town located well out on the plains that the latter should also have a tunnel, and not allow itself to be surpassed in the race of progress "by any one-armed sheep-herding village." The county surveyor lost popularity because he tried to point out how expensive it would be to construct a tunnel out on the prairie.

The first coal-burning stove, the first piano, the first full-length mirror to come to town made each an occasion of popular rejoicing.

One time there came to a certain cow town on the range a Missouri family who brought along a few hogs, about half a dozen young porkers of very ordinary appearance, but which none the less became the objects of a popular ovation, as being the first hogs ever brought in on the range, and an attraction which it was not pretended could be duplicated by the rival town over in the foothills. These hogs were the pride of the settlement for some time, until at an evil hour they chanced to be spied by a drunken cowpuncher, who was visiting town that day and enjoying himself according to his lights. When the cowpuncher saw these new and strange creatures in the streets of the town, he at once went back to his horse, got his rifle from his saddle, and forthwith inaugurated a hunt after them, this resulting in the early and violent death of all the "shotes."

No one objected in the least to his shooting in the streets, for that was the privilege of all men; but it was voted a public offense to kill those hogs. The cowpuncher was censured by some of the citizens, including the druggist, who at that time was pleasantly intoxicated himself, and he would have killed the druggist had not the latter pleaded that he was not armed. The cowpuncher, very fairly, it must be acknowledged, told the druggist to go back to his store and get his gun, and then to come on and they would have their little matter out together. With this invitation the druggist complied, and soon appeared at the corner of his cabin, six-shooter in hand, calling to the cowpuncher to come on down the street and be killed like a gentleman. The street was properly cleared for the accommodation of the two.

At this moment there appeared on the scene the sheriff of the county, who had concluded that this was a matter of sufficient note to warrant his interference. The sheriff was a large, burly man, who spoke very little at any time and was now quite silent as he walked up the street steadily, without any hurry, into a line directly between the hostile forces. His hands, with the thumbs lightly resting in his belt, made no move toward the long guns which hung at each side. His face was quite calm and stolid, with a certain dignity not easy to forget. He was not afraid, but he knew what was to be done. He walked up the street slowly, never hastening a step, until finally he reached the place where the cowpuncher stood, the latter having been puzzled by the slow and quiet advance until he had forgotten to begin shooting, though the druggist continued to shout out defiance. The sheriff said nothing, and made no attempt to pull his gun, or to cover his man in the style usually mentioned in lurid western literature. He simply reached out his hand and took the cowpuncher's rifle away from him, setting it down against the side of a near-by house. Then he said: "Now, Jack, you d—d little fool you, I don't want no more of this. You go on down to my house an' go to bed to onct, an' don't you come out till you git plumb sober. Go on, now." And Jack went.

The sheriff then went on down to the druggist, who had by this time slipped into his store and hid his gun. Him the sheriff rated well as a disturber, but did not take in charge at all. The loss of the "shotes" was generally lamented, but on the following morning Jack apologized about that, paid for the "shotes," invited everybody to drink to their memory, and at the suggestion of friends he and the druggist shook hands over the matter and forgot all about it. This affair of course never got into the courts, as indeed why should it? The settlement reached was eminently the wisest and most effectual thing that could have been done, and showed well enough the sterling common sense of the sheriff, who retained the friendship of all parties.

In the rude conditions of the society of the frontier the man of "sand" was the man most respected. If one allowed himself to be "run over" by the first person, he might as well be prepared to meet the contempt of all the others. Sooner or later a man was put to the test and "sized up" for what sort of timber he contained. If he proved himself able to take care of himself, he was much less apt to meet trouble thereafter. The stranger in the cow town was at first troubled when he heard of a "killing" next door to him, but soon he became accustomed to such things and came to think little of them. It is not the case that all the dwellers on the frontier were brave men, but courage is much a matter of association, and comes partly from habit after long acquaintance with scenes of danger and violence. The citizens of the cow town all wore guns, and did not feel fully dressed without such appurtenances. There was but one respectable way of settling a quarrel. It was not referred to the community, but to the individual, for in that land the individual was the supreme arbiter.

Sometimes in the winter season society in the cow town would be enlivened by a ball. Such an occasion was a singular and somewhat austere event, and one which it would be difficult to match to-day in all the land. The news of the coming ball spread after the mysterious fashion of the plains, so that in some way it became known in a short time far and wide across the range. The cowboys fifty miles away were sure to hear of it and to be on hand, coming horseback from their ranches, each man clad in what he thought was his best. The entire populace of the cow town was there, the ballroom being the largest room to be found in the town, wherever that might chance to be. Refreshments were on hand, sometimes actually cake, made by the fair hands of the girls from Kansas. A fiddler was obtained from some place, and this well-meaning, if not always melodious, individual was certain to have a hard night's work ahead of him.

Of course there was a great scarcity of lady partners, for the men outnumbered the women a dozen to one. No woman, whatever her personal description, needed to fear being slighted at such a ball. There were no wallflowers on the range. The Mexican washerwoman was sure of a partner for every dance, and the big girl from Kansas, and the little girl from Kansas, the wife of the man from Missouri, and all the other ladies of the country there assembled were fairly in danger of having their heads turned by the praise of their own loveliness.

The dancing costume of the men was various, but it was held a matter of course if a cowboy chose to dance in his regulation garb, "chaps," spurs, and all. In the more advanced stages of society it became etiquette for a gentleman to lay aside his gun when engaging in the dance, but he nearly always retained a pistol or knife somewhere about him, for he knew there might be occasion to use it.

Between dances the cowpuncher entertained his fair one with the polite small talk of the place: surmises that the weekly mail had been delayed by some mule's getting "alkalied over on the flats"; talk of the last hold-up of the mail; statistics of the number of cattle shipped last year, and the probable number to be shipped this; details of the last "killing" in the part of the country from which the cowpuncher came, etc. It sometimes happened that the lady was not averse to sharing with her escort a bit of the liquid refreshments that were provided. The effects of this, the stir of the dancing, the music, the whirl and go of it all, so unusual in the experience of most of the attendants, kept things moving in a fashion that became more and more lively as the hours passed by.

Out of this ball, as out of other balls, were sure to arise happiness, heartburnings, jealousies, and some marriages. An engagement on the plains was usually soon followed by a marriage, and such an engagement was not made to be broken; or if it was broken to the advantage of another man there was apt to be trouble over it between the men. Sometimes the night of the ball did not pass without such trouble. Any such affair was apt to be handled most delicately in the next issue of the paper, although funeral notices were not customary there, the papers being printed only each week or so.

The cow town was sure to have among its dwellers some of the odd characters which drifted about the West in the old times, men who had somehow gotten a warp into their natures, and had ceased to fit in with the specifications of civilization. Some of these men were educated, and had known other conditions of life. Bitterer cynics never lived than some of these wrecks of the range. There was Tom O—, a cowpuncher, apparently as ignorant and illiterate as any man that ever walked, but who had his Shakespeare at his tongue's end, and could quote Byron by the yard. A cheerful fatalist, Tom accepted the fact that luck was against him, and looked upon life as the grimmest of jokes, prepared for his edification. No matter how ill his fortune, Tom never complained, even as he never hoped.

The foreman of the O T ranch was a good cowman, who stood well with the men of his own outfit and of the neighboring ranches. This man never at any time was known by any other name but that of "Springtime." His real name one cannot give, for it seems that no one ever thought of asking him what it was. "Springtime" was a quiet man, although at times given to meditative song. His song never got beyond the first line, which ran—

> Whe-e-en the springtime cometh, ge-e-ntle
> Annie-e-e-e!

His neighbors gave him the name "Springtime" in all gravity, as being the title by which he would be most readily and generally known.

Other citizens of the cow town were One-eyed Davis, and Hard-winter Johnson, and Cut-bank Bill, and Two-finger Haines, and Straight-goods Allen, and, of course, Tex and Shorty and Red, and all sorts of citizens whose names never got further along than that, unless in connection with their respective ranch brands.

No one seemed to take amiss these clinging nicknames, and indeed it was well to accept them without protest. A singular incident in a man's life, or a distinguishing personal peculiarity, was usually the origin of the name. In the simple and direct methods of thought which obtained it was considered wise to give a man a name by which he would be known easily and precisely. There might, indeed, have been a certain courtesy in this plains nomenclature. It was one of the jests of the later West to ask a man, "What was your name back in the States?" but this was never seriously done in the cow country of the early times, because it might have been one of the things one would rather have left unsaid. Too much personal curiosity was not good form, and met with many discouragements.

In short, the cow town of the good old times was a gathering of men of most heterogeneous sorts, a mass of particles which could not mix or blend. Of types there were abundance, for each man was a study of himself. He had lived alone, forced to defend himself and to support himself under the most varying and trying circumstances, very often cut off from all manner of human aid or companionship for months at a time. Needing his self-reliance, his self-reliance grew. Forced to be independent, his independence grew. Many of these men had been crowded out of the herd in the States, and had so wandered far away from the original pastures of their fellows. They met in the great and kindly country of the old West, a number of these rogues of the herd, and it was a rough sort of herd they made up among themselves. They could not blend; not until again the sweep of the original herd had caught up with them, and perforce taken them in again among its numbers. Then, as they saw the inevitable, as they saw the old West gone forever, leaving no place whither they might wander farther, they turned their hands to the ways of civilization, and did as best they could. In many cases they became quiet and useful and diligent citizens, who to-day resent the raking up of the grotesque features of their past, and have a contempt for the men who try to write about that past with feigned wisdom and unfeigned sensationalism.

Among those citizens of the old cow town were many strange characters, but also many noble ones, many lovable ones. A friend in that society was really a friend. Alike the basest and the grandest traits of human nature were shown in the daily life of the place. Honor was something more than a name, and truth something less than a jest. The cynicisms were large, they were never petty. The surroundings were large, the men were large, their character was large. Good manhood was something respected, and true womanhood something revered. We do very ill if we find only grotesque and ludicrous things in such a society as this. We might do well if we went to it for some of its essential traits—traits now so uncommon among us that we call them peculiarities.

Over this vast, unsettled region of the old West the cattle of the cowman roamed, and this wild grazing was almost the only possible industry of the country. Therefore the employments of the cowman's occupation were practically the only ones open to a man in search of a means of making a living. Almost everybody had at one time or another tried his hand at "punching cows," and therefore the little town which made the headquarters of the surrounding country was sure to have all the flavor of the range. Its existence, of course, depended upon the trade of the great ranches which lay about it, at distances, perhaps, of forty, fifty, or even nearly a hundred miles.

Now and then, therefore, the residents of the town would have the quiet of their daily lives broken by the visits of the men from the cow ranches, near or far. Then the merchant sold his goods, the saloon-keeper smiled with pleasure, the editor had use for his pencil, the lawyer stood in readiness, the justice of the peace pricked up his ears, and the coroner idly sauntered forth. The cowman was great. He was the baron of the range. Cheap cattle and still cheaper mavericks, free grass and free water, with prices always rising in the markets at the end of the drive—no wonder that the cowman was king and that money was free upon the range. No wonder that things were lively when the cow outfit rolled into town, and that the pleasantries of the men were tolerated. It was known that if they shot holes in the saloon looking-glasses they would come in the next day and settle for the damage, and besides throw the saloon open to the public. Those were the good old days—the days when one cowman rode into a restaurant and ordered "a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs" for his supper; or when a certain cowman who had just sold his beef drive to good advantage came home and "opened the town," ending his protracted season of festivities by ordering for himself at the little tumble-down hotel a bath of champagne, filled with the wine at five dollars a bottle. His wishes were complied with cheerfully, though the last champagne of the cow town went into the bath.

One can see it now, the little cow town of the far-away country, a speck on the great gray plain, the mountains lying beyond it, blue and calm, all about the face of nature looking on at it sleepily, through eyes half shut and amused, everywhere a strange, moving, thrilling silence—that mysterious, awful, fascinating silence of the plains, whose charm steals into the blood, never thereafter to be eliminated.

A SUNSET BREEZE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ALL of the livelong day there was scarcely a rustle of leaves,
The writhing river burned like a molten serpent of fire;
The reaper dropped his scythe, and the binder fled from his sheaves,
And a breeze on the throbbing brow was the world's supreme desire.

When the disk of the sun dipped down there sprang from out of the west
A sudden wafture of wind that crinkled the unmown grain;
The kine were glad in the field, and the bird was glad on the nest,
And the heart of the mother leaped that her prayer was not in vain.

For the sunset breeze stole in with healing upon its breath,
Winnowed the fevered air with a single sweetening sweep;
Out of the back-swung door slipped the pallid angel of death,
And lo! as the mother knelt, the baby smiled in its sleep.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

WHAT WE GAIN IN THE BICYCLE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE bicycle has taken what appears to be a firm and permanent hold upon popular esteem. At first, when we had but the old "ordinary," riding a wheel was at best a very dangerous venture. The "bicycle high with the slippery seat" could never have won the confidence of prudent people; nor was it possible to believe that public highways would ever be made smooth enough to give the rider a fair prospect when setting out for a journey. In fact the old "ordinary" was a tricky plaything only manageable by the expert rider, and women were left quite out of consideration when it come time to mount. A few "circus ladies" might have been seen perched aloft on a slim-tired, tipsy rim behind which danced a tiny hoop; but even they gazed wildly at the ground before them, expecting disaster and wondering why it had not already come.

It is very different now. The safety bicycle does not belie its name; it is safe when used with reasonable care—safe for man, woman, child, old people, invalids, everybody—and the charm of its motion makes one's first successful spin upon it a most memorable delight. Not everybody rides; but yet it may be said that the world is awheel, and the riders have the road.

Much has been written, not all of it intelligently, about how to ride with greatest comfort, grace, and safety. The first error I desire to expose is the somewhat prevalent notion that one must sit bolt upright in the saddle. Some person who knew as little about physiology as about the curve of beauty, proclaimed with oracular stupidity that to lean over the handle-bar could end in nothing but deadly disease to the rider, and that gracefulness of bearing absolutely required a vertical body. All of which is absurd, and has misled many bicyclists into the stiffest and most ridiculous of riding poses, giving them that self-conscious and over-braced appearance characteristic of the full-fledged duffer in all the departments of athletics.

Neither health nor grace can possibly keep company with such a rider. Free and deep breathing is interfered with when the leg-muscles are improperly strained, and in order to sit ramrod-straight in the saddle the bicycle rider must necessarily pedal almost altogether with the leg from the knee down, as his position gives him little control of the upper part of the legs. Most women have found this out at the sewing-machine; by leaning the body forward at a certain angle the thigh muscles receive proper bracing at the hip-joints and so are enabled to do their work without undue strain. Moreover, perfect breathing is not so much dependent upon a vertical back as upon a free chest. By leaning over the handle-bar just enough to thrust back the shoulder-points slightly, when the arms are nearly straight, you open your chest and give full play to your lungs. Of course I do not recommend the high-looped scorcher's position on the wheel; but even that is not so bad as the gate-post attitude affected by the advocates of the straight line of beauty; and what can be said of those who lean backward, with indrawn chin and arms reaching forward almost level with the shoulders?

On level, smoothly paved streets there is so little exertion in driving the wheel that ease of position and grace of movement are all that one need look to; but riding on country highways demands a considerable outlay of muscular force, and climbing a moderately steep hill will be found extremely exhausting to the woman of slight physical development unless she have excellent command of her wheel, which is impossible while sitting bolt upright. But there is no need to go rushing off to the other extreme, imitating trackmen and reckless scorchers by doubling the body like a half-shut jackknife and almost resting the chin on the top of the steering-post. A gentle and easeful inclination forward, just enough to balance the entire person when in vigorous action, is the perfect position, giving grace, comfort, and a healthful cooperation of the lungs, heart, nerves, and muscles. I have concluded my study of this subject by ascertaining that the "average person" will probably find a departure of about twenty degrees from the vertical nearly the best position for ordinary road riding. Of course not a little depends upon the physical make-up of the rider; but no person should sit vertically over the saddle, much less lean backward.

This trouble about learning a correct habit of sitting is well understood by horsemen, and the best teachers of the equestrian art never permit their pupils to hold themselves straight and stiff on horseback. But with the bicyclist (much more than with the horseman or equestrienne) the position is the key to everything. It controls heart-action, muscular movements, nerve-force, and breathing.

Having once mastered the best habit of riding (for good riding must be habitual) the wheelwoman has at her command a source of incomparable delight from which health, strength, and longevity are drawn into the centers of life. I am not so enthusiastic on the subject of wheeling, however, that I can call it the "best of all physical exercises." It is scarcely equal to walking, and it cannot be compared to archery, which is a combination of walking with perfect exercise of nearly every muscle in the body and arms.

The bicycle has a great advantage over archery on account of the quickness and ease with which one learns to ride, while to be a fair shot with the bow requires months and even years of assiduous training attended with considerable expense. Indeed it is not one in a hundred persons who can ever be a reasonably expert archer. The same may be said of fencing, with the additional remark that it is far too violent exercise for any save perfectly healthy and vigorous physiques. But bicycling may be learned in a week, and no persons save cripples and certain invalids are debarred from it. Add to this that it is the most exhilarating of all exercises, none excepted, and its case is made out, the secret of its universal popularity explained.

Women, perhaps more than men, are benefited by wheeling. Before the bicycle was perfected, horseback riding was the only outdoor exercise of the kind suited to feminine needs, and good, gentle, sound riding horses were hard to find, expensive to buy, and still more expensive to take care of, so that few women kept one. Good bicycles, although costly, seem to be within the means of almost every person; at all events hundreds and thousands of women and girls who never could have owned a horse go gaily over our streets and roads on bicycles that are quite equal in price to any but the finest Kentucky steeds. The good effect of this change from sedentary indoor life to free and exhilarating exercise in the open air is already quite noticeable even to the casual observer. Prejudice has rapidly given way before the fascinating progress of what at first seemed but the fad of an hour, and we have already become accustomed to seeing sunbrowned faces, once sallow and languid, whisk past us at every turn of the street. The magnetism of vivid health has overcome conservative barriers that were impregnable to every other force. And this is, let us hope, but the beginning of a revolution, humane and soundly rational, which will bring an era of vigorous physical life to women.

A little logical consideration will convince any fair mind that the charm of bicycling is not likely to prove evanescent. It has its source in an elemental, indestructible need of the human animal for swift and pleasurable movements. There is a sense of romance which comes of rapid flight. We have dreamed of it—we have felt it in yachting, in rowing, in the wild gallop on horseback, even in the swing of our childhood; but the wheel and the rider are one, as the centaur and his horse-body were one, and when the flight begins it is an intensely personal affair. All this great gain of speed comes from one's own feet; it is like treading the air with wings on one's heels; we skim the road as a swallow skims a stream, and the triumph of it thrills in blood and nerves.

Here arises the (possibly great) danger threatened by the bicycle. A fascination so strong usually bears a reserve of subtle evil somewhere in its influence. In another paper we may consider how to avoid developing this evil by a proper regard for correct dress, moderation in the use of the wheel, a healthful habit of riding, and many other points which careless persons are apt to overlook, and how to draw upon the bicycle for all its treasures of wholesome delight and usefulness.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST AS KEPT BY THE JAMAICAN DARKIES.

BY CARITA WARD.

THE 1st of August is observed as a public holiday among the Jamaica darkies. It is to them what the Fourth of July is to the American.* It is not, however, a day of general rejoicing, for the white people take no interest or part in it beyond giving their employees the essentials with which to celebrate.

It is the custom of every overseer or proprietor to give to the darkies employed on his property all the bamboo and cocoanut limbs of which the dancing booths are made, an ox to be barbicued, the necessary fuel to do this, a certain amount of Jamaica rum and *santa*† for drink, and sometimes he even supplies the music for the night's entertainment.

One of these celebrations as seen by an onlooker is very striking and decidedly picturesque. If one were to visit the spot chosen he would see before him a smooth space whose greensward looks like a rich green carpet (Jamaica grass is very different from the grass here, having a large, glossy blade and being closely interwoven or matted together) on which are several booths, forming a circle, made of bamboo and cocoanut limbs and decorated with the bright scarlet of the hybiscus and canna or Indian shot, toned down by the feathery, delicate looking blossom or arrow of the sugar-cane. In each booth is spread a long table on which are piled oranges, pineapples, mangoes, bananas, star apples, large platters filled with buns, breadfruit roasted and divided into sections, and plantains sliced and fried. In fact the table is groaning under its weight and is only waiting for the ox to be cooked. In the center of the space surrounded by the booths is the huge spit and fire over which is being roasted the whole ox, and squatting around are the darkies, looking what they are, a perfectly happy, contented crowd, and forming a gorgeous sight in their holiday attire. They are laughing and chatting, telling "duppee tories" (ghost-stories), and wonderful adventures with the much-dreaded myth "the rolling calf."

The proprietor is expected to visit each booth for a minute or two, making a general remark here and there, and to nominate the king and queen for the occasion, chosen by the villagers beforehand. The feasting—the real business of the day—commences by his inviting the king, queen, and retinue to be seated; he then makes a short speech in honor of the elected king and queen, closing with a right royal "three times three" to the queen of all monarchs, Her Majesty Victoria, queen of many climes and of the hearts of her subjects.

The noise, joking, and laughter which now follow are indeed "confusion worse confounded." Soon there remains nothing of eatables or drinkables, and the tables and benches are hustled out of the booths.

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* On August 1, 1834, slavery was abolished in the island of Jamaica, by the imperial act of William IV. of England.

† A drink made from rum and Seville orange juice.

Mounted on an impromptu platform will now be seen a stump orator, whose speeches would convulse the most sober-minded person in existence. These speeches are largely sprinkled with quotations and misquotations from the Bible, and under all peep out here and there some shrewd points, showing a clearer insight and keener wit than one would expect from that source. Frequently native proverbs, such as "Tan tuddy neber spoil dance," or "Rock stone in ribber bottom no feel sun hot," or "When cow no habe tail God Almighty brush fly," are brought in, and so opportunely as to be quite forcible.

Then follow glees of native composition, usually topical. The darkies' voices as a rule are full and rich, and are aided by a naturally correct ear, so that this singing is very enjoyable to the audience.

The booths now begin to be crowded again, and soon the scraping of many violins, the tinkling of the tambourines, and the booming sound of the big drum deaden all other sounds. A most striking scene follows. The dances are decidedly unique, sometimes resembling a heathenish war-dance, one central figure emerging and capering around like a lunatic in the worst stages of insanity, while at other times the poetry and grace of motion are simply entrancing.

The quaint bobs and courtesies and the dramatic but silent courting scenes enacted in the dance are charming. The man in dumb show appears to be using all his persuasive powers to overcome his partner's shyness, while she demurely coquets with him, in perfect time and harmony with the music. This scene is still prettier if it be an old couple dancing, for then the old-fashioned gestures, bobs, and dips are more gracefully intensified.

The dancing is kept up all night and only ceases with the rising sun.

Should you ask a Jamaica darky whether he is better off now that he is free than when he was a slave, if it happened to be a man old enough to remember the days of slavery the answer would invariably be: "Massa, me no know; me used to hab a bery good time during slabery; sometimes de driber was cross and used to whip con-sid'able, but tudder times tings warn't too bad. Old massa used to hab us come up to de great house eb'ry now and den and preach a sarmon powerful long about de sins ob de darkies and de duty we did hab to perform; den him would say: 'But on de whole you hab done your duty bery well. See dat you keep it up or you'll be sorry for it. Williams, take dis note to de still-house, and bookkeeper will give each man a drink and de women some ***santa***.' I tell you, massa, dose was good times, 'cause de rum did make us feel kind ob libely so we used to go to de trash house, start de fiddlers, and dance and sing till daylight. Now'days de times is changed; de young niggehs don't tink we old niggehs want good times and dey say we know notting—dat we don't eben know B from a bull's foot. Ah, massa, eddication is a fine ting, and freedom is a fine ting, but we used to hab some good times in old massa's day."

Should your question be repeated to a young darky, he would grin, showing every tooth in his head, and say: "I nebber was a slabe, massa, but I tank de Lord dat when I work a couple ob weeks, so dat de money jingle in me side pocket, I can go to me yard an' sit down till not a quatter leff, an' not a man can say, 'Hi, you lazy niggeh! go to wuck.' Yes, massa, freedom is a grand ting!"

His idea of freedom is that no one can compel him to work when he does not feel like it—and he very often does not feel like it; and as he has generally very little if any ambition, and no fear of starvation, in a land where nature is so prodigal with her gifts, he can and does take life very easy, perfectly contented if he has eight shillings ($2.00) in his pocket, as he knows that will last him and his family for housekeeping purposes for two, three, or even four weeks.

The darky's house consists usually of a thatched hut with three rooms—a general living-room and two bedrooms—half a dozen plates and dishes, a few mugs with inscriptions on them, two or three bright-colored glasses, and two iron pots, a black pan, and a shut can for cooking utensils. A kerosene tin or very large calabash gourds are used to bring and hold the necessary water from the pond, river, or spring.

The women do almost all the hard work among these people, as they look after the preparing, planting, and cultivating of the "provision ground," where all the vegetables—yams, cassavas, plantains, breadfruit, bananas, cocoas, etc.—are grown. These form the chief support of the family, both as food and as sale products. A darky wants no meat if only he can have a couple of cocoanuts (the oil of which is used in place of butter for both eating and cooking) or a few alligator pears, or some of the delicious *akee*.

Dear to the heart of every darky woman is "market day," when she can put on a dress starched stiff enough to stand alone, tie on her head a large many-colored handkerchief in lieu of a hat, and set out, carrying a pair of shoes slung over her shoulders, to be put on when near the town. On top of her head is placed a wad called a "cotta," on which rests the very heavy load which she carries, balancing it without touching it with her hands, for five, ten, or even fifteen miles, laughing, talking, chewing sugar-cane, or knitting as she walks. These loads are usually so heavy that the women cannot remove them without aid.

Market is held every Saturday and on the day before any public holiday, so that should you be going toward a town on the 31st of July, for instance, you would see numbers of these women, dressed as just described. If you went slowly, you would hear a continuous jabber of, "Howdy coz! Ah, how you do?" This is the common form of salutation, every one being considered a cousin, brother, or sister, with "mudder" the more honored title given to an old woman.

Should you pass these people, whether you know them or not, without an ordinary "Good morning" or "Good afternoon," as the case may be, the comments you would at once hear on "him manners" would be overwhelming, but should you speak in passing, you would be amused, at least, at the impression made, for such remarks as the following fly freely: "Hi, dat am a sweet-spoken gentleman!" "How him handsome!" "You can see him is an educated gentleman." "Ah, what me tell you, coz? Me no did say dat it is money mek de hog, but manners dat mek de gentleman."

Should you stop and ask one of these darkies how far you are from any given spot, no matter whether the distance be one, five, or ten miles, the answer would invariably be, "Not too fur, sar." Certainly the Jamaica darky is the most accommodating and encouraging person one could meet on a tiresome journey, for on receiving such an answer one feels encouraged to go forward again—to get the same reply at perhaps the end of five miles.

Surely these good-natured, contented Jamaica darkies are the happiest, most care-free people on the globe.

WOMEN MOUNTAIN TOURISTS.

BY TH. GIRM-HOCHBERG.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

ONE of my favorite pastimes used to consist in making plans, lovely, detailed plans for a journey. With Baedeker on my right hand and a watering-place book on my left I used to dream myself in the region of the high Alps, as yet unknown to me. I regarded the most difficult passes as wholly within my province, and was terrified neither by glaciers nor grass slopes, but in thought mounted the highest peaks without fear of avalanche or rolling stone, because at that time I had no conception of them whatever. That there are many Alpine pilgrims, both men and women, as unenlightened as I, was plain to my mind in later times at every retreat in the mountains. Without any idea of the demands which mountain climbing makes on those undertaking it, without adequate knowledge of the difficultness of the route, without a thought of the danger to which they exposed their companions as well as themselves, indeed in which they intangled even the guides, they undertook to climb peaks that taxed not a little even those who were accustomed to the exercise.

I cannot state that it was specially the women who so behaved, but I found continually that the women greatly overvalued their strength in comparison with that of the stronger sex.

In no other region is woman placed so completely on an equality with man as in mountain climbing, for here in physical and intellectual strength they go hand in hand. A shining example of this is Hermine Tauscher-Geduly. Not only did she accompany her husband on the most difficult high mountain tours, such as up the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, the Trafoier precipice, but she also described her journeys in such a poetical, refined, and withal characteristic manner as to find scarcely an equal. She grew intellectually and physically with her task, and just there lie the educative and developing features of this sport. Whether I bring home folios of pressed flowers, filled sketch-books, or successful photographs, whether I collect beetles or butterflies, makes little difference, but that the memory of victories over rocks and glaciers raises my mind above the commonplace, that the manifold impressions of nature, the mountain solitudes in all their magnificence and silence carry me above the petty cares of the day, that they widen and sharpen my intellectual vision, is to me the highest gain that I bring back to my level country. Is this gain not worth the many discomforts and annoyances, the exertion and dangers?

Before undertaking an extensive tour, of course you must get in thorough training. Practice both for distance and speed is needed. You must begin with easy, short journeys, of three or four hours' length at the most, and gradually progress to greater tasks. Do not mount quickly, but for the first half-hour advance very leisurely. Do not drink much cold water and do not halt for every beautiful view, but continue to climb at an even pace until the resting place is reached that was decided upon at the start.

No doubt the first trip will be followed by a disagreeable stiffness in the knees, upper thighs, and, if the mountain staff used is of iron, also in the arms and shoulders. This affection will be felt especially in climbing stairs. It may be relieved by keeping in motion. Resting, in this case doubly sweet, only aggravates the stiffness and awkwardness.

On the way you must follow the directions of the guides exactly, and in conversation with them should strike a friendly tone. For these men, who with pleasure and devotion manage their responsible undertaking, on whose descriptions, strength, and foresight the success of the tour depends, and to whose self-denial you owe perhaps your very lives, are almost without exception true and reliable men. Therefore it is not wise to be niggardly for the sake of a few quarters or half-dollars.

No more should any discrimination against the guides be made in the choice of food and drink during a common march. So long as you live on the provisions you take with you they concern only yourself, but in the shelter huts, mountain inns, and the like you should board cheaply, always with the guides. It is different when you spend the night in the large Swiss glacier hotels. There guides and tourists would best look after themselves independently. On starting out the visitor receives from the landlord a bill for the guide's quarters, even if it is not itemized in the charges.

In regard to provisions, first make sure of some roasted meat, avoiding pork roast or cutlet, for their cold fat easily go against one; likewise the sharp, salted ham, for it causes thirst. A few slices of Swiss cheese will be needed and a box or glass of butter, for, without the butter, white bread, which is almost inevitable in the mountains, tastes too flat. You would better take a whole loaf of bread; what is not eaten goes to the guide, who finds use at home for all that remains. If you wish anything more, a few cakes and some chocolate may be added.

After lunching on a summit you never must leave paper bags, empty flasks, egg-shells, and the like strewn about, but must gather all such litter together in one corner and cover it with stones or snow. You owe this to your successors.

Now that you have prepared for the comfort of the inner man you must look to the outer man. First in importance are the feet, for with them lies all your power of doing or not doing. Hence the question of woolen or cotton stockings already has been vigorously discussed. For years I have worn cotton stockings, and always have found them good enough.

That the now comfortably clothed foot should wear none but a thoroughly comfortable shoe, goes without saying. Still on all sides are to be seen pointed, narrow shapes, uppers very low, reaching scarcely above the ankles, and high heels. And in these tourists try to climb mountains! If they do not succeed they lament not the boots but the bad way, the hot weather, or various innocent objects.

A proper mountain shoe must be comfortably wide, not too short, and sufficiently roomy to allow the toes to move. That it be made of good, strong leather not varnished or waxed, but greased, is desirable to secure resistance to water and snow. The heel must be broad and low, the sole of double thickness, and both must have nails projecting from them, those on the heel being wing-shaped to insure a firm footing. For the longer journeys over snow and ice, close-fitting gaiters of sail-cloth are used, but they are not necessary for climbing tours.

On the question of underclothing ladies are hard to influence. I only mention, therefore, that the petticoats must be reduced to a minimum, and so should take the form of trousers.

The rest of the costume for mountain climbers is considered abundantly, if not always practically, every year in most fashion magazines. Coarse woolen stuffs, year after year are quoted as fashionable. But that one must endure heavy woolen clothes on hot days is far more a matter of fashionable appearance than of discretion.

Sunburn is the evil most feared by women. Many are the persons I have seen with burnt, peeling cheeks, noses pimpled and red, an appearance which bespeaks constant itching and burning. In such cases patience is the only restorer. However some alleviation is afforded by water into which parsley leaves have been squeezed, a household remedy that originated in the Algau Alps. It is best to treat your skin prudently, especially if it is sensitive; those who dope systematically with all sorts of toilet essences and creams only make the skin doubly susceptible to the effects of the sun and snow.

A blue veil lends a little protection, but can be endured only on broad-rimmed hats, else it makes the head too warm. Broad-rimmed hats, too, are advisable. Light panama hats fastened securely to the head afford a fine protection and are not in the least damaged by rain.

It is disagreeable, I must confess, when preparing for a tour to think about what you would do in case one of the party should sprain an arm, cut a finger, or damage a foot—to mention only the lightest possible accidents; but the question should not be neglected. Many guides carry with them some salicyl wadding, and perhaps some sticking-plaster, but one cannot count on their doing so. Therefore it is best to provide yourself with wadding, sticking-plaster, vaseline, and a few pins to secure bandages. Moreover it is a good plan at the beginning of the journey to wrap the toes with wadding to protect the tender skin between them.

The mountain staff and ice-pick require special attention. In selecting a staff you should have various qualities in view. It must be strong, consequently of growing wood, unpolished, and not too heavy, although it must be able to bear up the entire weight of the one who carries it. You might make the following test: lay the ends of the staff on chairs, so that two thirds of it are supported; sit on the other third, and if it bears your weight it is safe for your use.

The pick generally has a point of iron. Most ready-made picks are too heavy for women's hands and the so-called women's picks are good only for walking. Therefore it is better to have an ice-pick specially made. The guides know the shapes best suited to the different localities in the Alps. For instance the Tyrolese pattern used on the highlands in Berne is in the form of a shovel, and the length of the handle varies. There is a difference in the views of high tourists as to whether the pick is an absolute necessity. While the Algau natives and those from the Bregenge wood use the mountain staff more, a Welshman, a guide from the village of Grindelwald or adjacent regions, such as the central Alps, would not undertake even an easy tour without a pick.

In conclusion let me give a few words of warning. The dwellers of the plain are charmed with the splendor of the Alpine flora and wish to take home with them, fresh or pressed, every specimen they see. Since most of them are unaware of the dangers in flower-gathering on the shelving, grassy slopes, it often is the imperative duty of the guide to hold them back. More human lives have fallen victims to the sorcery of the *edelweiss* than to the notorious ice fairy, and even the Alpine shepherds often lose their lives in plucking this flower. We may well content ourselves with easier conquests. Alpine roses, gentians, the little brown cabbage rose with its fragrance like vanilla, deep blue forget-me-nots, and, in the snowy regions, the fine stalked soldanel and the bright varieties of saxifrage are so beautiful that we can find enjoyment enough in them even if the *edelweiss* does not grace our bouquet.

THE SUNSTROKE SECRET.

BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE author of the "Handbook of Health and Longevity" exhorts his readers not to lose their tempers in warm weather, but that advice is rather hard to follow when you return from a few weeks' summer outing and find a nest of rats in your sideboard.

"Just look at these shreds," said my sister the other day, holding up a bundle of demolished napkins. "They were as good as new a month ago, and now they are hardly fit for dishcloths, the way the owner of that nest has ripped them. And it took the boys nearly an hour to run that little wretch down," she added; "it really seems as if the most mischievous things were the hardest to kill."

An investigator of popular fallacies is often tempted to a similar conclusion. Like rats, pernicious superstitions seem to have about a dozen lives each. A sanitary delusion can be chased out of a hundred lurking-places and kicked all over the neighborhood, and after all escape to its hidden den and continue its work of mischief.

Fifty years after the revelations of Florence Nightingale, millions of housekeepers still ascribe catarrhs to the influence of fresh air, and swelter in an atmosphere of lung-destroying miasmas, with a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit, rather than seek relief by opening a bedroom window. Fevers and agues are still attributed to a diet of fruit, sick-headaches are doctored with the beverages that caused them; but the most amazing surrender of reason to hearsay is, after all, the prevalent explanation of sunstrokes. Physiology, it is true, has only begun to form a branch of public school education, but a vestige of the gift for recognizing the connection of cause and effect ought to convince every observer that the natural inclination to dispense with artificial headwear in midsummer *cannot* have anything to do with the injurious, and often fatal, effects of sun heat. "Don't run around without your hat, or you'll have a sunstroke in a minute!" is an admonition heard on each summer day from north Britain to southern California.

Has it never occurred to the repeaters of that cuckoo-cry that the natural head-cover of a human being is already more redundant than that of any other mammal—with the possible exception of the Abyssinian mane-baboons, that get shock-headed in cold weather, but drop their periwigs in the dog-days—and that the natives of some of the warmest regions of this planet go bareheaded the year round, and with perfect impunity? Hats were unknown during the long centuries of Greek and Roman health-worship; the ancient nations of the Mediterranean coast-lands wore helmets in war, but used caps only in bitter cold weather or in burlesquing the effeminate races of Western Asia. The emperor Hadrian, in his fiftieth year, traveled bareheaded to the shores of the Black Sea, and back again by way of Egypt and Northern Africa, and poked fun at a Bythinian Crœsus who would not venture on a journey without taking his physician along.

"But our variable climate—" insists the hearsay-monger, still clinging to the shadow of a possibility to blame the trouble on outdoor grievances. In a climate of extreme thermal contrasts the natives of Kamchatka, northern Japan, and Bolivia dispense with hats and know sunstrokes only from the experience of their foreign visitors. In Tierra del Fuego the brooding heat of December (the midsummer of the western hemisphere) is often broken by snow-storms, straight from the iceberg regions of the Antarctic Ocean, yet the aborigines would not take umbrellas for a present and frequently go to sleep under the scorching rays of the noonday sun.

Besides, the temperature of an average North American summer afternoon is a mere trifle compared with the furnace heat of a rolling-mill, where men of all nations work for hours together, and avoid collapse by a minimum of dry goods and a maximum of water-drinking. They get an hour's recess at noon, but generally squat in the draught of the ore-shed and merely toy with their lunch, preferring rest to repletion, and waiting to indemnify their appetite at the end of the working-day. They mostly own their own homes, and in that respect enjoy a great advantage over the farm-hands and railway laborers, who in stress of circumstances have to bolt a meal of greasy food and directly after are marched out again to toil in the glare of the dog-day sun. The presence of a bullying taskmaster keeps them in harness, but their organism cannot do double work; the process of digestion is interrupted, and at night the stomach has to deal with a mass of fermented *ingesta*, often much worse than useless for purposes of nutrition.

For a time the marvelous resources of the internal economy utilize each night to undo the mischief of the day, but the repetition of the outrage finally breaks down the resisting power of the stoutest constitution. Under the shadow of impending evil the hired man throws up his job and goes a-tramping, the farmer's boy runs away to try his luck in the maelstrom of city life. But the hope of weathering the ordeal of fire inspires others to conquer their misgivings, and some day the self-regulating faculty of the organism succumbs to the burden of discomfort: the blood begins to ferment, and the worn-out laborer is carried home in the delirium of a brain fever. His system might have resisted the bake-oven heat of the sun-blistered fields, with the aid of a refrigerating diet it might have neutralized the combined calorific influence of sunlight, severe labor, and superfluous clothing; but it could bear up no longer against the quadruple weight of dry goods, drudgery, dyspepsia-dishes, and dog-day weather. The patient tosses in the agony of brain-convulsions, raving of flight to shady retreats at the brink of a mountain brook, and in his lucid intervals begins to realize the meaning of the presentiments of coming trouble that have haunted him for weeks. It is too late now; the disregard of urgent warnings has avenged itself. Few persons ever entirely recover from the after-effects of a sunstroke. The fever may subside, but paroxysms of sick-headaches recur on slight provocation.

The convalescent complains of languor, drowsiness, and lack of appetite, and the organ of the mind rarely regains its former vigor.

Yet all that trouble might have been avoided by heeding the sanitary maxim, Never eat till you have leisure to digest. Frost is a powerful digestive stimulant, yet even in midwinter only men with a large reserve fund of health can hope to escape the evil consequences of engaging in hard work immediately after a full meal. In warm weather neither gluttony nor intemperance is more speedily ruinous. Eating at the wrong time, rather than over-eating, fills America with dyspeptics, and drives millions of refugees from the farms to the cities, where work after dinner is at least not apt to be hard work and outdoor work.

Our Spanish-American neighbors compromise the matter by a three hours' siesta, but a still better plan was that of the ancient educators who taught their pupils to avoid repletion till the day's work was done. It is not necessary to forego the noontime meal altogether. Few dyspeptics ever would listen to the mere proposition of such a heresy against the rules of established customs. But in warm weather hard-working men who can be induced to consult the monitions of their own sanitary instincts would be surprised to find how small a quantum of solid food will stay the stomach during the noon-hour recess. It is a cooling drink—spring-water or a glass of cold lemonade—the system craves, and after adding a few graham crackers or a handful of dates the desire for rest overcomes the clamors of appetite, and a catnap in the shade will do more to restore the heat-relaxed vigor than a stack of greasy steaks. An hour and a half ought to be the minimum of the noonday pause, and an eight-hour night added to the cool evening hours would accomplish the digestion of almost any supper.

Housekeepers, too, would share the benefits of that arrangement. Cooking, frying, carving, and dish-washing, while the mercury climbs to the edge of the fever-heat mark, explain the fits of ill temper that make Bridget mourn the day of her birth and drive the *pater familias* to the dram-shop.

All sorts of time-schedules could be modified to suit that change of program, but even under present circumstances America ought to vote a statue to the reformer who devised the school plan adopted by the city of Louisville, Ky. Instead of supplementing the morning work with an after-dinner session that makes existence a curse to teachers and scholars, the public schools of Falls City open at 8 a. m., teach with short pauses till 2 p. m. (half past one on extra hot days), and then close for dinner, play, outdoor rambles, and all. Their day's work is done, and the long afternoon leaves time for the accomplishment of manifold other tasks, digestion included. And it is a perhaps accidental, but certainly noteworthy coincidence that since the introduction of that plan the sunstroke wards of the city have hardly ever been troubled with juvenile patients. Boys with and without their hats play on sun-scorched commons more than ever, but they do not now so often play immediately after dinner. Under the old *régime* the noon-hour recess was Hobson's choice, but a youngster left to the guidance of his own instincts can be relied upon to indulge in a good-sized siesta.

"We will never get rid of that delusion till we change the name of a 'cold,'" said a lady at a convention of the St. Louis Hygienic Reform Association. "We ought to call it 'catching dust' or 'catching microbes.' The mischievous synonym of a catarrh will continue to scare non-observers into crazy precautions against the cool air of the outdoor world."

And it is not impossible that we shall have to adopt a new nomenclature to describe the effects of our midsummer mistakes before our contemporaries will cease to fight "sunstrokes" with straw hats. To speak of beefsteak-strokes or flannel-undershirt-strokes would be more to the point; but the revival of a deep-rooted delusion cannot be obviated till nurses learn to consider a "sunstroke" patient the victim of after-dinner work.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE jubilee in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign at once takes a notable place in history for calling together, in London on June 22, the greatest number of persons the world ever has seen at one gathering. Still the celebration was not limited to London. It was general throughout the island and reached into the colonies. In many places of Ireland, however, it did not take the form of merrymaking, but crape and black flags were thrown to the breeze instead of the patriotic colors that clothed the rest of the empire in joyous holiday attire. The ceremonies lasted a fortnight, beginning with religious observances on June 20, the anniversary of Accession Day. On the next day the queen entered London, and there the most elaborate of all the preparations had been made. The whole great metropolis was gorgeous with decorations; illuminations and festivities there were, too numerous to mention, and a number of decorations and titles were conferred, but the crowning event of the jubilee was the magnificent parade on June 22. Never did the sun look down on such a heterogeneous assemblage. In contrast to the queen, the royal family, and their attendant Englishmen, typifying the highest civilization, were the Malays from New Zealand, the coal-black Africans, the yellow Chinese, strange faces and costumes from every quarter of the globe, forming an impressive object-lesson in the vast resources and extent of the British Empire—and not least in line were ambassadors from nearly every civilized country in the world. The cheers of welcome accorded the colonial contingent were equaled only by those given the queen herself. Among the dignitaries in the procession, Gladstone was conspicuous for his absence. The envoy extraordinary of Turkey, though present, was not announced with the others of his rank, this precaution being taken to avert a hostile demonstration by the populace. The United States was represented by Col. John Hay, ambassador to the court of St. James, and a special embassy headed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid and including Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. Though the queen was in good health and endured the wearisome journey without ill results, it is said she was too nearly blind to see the people who gathered to pay her homage. Closely rivaling the pageant of June 22 in impressiveness was the naval display of June 26 at Spithead. Here one hundred and fifty war-ships of all kinds, besides twenty torpedo boats, were assembled, forming the largest fleet of fighting ships known to history.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Nations may differ with Great Britain on matters of policy. But men and women the world over, under whatever flag, will honor themselves in paying some tribute of esteem to the personality of the British sovereign.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is a certainty that no other nation at the present time could make a manifestation of such impressive character or secure the cooperation in such degree of all the civilized nations of the earth.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Largely—chiefly, in fact—it is a personal celebration; a glorification of the good queen herself—now the most aged sovereign in Europe. It is her personal influence for good; her leaning to constitutional government; her determined and mainly successful purpose to keep her court free from everything approaching any scandal or immorality; her governing desire, in all her action on public matters, to be right and just, that has made her honored and beloved by her people.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. (N. Y.)

One reason for the queen's happy reign is that with rare good sense she has been content to allow the Commons to govern. She has avoided conflict with the great representative body, obeyed its mandates, and signed its measures.

The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

The Victorian era is the most splendid procession in history. It has been an age of poets and philosophers, of musical revolution, of revolt in art, of miracles in science, of triumphant civilization, and of advancing democracy; yet she who has given her name to it has been the slightest possible factor in its glory and achievement.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Stripped of silly rodomontade and spurious sentimentality, the "Diamond Jubilee" of Queen Victoria is avowedly designed to be a grand revival and consecration of the nearly moribund belief in the unity of the British Empire. It is at the same time secretly intended to resuscitate the monarchical sentiment not only in the British possessions but in the United States as well. Down with republics and the notion of political and social equality! Up with the idea of courts and castes and classes! That is the real clandestine purport of the queen's Diamond Jubilee.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Those who are wont to belittle the queen's importance in the rule of the British Empire should not forget that, while there is a constitutional government, the queen's preeminent prerogatives have stood, and still stand. It has been due to Victoria's personal modesty and unostentatious offices that the exercise of this prerogative has so rarely attracted public attention, yet it has been asserted on some occasions with absolute power.

The Boston Herald. (Mass.)

It is the realization of the great national gains that have been made in the last sixty years, and how far these might have been, under another ruler, arrested or prevented, which leads the many million subjects of Victoria to welcome her jubilee, and to shout with unaffected sincerity, "God save the queen."

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Amid the pomp and acclaim of the week's pageantry it will not be forgotten that Victoria has during her long reign always exalted the home and the homely virtues.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

If the Grand Old Man had been weak enough to accept the peerage which has more than once been offered to him during the present reign he might now have been permitted to ride in one of the front carriages of the line.

The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

If there is to be an imperial federation which must strengthen the bonds between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, no intelligent American can fail to perceive that in such a change his own country may be deeply concerned.

The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The queen's dislike of Gladstone crops out in his being excluded from sharing, in any prominent way, in the jubilee ceremonies. The royal figurehead and her family put another nail in the coffin of British monarchy when they play such pranks.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

No period of human history has witnessed such mighty changes as the Victorian era. In these threescore years the population of the United Kingdom has nearly doubled, while its property has trebled, and the advance in its foreign trade has been over four hundred and fifty per cent.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The spectacle in London, with typical representatives from all sections of England, Ireland, and Scotland—representatives not only from every colony but from every race in the colonies, all in line to do honor to the sovereign—is significant beyond any other spectacle of the time.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Her long reign will go into history without one reproach. Surely there is hardly a parallel among sovereigns, in the fruition of hopes, to hers.

ANNEXATION OF HAWAII BY TREATY.

In the midst of Japan's hostile objections to Hawaii's immigration policy and the United States Senate's threats of abrogating Hawaii's present reciprocity treaty with the United States, President McKinley sent to the Senate a treaty calling for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. This he did on June 16. The treaty was signed by Secretary of State Sherman representing the United States and by Francis M. Hatch, Lorin A. Thurston, and Wm. A. Kinney representing the Hawaiian government. By its provisions the republic of Hawaii cedes to the United States absolutely, from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, all rights of sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands and their dependencies, the same to be annexed as the territory of Hawaii. She also cedes to the United States all her public, government, or crown lands, and public properties of whatever description; the same are to be governed not by the existing United States laws on public lands but by special laws to be enacted by the United States Congress, and the proceeds from such properties are to be applied to educational and other public purposes for the benefit of the inhabitants of Hawaii. Congress shall provide a local government and until then the present officers shall continue their services under the direction of the president of the United States and subject to removal by him. All treaties of Hawaii with other nations shall give place to those between the United States and those nations. Hawaii's debt to the extent of $4,000,000 will be assumed by the United States government. "There shall be no further immigration of Chinese into the Hawaiian Islands, except upon such conditions as are now or may hereafter be allowed by the laws of the United States, and no Chinese by reason of anything herein contained shall be allowed to enter the United States from the Hawaiian Islands." Finally, the president shall appoint a commission of five persons, at least two of them to be "residents of the Hawaiian Islands," who shall speedily recommend to Congress suitable legislation for the territory of Hawaii. On June 19 the Japanese minister filed with the State Department at Washington, D. C., a protest against the treaty. On June 23 Senator Morgan, of Alabama, introduced into the Senate a bill calling for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands in accordance with the new treaty or else by act of Congress.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The sentiment of the American people and the teaching of our history are in favor of accepting her [Hawaii], and we have faith that Congress will duly act in accordance with this sentiment.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The main fact is that the submission of an annexation treaty to the Senate, though not imperatively demanded at this time by public sentiment, unquestionably declares a policy which the country approves and has confidently expected to see realized in the near future.

(Ind. Dem.) World Herald. (Omaha, Neb.)

The annexation of Hawaii will benefit none but the sugar king of that island, and his benefits will be bought and presented to him by the American people. Let Hawaii remain an independent republic.

(Rep.) Wheeling Intelligencer. (W. Va.)

Hawaii is desirable for the United States navy as a strategic point, and in this respect is of incalculable value to this country. It would, therefore, be almost a crime for this government to permit any foreign nation to gain control of the islands. Unless action is soon taken such a thing may occur.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

We do not feel certain that the annexation of those islands would be of any advantage to our republic, It would be something of a burden, and it might endanger the peace and welfare of our country. Still, for the free use of the United States shipping and the navy on the Pacific, it would have advantages.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The scheme of Hawaiian annexation is supported mainly by jingoes and jobbers. With Hawaii as an American territory shiploads of carpetbaggers would go out to hold federal office and push the natives to the wall even more closely than the original colonists did.

(Ind.) Detroit News. (Mich.)

If the Sandwich Islands were only barren rocks in the midst of the ocean, they should be ours lest they might become the property of another and perhaps hostile nation. They cannot maintain themselves alone, and if we should neglect them, they would sooner or later fall into the hands of a rival. The cordon of fortified islands and stations which Great Britain has drawn around our Atlantic front should be warning enough to the least far-sighted of our citizens to arm patriotism against a similar danger in the Pacific. If he never does anything else, this alone will make President McKinley's name glorious in history.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N.Y.)

The consolidation of Hawaii with the United States will be to the immediate and increasing advantage of both countries.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Perhaps the chief objection to annexation is that it involves a departure from the traditional policy of the country. It adds the United States to the list of land-grabbing nations. It marks a beginning in a new policy that may lead to all kinds of complications with foreign nations.

(Rep.) San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

In 1893, when the Hawaiian annexation treaty was withdrawn from the Senate, the people would have welcomed its ratification, and as the new treaty has now in effect been submitted to the people as well as to their representatives in Congress, its acceptance is assured.

(Dem.) Richmond Times. (Va.)

To annex Hawaii is to commence foreign complications, which General Washington was so earnest in counseling his countrymen to avoid, and it is to bring another state into the Union with a large colored and mongrel population. We shall see no end of trouble started by this event if we should actually annex the island.

(Ind.) The News. (Indianapolis, Ind.)

The time to stop this business is at the beginning. The people should make themselves heard in opposition to the supposed policy of the McKinley administration on the Hawaiian question.

(Dem.) Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

The annexation is undesirable in itself and objectionable for its inevitable consequences. The influence that promotes it is, of course, that of the sugar-planters, who, anticipating the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, desire to escape the duty on sugar by bringing Hawaii within our tariff wall.

(Ind.) Washington Times. (D. C.)

It is an excellent bargain for us, and it will be shameful if the Senate does not promptly close it.

(Rep.) The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

Congress may not get to the annexation treaty before next winter, but the document should be ratified as soon as it can be reached. The Democrats who are opposing ratification may probably arrive at the conclusion some time that they are working in the interest of the sugar trust, and that may cause them to change their minds.

COMMISSIONERS' REPORT ON THE RUIZ CASE.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.
United States Consul General at Havana.

WHAT action the administration will take as a result of the Ruiz inquiry still remains a matter of conjecture to the public. The inquiry, authorized by both the American and Spanish governments, was conducted by a commission consisting of Dr. Congosto, Spanish consul at Philadelphia, Pa., United States Consul General Lee, and special commissioner, Mr. Wm. J. Calhoun, of Illinois, who was appointed April 28 by President McKinley. Mr. Calhoun returned home on June 8 with the reports. The commissioners, failing to agree on admitted facts, sent a joint report on the facts not in dispute and then each sent a separate report on his own conclusions in the matter. Mr. Calhoun made his report in person to President McKinley. General Lee's version of the case, as published, is that Dr. Ruiz, the naturalized American dentist living in Guanabacoa, Cuba, was imprisoned on a false charge, that he was taken alive and well to his cell and "at the end of three hundred and fifteen hours was brought out a corpse, having been subjected to *incomunicado* imprisonment, in violation of his treaty rights, two hundred and forty-three hours over and above the seventy-two hour limit. From the time he was placed *incomunicado* until his death all knowledge of his condition was confined to his jailers, and therefore there can be no other testimony except that of these officials as to the mode of his treatment or manner of his death, and it could not be expected that in case of bad treatment they would testify against themselves or against each other. So such testimony should be received not with 'a grain of salt,' but with a barrel." General Lee continues: "I therefore conclude, saying, as I have done in all previous reports about this case, that whether Dr. Ruiz killed himself or was killed by some one else, will, under the existing conditions, always remain unknown." Dr. Congosto's report is claimed by the Spanish government to show conclusively that no treaty rights were violated in the Ruiz case.

MR. WM. J. CALHOUN.
Special Commissioner to Cuba.

DR. CONGOSTO.
Spanish Consul at Philadelphia, Pa.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Spain must be called to account for the wrong she has done to the country in the death of this citizen, and her high-handed procedures and her violations of treaty rights must stop.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Whatever the administration's policies, they will be pursued with greater intelligence for this report.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The notion that the Ruiz case can lead to war with Spain is babyish. Spain did not murder Ruiz.

(Ind.) The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The end is not in sight, unless by means of intervention of some kind by the United States, and that is the point with which it is reasonable to assume the president now will charge himself.

(Dem.) The Atlanta Constitution. (Ga.)

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Dr. Ruiz came to his death by reason of self-inflicted blows, it nevertheless remains that Spain is guilty of his death in permitting him to lie in prison without means of communicating with any one except the jailers.

PRESIDENT FAURE ESCAPES ASSASSINATION.

As if the recent Paris holocaust were not disaster enough for France, an attempt was made, June 13, on the life of her president, M. Felix Faure. Attended by a large guard of dragoons he was riding to Longchamps to see the Grand Prix (the great horse-race run on the Sunday of Ascot week). As he approached some shrubbery on the Avenue des Acacias a bomb exploded. Though no one was injured by the explosion, a detective mistaken for an anarchist was beaten into insensibility by the crowd. Meanwhile the real criminal escaped. President Faure went on his way bowing right and left as if nothing had happened and by his composure won fresh popularity everywhere. Nevertheless the incident made a profound impression on the populace who have not forgotten the death of their president, M. Carnot, three years ago by the dagger of an assassin.

PRESIDENT FAURE.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The moral seems to be that the style of our American presidents in going about unattended is as safe as any and much more consistent with a republican form of government than the pomp and ceremony of the president of France.

The Boston Herald. (Mass.)

The attempt to assassinate President Faure, of the French Republic, by means of an explosive bomb, is only another proof of the perils run by the recognized representatives of government, without regard to what that government may be.

The Syracuse Post. (N. Y.)

President Faure is making one of the best executives France has known. He is a man of scholarship, breadth of view, personal courage, much patriotism, kind heart and loyal devotion to the best interests of his country. The friends of good government everywhere, particularly the friends of a republican government, will rejoice at his escape on Sunday.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Regicide is a crime that has often figured in history, and while some of the monarchs who met this fate were tyrants and oppressors, this was no justification for the deed. But when such crimes are committed in a free republic, where liberty reigns and the people are sovereign, then the attempt to kill the man who has been chosen to guide the destinies of the nation is something for which there is no excuse; something that belongs only to an age of barbarism.

The Buffalo Courier-Record. (N. Y.)

In several cases, particularly in France, it has been suspected that alleged murderous plots simply resulted from the imagination of secret police agents or detectives, or were spurious performances arranged for political purposes, or with a view to obtaining personal promotion and other rewards. Whether the reported new attempt against the life of the French president has this fictitious character later accounts may show.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The only reasonable explanation is in an unbalanced mind, reflecting no sane antagonism to the republic.

THE TARIFF BILL PASSES THE SENATE.

The Dingley tariff bill passed the Senate after receiving 874 amendments. It came to a vote on July 7, after a continuous debate of six weeks, and received a majority of 10 ballots in its favor, 38 votes being cast for and 28 against it. Seven of the senators present did not vote. Of the ayes, 35 were given by Republicans, 2 by Silver Republicans, and 1 by a Democrat. The tendency of the changes made in the Senate from the Senate Finance Committee's revision (reported to the Senate on May 4) of the House bill has been to revert to the House adjustment. Some new provisions are added, most important of which is a stamp tax on bonds, debentures, and certificates of stock. New reciprocity and retaliatory measures are substituted for those of the House, and the anti-trust sections of the Wilson Bill are embodied in the new bill. From the Senate the bill was referred to the joint conference committee of the House and Senate.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It cannot be supposed that the people will be entirely satisfied if the Senate decides to pass a bill which will not raise more than enough revenue to cover expenditures for the first year. The country has had one tariff for deficit, and does not desire another.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The protective policy is not only stronger to-day than it ever was because of this support it is getting from the South, and because it has thus lost that semblance of being a sectional question, which it once had, but because a majority realize that it is, and must be the best policy for a country not yet thoroughly developed and so thickly populated as to make it necessary to find a larger market for the products of its people abroad than can be found at home.

(Dem.) Charleston News and Courier. (S. C.)

If rich tourists can be allowed to bring in $50,000,000 worth of clothing, free of duty, every year, at the loss of $20,000,000 revenue to the government, it would really appear that the hard-working and poor tobacco farmers could be exempted from the payment of internal revenue duties to the same amount. If the government can spare the revenue in the one case it can in the other. Or is it to be understood that revenue is raised by taxing tobacco in order that the millionaire travelers can be excused from paying duty on their imported pauper-made toggery?

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The rich tourists should not be favored. Neither should the users of tobacco, which is at once a luxury and a poison. The consumer and not the producer pays the tobacco tax; and we want it put as high as it can be without promoting fraud. All luxuries, whether consumed by the prince or the pauper, should be taxed all they will bear; and all rich tourists should be made to pay duty on the toggery they import. There is no need to omit a just and proper tax in order to excuse an improper exemption.

(Rep.) The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)

Most of the opposition to the proposed new American tariff comes from foreign countries. That is why it is likely to prove of great benefit to the people of the United States. Of course the foreigners have the right to protest, but as President McKinley says, there is no sentiment in trade.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It would be as unreasonable as unjust to expect the Dingley-Aldrich tariff to be without errors or imperfections, but there is apparently cause to fear that the framers of it have made the very grave mistake of making the secondary the primal provision of their bill; that they have made protection, and not revenue, the dominating principle of their measure. It similarly seems as if they have not considered as carefully as they should their duty to avoid the appearance of promoting the interests of any of the great monopolistic trusts or combinations which are in restraint of trade, and the interests of which are opposed to the interests of the millions of consumers.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

A provision of the tariff which shall abolish the deficit in the federal revenue and end commercial uncertainty is much too important for more time to be wasted now with essays upon a theory long ago discarded, and with pharisaic reviling of Democrats who know that a tariff for revenue only is not their party's principle and who are sincere enough to say so.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Southern representatives are, perhaps, as much free-traders as ever, but they seem to have come to the conclusion that the best way to kill the mania of protection is to make protection universal. When protection becomes universal—affecting everybody alike—it will at the same time become impossible. It will have no advocates, because there will be no beneficiaries.

(Rep.) Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

Truly Congress is acting in a very sensible manner relative to the tariff bill.

(Ind.) The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

With the growing prospect of a speedy enactment of a tariff law the tide of trade is getting stronger and rising higher. Great business changes are not expected until Congress adjourns, but removal of uncertainty is bringing into operation buying forces which have been restricted for many months past.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

While it is gratifying to record a victory for the Republican caucus, it may be stated frankly that the logical champions of protection are not necessarily committed to the Senate schedule. The Dingley rates on sugar would, in fact, be preferred by them, and if the Senate had voted to retain the Dingley schedule there would have been no cause for dissatisfaction.

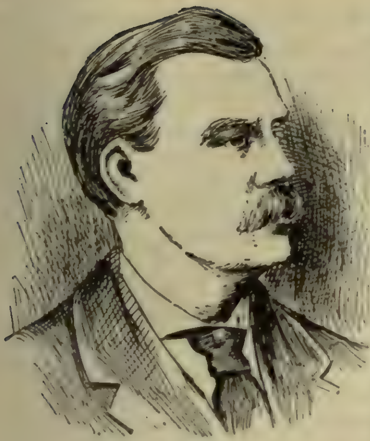
(Rep.) The Indianapolis Journal. (Ind.)

The Senate bill is not so satisfactory to cattle-growers as is the House bill. For that reason cattle-growers favor the House schedule. The votes in the Senate of the last two weeks have made it quite clear that the policy of protection was never so much in favor throughout the whole country as at the present time. Senators who declare that they are not protectionists on general principles show by their votes that they are in favor of the protection of local industries.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The bill as it stands is a curious compromise between the effort to provide high protection and the necessity of raising sufficient revenues.

CORNELL WINS THE BOAT-RACE.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY.
Coach of Cornell.

THE brilliant victory of Cornell over Yale and Harvard in the intercollegiate boat-race of June 25, which is also a triumph of the American over the English stroke, is all the more glorious in view of the world-famed prowess of the vanquished contestants. The race covered a four-mile course down the Hudson River, from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Cornell's crew, coached by Charles E. Courtney, rowed the typically American stroke, a long slide with but little back motion. Harvard rowed the typically English stroke, a short slide and a long back pull, as taught by Rudolph C. Lehmann, the Cambridge oarsman who came to this country on purpose to coach the Harvard crew. And Yale, coached by "Bob" Cook who has been identified with so many of Yale's conquests, rowed a stroke decidedly more of the English than the American type. The crews also illustrated different standards of age and physique. The average weight of Cornell was 160⅜ pounds, of Yale, 172¼, of Harvard, 169; the average height of Cornell was 5:10½, of Yale, 6:00, of Harvard, 5:10¾; Cornell's average age was 21⅜, Yale's, 20¾, and Harvard's, 21¼. Thus "the Cornell boat carried over one hundred pounds less live weight (including coxswain) than Yale and about seventy-two pounds less than Harvard." Before the start the Yale and Harvard men scarcely deigned to count Cornell in the race. At the finish Cornell pulled over the line two and a half clean lengths in the lead, and kept on at racing speed half a mile farther to reach her launch. The Yale crew followed draggingly and once over the line immediately "let her run." Harvard reached the goal at least three and a half lengths behind Yale. Her stroke had collapsed in his seat and the other men were utterly exhausted.

"BOB" COOK.
Coach of Yale.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The maximum of power with the minimum of effort is what all oarsmen require of a stroke. Does the English stroke, when perfectly exemplified, produce the combination? Mr. Courtney thinks not, and his opinion just now appears to be worth having.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

And there is another thing in Cornell's victory to rejoice over, and that is that her's was the distinctly American stroke. We feel sorry for Mr. Lehmann, but must admit we did not look for his stroke to triumph. It has triumphed over Americans at Henley, but not from innate superiority, but from the more advantageous English conditions.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

There is no limit to the theories that can be manufactured after a well-matched boat-race. But no theory will be superior to the hypothesis that Cornell won because she had the better crew.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The splendid victory of Friday was not more a tribute to the superior muscle and methods of the Ithacans than it was a rebuke to the all too prevalent practice of going abroad for our manners.

RUDOLPH C. LEHMANN.
Coach of Harvard.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT TENNESSEE'S EXPOSITION.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

THE journey of the presidential party to the Tennessee Exposition and vicinity proved to be a succession of ovations offered by the southern people all along the route. The party consisted of President and Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's aunt; Dr. N. L. Bates, the president's physician, and Mrs. Bates; Secretary and Mrs. Porter, Secretary and Mrs. Sherman, Secretary and Mrs. Alger, Miss Frances Alger, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Gary, the Misses Gary, Secretary and Miss Wilson, H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions; General Charles H. Grosvenor, Joseph P. Smith, director of the Bureau of American Republics, and his son; F. C. Squires, Secretary Alger's private secretary, and twenty-three newspaper men.

They left Washington on June 8, going by way of Louisville, and arrived in Nashville, Tenn., on June 11. At Nashville extensive preparations had been made in their honor. June 11 had been proclaimed a holiday, and the citizens turned out in a body to greet the president. Their number was swelled by thousands of people from other parts of the state. President McKinley's speech at the exposition was received with unbounded applause. Beginning with the settlement of Tennessee he outlined the history of the state down to the Civil War, of which he declared: "The men who opposed each other in dreadful battle a third of a century ago are once more and forever united together under one flag in a never-to-be-broken union." He then led up to the exposition, saying: "You have done wisely in exhibiting these [resources] to your own people and to your sister states, and at no time could the display be more effective than now, when what the country needs more than all else is restored confidence in itself." The home return was made by the way of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Asheville, N. C.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

We know not which to admire more, the happy form in which President McKinley phrased his address at Nashville yesterday or the generous and loyal spirit in which it was received.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

All the way from Washington to Nashville there was a kindly reception for the president to whom the South gave more votes than to any Republican in the country's history. The southerners have opened to him their warm appreciation and support.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

It is not at all in disparagement of President McKinley to recognize his inferiority to some other public men, living and dead, in the rather non-essential accomplishment of impromptu public speaking. He is probably a better magistrate than he would be if he were a readier and more florid talker.

(Rep.) The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

President McKinley has once more demonstrated his ability to make the speech fit the time in the most appropriate manner.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

It has been made manifest at Nashville within a week that the language of animosity against the veterans of the Union army which was contained in a resolution recently adopted by a Confederate post in Tennessee did not express the sentiments of the people of that loyal state.

THE GRECO-TURKISH SITUATION.

THE peace negotiations between Turkey and Greece are still hanging fire. On June 19 it was reported unofficially that some progress was being made, though slowly, toward a final settlement. Turkey, it was said, had ceased to insist on occupying Thessaly and had compromised by accepting the small region north of the Peneios River, while the creditors of Greece seemed inclined to advance the twenty million dollars indemnity demanded by Turkey. However, on July 7 the Porte announced that it would not agree to placing the frontier line in Thessaly north of the river Peneios, which, it asserted, was the natural boundary, and, furthermore, that Turkey would renew hostilities if the peace compact was not finished within a week. On the same day Russia was reported to have sent a circular note to the powers recommending action to hurry the conclusion of peace. According to the same despatch Germany, who heretofore has been lenient to the Turks, now insists on Turkey's accepting the strategic boundary defined by the powers. Meanwhile, on June 27, the Turks in Epirus seized several important positions near Agrapha. As this would enable them to cut off the Greek's retreat in case of a renewal of hostilities, the Greek government ordered its troops to proceed in force to Karpenisi.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Turkish army is becoming accustomed to the occupation of Greek territory. This species of squatter sovereignty is hard to dislodge if continued long. It may develop into a title which will require the expenditure of much treasure and much life to set aside. The restive, anxious feeling at Athens is natural and is not without substantial cause.

The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

It looks as though it would not be long before the old cry of the janizaries, "Christians on the hooks, Jews on the spit," would be heard again under the walls of Vienna.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

If it is true that the Turks are devastating Thessaly they are simply acting as other soldiers have always done in an enemy's country.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Even if peace is the outcome of all the delay and counsel that have been going on since the armistice began, it promises to be a patchwork affair only, with little durability. The evidence of this is afforded by the extraordinary sums being voted in every country of Europe for naval purposes and the general preparations for emergencies, the nature of which will appear when the decisions of the conferences between the concert and the Turk are made known, and the way in which they are carried out by the latter is seen.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

The mutual intriguing of the foreign offices can merely be guessed at. Nobody really knows what is going on behind the closed office doors of the diplomats. The spectacular fact which is beyond denial and important enough to attract general attention is that Turkey continues to increase her army in the field.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

This thing unspeakable holds on to power at Constantinople like a hyena in a beauty-spot, and every other animal in the entire international jungle is afraid to speak or do. Where are the brave men we read about in days long gone? Is there nothing left in Europe but bankrupts and cowards?

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

If the war should continue Greece would have to submit unconditionally to Turkey. Turkey would at once accede to a demand of the united powers.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The policy of the powers has been responsible for the vitality of Turkey, and they may yet reap the fruits of their mutual jealousies.

ALVAN GRAHAM CLARK.

ALVAN G. CLARK.
Astronomer and Telescope-Maker.

THE world of science loses one of its greatest promoters in the death of the astronomer and telescope-maker, Alvan Graham Clark, which occurred in Cambridge, Mass., on June 9. The younger of two sons, he was born July 10, 1832, at Fall River, Mass. At the age of twenty-one years, equipped with a good school education and the training necessary for the profession of a practical machinist, he joined his brother and father Alvan Clark in the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of optical instruments. By about 1856 this firm had won for the United States the fame of producing the best telescopes of any country in the world. Alvan G. spent many years abroad in the study of optics in both its astronomical and its purely mechanical relations. He discovered fourteen double stars. Of these, the companion to Sirius brought him the most fame. He found it on January 31, 1862, with a new 18-inch lens that he was testing just after its completion by the firm for the Dearborn Observatory, at Chicago, Ill. In recognition of this discovery the French Academy of Sciences awarded him the Lalande prize. Mr. Clark accompanied the eclipse expedition of 1870 to Spain and of 1878 to Wyoming. Most of his work on the products of the firm is inseparable from the efforts of his partners. Still after the death of his father in 1887 it remained for him to finish the 36-inch refractor for the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, Cal., and the 40-inch objective for the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis. With the former glass the fifth satellite of Jupiter was discovered by Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory. The latter glass gives indication of having reached the limit of size for clear definition. Mr. Clark did not transmit his skill to his descendants, his one son having died years ago. His successor in the work is Mr. Carl Lundin, with whom he has been associated for twenty-five years.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is worthy of note that this genial and kindly man was broad of vision, and while engaged upon what proved the culmination of his life-work, freely hinted in an address delivered before the Congress of Astronomy and Astro-Physics that much greater things are possible of attainment in telescope construction.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

It is an honorable ambition to become a world-famed inventor, general, music composer, historian, or poet; and surely it is not less deserving of honor and fame to give to the world a new and greater eye for revealing new glories in the fathomless depths of the heavens. This honor clearly belongs to the Clarks, father and son. The latter, too, was not only a great telescope-maker—he was also a notably searching and successful observer. He was the last of the famous lens-makers. Others, no doubt, will arise to carry on the important work; but it may be doubted whether any will quite equal the fine work of the Clarks.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

At last the present administration has disposed of the important diplomatic post of minister to Spain. It was formally accepted on June 17 by Gen. Stewart L. Woodford of New York. Mr. Woodford was born in 1835. In the beginning of the Civil War he was at the head of the bureau for special prosecution in cases concerned with seizures under the blockading rules and his work here won recognition from President Lincoln. He enlisted as a private in 1862, rose to the rank of colonel, and was brevetted brigadier-general. At the close of the war he reorganized the governments of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., and in 1885 he resumed his law practice in New York. In 1866 he was elected lieutenant-governor of New York. Later he was elected congressman from the third district of New York and was United States attorney for the southern district of New York. Since 1883 he has held no public office but has been active as a member of the law firm of Arnoux, Ritch, and Woodford, of New York City. It is not yet announced when General Woodford will replace the present minister, Mr. Hannis Taylor.

GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD.
United States Minister to Spain.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

By nominating General Stewart L. Woodford for minister to Spain, President McKinley has probably cleared up a situation that was becoming embarrassing, as it was understood that he would declare no policy with regard to Cuba until our government was represented at Madrid by a minister identified with his administration. General Woodford is one of the most prominent Republicans in New York, a man of high social and political standing, and as he has not been identified with the Cuban question in any way there seems to be no reason why his nomination should not be acceptable to Spain.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The work awaiting him is one of almost immeasurable difficulty and importance. It requires statesmanship of the very highest order, and it presents a greater opportunity for usefulness and distinction in the cause of humanity and progress than any diplomatic negotiation in which this government has engaged in the last thirty years. We cannot doubt that General Woodford will respond to the full measure of the emergency awaiting him in Madrid.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Of all the foreign missions within the gift of the president and the senate the most important, in the present state of affairs, is the mission to Spain. Next to it is the mission to Turkey.

The Standard. (London, England.)

Hitherto no ambassador has ever presented his credentials while the court was sojourning at San Sebastian. Therefore it is not expected that Gen. Stewart L. Woodford will arrive before the autumn. In the meantime Hannis Taylor accompanies the queen regent and court to San Sebastian.

MRS. MARGARET O. OLIPHANT.

MRS. MARGARET O. OLIPHANT.

THE death of the British novelist, biographer, and historian, Mrs. Margaret O. Oliphant, on June 25 at Wimbledon, England, ends the career of one of the most prolific writers of the century. Her maiden name was Margaret Oliphant Wilson and she was born in 1828 at Wallyford, in Midlothian (county), Scotland. Though she is so widely known through her books Mrs. Oliphant has permitted the public to find out very little of her personality, preferring quiet seclusion in the country to newspaper fame. It is said she was affable to all visitors except press reporters. She was friendly with Queen Victoria and the queen read her manuscripts before they went to the publishers. She had two children and proved herself a kind, capable mother. As to the other facts in her history it is only certain that her life was heavily burdened with sorrow. Shortly before she was twenty-one years of age she published her first book, a novel entitled "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." It met with success, and in less than fifty years from its appearance she had published more than seventy-five books in addition to her many newspaper contributions. She also edited Blackwood's "Foreign Classics for English Readers," herself contributing the volumes on Dante and Cervantes. Her biographies alone would have made her fame permanent. Of these, the volumes on "St. Francis d'Assisi," and "Count Charles de Montalembert" especially won public favor. Others of her most popular books are: "Chronicles of Carlingford," a translation of Montalembert's "History of the Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard"; "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second," "The Makers of Florence, Dante, Giotto, Savonarola and their City," "Dante," "Sheridan," "The Makers of Venice," and "The Second Son," her last novel of importance.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

Her first book was a remarkable one, especially if we remember that she was but a young girl when she wrote it; and no succeeding book of hers has ever fallen below a certain level. It might have more or less interest, a greater or less degree of strength; it was always the work of an artist and it bore the impress of conscientious effort. Of all the names that mark Victorian literature, that of Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant will not be the first to be forgotten. Her fame is as secure, we feel confident, as that of Jane Austen or George Eliot; and in some respects she was a more finished artist than either.

The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

She was one of the most versatile authors of her day, and as a novelist, biographical writer, and historian was a distinct and positive success. Her novels have been recognized as a feature of the best English literature for years, their popularity being still in no way diminished. However, it was in her biographical writings that Mrs. Oliphant was at her best.

THE ANGLO-VENEZUELAN TREATY RATIFIED.

THE Anglo-Venezuelan boundary negotiations were closed on June 14 so far as the United States is concerned. The treaty, it will be remembered, was brought about by the good offices of the Cleveland administration. In its original form it was signed on November 12, 1896, by the then United States secretary of state and England's ambassador to the United States Sir Julian Pauncefote, but Venezuela refused to approve the negotiations unless she were allowed to name one of the arbiters. The treaty was modified to grant this request and on February 2 received the signatures of the Venezuelan minister to the United States Señor Andrade and Sir Julian Pauncefote. On June 14 the final ratifications were exchanged by Señor Andrade and Sir Julian Pauncefote on behalf of their respective governments. The transaction took place at the State Department in Washington, D. C., in the presence of the acting Secretary of State William R. Day and Assistant Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler, who has been active in framing the documents concerned with the treaty. With the completion of this final step the treaty at once, on June 14, became binding on both Great Britain and Venezuela. It requires both countries immediately to begin the work of preparing their cases for submission to a board of arbitrators at its meeting in Paris next winter. Four of the arbitrators, two for each country, are designated in the treaty. They are Baron Herschelt and Sir Richard Collins for Great Britain, and for Venezuela, Chief Justice Fuller (chosen by Venezuela) and Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court. These four are to elect a fifth arbiter within three months from the date of the exchange of the final ratifications or, if they fail to agree in the matter, the selection shall be made by King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

By the final ratification of the boundary treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela, the labor and responsibility of the United States in that matter are ended. That is cause for congratulation; and this still more, that the labor was performed and the responsibility discharged in a manner on the whole worthy of a great nation.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

It redounds to the honor of the commission that, besides having rendered an important service to the cause of justice and international peace, it has also, with the cooperation of its scholarly secretary, Mr. Mallet-Prevost, made a contribution of almost inestimable worth to the annals of American discovery and development.

THE NEW LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

THOUGH the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., on July 1 passed into the control of a new chief librarian, John Russell Young, of Philadelphia, it has not lost the services of its old chief, A. R. Spofford, Mr. Spofford being retained as first assistant. The new librarian is a scholar and one of the most prominent newspaper writers in the United States. He has been at various times managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, New York *Herald* and other large papers. In 1869 he was admitted to the New York bar. In 1887 he accompanied General Grant around the world. His newspaper incidents describing this trip he afterward published in a volume entitled "Around the World With General Grant." Mr. Young was appointed minister to China by President Arthur in 1882 and in this capacity served until in 1885. For some time he was one of the vice-presidents of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. At the time of his appointment as librarian Mr. Young was editor and one of the proprietors of the Philadelphia *Evening Star*.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.
New Librarian of Congress.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The library is large, and while it is far from being in the first rank in the world, it is now in a position to become so. It is therefore not to the past, but to the future that we look when saying that Mr. Young's nomination is the best that could possibly have been made. Mr. Young is not a college man; he is not a scholastic in a certain sense, and yet he is one of the ripest scholars in America, and he will bring to his new work the best that there is in scholarship, joined to the most practical good sense. We heartily congratulate Mr. Young.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The expected appointment of John Russell Young as librarian of Congress has been made, and a most admirable selection it is, too. Mr. Young is very well known as a journalist of high standing and great executive ability.

DELAWARE'S NEW CONSTITUTION.

THE new state constitution that went into effect in Delaware on June 10 was adopted without first being submitted to a vote of the people. It is the work of a constitutional convention of thirty members, all but one of whom gave it their signatures. Conspicuous among its provisions are those fixing a new basis of representation, those to suppress bribery at elections and in the legislature, to guard the suffrage, to give the governor special veto power and restrict his appointing power, to increase the number of judges and limit their term of office, and to invest the power of divorce in the courts instead of in the legislature. One of the suffrage clauses, to go into effect in 1900, requires each voter to be able to read the Delaware constitution in the English language and to write his own name.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The changes in the constitution were confined to the correction of well-recognized abuses by methods not the least experimental. The Anglo-Saxon slowness to project theory into law has been conspicuously illustrated.

(Ind.) Providence Journal. (R. I.)

There is progress in the provisions of the new instrument.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

This is not an unreasonable educational test. It has been tried with satisfactory results in Massachusetts.

(Ind.) The Republican. (Springfield, Mass.)

Here is a case where, in the full ripeness of peaceful working government by the people, a fundamental law is proclaimed without the direct approval of the people. It is manifest that such a course is contrary to the spirit of popular government, however much it may be sanctioned by the letter of laws decreed generations ago.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

The constitution is generally regarded as a decided improvement, and a hopeful thing about it is that its adoption was so nearly unanimous.

(Rep.) The News. (Wilmington, Del.)

The document will be found, upon examination, to meet existing conditions and to provide for certain reforms that could not be obtained at the hands of the general assembly. That the constitution as prepared is perfect we do not believe, but it is as near perfect as can be secured.

(Ind.) The Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The convention has brought to its duties diligence and a sincere desire to incorporate in the new law the principles which make for good government.

BARNEY BARNATO.

BARNEY BARNATO.

THE meteoric career of the South African multi-millionaire speculator known as the "The Diamond King" or "The King of the Kafirs" and reputed to be the richest man in the world, ended on June 14 in his suicide. Though his fortune has been estimated at $300,000,000, just how it was accumulated always has remained a mystery nor are the facts of his early youth definitely known. He was born about forty-four years ago in London and originally was called Barney Isaacs. It generally is claimed that he is the son of a Jewish rag-peddler, Joseph Isaacs of the White Chapel district. Barney grew up uneducated and at the age of about eighteen years was a small second-hand dealer in Petticoat Lane, London, and enjoyed local fame as an expert in sleight of hand. Finally he devoted himself altogether to the latter business, traveling about the country. When the diamond fever began, Barney and his brother Joe joined the migration to Cape Colony, Africa, and it was in Africa that Barney took the name Barnato. Here for a while he picked up a living as street peddler, barber, actor, circus clown, mining-camp follower, etc. It is said his first success came from his discovery of diamonds in a deserted mine, that he worked the mine and sold claims on it amounting to $10,000,000. At this time he married. It is certain that by 1886 he was known in Johannesburg as a heavy speculator in mining properties. For two years there was rivalry between him and the Cecil Rhodes faction but in 1888 they united their interests. Meanwhile he had served a couple of terms in the Cape Colony legislature. About 1888 he left Africa for London. Here one of his most famous speculations was the Kafir mining scheme. Fabulous stories of his wealth that were circulated were given color by his lavish expenditures, and finally society, royalty included, welcomed him everywhere. Since 1894 he has controlled the English bank exchanges. His wife and three children survive him.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

There is no cause to speak, in this case, evil of the dead. Barnato had his faults, but it would be difficult to find any one on 'change entitled to cast stones at him.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Nothing save the story of the "South Sea Bubble" can compare with the tale of this man's doings, his bold and unscrupulous methods, the ease with which he influenced European exchanges and caused them to rise or fall at his simple nod; the cold calculation with which he originated booms and organized companies and caused thousands of men and women to pour their money into his lap by the mere magic of his name. And yet, while we may stand amazed at his daring, at the keenness of his perceptive faculties and the deftness of his financial jugglery, there can be no feeling of regret at his untimely end.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The worst thing that has been said about Barney Barnato is that he was a very rich man. He may have been vulgar, but it does not appear that he was wicked. The world is better, instead of worse, for his having lived in it; which is more than can be said of some of his prominent "Afrikander" associates.

A DISCOVERY ABOUT FLOWERS.

Popular Science News. (New York, N. Y.)

It is but a short time since Sir John Lubbock, Grant Allen, and others, proclaimed that insects created all the beauty of flowers, namely, by being attracted to and so pollenizing those that varied in the direction of beauty. A second series of experiments by Prof. Felix Plateau, of Ghent, has been followed by a third series, from which he draws the following conclusions: 1. That insects show the most complete indifference for the different colors which flowers of the same species or of the same genus may present. 2. That they fly unhesitatingly toward flowers habitually neglected by them on account of their total lack or small supply of nectar, the moment one places in them an artificial nectar, represented by honey. 3. That they cease their visits to flowers from which the nectiferous portions have been eliminated (but in which the inflorescence remains intact) and that they renew their visits if one afterward replaces the eliminated nectar by honey. The details of these experiments and observations are given with the utmost care and their importance cannot be questioned. The results are published in the bulletin of the Belgian Academy.

FEVER IN PLANTS.

The Literary Digest. (New York, N. Y.)

A phenomenon in wounded plants that seems to correspond exactly to what we should call fever in animals has been discovered in England by H. M. Richards. His experiments, which are described by him in *The Annals of Botany*, are thus epitomized in a note in *Natural Science* (May): "He finds that accompanying the increased rate of respiration is an increase in the temperature of the parts affected. A kind of fever supervenes, and as in the case of respiration, the disturbance runs a definite course, and attains its maximum some twenty-four hours after injury. It is interesting to note that the attempt to rally from an injury is accompanied by somewhat the same symptoms, increased rate of respiration and evolution of heat, in plants as in animals. Owing to the nature of the case the reaction is less obvious in the former than in the latter, and a delicate thermoelectric element was required to appreciate the rise in temperature; but compared with the ordinary temperature of plants in relation to the surrounding medium, the rise after injury is 'as great, if not greater than in animals.' The maximum in all the plants investigated was between two and three times the ordinary excess above the surrounding air. It was found that in massive tissues (such as potatoes or radishes afford) the effect of injury was local, whereas in the case of leaves (e. g., onion-bulbs) much greater extent of tissue was sympathetically affected."

THOUSANDS OF NEW STARS.

Post Intelligencer. (Seattle, Wash.)

Most people are too busy to take much interest in astronomical phenomena unless they are accompanied by some visible spectacle such as an eclipse, a conjunction, or a comet. There are discoveries being made, however, which would be startling but for the fact that human comprehension has almost reached its limit. It is immaterial to man whether there are two million or three million stars. His wonder is satiated long before it attains such figures. The astronomer with his new glasses and his improving instruments is still scouring the expanse of the heavens for more to be counted, and he gets his reward. From Mexico comes the news that thousands of double and triple stars have been discovered and measured through the Lowell observatory, which was transferred there for the purpose. Of the number one half are entirely new, never before having been reported. The result of the investigations will form the most important addition to the literature of stellar astronomy since the time of Herschel. Among observations besides those of multiple stars and the apposition of Mars, but which could only be made incidentally, were some bearing on the formation of heavenly bodies.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

June 8. Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, is nominated by President McKinley for assistant attorney-general.——The Provisional National Committee of the Silver Republican party convenes in Chicago; its attendance shows representatives from thirty-two states.

June 9. President McKinley names Henry L. Wilson., of Washington, D. C., for minister to Chile; W. J. Powell, of New Jersey, to Haiti; J. G. Leishman, of Pennsylvania, to Switzerland.——The Reformed Episcopal Church elections decide upon Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, for presiding bishop during the next three years.

June 10. The general synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church is held at Mansfield, O.

June 12. Princeton University, N. J., wins a baseball game over Yale, New Haven, Conn.

June 14. Fire devastates the immigrant station on Ellis Island, in New York Harbor.

June 15. For Alaska's governor President McKinley nominates John G. Brady, of Alaska.——The Universal Postal Congress concludes its sessions in Washington, D. C.

June 16. Princeton confers the degree of LL.D. upon ex-President Cleveland.

June 18. The American Railway Union, Eugene V. Debs' order, is merged into "The Social Democracy of America," at Chicago.

June 22. The Ohio Valley Bimetallic League convenes in Cincinnati, O.

June 24. The Music Teachers' National Association convenes in New York.

June 25. President McKinley's nominee for minister to Peru is Irving B. Dudley, of California.

June 29. Christian Endeavor delegates and other excursionists to the number of thousands leave Chicago for the Pacific Coast.——An appeal for protection is made to the War Department by settlers near the reservation of the Bannock Indians.

July 2. President and Mrs. McKinley start on a three days' visit to Canton, O.

FOREIGN.

June 6. Señor Canovas del Castillo is confirmed in his powers as premier of Spain by the Spanish queen regent.

June 8. The czar gives audience to John W. Foster, American seal commissioner.

June 11. Hostile natives on the Afghan frontier attack a British expedition, killing several British officers and many Indian troops.

June 16. John W. Foster, seal commissioner for the United States, departs from St. Petersburg for London.

June 18. Switzerland's state council favors the acquisition of railroads by the state.

June 19. The recent earthquake in India is said to have killed more than 6,000 persons.

June 20. Cuban rebels win victories in Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio.

June 21. An earthquake destroys the Mexican town of Tehuantepec.

June 23. The Women's International Chess Tournament opens in London.

June 24. Baron Dhanis and all his expedition to the source of the Nile are reported to have been massacred.——In Hawaii it is rumored that the Japanese are about to seize the custom-house there, and to prevent such action American marines are landed in Hawaii.

June 28. The German emperor replaces Baron Marschall von Bieberstein by Herr von Bülow in the ministry of foreign affairs.——The Mazarin Bible is disposed of for £4,000 at the Ashburnham Library sale.——The ministry of the Netherlands resigns.

June 29. The Steamer *Aden* bound from Yokohama, Japan, to London sinks off Socotra Island, at the eastern extremity of Africa, and seventy-eight of the passengers are lost.

June 30. The Pan-Anglican Conference begins at Lambeth Palace, London, with an attendance of more than two hundred prelates of the Church of England and allied churches in various parts of the world.

July 2. The plague situation in India is still serious and a rebellion of the natives is feared.

July 4. Despatches announce the complete pacification of the Philippine Islands.

July 5. A thousand rioters are slain in Calcutta.

NECROLOGY.

June 6. Francis Schlatter, the Denver "Healer."

June 8. Commander George E. Wingate, U.S.N.

June 17. Rev. Father Kneipp, Bavarian water curist.

June 23. James T. Kilbreth, collector of the port of New York.

June 24. United States Representative E. D. Cooke, of Illinois.

June 30. George M. Lane, professor emeritus at Harvard University.

July 3. Ex-Governor John Evans, of Colorado.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The C. L. S. C. Books for 1897–98.

A set of books which will meet the demand for a popular treatment of history, art, and science is composed of the C. L. S. C. books for 1897–98. In this set there are five volumes, uniformly bound in cloth stamped with an artistic design in black and gold, and in general appearance—in typographical work, paper, illustrations, and binding—they are all that can be desired. If any one of these volumes more than another may be said to supplement the C. L. S. C. work of 1896–97 it is "A Short History of Mediæval Europe,"* by Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., professor of history in The University of Chicago. Although intended primarily for text-book purposes, the style and general arrangement of the contents are such as to interest any one wishing to be conversant with the principles underlying the progress of historical events. This book contains a plain, straightforward account of the events in the eleven and one half centuries from about 300 to 1500 A. D. Before beginning the history proper the author explains the relation of the geographical position, contour, and topography of Europe to the sequence of historical incidents, and gives an account of the early European peoples and the condition of the Christian Church in the fourth century, thus enabling the reader to more easily comprehend the succeeding discussions of the historical problems arising in the Middle Ages. The causes and the far-reaching results of the migration of the barbarians, and of their invasion of the Roman Empire, and the effects of Christianity, monasticism, and papacy are lucidly presented. The period described is a fertile one, and the author has given the student a comprehensive survey of the factors which helped to form the present Europe.

A second book the subject of which coordinates with the history of Europe in the Middle Ages is "Imperial Germany,"† by Sidney Whitman, a prominent newspaper correspondent and writer and a personal friend of modern Germany's most noted leaders. In the treatment of his subject he has brought all his journalistic powers into play, and he has therefore produced a highly entertaining as well as an instructive book. Most attractively he has described the formation of the German Empire of to-day, treating at length each separate element which helps to make up the multifarious character of a people. The author first presents to the reader the German in the political field, after which he proceeds to describe the intellectual, educational, and commercial conditions, social and family life, the governmental *régime*, the press, the army, and other features of the German nationality. In clear, perspicuous statements Mr. Whitman has conveyed to the world his notion of Germany, the effect of which the fine pictorial representation has greatly increased. A valuable appendix from "Governments of the World To-day," written by Hamblen Sears and published by Flood & Vincent, is a succinct history of the German Empire.

Prof. William H. Goodyear is the author of "Roman and Medieval Art."* Two epochs—the Roman and the medieval periods—have been treated by the author in a charmingly direct and simple style. He has shown the facility with which the Romans adapted to their own conditions the art culture of Greece, and explained the result of Byzantine influence on the art productions of Rome. The book contains additional chapters on prehistoric art in Europe and the Italian and Etruscan art of the early ages. Throughout the work there is a practical demonstration of the value of art as a medium by which epochal and national development may be accurately traced. The present volume is a revised and enlarged edition of that which was used in the C. L. S. C. course several years ago, and by numerous additions the number of illustrations is increased to almost two hundred, making a volume to be desired for its purely artistic merit as well as for its literary and educative qualities.

One of the most interesting books of the C. L. S. C. course for 1897–98, and one which gives the reader an insight into the conditions of civilization in Rome in the early days of the Christian era, is entitled "Roman Life in Pliny's Time,"† by Maurice Pellison. It has been translated from the French into very smooth and readable English by Miss Maud Wilkinson, and the contents furnish a vast amount of information on a wide range of subjects. An account is given of the education and training of children, the position held by the women, the condition of servants, social and marriage customs, modes of travel, and the methods of transacting business. The home life of Roman aristocracy is carefully portrayed, and very entertaining are the descriptions of the streets and the dwellings of Rome, as is also the account of the famous games and entertainments of the arena. The recitals are enlivened by a large number of appropriate illustrations of a high degree of excellence.

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* A Short History of Mediæval Europe. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D. 315 pp. $1.00.——† Imperial Germany. A Critical Study of Fact and Character. By Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S. 330 pp. $1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

* Roman and Medieval Art. Revised and enlarged with many new illustrations. 307 pp. $1.00.——† Roman Life in Pliny's Time. By Maurice Pellison. Translated from the French by Maud Wilkinson. With an Introduction by Frank Justus Miller. 312 pp. $1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

The volume which treats of questions of particular interest to all American readers is "The Social Spirit in America,"* a book written especially for the C. L. S. C. course of 1897–98 by C. R. Henderson, associate professor of sociology in The University of Chicago. In carefully worded and tersely written sentences he has discussed subjects which pertain to the structure of society and to social phenomena. Labor organizations, home-making, hygienic dwellings, social institutions and the state school system are but few of the numerous topics of popular interest which the author has discussed. To arouse interest in practical social work is the purpose of the book, and no one can read it without feeling a desire to join those who are laboring in sociological fields.

Fiction.

Switzerland, not Italy, is the place which Marion Crawford has chosen for the happenings of a short tale denominated "A Rose of Yesterday." † A single day is the time with which the story deals, but it is one of those never-to-be-forgotten days into which all the crucial events of a lifetime seem to be crowded. Much suffering and misery are depicted, and with the tragedy of human life are presented moral questions which touch our civilization. Not more than half a dozen characters are included in the personnel of the story, and each of the principal actors is a type of rectitude.

A story into which the mysterious is interwoven in just the right proportion is entitled "The Grey Lady." ‡ The cold, heartless woman of the world and the simple, ingenuous maiden are both delineated with admirable skill, and with these are the gentlemanly scoundrel, the strong, honorable man and the clever though weak character whose combined acts, good and bad, make an attractive character study. Life in the Balearic Islands and Spanish character are well portrayed, though the scene of the action is as much in London as in the sunny isles of the Mediterranean. The story has been enclosed in covers artistically decorated with a gold design suggestive of the sea on which the principal personages lived.

The artist and the musician, Crome and Crotch, who by their genius have made Norwich famous, are characters in a short story of the eighteenth century called "Castle Meadow."‖ It is the period of their boyhood and early manhood that the tale covers and the precocity of these children is made especially prominent by the doings of the older people who are actors in events invested with great interest. The story is well told and reveals many of the customs of the century with which it has to do.

"Equality,"* as the author remarks in a prefatory note, is a continuation of "Looking Backward." The year 2000 is the period of time which the work describes and Julian West, Dr. Leete, and his daughter Edith are again introduced. These three discuss at length the social and political economy of the era in which they live, contrasting them with the conditions which exist in the present century. There are long and somewhat wearisome disquisitions on capital and labor, protective tariff, free trade, and the cause and progress of the revolution in the social and political world, besides explanations on subjects of lesser import.

It is a story of France in the time of Napoleon which Conan Doyle denominates "Uncle Bernac."† In conception the story is highly original and the manner in which it is told makes the delineation of Napoleon's character exceptionally vivid. The troublous times existing in France when Napoleon was preparing to invade England are also reflected with great accuracy. The recital is autobiographical in nature, the *raconteur*, an old man, giving his personal experience on the coast of France—an experience full of danger and excitement. Through the entire story there is a slender thread of romance, which intensifies the interest the author is able to create by the recital of the terrors to which he was subjected.

In bringing to a happy conclusion a plot so complex in nature as that with which "Some Modern Heretics" ‡ is supplied, the author displays great skill. Dramatic situations are numerous, some of them, however, lack the force of spontaneity. In the acts and speeches of some of the personages may be seen the *raison d' être* of the title.

A peculiarly appropriate title of a story by Anna Farquhar is "A Singer's Heart." ‖ She impresses the reading public with the fact that a singer's soul must first be touched by the sentiment of her songs if she would move the hearts of her audience. In Eleonora, the great vocalist, the author has combined weak and strong qualities, with a predominance of the latter, and too late she discovers that the art to which she has devoted her early life is not sufficient to satisfy the natural longings of her heart.

The style in which Wilson Barrett has written

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* The Social Spirit in America. By C. R. Henderson. 350 pp. $1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

† A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. 218 pp. $1.25.——‡ The Grey Lady. By Henry Seton Merriman. 377 pp. $1.50.——‖ Castle Meadow. A Story of Norwich a Hundred Years Ago. By Emma Marshall. 295 pp. $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* Equality. By Edward Bellamy. 412 pp. $1.25.——† Uncle Bernac. A memory of the Empire. By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. 308 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ Some Modern Heretics. By Cora Maynard. 382 pp. $1.50. ——‖ A Singer's Heart. By Anna Farquhar. 159 pp. $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Sign of the Cross"[*] is calculated to picture with intense vividness the revolting scenes of the period during which Nero dictated the affairs of Rome. The story shows the power of morality and the Christian religion over evil, and the author is to be commended especially for the accuracy with which he has set forth historical events.

Biography. In the charming and vivacious manner peculiar to herself Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has given to the world a remarkable delineation of her own life.[†] The credit of her literary success, she tells us, belongs to her ancestry, rather than to her own individual effort, but it is enough for us to know that she was successful and that she put forth "The Gates Ajar." How the story came into being is a subject to which considerable space is given, to the delight of all lovers of this tale. Throughout the entire work there are tender allusions to such literary people as Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, and Celia Thaxter, which give us glimpses of the characters of many of the world's luminaries. The volume also contains many pictures of people and places to which reference is made.

The "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot Duc de Reggio"[‡] is a compilation by Gaston Stiegler of the "souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos into easily readable English. The marshal having been an active participant in important battles, this volume contains much that is important concerning the French military campaigns in the early years of this century, and it gives interesting facts about prominent people of those times.

In The Great Commanders[‖] series, the twelfth volume is a biography of General Grant. The writer, James G. Wilson, has given a very candid and full account of Grant's life to the date of his death. Besides the facts pertaining strictly to the general's life the book presents a study of the campaigns in which he was engaged. All the maps necessary to understand these accompany the text, and several illustrations suited to a work of this kind have a great historical value.

At a very opportune time a member of the royal household has described a new phase of Queen Victoria's life.[§] With a facile pen the author has painted a picture of the home life of Her Majesty —a life which, when understood, endears her more than ever to the hearts of her own people and to the world. Every feature of the queen's private life is carefully depicted, and the delightful portraiture thus produced is made more real by the illustrations accompanying the text.

"The True George Washington"[*] is the title of a volume by Paul Leicester Ford, in which he portrays America's hero as a man rather than as a demigod. With phrases and sentences of his own construction the author has skilfully interwoven quotations from Washington's writings and from other sources, which, combined, furnish authoritative information on the private and social life of Washington. The work is well illustrated.

In an autobiographical sketch Dr. Charles F. Deems[†] has recounted in a simple, flowing style the events of the first twenty-two years of his life. To this his sons have added a memoir, which consists largely of extracts from his writings and those of others, making a very complete and interesting biography of an earnest Christian worker.

A biographical study of great interest is entitled "Robert the Bruce."[‡] From early chronicles, lays, and folk-lore Sir Herbert Maxwell has gathered facts which he has combined into a picture of the conditions surrounding the Scots from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The volume is amply illustrated and makes a valuable addition to Putnam's Heroes of the Nations series.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 306 to 336 of the July issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Moser and Heiden, Köpnickerstrasse. $1.20. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Benj. W. Wells, Ph.D. (Harv.)

Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by Alcée Fortier, D.Lt.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Peabody, Francis Greenwood. Mornings in the College Chapel. Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK.

Dorchester, Daniel, D.D. Christianity Vindicated by Its Enemies. 75 cts.

McAllister, Agnes. A Lone Woman in Africa: Six Years on the Kroo Coast. $1.00.

CHARLES H. KERR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Williams, John Milton, D.D. Rational Theology, or Ethical and Theological Essays. Vol. II. $1.25.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, 2 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

Reichel, Rev. Geogre V., A.M., Ph.D. What Shall I tell the Children? Object Sermons and Teachings. $1.50.

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[*] The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 303 pp. $1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

[†] Chapters From a Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated. 278 pp. $1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

[‡] Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot Duc de Reggio. Compiled from the Hitherto Unpublished Souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio, by Gaston Stiegler. First Translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With two portraits in heliogravure. 474 pp. $2.00.——[‖] General Grant. By James Grant Wilson. 390 pp. $1.50——[§] The Private Life of the Queen. By a Member of the Royal Household. Illustrated. 315 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

[*] The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. 318 pp. $2.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

[†] Autobiography of Charles Force Deems, D.D., LL.D. and Memoir by his sons, Rev. Edward M. Deems, A.M., Ph.D., and Francis M. Deems, M.D., Ph.D. 365 pp. $1.50. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

[‡] Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P. 398 pp. $1.50. New York: G. P Putnam's Sons.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

See page 579.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Vol. XXV. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 6.

OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

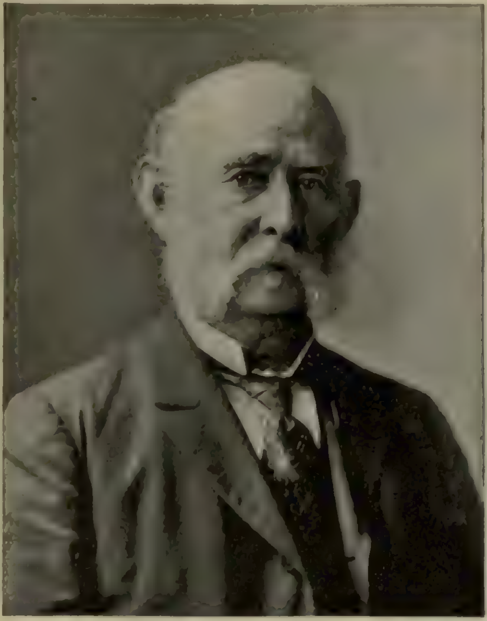
John H. Vincent, *Chancellor*, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y. All "personal" letters should be so marked on envelope. Lewis Miller, *President*. Jesse L. Hurlbut, *Principal*. *Counselors:* Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.; J. M. Gibson, D. D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.; Edward Everett Hale, D. D.; James H. Carlisle, LL. D. Miss K. F. Kimball, *Executive Secretary*. A. M. Martin, *General Secretary*.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

II.

NEARLY one fourth of the employees in the executive departments are women, and it is the universal testimony of all unprejudiced officials of experience that they maintain a higher standard of efficiency than men in clerical work. This is even more noticeable in those branches of the treasury where bonds and money are to be handled. A treasury "countess" in the redemption division, where worn-out money is exchanged for new, or in the division of issue, from which all bank-bills and greenbacks originally proceed, is unsurpassed for accuracy and acuteness in all the banking world. There are women in those offices whose instincts enable them to detect a counterfeit note almost by the touch. There is one woman who has testified as an expert in nearly all important lawsuits involving the genuineness of money, and she is regarded as the highest authority on that subject. There has seldom been a woman thief in any of the executive departments or in the post-offices throughout the country, although the agents of the secret service are constantly making arrests.



GEN. JAMES A. DUMONT, SUPERVISING INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF STEAMBOATS.

As clerks and correspondents women are equally efficient, and they often accomplish more than the men, although they are not promoted as rapidly and do not receive the same salaries. The highest compensation paid to a woman in government employ is $1,800, and there are only two or three who receive that amount. Married women are not allowed to hold positions if they have husbands or sons to support them, and the majority of women clerks have obtained their positions through competitive examinations. The old system of political patronage did not offer them as many opportunities as are afforded by the new system.

TORA HOSHI, JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

It is not possible for the women clerks in the departments to enter fashionable society. It is a matter of expense, however, and not of prejudice. There are several ladies holding government positions who may be cited as exceptions. They are welcomed and highly esteemed in the most fashionable circles. They are favorite guests at dinner parties and banquets and balls, because their social qualities are such as to add to the success and pleasure of any gathering. Nearly all of these exceptions come from families who have once been wealthy and prominent, and who have been able to retain the social position and the friendships that were formed during their days of prosperity. They have friends to assist them in keeping up appearances. These ladies are not expected to dress as elegantly as they once did, for all their acquaintances recognize their situation, but they are quite as popular as ever. Among the department clerks also are women of distinction who have been prominent in social life at the capital and whose husbands have served their country in the army, the navy, in Congress, and in other branches of political life. Not long ago the widow of a cabinet officer held a desk in the Treasury Department, and the granddaughter of a president resigned her position only a few weeks ago. Two daughters of cabinet ministers occupy desks in one of the bureaus of a big department, and still another is serving as private secretary to the wife of a member of the cabinet. She has been so fortunate as to serve two other cabinet ladies and the wife of a vice-president in a similar capacity, and there is no more welcome guest in the fashionable circles of the capital than she.

I cite these illustrations to show that an appointment to office does not necessarily deprive a woman of her social posi-

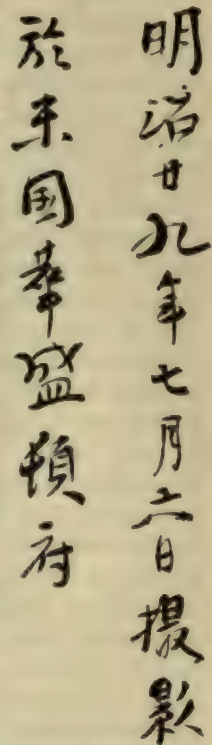
RESIDENCE OF LIEUT. RICHARDSON CLOVER.

MRS. TORA HOSHI.

tion, but the salary that goes with it will not allow her to indulge in the expenses that are imposed upon a society woman. At the same time ladies in the departments have been taught by experience and observation that their positions are imperiled if they live in too much luxury or assume too much of what people call "airs." I might tell of a certain widow who held a lucrative position in one of the departments several years ago and at the same time indulged freely in social enjoyment. Thinking she might strengthen herself with the head of the department in which she had a desk, she gave an elaborate luncheon in honor of his daughter, which was attended by members of other cabinet families. Poor women who were struggling for existence, widows of soldiers who had nothing but their pensions to feed themselves and their children, mothers who were tramping the streets from dawn to sunset asking for work, shop-girls who were trying to live decent lives upon wages of $3 a week, read of this luncheon in the newspapers as an important social event, and the misguided hostess found herself attacked from a hundred directions. If she could afford to give such entertainments she did not need the salary of a clerk, and the cabinet minister whose daughter was entertained took a similar view of the case, and gave her office to the poor widow of a soldier.

There is no destiny but labor for a woman in a government department. Now and then one of them marries. The bridegroom is generally a fellow clerk whose prospects are no better than hers, but they find greater happiness in living together on one salary than living separately on two. Sometimes there are secret marriages in order that the wife may not be compelled to surrender her position, but sooner or later the truth comes out and it is the worse for both parties. The cost of comfort in Washington does not permit a woman clerk to save much money. Her salary is seldom more than $900 or $1,000 a year. Half of it goes for board, a quarter for dress, and she generally has some dependent relative who requires assistance. There are insurance companies which take risks upon the lives of government employees, and mutual associations and endowment companies through which they can make provision for their old age. Their work is easy, their associations are pleasant, and although the head of the division may have disagreeable manners and an unfriendly disposition their lives are quite as happy as those of any women who work.

The oldest employee of the government until recently was William Plume Moran, who was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1811. He was appointed clerk to the captain of the port of Norfolk on January 1, 1827, and served as such until



明治廿九年七月六日撮影
於米国華盛頓府

AUTOGRAPH OF MRS. TORA HOSHI.

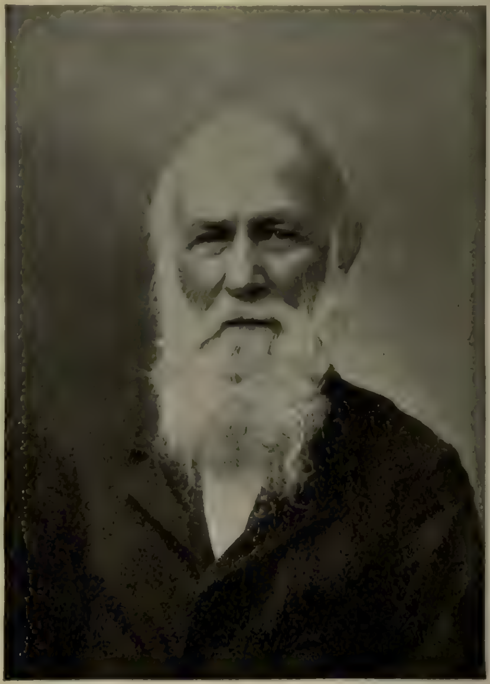
WILLIAM P. MORAN, UNTIL RECENTLY THE OLDEST GOVERNMENT CLERK.

August 13, 1830, when he went to sea as captain's clerk and served on one ship or another for thirteen years, until October 23, 1843, when he entered the Navy Department as a clerk in the Bureau of Navigation. He was known as "Uncle Billy" by every officer in the naval service, and for over forty years signed the commission of every cadet appointed to the academy and of every officer who served in the navy during that time.

There are officers in the service whose several commissions, from ensign to admiral, bear his signature. During the war he was confidential secretary to Gideon Welles, and all the orders issued by Mr. Welles for four years passed through Mr. Moran's hands. His memory is famous throughout the navy. He knows the record of every officer without reference to the register, and can give the date of almost any commission that he has signed. The last secretary of the navy removed Mr. Moran because of age and infirmity.

Since the dismissal of Mr. Moran the senior clerk in the service of the government is Richard White, of the District of Columbia, who is employed at a salary of $1,000 a year in the office of the auditor of the treasury for the Post-office Department. That bureau was organized on the 2nd of July, 1836, while Andrew Jackson was president, Levi Woodbury secretary of the treasury, and Amos Kendall postmaster-general. Mr. White was appointed a clerk on the 21st of December following, and has remained on duty continuously in the same office since that date. He completed his sixty years of service on the 21st of December last. He has never held a prominent position, but has performed his humble duty faithfully and well. He was born in Rockville, a village just across the borders of the District of Columbia, in Maryland, in 1814, and is therefore eighty-three years of age. His health is excellent, and he retains all of his mental faculties and performs his duties every day. He has watched the postal service of the government grow from 11,091 to 70,360 offices. He has seen the revenues increase from $3,408,323 to $82,499,208 a year.

Only a few weeks ago Henry L. Whiting, who was second in seniority among government employees, laid down his after-dinner cigar, dropped back in his easy chair, and



RICHARD E. WHITE, THE OLDEST GOVERNMENT CLERK.

RESIDENCE OF COL. JOHN HAY, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

fell into an eternal sleep. Mr. Whiting was a distinguished scientist, and served with the coast and geodetic survey for fifty-nine years. He was a native of Martha's Vineyard, and was appointed in 1838, shortly after the bureau was organized, and he developed the topographic methods of the survey. He was the only man who served under all the superintendents of that bureau. He was a member of the Mississippi River Commission, and had the direction of the Massachusetts state topograpical survey in addition to his other duties. Although over eighty years of age, he was mentally and physically vigorous, and performed his duties with ability up to almost the very hour of his death, which came without warning and was a great shock to his associates. He spent the day at his office as usual, walked to his residence, dined with his family, was cheerful and hearty, and looked forward to many years of usefulness.

Charles A. Schott, the distinguished chief of the computing division of the coast survey, was appointed in 1848, and has held his present position since 1857. He was born in Germany in 1826, and is therefore seventy-one years old. He graduated at the polytechnic school at Carlsruhe as a civil engineer in 1847, and came immediately to this country. The division of which he has charge is that in which the astronomical, trigonometric, hypsometric, and magnetic results of the survey are discussed, and he has served the government with great distinction in that capacity. He is a member of many learned societies here and abroad—the National Academy of Sciences, the Philosophical Societies of Philadelphia and Washington, the Academia Givenia di Scienze National, and others. He has contributed a score or more of important meteorological and magnetic papers published by the Smithsonian Institution, notably discussions of meteorological, tidal, and magnetic data obtained by the arctic explorers Kane, Hays, McClintock, and others. The reports of the superintendents of the coast and geodetic survey contain his writings on hydrography, geodesy, and especially on terrestrial magnetism, a subject to which he has devoted his abilities with eminent success. He is considered an authority on all the subjects alluded to, and notwithstanding his long and unremittent labors is still vigorous, mentally and physically.

The oldest bureau officer of the government, in point of service, taking the broad

SUMNER I. KIMBALL, CHIEF OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

meaning of that term, is Mr. A. R. Spofford, librarian of Congress, who was appointed assistant librarian in September, 1861, and in 1864 librarian in chief. When he came to Washington there were only 70,000 volumes in the library. Now there are nearly 800,000 volumes, and the new building, which is considered the finest modern structure in the world, and was planned largely upon his suggestions, has a capacity of 4,500,000. Mr. Spofford probably has the most comprehensive knowledge of books of any man in America. His wonderful capacity to give information is almost supernatural, and the colored messengers about the library are under the impression that he can tell the contents of a book by looking at the covers. Mr. Spofford has achieved an honorable distinction as an author and scholar as well as a librarian. The office of chief librarian of Congress was recently bestowed upon Mr. John Russell Young, Mr. Spofford taking the position of first assistant.

Next in point of service is Sumner I. Kimball, chief of the life-saving service, who first came into the treasury in January, 1862, was appointed chief clerk to the second auditor in 1868, and in 1871 was placed in charge of the revenue cutter service, which he reorganized upon its present plan. In 1871, when the life-saving service was created, he was appointed chief, and its remarkable record is due to his vigor and ability.

Gen. James A. Dumont, who carries the longest title of any officer in the treasury, supervising inspector-general of steamships,

LIBRARY OF AMBASSADOR JOHN HAY'S RESIDENCE.

was appointed by General Grant on the 24th of November, 1876, a little more than twenty years ago, and will undoubtedly spend the rest of his life in that office. He began his career in navigation on the Hudson River in 1837, as cabin-boy of the sloop *Ranger*, and has since sailed the world over many times, commanding both steam and sail vessels, merchantmen and men-of-war.

Alvey A. Adee, second assistant secretary of state, and the oracle of the government on diplomatic topics, began his official life on September 9, 1870, as secretary of the legation at Madrid, and has been promoted from time to time until he reached his present position in 1876. Mr. Adee is the authority of the Department of State on international law and precedents. He always writes that portion of the president's message which relates to foreign affairs, and does the heavy correspondence with our legations abroad.

The members of the diplomatic corps in Washington are very popular in society, and are much sought by the more fashionable sets. Many of them are very agreeable and estimable people, although now and then you hear of a black sheep in the flock —some youngster who has been sent from home to escape the penalty of indiscretion or to make an attempt at reform. Vulgar people make desperate efforts to secure the acquaintance and the attention of the diplomatists, and every woman who gives a ball or a reception is glad to have them as her guests because of their interesting personality and their brilliant court costumes. The reception given annually by the president to the diplomatic corps is the most important social event of the season. It always comes immediately after New Year's day, and the women save their new gowns for that evening.

The army and navy also add greatly to the attractiveness of Washington society, and constitute an important part of the population. It is the ambition of every naval family to have a home at the capital, where they may reside when the husband or father is at sea, and where he may find an asylum when his name is transferred from the active to the retired list. According to the regulations of the service every officer must spend three years at sea before he can have shore duty or leave of absence, and when this voyage is over he usually seeks a detail in the Navy Department, or at the navy-yard or the observatory, in order that he may enjoy the interval with his family. The wives of army officers may always live in garrison with their husbands in time of peace, but a naval officer must spend more than half his time at sea.

Washington is the haven for retired admirals and generals, and for the widows of deceased officers. You can find a dozen old sea-dogs and battle-scarred veterans at the Army and Navy Club any afternoon, talking over old times and discussing politics. Some naval and army officers are rich. It is considered the duty of rich girls to marry into the service, because the pay of an officer is small, his expenses are large, and he has no opportunity to make money outside of his profession. Many young ladies have obeyed this injunction, which accounts for the fine residences owned and occupied by them in this city. But when their husbands go to sea the navy wives usually rent their fine houses and move into smaller ones as a measure of economy. Some follow their husbands abroad, although the European Squadron moves about so much that it keeps them traveling from port to port. Those who are not well off prefer to have their husbands assigned to the Asiatic Station or the South Atlantic Squadron, because Shanghai, Yokohama, and Montevideo, which are the headquarters, are pleasant and inexpensive places to live, and the ships usually lie there for months at a time.

It is easier for ambitious people to enter what we term fashionable society in Washington than in any other city. The transient population is so large and so cosmopolitan that no questions are asked. The republican court is ever accessible to the sovereigns who rule this country, regardless of dress suits and other conventionalities, and the official circle is a convenient stepping-stone to more select society. Strangers who have wealth and good manners, and who make themselves agreeable, are admitted on probation, but in Washington, as everywhere else in the animate world, the cream rises to the top in due time, and baser substances find their proper levels. There is the same amount of envy, jealousy, and scandal that makes people unhappy elsewhere, and a relative degree of happiness and contentment. Washington society is as pure as that of any place in the world, and the standard of morals is becoming higher annually. The conduct of both men and women nowadays in official and in private life is much more commendable than it was before the war. Some women are gay and frivolous, no doubt, and men have their faults, but there has been a constant and a permanent improvement in the morals and manners of both. Our fashionable society at this moment would not tolerate habits and vices that were common in the days of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and, although there was never so much extravagance in dress and entertainment as now, the churches were never so well filled, there never was so much charity and benevolence, and never less scandal. The country is not going to the dogs. The world is getting better every day, and it is well that the capital of the great republic should take the lead in the movement.

Wealth is quite as necessary to social success from the popular point of view in Washington as in all the large cities of Europe and America, and poverty is quite as inconvenient there as elsewhere. Exceptions are often made in favor of brains and ancestry. Society is divided into sets and cliques on a basis of educational and property qualifications, individual tastes and affiliations. There is a "fast" set, composed of those who have plenty of time and money to spend in sport and frivolity, an "exclusive" set, composed of the highly respectable old residents who do not look with favor upon all the newcomers and their lively ways; the army and navy families are naturally more intimate among themselves than with outsiders, because of their many interests in common, and the scientific and literary people exert mutual attractions for similar reasons. "Birds of a feather flock together." Those who would be entertained by others must themselves entertain. Hospitality must be reciprocal, although special indulgences are granted to good-looking bachelors who dance and talk well. This, however, is due to necessity and not to choice. Gentlemen with such accomplishments are scarce in all communities in these days of labor and money grubbing, but people who accept dinners must return them or are dropped from the invitation lists.

Evening receptions are going out of date. Afternoon teas from five to seven are more popular because they are more economical both for the hosts and the guests. The former do not have to spend as much money for music, flowers, lights, and refreshments, while the latter can go in their street clothes and bonnets.

President McKinley intends to introduce some reforms in the social life of the White House which will be very welcome. Hitherto it has been the custom for the president to give four evening receptions which have been so crowded as to impair the enjoyment of the guests, and a series of dinner parties at which the cabinet, the judiciary, the diplomatic corps, the senators, and a few representatives have been invited. They are long, tedious, and stupid, and are dreaded as ordeals and tests of endurance. President McKinley thinks that it would be more agreeable to give more entertainments and not have so many people at each one. This will certainly be an improvement upon the present method. The White House is not well adapted to entertaining. It was built when rooms were lighted with candles and is not suited to the era of electric lights. It has not grown with the population and the importance of the country, or with the power and responsibilities of the man who occupies it, and Congress must sooner or later make appropriations for the erection of a more suitable and commodious building.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE REFORM IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN.

NEW YORK CITY has recently become by special legislative enactment the second largest city in the world and the first city of the American commonwealth. Honest pride over such a result is justifiable, but there are serious problems attending the right and proper government of this metropolis which forbid any undue exaltation of spirit. The federal census of 1890 and the report of the Tenement-house Committee of 1894 astonished our municipal authorities by showing that New York is the most congested city of the New World, and that it has specified regions of dense population beyond anything in the world—denser even than the cities of Asia and Europe whose municipal life covers a millennium.

The police census of "lesser" New York, as we must now speak of it, showed that there was a population of 1,851,060 within the then legal limits of the city, and that 1,742,985 people lived on Manhattan Island itself. Thus a population equivalent to that of the whole kingdom of Norway is housed upon an area of 13,487.2 acres—less space than that occupied by some of our farms in the West. The density per acre of that part of the city lying south of the Harlem is 129.2, according to the figures of 1895.

Paris follows next with 125.2, and next is Berlin, and next is New York City itself, including the population above the Harlem as well as below it. Following these in their order come Tokyo, Vienna, and inner London. Thus Greater New York starts its career, despite the addition of comparatively tenantless territory, with a larger density of population than Greater London had in 1896. In other words, three millions of people now included within Greater New York will be housed in a space by no means half as large as that occupied by Greater London. And further, this space is not equally crowded. There are black spots in it where the people are heaped one upon the other, followed by ordinary residential sections, and these again by meadows and stretches of land along the banks of the rivers flowing around the city.

The peculiar geographical situation of New York City accounts in a measure for this density. Built upon a narrow and elongated tongue of land, with the Hudson River upon the west and the East River upon the northeast, the value of real estate has become enormous, and the difficulties attending the problems of rapid transit have made it impossible for multitudes of business men and artisans to seek their homes beyond the island of Manhattan. The population of some of the entire kingdoms of Europe is now crowded into areas far less than the family estate of a European noble. There are, says Dr. Walter Laidlaw, at least seven blocks in New York City containing over three thousand people each, and in one of these blocks no less than thirty languages and dialects are spoken by the inhabitants. The average number of persons to a dwelling is 18.52, while in Philadelphia in 1890 the same average was only 5.60.

And yet another reason for this crowding is the tremendous influx of foreign immigration, especially from Germany, Poland, the countries of the Mediterranean Sea, and Ireland. The emigrants arrive here, find their fellow countrymen established in various parts of the city in colonies where their own language is more often heard than the English tongue, and where the habits and modes of life to which they have always been accustomed have just as free play as upon their native shores. Hence it is difficult to move them beyond the city limits. They fill up our tenement-house districts, they hide away in the basement and in the attic, they crowd already crowded regions.

The congestion becomes really frightful, and for the last twenty years the East Side of New York has steadily declined in the general health and well-being of its inhabitants. Nothing else could be expected when the conditions under which these people live are scientifically understood. The old *régime* which caused the Bowery to be one of the attractive and unique features of metropolitan life has passed away. The hilarity, the rough-and-ready comradery, which made the boys of the Bowery, with their red shirts, stirring patriotism, and volunteer fire-brigades, a useful and in many senses honorable portion of the community, have given place to another phase of life. One walks through that portion of the city to-day and he sees an incessant, hard, bitter struggle for life. The people are sodden with care—dismal, hopeless, and incapable of pleasure.

The diversity of nationality greatly increases the difficulties arising out of this state of affairs. The assimilating powers of the American nation have answered the extraordinary tests imposed upon them remarkably well, but it is undoubted that in this region they have been overtaxed. Nearly fifty per cent of the population of New York in 1890 was foreign born. It exceeded the aggregate of all the foreign born of the cities of Fall River, Duluth, Holyoke, Lawrence, Manchester, Lowell, and San Francisco. And when you add to this percentage the children of foreign parentage as well as those directly foreign born, New York City exceeds in these numbers the entire population of Chicago or of the state of California. The persons living in New York whose parents were foreigners numbered, in 1890, 1,215,463 souls. This heterogeneous mass makes any cultural work difficult to the last degree. All the barriers of caste, racial antipathy, difference of language, and the more formidable lines of cleavage which have sundered far apart the thinking of men, exist in this spot, making it a field for missionary enterprise not exceeded either in value or in obstacles by any mission field of the world.

The Protestant clergy of New York City have found that ordinary church methods, which are more or less successful in other great centers, do not furnish the desired results here, and the whole system of evangelization is undergoing rapid changes in the regions below Fourteenth Street. The mention of such churches as St. George's, the Metropolitan Temple, Hope Chapel, the Judson Memorial, and Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church will afford to those who know anything of their work an illustration of this renaissance which seeks to convey the entire gospel of the New Testament to the whole life of the communities around.

My present subject is to deal with the work which has been done in bettering the condition of some of these densely crowded spots where crime, disease, and misery had their favorite haunts. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, whose noble and self-sacrificing toil gives him the right to be first mentioned, was instrumental in calling the attention of the wealthy and educated citizens to the great need for the improved housing of the poor. The names of the ladies and gentlemen upon the council, gathered largely by his devotion and energy, are significant of the higher life of New York City. They include Cyrus Edson, Roger Foster, R. W. Gilder, Solomon Moses, George B. Post, John P. Schuchman, W. d'H. Washington, and Edward Marshall.

The task before these men was enough to appal any save such a chosen band. Their field of operation was in the lowest division of the social strata. It included the drunkard, the incorrigible, the criminal, the immoral, the lazy, and the shiftless. The habitations of these people could not be dignified by the sacred name of home, for not one of the virtues that go to make that name are inculcated, practiced, or even understood. Rather were they shelters than homes, shields against observation, refuges from the pursuit of justice, and coverings of infamy. The ex-superintendent of police declared the tenement-house to be the cog-wheel in the machinery of crime, and, worst of all, the family relation was lowered until it became the perpetuation of that which was low, vicious, and debased.

The first work of the Tenement-house Committee was to obtain recognition from the legislature of the state. They secured the necessary authorization and began their investigations with indomitable patience and perseverance. Without wading through the evidence, some of which was obtained under peculiar circumstances and at times elicited with difficulty, it is sufficient to say that the Gilder committee established the verdict beyond refutation that the New York tenement-house system was the worst in the world; and further, that in a country which had been justly preeminent for leadership, and in the greatest city of that country, New York, the eye of the New World, a condition of congestion and misery prevailed such as even the older cities of Europe could not parallel.

The investigation was thorough-going and complete. The committee spared no pains to secure ascertained results. In one of its departments they found a population of 255,033, out of which only 306 persons had access to bathrooms in houses in which they lived. Fancy a population larger than that of Providence, R. I., or Newark, N. J., Minneapolis or St. Paul, and only a shade smaller than Washington, with but 306 persons able to take a bath in their own houses!—and at that date there was no such thing as a public bath in New York City.

In another department of investigation the committee found 15,726 families, numbering 67,897 persons, with an average of 4⅓ persons to 284.4 square feet of floor area. Some idea of these figures can be obtained by remarking that one room 12x24 contains 288 square feet in floor area.

But statistics give no conception of the dreadful condition of these blind, unventilated, dilapidated, and filth-soaked buildings. The death-rate among children five years of age in these districts ran up to 254.4 per thousand, whereas under favorable conditions it is only 30 per thousand. The bitter cry of outcast New York found its deepest note of suffering in this slaughter of the innocents. The general death-rate increased three times upon the normal rate in more favored parts of the city. The sanitation of these buildings could not be worse. Their liability to destruction by fire rendered them in many cases mere death-traps.

After the work of investigation was completed the following bills were obtained relative to immediate improvement. First, an act providing for a park at Mulberry Bend, one of the worst spots of the tenement-house district. Scores of these houses were destroyed and a much-needed breathing-place was given for the greatly overcrowded neighborhood. To-day hundreds of happy children are playing, or listening with their parents to the music of the band, upon the very spot where for fully fifty years every crime in the decalogue was committed, and many of them with impunity.

The second bill to become a law provided for the expenditure of three millions of dollars for small parks in that part of the city found to be the most overcrowded district of the New World; viz., the district east of the Bowery and Catherine Street, and south of Fourth Street. These parks must be located and begun within three years. Every one is furnished with a public playground and municipal bath-houses. The matter of locality is now being considered by the board of education, the board of health, and the park board. A further law was enacted with the provision that "hereafter no school shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open-air playground attached to or used in connection with the same." Wherever ground is purchased for new schools additional land must be secured to fulfil the demand of this most wise and salutary measure.

And yet again, content with no half-way proceedings, a fourth law was signed on the 9th of May, 1895, to go into operation on the 1st of June of the same year, which covers quite a number of the questions raised by the committee of investigation. The sanitary inspection of these districts was placed by it upon a much better basis. The Health Department found itself unable to cope with the new work demanded, and additional force had to be employed that it might do so. More light and air were secured in all buildings erected after this date by raising the height of the ceilings of basements above the street. Since fifty-three per cent of the fires of New York occur in the tenement-houses, which number only thirty-one per cent of its total buildings, rigid safeguards against this evil were enforced upon all existing tenements, and the names of the owners of tenements and lodging-houses have to be filed in the Health Department.

A still more radical departure, which shows that the sacred rights of property are outweighed by the sacred rights of man, was the power given to condemn without hesitation unsanitary buildings. This was a novel and important step based upon English legislation and experience. Whenever in the opinion of the board of health of the city of New York any building, or any part thereof, is likely to cause sickness among its occupants or among the occupants of other property adjoining, or conduces in general to the injury and danger of human health, the board of health may order that building to be removed. Already several of the worst specimens answering this description have been destroyed and replaced by a vastly superior class of dwellings.

It would seem as though legislation sufficent to cover the drastic needs of so hopeless a case had been secured, but the reform did not rest here. The facts to which reference has been made concerning the tenement districts had created a profound impression. So, when the legislation had done its work, private citizens called a mass-meeting of organized labor of New York City to promote better housing. This gathering was held in Cooper Union on May 8, 1896, the Hon. Carroll D. Wright presiding. Among the speakers were Bishop Potter, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Rev. Father Doyle, Felix Adler, Seth Low, Jacob A. Riis, and Prof. E. R. L. Gould. The specific object of this meeting was to call the attention of the workingmen of New York to the model tenements and suburban homes which could be brought within the reach of the masses of the city at fair rentals and moderate profits. The names of the advocates showed that the movement was absolutely genuine. The capitalists who made investments in it were satisfied to ask for five per cent as the profit, and up to date this is by far the most promising fruit of this magnificent undertaking commenced by Mr. Gilder and his associates.

Dr. Gould has made himself a widely recognized authority on the housing question. He is the author of the special report of the Commission of Labor on the housing of the poor, recently issued by Colonel Wright's department at Washington. To write this report he spent three years in careful study of the housing question in Europe and America, and he is considered to-day the most complete storehouse of information on this subject. Feeling that I could not do better than secure from him a prospectus of this company, I requested Dr. Gould to furnish me with a prepared statement. This he readily consented to do on condition that it should be withheld until his plans were matured. The time limit he named having elapsed, I am glad to lay the doctor's explicit and worthy plan before the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. It is as follows:

> The appearance of the report of the Gilder Commission showing the great need for housing reform in New York City and of the report of Prof. E. R. L. Gould for the United States Department of Labor, giving a most elaborate presentation of the attempts made to improve the living environment of wage-earners in European countries as well as in the United States, stimulated a number of public-spirited gentlemen to attempt a much-needed reform in New York. It was felt that the time was ripe for action and that all the information that was necessary was at hand. Accordingly a conference was organized under the auspices of the Better Dwellings Committee of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. It was held in the early part of March last, and resulted in the creation of the Improved Housing Council, of which Mr. R. W. Gilder was named chairman and Dr. W. H. Tolman, general agent of the A. I. C. P., secretary. A complete list of the committees of this Improved Housing Council are enclosed herewith.
>
> The object of the council was to prepare the way

for the creation of a corporation to take up the practical work of housing. Dr. E. R. L. Gould was invited to take general charge of the work of the council and lay out schemes for the practical work to be accomplished. The first step included the organization of a competition for plans of model tenement-houses. This competition was very successful, twenty-eight plans having been submitted. It was held that suburban homes should receive attention, as well as city tenements. It was further felt desirable to interest the better-paid element of wage-earners in the possibility of securing suburban homes for themselves by paying monthly instalments and having their lives insured at the same time. Both items would not be appreciably greater than rent paid for inferior accommodations in the city.

On July 6, 1896, the City and Suburban Homes Company was incorporated at Albany. This is a business corporation organized pursuant to the laws of the state of New York, its object being to offer to capital a safe and permanent five per cent investment and at the same time supply to wage-earners improved wholesome homes at current rates. In its city homes (we prefer this word to "model tenements") it can readily provide from twenty-five to thirty per cent larger rental space for the same money, while furnishing accommodations immeasurably superior from the standpoint of hygiene, comfort, attractiveness, and family isolation.

This company has at present a capital stock of one million dollars, more than nine tenths of which has been subscribed notwithstanding the unfortunate financial conditions prevailing. It will commence to build just as soon as times improve. Setting before itself a business end, it will undoubtedly attract large sums of capital because it offers and can unquestionably pay a five per cent cumulative dividend, besides building up a safe surplus. It is difficult to find an investment equally safe and paying as good a rate. The company expects, therefore, to develop its work until it shall have twenty or twenty-five millions, possibly even more, invested. Humanitarian motives are of course in the minds of the directors of the company and other friends and supporters of its work, but the methods by which the motives are translated into action are commercial. Philanthropy made to pay a substantial dividend contains the elements of indefinite extension.

In commenting upon Dr. Gould's remarks, I would like to observe that the plans for model tenements are before me at this juncture, and the difference between them and the filthy buildings they are intended to supplant is the difference of day and night. They include a building one hundred feet square, with an interior court thirty feet square, ventilated from the street through the basements, additional light and air being provided by further courts eighteen feet wide by sixty feet deep opening directly from the street. In all these buildings every room opens upon light and air. Every apartment has its private bathroom and laundry tubs. The smallest bedrooms contain seventy square feet of floor area and the smallest living-rooms one hundred and forty-four square feet. Mr. Ware, the architect, has adopted the French plan of a main entrance into the square central court, and the stairways will be fireproof and enclosed in fireproof compartments of brick. "But what are these to cost?" asks some cautious spirit. I would point out that Dr. Gould asserts that the company owning the model tenement can rent it for the same money now paid for slum dwellings, giving from twenty-five to thirty per cent more room, with hygienic and moral comforts so vastly improved that comparisons are impossible.

Another commendable feature in Dr. Gould's plan is what he felicitously terms "philanthropy made to pay a substantial dividend." In this scheme the givers are also the receivers, and the working classes benefited by it pay a just return for the value they obtain. I predict that the work so auspiciously begun through the efforts of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and those who have assisted him will assume very large dimensions in the early future. The slum dies hard, but the slum most surely has to die. Every clergyman, Christian worker, philanthropist, and humanitarian in New York City needs no further argument to convince him of the necessity of this.

One of the persistent causes for the failure of segmental evangelism in this city is its inability to realize that the conditions of good life are absolutely impossible in many of its regions. The imperial ideals of the Christian Church, so fruitful to those who study the words of Christ in reference to his kingdom and its all-embracing purposes, have been lost sight of by these worthy men, and they are at a loss to understand how it is that society has grown somewhat impatient of their deliverances. As a matter of fact, the first business of the church of the living God in the squalid districts of New York tenement life is to see that the Sermon on the Mount has a practical exposition in the bettering of the unhappy fortune of the victims of the lower strata. And when every avenue in the way of argument, entreaty, and appeal is closed, the creed of creeds may still be wrought

In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought.

The city which Cain built upon the corpse of his brother Abel, and every stone of it incarnadined with Abel's blood, has been the model city of the grasping, rent-greedy landlord and the conscienceless agents, grinding out their exactions from the unfortunate brood who lived in their stews. But the city which John saw as the crown and last result of Christian effort is being nobly struggled for in New York to-day. It is not being brought about by poetical dreams or impassioned rhetoric, but by the combination of many different elements which have their common source in the teaching of Jesus; and any man who has known New York City for the past six years, and can realize the vast advance made in that time in every department of its life, will bear testimony that the prospects of its better development are more favorable to-day than ever before.

PLATO AND HIS REPUBLIC.

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TO begin with, Plato's republic is not a republic at all as to its form of government, but an aristocracy of intelligence based on the severest educational qualifications ever dreamed of by a political idealist. It is the ideal organization of the social body that shapes itself in the course of a long and at first apparently desultory conversation between Socrates and a group of interesting people whom he meets on a visit to the Piræus, or seaport of Athens, where he has been attending a religious festival in honor of the goddess Bendis.

In the course of this conversation the question is discussed as to whether virtue is a reality or is merely an artificial convention that has no foundation in the nature of things. Is the good man necessarily happier than the bad? Does it really profit the strong and clever man always to act justly, or do men agree to make believe that this is so from fear of consequences? A sensible, honest man has no need to puzzle himself with such questions in practice, but how to prove to the conviction of the skeptic what our instinct tells us in the matter has always been a chief problem of the ethical philosophers. It was, perhaps, apart from his metaphysical ideas, which need not detain us here, the central question of philosophy for Plato. The age in which he lived was one of new winds of doctrine blowing from every quarter, and of much shaking of the pillars of the older orthodoxies.

In our own time clever writers are found to maintain in the magazines that if evolution is the key to human origin there is no reason why we should any longer try to be honest and decent. Similarly in Plato's day witty young men argued that if they could not believe all that Homer and Hesiod told about the gods, if, as Anaxagoras taught and Euripides sang, Zeus, the guardian of oaths and protector of the guest, was merely the necessity of nature or the cosmogonical vortex-whirl, they need not deal justly with the stranger within their gates or fear to commit perjury. And others undertook to show that the new philosophic doctrines about the opposition between nature and law relieved them from all obligation of obedience to the artificial conventions of human institution, and left them free to make their blood their direction and appetite their only law.

To Plato this tendency seemed very serious. And the "Republic" is primarily not a picture of the ideal state, but an attempt to confute the spirit of ethical negation by dialectical demonstration that the just man is necessarily happier than the unjust.

The state is introduced in the second book because the social organism exhibits on a larger scale the virtues and defects of the individual, and we shall perhaps be able to study them to better advantage when thus "writ large." Socrates begins by tracing the development of a typical city. The foundation of society is the helplessness of solitary man. The principle of the division of labor is represented as determining the social constituents of the primitive village or group—the farmer, the carpenter, the cobbler, the tailor, etc. The gradual increase of wants and the rise of luxury still further enlarge and differentiate the population of workingmen, until by a process which Herbert Spencer calls the "multiplication of effects" the original hamlet develops under our eyes into a great and completely organized Greek city.

This principle of division of labor thus casually introduced has far-reaching consequences, and proves to be one of the dominant thoughts of the entire work. It leads to a differentiation of the warrior class, or soldiers, from the industrial class, or producers, and to the demand for a special education for the former. A further differentiation and a course of higher education separates out from the soldiers a class of rulers. Each citizen class is then treated as the embodiment of one of the three faculties of the soul: the rulers of intelligence, the soldiers or guardians of courageous spirit or emotion, the industrial population of appetite and desire. The analogy between the individual body and the body politic is thus perfected. The best-governed state is that in which the wisest rule with the aid of the bravest and most energetic, and the happiest as well as the justest man is he in whose soul the natural sensuous appetites and desires are duly subordinated to disciplined emotions under the supreme control of the higher spiritual reason.

In Plato this conclusion is worked out through a long and ingenious educational, psychological, and philosophical argument.

The discipline of the soldiers is made the occasion of what Rousseau calls "the best treatise on education in the world." Education is considered under two heads, the training of the mind and heart, or "music," and the training of the body, or "gymnastic." The problem of the educator is to combine the two in just measure, avoiding the opposite extremes of effeminacy and brutality. Under "music" he treats first of the problem which now occupies our kindergartners, the moral and emotional effect of the stories we so recklessly tell our children. He dwells on this the more because thoughtful Greeks had during the preceding century been waking up to the blasphemous immorality of their traditional anthropomorphic mythology. "Such tales as Homer and Hesiod tell about the gods must not be told to our alumni," says Socrates; and in pursuance of his criticism he lays down three canons of sound theology: (1) that God is the author of good only, (2) that God never deceives, (3) that he never changes.

Plato's strictures on Homer's violations of these and other principles of right thinking in religious matters are the chief source of the polemics of the more thoughtful of the Greek Christian fathers against the pagan mythology. But in quest of true principles of education Plato goes beyond the consideration of the mere material content of the teaching to consider its form and spirit. Socrates, anticipating the thought of Wordsworth and Ruskin, argues that the music we hear, the tone, temper, and rhythm of the poetry we read, the esthetic quality of the statues, the pictures, the architecture we contemplate in our daily walk, the aspects of nature that surround our impressionable years, all tend to mold and fashion by silent sympathy our inner spiritual life through the sensuous organism. The true statesman-educator will demand that the silent, daily, cumulative, irresistible pressure of these subtle influences shall conspire for good rather than for evil. Then, and then only, as Socrates beautifully says, "will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into the likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason."

In developing these thoughts Plato is led to the institution of a rigid censorship over all forms of art and literature and the banishment from his ideal state of the larger part of the existing poetry of Greece as ministering only to the pride of the eye and the lust of life. It is very crude criticism to treat this and other paradoxical propositions of the "Republic" like projects of law on their way through Congress or Parliament. The banishment of the poets is a vivid way of fixing our attention on the irreparable wrong which may be done to the spiritual life of a nation by a licentious and unbridled literature and art. Similarly the communism and the community of wives which are prescribed for the members of the ruling class in the state (and for them only) startle us into facing two great problems which the world has by no means yet solved: the securing of disinterestedness in our rulers and the exercising in the breeding of man some measure of the common sense and scientific forethought that we apply to the breeding of dogs and horses.

There is no space to follow the ingenious psychological discussion in which Socrates elaborates his analogy between the harmony of the three types of population in the state and the three faculties, intelligence, high spirit, and appetite, in the soul. The obvious bearing of this analogy on our original problem is that as the best and happiest state is that in which a due and harmonious subordination of the lower to the higher obtains, so the just and happy man is he the policy of whose soul is governed by a pure monarchy of the higher spiritual reason.

But instead of drawing this inference at once Socrates is launched into a long digression in defense of the paradoxes lightly passed over in the previous discussion. These paradoxes, which Socrates likens to three great waves of ridicule that threaten to sweep away his argument, are (1) the admission of women on equal terms with men to all the occupations of life, (2) the abolition of conventional marriage in the ruling caste, (3) the government of the state by the philosophers. There is space to speak briefly only of the third point.

By philosophers Plato does not mean metaphysicians or literary fellows. He means a picked body of men chosen from the soldier or guardian class by a long and severe selective discipline in the best learning and science of the day, supplemented by many years of training and testing in practical affairs. He deliberately affirms that we shall never secure good government until we devise some means of putting men of this type in command of the ship of state. The account of the higher education employed to sift out these men from their inferior brethren is full of interesting observations on the science of that age and of pedagogical suggestions that have by no means lost their value yet. In the end Plato finds ordinary language inadequate to the expression of his thought and resorts to symbol. The object of this toilsome discipline, he says, is to exalt these men to the vision of the idea of good, which is to the world of thought what the sun of heaven is to the world of visible things—the source of all existence, life, order, and beauty. We mortals sit like chained prisoners in an underground cavern, and see only the shadows cast on its further wall from objects that flit before artificial lights above its mouth. The higher education loosens these fetters, draws us up and out into a purer air, and reveals to us the light of the sun in heaven.

Very beautiful and suggestive is this imagery. So manifold, indeed, are its suggestions, spiritual and metaphysical, that its more direct and immediate significance for the main argument of the "Republic" has been generally missed. Everything that happens in the world of morals and of action is, if we trace it back to its ultimate cause, the result of somebody's conception of what is most desirable and best. Institutions, laws, governments—all derive in the last resort from the idea or ideal of good in the mind of some man masterful enough to enforce his idea. Now all these particular ideas or ideals of good run back, or would run back if men consistently thought out their beliefs, to some general conception of the final and total good in human life. And this dominant conception of good, be it obedience to the will of God, the development of character, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or the survival of the fittest, will for thoughtful men in the end shape and determine all their subordinate and derivative conceptions. It is the sun that warms, illumines, and vivifies the whole world of thought and action for them. And until a man has attained such a dominant, all-informing conception of good he dwells among shadows, he has never seen the real sun, he cannot contemplate the fragmentary parts of his life in their true light and fruitful relation to the whole, he gropes and stumbles among the blind herd, he cannot be a leader and source of light for others.

Plato speaks of this knowledge of the idea of good as a vision; but we must never forget, as the sentimental Platonists always do, that this vision is reached only after a long and laborious discipline in the best scientific thought of the age. This is the meaning for the main argument of the "Republic" of the statement that the philosophers must be our kings and that they must undergo a special higher education in mathematics, mathematical physics, astronomy, and dialectics in order to become worthy to receive the final vision of the good.

We are now ready for the comparison of the "good" state and the "good" man with the unjust state and the unjust man in order to a final decision as to their relative happiness. For the comparison of the two extremes, however, we need the intermediate types. Accordingly, beginning with the ideal state whose government is a monarchy or aristocracy, Plato sketches, parallel to the actual disintegration of the Hellenic society of his time, and in striking anticipation of the Roman Empire and nineteenth century France, a typical process of degeneracy through timocracy, oligarchy, and ochlocracy to tyranny. Very wonderful is the literary skill that has embodied so much suggestive historical and political speculation in artistic forms, the beauty of which will blind only literal-minded critics to the thought they contain. Very suggestive, too, are the accompanying portraits of individual types—the "oligarchical" man, whose valor is hardening into ferocity and whose principle of honor is degenerating into arrogant self-will and avaricious greed; the democratic type of "young Athens," who has no character at all but is all mankind's epitome, and who in place of a kingly reason to counsel and command elects a new ruling passion every month to preside over the tumultuous mob of his appetites. But for the main ethical argument we need only the tyrant city and the tyrant soul.

Fully to grasp this argument we must recall to mind the mingled feelings of admiration, envy, and hatred which the successful tyrant aroused in a thoughtful Greek—feelings marked at one extreme by the standing epithet "divine," applied to absolute rule in the earlier poets and Euripides, and at the other by the scholium of Harmodius and Aristogiton. In a state of the size and wealth of nineteenth century France, the orgies of Napoleonic luxury sink into insignificance compared with the dangers of Napoleonic policy; but in the smaller Greek state the most striking thing in the tyrant's position was the unlimited license it afforded to unbridled lust and appetite. The tyranny, then, was for Plato an apt figure of the soul in which the desires have thrown off all restraint and grasped the reins of conduct for themselves. And the vivid portrayal of the hell of suspicion and fear thinly covered by the glittering exterior of the tyrant state and man—a picture that deeply impressed the imagination of antiquity and was applied to Cæsar by Cicero and to Tiberius by Tacitus—formed the most suitable transition to the final ethical demonstration that happiness cannot be won by submitting all things to desire.

By way of proof three formal arguments are brought forth. The first is this detailed analogy between the tyrant city and the tyrannical type of soul. The second is the chief argument of John Stuart Mill's utilitarianism. Granting that there are three (or more) types of life, the life of sensuous gratifications, of pride and ambition, and that of intellect and virtue, and that the follower of each will affirm the surpassing happiness of his own, the judgment of the intellectual and virtuous man must be preferred to the others, because he alone has necessarily had experience of the pleasures of all the three.

This argument possessed for Plato probably only a passing dialectical significance. His ethics are really based on the doctrine of the essential worthlessness of pleasure in the ordinary sense. The sensuous satisfactions for which "men gore and rend each other like brutes with hoofs and horns of iron," and from which arise all forms of discord and injustice among them, are proved by our deepest experience to be inherently valueless and illusory. This knowledge it is that produces that voluntary self-effacement at the eager banquet of life which is the first condition of all genuine justice and benevolence to others. "There is little in human life worth the careful zeal of a man," says Plato sadly, "but zealous and careful we needs must be."

But the "Republic" is the work of a great moral teacher, who is too wise to dwell long upon a thought which, however stimulating it may prove to duly tempered minds, has in its direct enunciation a disheartening sound to the generality of men. His attempted demonstration of the unwisdom of wickedness may ultimately rest upon these minute and curious considerations, but practical human life has other guides than dialectic. And in his closing book he is careful to point out that the original hypothesis, adopted for the sake of argument, of an outwardly successful career of the unjust man in this world is a barren and unreal abstraction. He withdraws what Emerson calls the immense fallacy of the concession that substantial justice is not done here and now. Even in this world the unjust man, however fairly he may start upon the race, is certain to stumble and falter before the goal is reached, and it is the righteous man who wins in the end. And then, unwilling to forego any sanction of right conduct, he rises from the region of dialectic demonstration to the world of faith, aspiration, and trust, and offers us in place of the rejected gross material paradise of Hesiod and the Orphic poets one of those beautiful tales of the after judgment and retribution in which Martineau, who has translated them so beautifully, finds a genuine, if somewhat melancholy and uncertain, anticipation of triumphant Christian hope.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

THE THREE CROSSES ON CALVARY.

When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors; one on the right hand, and the other on the left.—*Luke xxiii. 33.*

[*September 5.*]

THERE is a twofold solemnity which belongs to the dying hour. It is the winding up of life and it is the commencement of eternity.

It is the winding up of life; life then becomes intelligible. Most of us go through this life scarcely seeming what we are. One wraps himself up in coldness, another in half hypocrisy; but when it comes to the last, the whole is wound up, and death lays a hand so violent upon the frame that the mask falls suddenly off.

Again, it is the commencement of eternity; for in a short time the body of the dying man will pass away, and his soul will be in possession of that secret which we are toiling all our lives to find. And the solemnity of the thought that he will soon be in possession of that secret communicates itself in a degree to those around him. It is this which gives importance and solemnity to the dying hour even of the meanest. Around his bed the great and powerful will come as if to read in his countenance the secrets of their own mortality. It is this which gives even to the dying hour of the suicide something of importance. The veriest trifler that ever fluttered through this awful world of God's commands for one hour at least the world's attention.

It is these two thoughts which make the dying hour so solemn; and a threefold portion of this interest belongs to the scene of Calvary. Upon this mount three crosses stood. Generally our attention is fixed only upon one, but it becomes us to remember that there were three, and that upon each a human soul was breathed away. From each there is its own peculiar lesson to be gathered.

Here, then, there is opened for us a subject for contemplation, dividing itself into three branches: first, the dying hour of devotedness; secondly, the dying hour of impenitence and hardness, and thirdly, the dying hour of penitence.

First we look at the central cross. On that cross of Christ there was that transacted which never can be exhibited in any dying hour of ours. There was exhibited the grandest expression of that greatest law of ours—that law according to which life cannot be, except through death. But it is not on this, the atonement, that we dwell now; we look upon Jesus now simply as a dying man, and the first lesson that we learn is the conquest of suffering.

He was as much bound to perform the law of God as the meanest creature upon earth. He was as much subject to the law of suffering as we are; there was a work to be done upon his own soul, and of him in his private, and not in his public, capacity was it said that "the captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering." This it is which throws so much force on those inspired words, "He became obedient even to the death of the cross." It was not death alone, but death through the cross. The work of the Savior's soul would have been left imperfect if one single drop of agony had been left untasted; and this seems to be shown by his refusing the mixture of gall and myrrh offered to him in order to dull his sufferings, for it is written that "after he had tasted thereof he would not drink." He knew the strength and blessedness of suffering, and would not meet his death without intensely feeling it. He would bear all; he would suffer all; the Father had put into his hand the cup to drink, and he had, as it were, carried that cup, though brimful of agony, to his lips, with a hand so steady that not one drop of all its sufferings trickled down.

[*September 12.*]

HERE is a lesson for us. Part of our obedience and work here on earth is to be done in vigor and in health; part, when laid aside in suffering. Much of this must be intelligible to us here. There is not one present who will not some day exchange the vigor of life for a broken constitution and a suffering frame. No one can know what suffering is till he has known mental torture; no one can know the extremity of corporeal suffering till, like his Master, he has counted the long hours of torture one by one, and through night after night has heard the clock strike, in protracted anguish. That is what we are called upon to endure, and then often it is that fretfulness and impatience break across our souls, and we wish that the whole of our future could be concentrated into one sharp hour. Brethren, a man's work is not done upon earth, so long as God has anything for him to suffer; the greatest of our victories is to be won in passive endurance; in humbleness, in reliance, and in trust we are to learn to be still and know that he is God.

In the next place, we learn from that dying hour the influence of personal holiness. The Son of Man came not to the cross to preach, but to suffer; yet in that hour two at least were added to the church, two at least were enrolled in the number of those that shall be saved hereafter.

When God threw Christianity down upon

the world to win her way through almost insuperable impediments, the weapon which he put into her hand, the only weapon, was the talent and eloquence of a life of holiness. Brethren, let the distinction be drawn between the life of holiness and the life of mere blamelessness. Blamelessness and accuracy are beautiful to look upon, but they do not save the soul. The world has enlisted into her service the power of talent and eloquence, but these are not the things that lead to God. Men listen to your talent and your eloquence, and recognize the power of your influence; but they know that all you say may be unreal and unfelt, and, therefore, they come merely as looking upon a picture, and admire, but nothing further. It is not this, it is the divine, mysterious power of holiness that tells upon the world.

What these two men saw upon the cross was different from what they had ever seen before. And in the one case contempt was softened into adoration, "Truly this man was the Son of God"; in the other case hardness was changed into adoring love, "This man hath done nothing amiss." Now, what was it that produced this change? It was not the courage, for thousands had died upon the cross before. And if they wanted recklessness, they had but to turn to the other cross, where was one dying bravely enough, but where was none of the marvelous meekness that was seen on the center cross, none of those words of infinite tenderness, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"; there was a recklessness there which enabled him to meet pain with defiance, but none of those words of meekness and trust, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Brethren, it is not talent, nor power, nor gifts that do the work of God, but it is that which lies within the power of the humblest; it is the simple, earnest life led with Christ in God.

[*September 19.*]

We are now, secondly, to consider the lesson which comes from the dying hour of impenitence.

Round the cross of the dying thief were accumulated such means as never before met together to bring a man to God. He had felt the power of pain, that power which is often exerted in the soul to soften it. He had heard the truth preached by one recently converted, and we all know the intensity and earnestness of fresh love; preached also by a dying man, whose words are generally received with a kind of veneration, or at least attention. There was one beside that cross, moreover, a teacher such as no other man had ever had in his dying hour. And yet, with all these means and advantages, there was nothing but a soul steeled against the truth.

Brethren, the lesson we learn from this is the improbability of a late repentance. There are some men not looking for anything of the kind, but desperately looking forward to certain ruin hereafter, who can receive the announcement of approaching misery even with calmness. But this is not the feeling of most men toward death. The oldest among us here thinks there is yet space enough between him and death for a work still to be done; the day is to come when his present pursuits will be given up, and the things of this world exchanged for the care of his immortal soul; that which he loves now, he thinks he shall hate then, forgetting that what is pleasant now will be pleasant to the last. And this is what, more or less, we are all doing; there is not one of us who can lay his hand upon his heart and say, "I have given up all; I am living now as I should wish to die."

Now, let us endeavor to remember some of the arguments which make a future change improbable. The first argument is this, that there comes a dulness and rigidity of the intellect as life goes on; in the old man's mind channels cut themselves—channels through which thoughts flow; the opinions of the man become fixed; rarely does a man change his opinions after forty years of age. And then add to this the feeling of insecurity which comes from trembling between life and death, the agitation which comes with the dying hour. The probability of repentance is thus removed to a distance almost infinite. For either delirium comes, or else sharp, acute pain which dissipates the faculties.

Even looking at it intellectually, it becomes improbable. The dying thief had lived for years with the prejudice that Jesus was an impostor, and then, when racked in torture, was not in a state in which to change his opinions. As he had lived, so he died.

Again, the improbability of this change arises from the fixing of the affections. All life long this man had lived with his affections fixed on earth; this is the secret of that expression with which he taunted his Redeemer: "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." Life is all he asks; if he could not save his life, all other salvation to him seemed useless. Brethren, grant it for one moment that reason should remain at the last steady to judge of the question then before us, yet this were not enough; even if a man could hear the spade hollowing out his grave, and could look upon the coffin-lid with his own name engraved thereon, with the date of birth and the date of death, there might be much in this to disengage his heart from earth, but would there be in it one element to fasten his soul on holiness?

Lastly, there is an improbability of change in the deadening of the conscience. There was an appeal made to the conscience of the dying thief, but made in vain: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" It was made in vain, because his conscience was in a state of deadness. We find it written that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. It is the greatest evil, and worst penalty of doing wrong, that at last a man ceases to distinguish right from wrong.

This was the state in which this man was; and oh! I pray you to remember that toward this state we all are hastening who are hardening our hearts. If there be one among us doing that, putting off the time of repentance to a more convenient season, let him remember that there are two questions to be asked: whether it is likely that the change would come and whether there is anything in pain that will make holiness more lovely and more dear. And if, in defiance of all experience, he answer in the affirmative, then there is another question—whether God will be trifled with so long, whether he will suffer a man to go on enjoying life until he has no fresh emotion left, and then will be permitted to give the dregs of a polluted life and a worn-out heart to the God whom he despised all life long.

My young brethren, now, while emotion is fresh and your affections are worth the having, before the time comes when you are worn and weary, "remember your Creator in the days of your youth."

[*September 26.*]

We turn now to consider the dying hour of penitence. We have said that repentance at the last is a thing improbable. Blessed be God, it is not a thing impossible. It has been well said that there has been one instance of a late repentance given us in order that none may despair, and but one that none may presume. The penitent thief expressed his sense of guilt in these words: "We suffer justly the due reward of our deeds." We can lay down no rules for the amount of grief and sorrow; to do so would be as absurd and futile as to lay down laws as to how often a forgiving spirit might pardon an offending brother. There can be no law here, for it is decided by many things—by age, by sex, and by constitution.

We believe that the Church of Rome has erred in substituting penance for penitence; and yet here Rome has in her way expressed a truth, that the natural result of great sin will be the expression of great grief. Perhaps we in our Protestantism have erred in making the way to holiness after sin unnaturally easy. We present a few doctrines to the soul, and then, on the acceptance of a few intellectual truths, it is expected that the great sinner will become the great saint, without a tear of agony for the past. Great nature refuses to be thus trifled with. In God's dealing with the soul there is something analogous with the cure of wounds. When the cut is deep and the blood flows freely, its first effect is to close the wound by its coagulation. So it is with grief; if it is allowed to flow freely, the wound may soon be healed; but if, instead of grief and sorrow, we expect a few doctrines to do the work alone, then we shall soon see the blood break forth afresh.

We also remark here the penitent's zeal for Christ; he spoke as if he himself had been offended, "Dost thou not fear God?" We talk much of toleration; if we mean by that a generous sympathy with the different forms of opinion, then it is Christian; if toleration mean compassion for frailty, and a willingness ever to make a distinction between tempted weakness and deliberate evil, then toleration is nothing more than another name for the mind of Christ. But if it mean that we are to reckon one form of opinion as good as another, and look upon sin merely as a disease against which we cannot feel indignation, then most unquestionably Christianity has in it no toleration. And I remark that zeal, even though it exceed the bounds of righteousness, is a more hopeful thing than lukewarmness. Better far to be like the Apostle Paul before he was an apostle, better to be like the Sons of Thunder, better to be like the ancient prophets using the stern language of denunciation, than like Pilate, unconcerned as to the fate of his prisoner so long as he himself was absolved from blame. In the former case the persecuting Saul became the large-minded Paul, the most liberal and the noblest of all spirits that have been given to man; and the Son of Thunder became the Apostle of Love. Years and experience will by degrees soften zeal into love, but there is no remedy for lukewarmness.

Moreover, we observe in the dying hour of the penitent thief the missionary spirit of doing good. One opportunity only of doing good was given him, and he used it with all his heart.

If we were asked what mark distinguishes Christianity from the world our reply would be, charity. It is not faith, for the religion of Jesus has faith in common with other religions; but it is charity. "By this," says our Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." The man of love may be guilty of many blunders of doctrine, while cold-hearted men may always be intellectually right; but in the last great day love will be recognized as the one thing needful. The faults of the men of love shall soon disappear in the Redeemer's blood, and leave nothing there save the love of one who loveth much because much has been forgiven.

In conclusion we make two remarks:

First, that the intermediate state is not a state of unconsciousness. Christianity thus differs from Judaism; for Judaism spake of the grave as dark, the place where the dead praise not God, while the New Testament speaks distinctly of a state of consciousness, for in the parable of Dives and Lazarus the rich man is represented as fully conscious in the world beyond of the condition of his sinful brethren. The Apostle Paul, too, longs to depart that he may be with Christ—another proof that the grave is not unconsciousness. And, in addition, we have the example of the dying thief now before us, to whom our blessed Lord says, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

And, secondly, we learn from this the completeness of the sacrifice of Christ. Some have so mistaken the meaning of their Master's death as to believe that, when the soul has departed from the body, there is still a penal fire to finish the Savior's work. But look at the dying thief forgiven by his Lord. Up to that time he had done nothing to make himself meet for glory, after his conversion he could do nothing; and yet, forgiven and redeemed upon the cross, he passed straight to paradise.

My Christian brethren, we set this truth before you: "Ye are complete in Christ." He reconciled God to man; our work is therefore to become reconciled to God. To him that is in Christ there remains neither speck not spot to be imputed.—*Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A.*

A GENTLEMAN OF DIXIE.

BY ELLEN CLAIRE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHIFTING KALEIDOSCOPE.

A ROUND of gaieties followed the return of Edith, the Seddons, and other young people of the neighboring gentry. There were picnics by day and parties by night; but the entertainment of highest renown and most truly representative of the South was the twelve-o'clock dinner, where the guests were expected to arrive between ten and eleven and to remain till the late afternoon.

Mrs. Dupey was a notable housewife, and after several weeks of merrymaking she invited her immediate circle of friends to dinner. To the inexpert it seemed that absolutely nothing was wanting to the feast: smell, sight, and taste were ravished and sated. But Mrs. Chester was a connoisseur that judged a dinner by as inexorable rules as a master artist would a painting. Yes, it was delightfully prepared, but—the chicken might have been a shade less brown, the mayonnaise a trifle smoother, the coffee—well, perhaps that could not be improved on, but certainly another kind of meat would not have been superfluous—a saddle of mutton, for instance, though Mr. Dupey's mutton never seemed as juicy as hers. Ah! she had an idea!

Mrs. Chester was the first to suggest departure. As she rose to leave she said with her most winning smile:

"Mrs. Dupey, I should like so much to prolong this delightful day that I ask you and all your guests to spend day after to-morrow with me. Don't expect such a banquet as you gave us, for I have but a day in which to get up the dinner; I only promise you will not get hungry. Mr. Mayhew, I shall accept no excuse. Evelyn, all of you be sure to come."

On their way home Edith asked:

"Mamma, why did you not wait till next week?"

"I wish to show what wonders I can accomplish in a day. Besides, in so short a time no one will fail to compare my dinner and Mrs. Dupey's."

"Isn't that a poor return for her hospitality?"

"Certainly not; she would beat me if she could," and the mistress of The Oaks beamed complacently at her reflection in the carriage window.

Oh, blissful self-satisfaction! what apostrophes should be dedicated to thee, the rarest and luckiest of gifts! Under thy cheering agency the veriest bumpkin may deem himself a Beau Brummell, the dastard a hero, the dullard a wit, the pauper a Diogenes, the mother of graceless younglings a Cornelia, the selfish a martyr. By thee all is condoned, palliated, extenuated, justified. In short, thou suppliest whatever we lack, or else raisest us to such heights that we affect to despise what the gods have withheld.

"Mary had mischief in her eye when she invited us to dinner," said Colonel Seddon to his wife. "Take my word for it, she planned the whole affair to outdo Mrs. Dupey. Promise we shall not get hungry! She will give us dishes fit for a king."

Nor was he mistaken. Where is the famous hostelry or the chef of royal income who could rival that dinner? The odors steaming from it would tempt a fairy past resistance to become a mortal, or make an epicure turn in his grave. The old negresses did not know a principle of chemistry or a new-fangled notion of cookery, yet under their mistress' guidance they produced marvels of toothsomeness not exceeded in a kitchen of the world.

All—even Mrs. Dupey, with a generous unselfishness that belied Mrs. Chester's criticism—heaped praise upon the hostess, who received the compliments with a forced unconsciousness that deceived no one.

"Cousin Mary, you can beat the world on dinners," said Ned heartily.

"Why, Ned, how can you say so when you are just home from Virginia? Surely you are not comparing my poor little attempts with the dinners you had there. Now when I lived at Richmond—"

"Upon my life, madam," interrupted Mr. Dupey, there is not a cook in the Old Dominion can equal you. Only to you and Mrs. Seddon will I yield the palm over my wife. Would it be possible to persuade you to select some likely young girl and have her trained in your kitchen for us? I will pay you handsomely for her—twice as much as she would bring under other circumstances. What do you say to it, wife?"

"I should be delighted. Maria is getting rather old to have entire charge of the kitchen."

Max tried his best to catch Edith's eye, but she resolutely avoided him. Nevertheless she gave a little shiver at the thought of subjecting one of their darkies to Mr. Dupey's inhumanity.

Evidently Mrs. Chester was vexed with no such scruples; she tossed her head with every mark of gratification, saying:

"La! Mr. Dupey, how you flatter me! I warn you all my head will be quite turned if you don't quit saying such nice things to me and about me. Hardly a day passes that somebody doesn't pay me a splendid compliment. Suppose you send me one of your own girls to train. Adolphus, your poor dear father used to say I had positive genius for taking a raw servant and turning her out in a little while perfectly fitted for her position."

But Adolphus was still engaged with the weighty matter of dining and could not waste time in reply. The amount of food he consumed that week defied computation, and proved that anatomists in estimating the size of the human stomach had never measured one like his. He looked like a gorged boa-constrictor when he left his mother's dinner-table, sighing because such an abundance of food remained uneaten.

The only unhappy one of the party was Max. The few weeks intervening since his return had been full of bliss; he had been with Edith constantly, and though he had not openly declared the love which every day grew fiercer and stronger, as the charms of her young womanhood disclosed themselves, he had revealed it in all the delicate ways known to the lover and she had not objected. But to-day her demeanor had so changed that even her greeting chilled him. He could not define the difference, but there was a repellent stateliness and courtesy in her manner. George Dupey held the favored place; he sat by her at dinner, waiting on her with a gallantry not even his father could have excelled; and immediately after they returned to the parlor he coaxed her to the piano, where she sat idly running her hands over the keys and smiling up into his face in a way that almost drove Max to a frenzy. He upbraided himself for caring about Edith, whom he denounced as a heartless coquette, and anathematized George just as George had him on a former occasion. But what cared Dupey? After a month's exile he had returned to paradise.

Max could not endure the sight many minutes, and strode from the room in the direction of the front porch, where the other gentlemen were smoking. But when he reached the hall door he heard Adolphus say with the wheezy pomposity that befitted his corpulence:

"Don't show hospitality to such a fellow, Cousin John. He's nothing but a dirty abolitionist!"

"Conceited ass!" muttered Max.

Clearly the situation out of doors was no more congenial than within. Turning, he went to the rear porch and threw himself upon a seat. Here Nell found him, and mistrusting with her sensitive little heart that something was amiss, she showed her sympathy in the only possible way: she seized his hands and begged him to walk about the yard with her. After they had tired of straying among the trees he lay in the grass pretending to sleep, while she solicitously fanned away the flies; and when she succumbed to sunshine and drowsiness and sank to sleep beside him, he just as carefully watched and cared for her. Thus he finished out that wretched day.

If he could have looked into Edith's heart he would not have been so desolate. Miss Chester, among her numerous attributes and graces, possessed a will of her own, and that very morning, on overhearing her mother and Adolphus plan her future, her indignation had burned high. She would marry Max, of course, they said, and Max was altogether the best catch in the county. But just as they had settled matters to their satisfaction, in walked the subject of the discussion, with very rosy cheeks, and after thanking them for their interest in her welfare suggested that she purposed making her own plans, and had not nearly decided whom she would select for her husband.

Mrs. Chester, who stood in wonderful awe of her daughter when she wore that look of resolution, had not the hardihood to resist; but Adolphus, assuming older-brother airs, ventured to exercise an authority he did not possess and could not enforce. The upshot of it was, Miss Edith strongly intimated she would not marry Mr. Maxwell Seddon if he were the only man alive, and maintained her threat with the bold front we have seen, not only during this one day but for weeks and months succeeding.

Meantime, while Edith was playing the siren to George, and Max was tearing his hair in desperation, the conversation of which he had heard but a fragment was in progress on the veranda. Mr. Mayhew began it by saying:

"Colonel, have you met Richard Allyn, the young lawyer who has recently moved from the East to Jefferson?"

"Yes, I was introduced to him the other day in town, and was most agreeably impressed with his appearance, though I didn't talk with him enough to decide further."

"Well, he is the finest young fellow I have met for many a day, although he is right from the hotbed of detestable isms, abolitionism—as taught there—included."

"Do you mean the newcomer who has his office over Wright's store and walks with a decided limp?" questioned Mr. Dupey.

"Yes, the very one; he and his wife were at service last Sabbath. His lameness is caused by rheumatism, and it was in search of a milder climate that he came—"

Adolphus' meditations had been gathering form and could no longer be restrained.

"I have heard all I care to of the fellow. He is black as the ace of spades on the slavery question."

"My opinion exactly," corroborated Mr. Dupey. "I haven't met him and admit his appearance is prepossessing, as John says, but when some of his rank speeches were repeated to me I didn't care to make his acquaintance."

"You are wrong, entirely wrong," the pastor answered warmly; "the man holds opinions diverse from ours, of course—it could not be otherwise with his rearing—but he is not an extremist, any more than Max. He is an enthusiastic patriot, but exceedingly fair for these radical times. All must acknowledge that we southerners talk extravagantly, so he may have been irritated into a wild statement concerning secession, which I do not doubt he abhors."

"Then I abhor him; I am a secessionist *per se!*" cried Ned, who had listened silently but intently.

"Hush, Ned," the father chided mildly. "You are too young to hold such pronounced views. Heaven grant that we need not resort to secession to defend ourselves! Go on, Mr. Mayhew, tell us something more of your new acquaintance."

"I learned that he was of our denomination, and called on him and his wife, and they signified a desire to unite with us. I very much wish—"

"Mr. Mayhew," cried Mr. Dupey anxiously, "I beg you will not be hasty; the times are too perilous. In receiving such a man into our church we might be harboring a viper."

"Of course I have nothing to say about it," added Adolphus, "but to renounce slavery is to doubt the Bible. A man can't be a Christian and not believe in slavery."

The pastor turned an appealing glance toward Colonel Seddon, who promptly came to his rescue.

"Adolphus, no one could acquit you of extreme views. All of us can decide more intelligently after we know the gentleman in question better, so I suggest, Mr. Mayhew, that I invite the present company and Mr. and Mrs. Allyn to dine in a week or so. I think my confidence in his ability to stand the ordeal justifies me in putting a guest on trial that way. Mr. Allyn is one of us in refinement and culture and holds credentials of membership in our church; let us accord him courteous treatment—let us be magnanimous and receive him as we should wish others to receive us, were the tables turned. At least we should not compromise our pastor by failing to support him in his advances to this stranger."

And yet in spite of such an appeal, or rather in answer to it, Adolphus made the speech which drove Max into the yard. The average southerner of *ante-bellum* days had as confirmed an impression of the savagery of Yankeedom as has the average Bostonian to-day of the West, though for a different reason: the first was the old antagonism of Cavalier and Roundhead reenacted on republican soil.

But Colonel Seddon could not be moved from his amiable purpose, and after the discussion of a suitable time with his wife the invitation was duly issued and promptly accepted. This invitation laid the basis of a friendship between the master and the ardent Unionist which not even the storms of the succeeding years could sever; nay, which those storms but strengthened, for they afforded opportunity to the younger man to return with usury the kindness received when his need was greatest. And not only was the master captivated, but the others as well, even Adolphus unwillingly assenting that Mrs. Allyn was a lady, and her husband—"well, not so bad for a Yankee"; while between the young lawyer and Max an irresistible affinity was mutually recognized To the one this friendship was a stay and an inspiration; to the other, each day more hopelessly in love and more desperate of success, each day widening the division between him and his countrymen, it was a blessed solace and a real delight.

The impression made on the Allyns may be learned from their conversation on the drive back to town.

"What do you think of our new acquaintances?" Mr. Allyn asked almost before they were out of ear-shot.

"They are the nicest people I ever saw. I am in love with every one of them, the colonel especially," replied his wife.

"Even Mr. Adolphus Chester?"

"No! no! I draw the line at him, though his mother spent an hour trying to convince me that he is the handsomest, most talented, and most amiable of the male sex. But he fails to shine in comparison with such splendid specimens of manhood as the Seddons."

"You are growing eloquent in your praise. What of Miss Chester?"

"She is peerless—as lovely as that young Mr. Dupey seems to think. And if I am not much mistaken the colonel's brother is shot with a dart from the same quiver; I happened to glance at him while she was singing, and his face revealed volumes. Did you ever hear such a voice? But I would rather hear her talk than sing."

"She does both so well it is hard to say which is preferable—whichever she is doing at the moment, I suppose. But I admire Mrs. Seddon equally as much, though in a different way. She seems the embodiment of kindness."

"She is. You can't think how tender and motherly she was with me because I am so far from my own mother. But to know how really kind she is you must see her among her servants. While you were walking about the grounds with the host she took me to visit the negro quarters, as I said I had never seen such a habitation. There she was queen and mother as well as mistress. One of the piccaninnies is sick, and I found from the darkies' talk that she had been sitting up with it, and she was as careful in her directions to its mother as though it were her own little girl.

It's all so different from what I thought. This visit has almost converted me to slavery."

"You saw only the gilded side. If all slaveholders were like Colonel Seddon and his wife—the supposition is futile—too many other questions are associated with slavery; kind treatment is not all."

"Well, my next letter East will be interesting! To think that we have dined at a real southern home with a real southern gentleman! It will take pages to describe the house and the dinner and the people. It is an experience worth treasuring."

CHAPTER V.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

It could not be expected that a gentleman of Mr. Silas Wire's temperament would forget his vengeance against Job. The longer he nursed his wrath the more deadly it became. If Job, instead of being relieved from field labor, had been under the overseer's direct control, excuse for swift punishment could easily have been found; yet this very immunity from the duties of the other slaves, though it saved him for the time, but aggravated his peril. For the master's chosen factotum could look down from his elevation of trust upon the less favored, and even the overseer came in for his share of contempt; nor was it only because the latter was regarded as "po' white trash," but from an unconscious conviction, born of the instinct which makes the negro a keen judge of human nature, that he was unworthy of respect. Not that Job gave open sign of this, except in failing to render the cringing servility demanded, but the overseer realized it, especially after his wife's complaint.

Thus unwittingly and in perfect innocence the slave added insult to insult, all laid up against the day of reckoning. Finally it came. It would have come sooner if, in spite of Mrs. Wire's querulous urging, her husband had not chosen to wait for an ostensible cause.

One day late in summer, not long before Ned must return to college, he had gone to the creek fishing, taking Job with him. They became separated, and Wire, following a by-path on some errand about the farm, came upon Job alone. The spot was secluded, the banks of the creek were lined with tall trees and dense underbrush that shut off the view, and the overseer, in his delight at this opportunity, could hardly restrain his eagerness. But even then the dictates of prudence prevailed, and he said angrily:

"You lazy devil! Get home to work at onct or I'll break your miserable head!"

In honest amazement Job turned and looked at him. Rather slow of speech and understanding, he did not immediately comprehend the full import of such extraordinary words. He had no thought of disobedience; accustomed all his life to compliance with a white man's orders, and sprung of a race whose spirit of resistance had been crushed by centuries of servitude, he would have gone at once. But that instant's hesitation gave Wire his excuse. In one moment he had leaped from his horse, had knocked Job down, and was plying his cowhide with the fury of a madman. The stinging lash cut deep gashes in Job's flesh, and the agonizing pain made him yell lustily for his young master.

Ned did not hear him at once, but walking leisurely along the stream, whipping it with his rod, at last the appeal reached him. Thinking Job had fallen in the water, he ran to the spot as fast as his legs could carry him.

Meanwhile there had been a spectator of the whole affair. Nell, ever at her brother's heels, had come down to the creek to fish with him, and had reached the place where Job was just as the overseer came in sight. Instinctively she dreaded the man and paused behind a clump of hazelnut bushes till he should pass on. Thus she heard his rough command and saw the blows, every stroke punctuated with an oath, rain upon the prostrate figure. Transfixed with horror, she could not move till Job cried for mercy; then she ran with flying feet to the house for her father.

"Oh, father! hurry! hurry! Mr. Wire is killing Job. Oh, father!"

Breathless and crying she seized him by the hand, but he needed no entreaty.

"Job!" he exclaimed, "what has Wire to do with Job?"

They found Ned in high words with the overseer, who was defiant enough to pounce upon the young master himself. Job, cut and bleeding and nearly fainting with pain, lay on the ground behind the shelter of Ned's willing fists. He was so thoroughly intimidated that he had returned only an appealing glance to the boy's hurried questions and exclamations of compassion.

"What does this mean?" asked Colonel Seddon, addressing his son.

"I don't know, father. I heard Job call for help; when I reached here I found this brute beating him to death. I honestly believe he would have killed him if no one had come."

"What have you to say, Mr. Wire?" continued the colonel. His face was white with anger, and his tense voice threatened at every word to break from his restraint.

"I'll be blamed if I'll stand bein' took up so for beatin' a low-down nigger! I didn't know anybody was with him, so when I come up an' seen him I thought he was lazin' away his time—he's the laziest hound on the place anyways. Then I told him to go home an' he sassed me."

"You wicked man!" cried Nell. "You've told a story. Father, Job didn't say a word—he didn't have time."

Under the protection of the master's presence Job was reviving, and now, still further encouraged by these fearless words, he said:

"'Fo' Gord, mahsteh, Missy Nell speak de truf. I neber say er wud to dat man; he jes' pitch on me 'fo' I know what he wan' me t' do."

With Colonel Seddon, to purpose was to act; he wasted no time in fruitless deliberation.

"You may go," he said. "Leave to-night. I believe we stand about even, but I will give you a month's wages. Call at Wright's; you will find it there."

He turned as if through with the subject, but the overseer, infuriated at his dismissal, could afford to throw aside his mask and parade his insolence.

"I'm blamed glad to quit. You've got too big opinion of yourself to suit me; I won't work for no such uppish muck-a-muck. But you'll be took down! You ain't goin' to have your niggers forever; then Humpty-Dumpty 'll get a fall that 'll break his big head—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the colonel, "I'd thrash you if you were a gentleman. Stop, Ned! gentlemen don't soil their hands with such creatures."

Ned still glowered, and Wire, in fear that the master's resolution might falter, hurried away. When he had gone nearly out of hearing distance Colonel Seddon called:

"Wait! You may leave your wife and child at your cottage a few days till you can find a place to take them."

"Why, father!" cried Ned indignantly.

"My son, they are innocent and ought not to suffer with the guilty. I couldn't sleep to-night unless I knew they had a roof over their heads."

Job was tenderly helped to his feet, even little Nell giving a boost; then Ned assisted him home and turned him over to Mrs. Seddon's gentle ministrations.

Mrs. Wire greeted her husband's announcement of his discharge with a torrent of tears and reproaches.

"Oh, Siley, what air we go'n' to do? You know how awful pore we wus before we come here."

"Don't snivel," answered her gracious lord. "I'll get somethin' to do. I've told you these three months there's go'n' to be a war, and when it comes it'll find Silas Wire with his plans all laid. I reckon it'll give a heap of us a chance to even up matters a little."

But his wife was inconsolable. "Leave to-day!" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro. "Dear Lord! where will little Sile sleep to-night? I wish I wus back in Kansas!"

"An' so do I!" he roared. "You don't have to leave to-day; nor Sile neither. Never give me no peace till I thrashed that nigger, an' now whine like a calf!"

So Mrs. Wire and young Silas made use of the master's generosity, but of gratitude—well, he expected none and was not disappointed.

CHAPTER VI.

HOPE!

George Dupey was not slow in pressing his supposed advantage with Edith. Few days passed without his contriving to see her. In the morning he would ride over to The Oaks with a basket of choice fruit or a rare vegetable for Mrs. Chester; in the afternoon he came on any or no excuse whatever. The ladies insisted that he troubled himself unduly about their tastes and comfort. He smiled; trouble! he would have transplanted every tree on his father's farm if that would have brought him Edith's favor. The least bit of interesting neighborhood news, the progress of the presidential campaign, the last or next social event—anything that could furnish him opportunity found him turned in her direction. Sometimes he would say, "It was so unbearably hot at home I came here; it is always cool here." And after the autumn left him no plea of that kind he would come to play chess with Adolphus. Not that he had love or skill for chess—no indeed! he had thought it the most tedious of games; but Adolphus delighted in it if he won, and after a time George grew into an affectionate gratitude toward the chessmen because of their association with Edith.

Once he begged her to play with him, but she, with feminine tact, knowing the peril of such *tete-a-tete* opportunities, declared she was a beginner and would not show her ignorance. She offered to sing instead, and betook herself to the piano, where she sang song after song of such bewitching strains that George lost his head entirely, and Adolphus quit the game convinced that he was the world's champion.

When Edith gave Dupey her hand at parting he could not forbear saying:

"I am glad you did not play chess; I would not have you do anything but what you did do. Oh, Edith! my love! my love!"

Before she could anticipate his design he had pressed his lips to her hand in the fondest devotion. Not even her abrupt good-night could calm the delirium that swept his breast. It was the nearest he had ever come to a proposal; twenty times he had been on the point of one, but twenty times she had thwarted his attempt.

"Ah, ha!" said Miss Edith to herself in her mirror that night, "so you must not be too obliging in that way either. You have gotten yourself into a trap, and now the thing is to get out of it with the least harm to all concerned. Sometimes I am very much ashamed of you, Miss Chester."

She was paying dearly enough for her fit of girlish wilfulness. Max treated her with a cool friendliness that vexed her, and not the less because she knew she could bring him to her feet with a word—a look. But she scorned stooping to the slightest advance, perhaps because she was not sufficiently infatuated with the condition we term love; and yet she resented his affected indifference and his leaving the field to George, whom she had to hold in check with every artifice known to her sex. True, at first, to outwit Adolphus and tantalize Max if he presumed she was ready to fall into his hand like ripe fruit, she had encouraged George, but after those few days she had given him no cause to believe she favored his suit. Had she not again and again foiled his attempt to declare himself? Was she culpable because he was wilfully blind to the fact that she did not love him? But at every question her conscience condemned her, and it was Dupey, not Max, after all who was her greatest grief. More than once she had resolved to let him come to the point and end his hope, but was deterred by her reluctance to inflict such pain, though the rearranged condition would have been infinitely more agreeable to her. She even had thoughts of banishing both suitors and encouraging the attentions of other young gentlemen who only awaited the opportunity to throng her parlor and pay their devotions. But she could not seriously entertain that project; a little spark way down in her heart was the barrier.

Altogether it was not a happy time for

any one of the three: Max hopeless; George each day finding his heart's desire more unattainable, and Edith at thorough cross-purposes with her own wishes and principles. Fortunately a change came.

On the occasion of an opossum hunt Max and George were together when the animal was treed, and to them belonged the honor of its capture.

"Name the day for the supper," said Max graciously.

George flushed and replied hesitatingly:

"Suppose we don't kill it just yet. Let's send it to—don't you think it would be fun to send it to—to Miss Edith as a prisoner of war, and let her decide its fate?"

Max readily assented, and wrote a note in his most elegant style relating the circumstances of the capture and their decision to make her arbiter of the captive's fate. The note and opossum were despatched by Job, who speedily returned with dejected countenance.

"Mahs Max, it am er shame, fuh sho'; dat am de fattes' possum we done cotch dis fall. When it went runnin' off in de bresh meh haht go down in meh boots. De good Lahd ain' gwine gib people whut 'spises his gif's no mo' sech chances fuh de bes'es' eatin in de lan'."

"So your Miss Edith set it free, did she, Job?"

"Dat she did, sah! Heah's er note she gimme fuh yo'."

Edith expressed her pleasure at being able to save the prisoner's life, and invited both gentlemen to supper that evening in lieu of the one they had lost. The note was written in exceptionally bright, happy phrase, and the graceful compliment of the invitation brought a glow of pleasure to Max's face.

The evening had the rawness of early winter, but the huge fireplace of the parlor at The Oaks was ablaze, sending a cheerful light into the yard and diffusing a warmth through the house that penetrated to the very marrow and caused delicious thrills of comfort to course down the spine of the visitors. There was no other company, but Edith had dressed her glossy tresses with unusual care and was resplendent in a scarlet waist trimmed with black ribbon velvet. There was no collar to the dress, but a narrow band of lace and insertion supplied its place and showed the full length of her shapely neck, which was whiter in contrast with the graceful streamers pendent from the tiny head-dress, also of black ribbon velvet, perched upon the low coil of her hair. There is a portrait of her in this very costume, an old daguerreotype, beautiful as any costly miniature; a tender smile plays round the mouth, the eyes shine, and expressive shadows lurk within their dark depths; the hair grows just low enough upon the broad white forehead, while the poise of the head reminds one of a Greek statue. To the young men coming in out of the chill and gloom she looked an angel—or, better still, the incarnation of the spirit of home.

Max took note of her beauty with a heart he had much labor to keep in good cheer. How he loved her! What could she not inspire him to? What a heaven she would make her home! If she would but make her nest with him she would be prized and guarded as no birdling ever was before. But between him and their happiness stood George Dupey and half a dozen other admirers, any one of whom she seemed to prefer to himself. Alas! alas! All this and much more flashed through his mind as he returned her cordial greeting and passed the compliments of the evening.

It was a merry supper-table. The opossum was discussed at length, with many a *bon mot* on the part of all save Mrs. Chester, who was not given to witty speeches, and Adolphus, too much engaged with the supper before him to waste time on the supper he had lost.

"Job was much aggrieved that you set the possum free, Edith," said Max.

"Blast his familiarity!" growled George under his breath. "They are not girl and boy together any longer, and he ought to address her becomingly."

Apparently she saw nothing wrong, for she smiled brightly as she answered:

"Yes, he looked so disappointed that I felt sorry for him; but I couldn't decide otherwise. It seemed to me the possum knew I held its life in my hand. I almost fancied there were tears in its eyes as it looked at me."

"Oh, well, Job will be consoled, for to-morrow brother is going to butcher his hogs, and in the delight of that occasion even possum-meat will be forgotten. Apropos of the butchering I will now deliver an invitation I was charged not to forget. Sister has promised Mrs. Allyn a crackling-bread dinner, and bade me ask you to come and help entertain her. Of course sister will be the busiest woman on the place to-morrow."

"Tell her I shall be delighted. It will be fun to hear Mrs. Allyn exclaim with enjoyment over the fare. When she has been regaled on it annually for eighteen years she will not find crackling-bread so delicious. I don't doubt my nurse taught me to walk by holding out a chunk of it as a decoy."

Then they talked of other things—of their church, the gossip of the neighborhood, the next party, of the war, even, whose footfall was growing so loud that we wonder now how any one could fail to hear it. They rallied Max upon his northern partisanship, and he, determined not to believe in so fatal a settlement as bloodshed, laughed back, and not one of them dreamed that in six months the whole country would be in arms.

When they returned to the parlor George had to pay the penalty for masquerading as a lover of chess. Adolphus immediately claimed him. This afforded Max the first opportunity for weeks of talking with Edith in private.

"Do you know I am going away?" he asked in a tone inaudible to the others, though George unconsciously strained his ear to listen.

"Why, no; where are you going?"

"To Texas. You know—"

"To Texas! When?"

"I had intended to start to-morrow, but perhaps I shall not go till the next day. We own considerable property there which has declined in value through the neglect of our agent. One of us must go down to look after it, and brother has decided that I shall go."

"How long will you be gone?"

"I can't say; several months probably."

"And not be home for Christmas? I thought you were looking forward with such pleasure to a Christmas at home after all your years at college."

"Yes, I did, particularly when I first came back. I don't care so much about it now."

The reproach of his tone touched her. To hide it she said eagerly:

"Why not let Cousin John go?"

"Oh, there are too many ties binding him at home; he could not stay as long as the business demands."

"Yes, I know—of course it would be better for you to leave."

She said the words slowly, as if they gave her pain. Was it possible she cared for his absence?

A pause followed, during which he was thinking hard. Somehow he felt that he had regained the ground he had lost—lost he knew not why—after that first month since his return; but a single false step might ruin all. A woman's favor is variable as a weather-vane till once it is really secured; then it is steadfast as the northern star.

"Edith," he said, "it would sweeten my absence if I thought you would be glad when I return; shall you?"

"Why, certainly I shall," she answered gaily, though a tremor was perceptible in her voice. "But you must admit you have not been such a frequent visitor as to make your absence greatly felt."

"Whose fault was that? You evidently preferred other visitors, so I stayed away."

"Don't you think my heart is large enough to hold all my friends?"

He came to a swift determination. Without answering her question he abruptly asked:

"Tell me, Edith, do you love George?"

"I won't answer; that is my own affair."

"Not entirely. If you love him you could not love me, and that is my affair. Tell me, Edith—you must tell me—do you love him?"

Must tell him! She was about to return a saucy answer, but raising her eyes to his face his own restrained her. In them there glowed a language of such earnestness and eagerness, such truth and depth, that it revealed how anxiously he awaited her reply. He was the master at that moment; all the woman in her rose in her own condemnation.

"No."

She more breathed than uttered it, but his ear caught the sound.

"Then—my dearest! my darling!—could you love me?"

"I might"—again half breathed.

"Won't you try, sweetheart?" he pleaded.

"I will think about it. When you come back—"

"When I come back you will give me the answer I wish above everything else?"

"I won't promise to-night."

"But to-morrow? I have decided—I won't leave for Texas till the next day."

"No, nor to-morrow. Don't press me, Max; be satisfied with what I have said."

And therewith he had to be content; but she accompanied the words with a glance whose brightness was tempered with such gentleness that every drop of blood in his body raised its separate hallelujah of joy.

Further conversation was impossible. Two games had been played, and George, purposely or from inattention, was utterly routed. He declared he would not play again and asked Edith to sing. But Max rose from the sofa with her, selected her songs, and remained by her side till the singing was ended. George was discomfited and at an early hour proposed leaving, and on their departure it was with poorly concealed pleasure that he heard Max tell Mrs. Chester of the Texas trip.

(*To be continued.*)

MARK TWAIN'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

BY DAVID MASTERS.

As a rule authors who can write anything better than mere humor strive by every means in their power to show the world that they have other and higher gifts than those of the mirth-provoking order. Twain belongs to this class, and of later years he has been striving to obliterate the memories of his first success, the success that made him famous —"The Innocents Abroad." It is safe to assume that the best things he has written since then have been produced under the spur of a determination to show the world that the court jester can take off his cap and bells and say a striking thing seriously.

The immense reputation attained by his first book has been a heavy handicap to Twain in one sense, and an advantage to him in another. It was a rough-and-tumble sort of book, the worst of all his literary efforts, but probably the most popular, striking the public fancy at a time when it was ready to be amused, and the success of the work was instantaneous and positive, being no doubt an astonishment to authors of more pretentious ambitions, who had burned the midnight oil more assiduously than he, and no doubt with more painstaking effort, only to find themselves, after years of hard work, still unknown quantities in the world of letters.

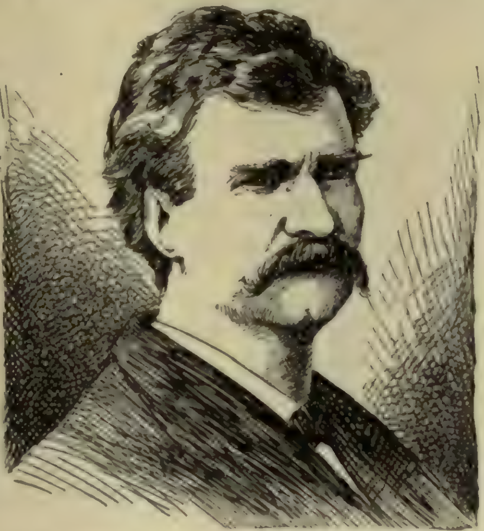
One can readily surmise after reading Twain's later works that he has been for years past trying with commendable purpose to live down "The Innocents Abroad." Finding himself in the broad glare of public interest, he set about doing something better than the effort that had first attracted the attention of the country. To realize how admirably he has succeeded, one has but to note the steady improvement in his style and facility of expression, as well as the purpose and seriousness of his work in his later publications.

The public, however, has tenaciously clung to the first impressions formed of the writer, and for this reason has overlooked the fact that there are much more substantial things in his writings than merely humorous conceits. His "Yankee at the

Court of King Arthur" is an able argument in favor of free trade, but most of his readers pay but little attention to this fact, as they are not looking for free trade theories in such a place and only devour the fun and frolic of the pages. His "Prince and Pauper" is a book of intense dramatic interest, the details worked out with rare skill, and some of the descriptive work has a dignity of diction hard to surpass.

The idea is often conveyed to us by eastern writers that the atmosphere of the West is in some way detrimental to perfection in literary work, and that the successful writer must of necessity pass his early life in the East, where he can enjoy the environments of colleges and come in contact with a certain sort of civilization not to be found in the West.

There was a time when the people of England did not deem it worthy of admission that an American author could write English, until Washington Irving convinced them of their error. The same spirit now possesses the writers along the Atlantic seaboard, and they persistently decry the literary work done west of the eightieth parallel of longitude.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN").

Let us note for a moment to what extent they have a right to do this. Bret Harte, Eugene Field, Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, W. C. Morrow, and a dozen others that might be named have shown what the West could do in the line of good writing. Their work is rugged and full of a force and originality that cannot be found outside the surroundings these men have enjoyed. Some of the pens now furnishing the hack-work for the eastern magazines never get beyond a certain monotony, yet they are put forward as the only lights in the literary horizon. They have by constant practice become the masters of commonplace and their long-drawn descriptions of commonplace events are pronounced true to life. No one can dispute their fidelity to the subject treated, but a great artist is one who can reproduce a great subject by bringing out its most striking points, and he need not be a master of technique in order to produce a great painting. The artist who portrays a great battle-scene or depicts the force and movement of a mountain storm may lack the rudimentary training of one who can paint a dead fish so perfectly that it is hard to keep the house cat from pouncing on it, but the picture of the tragedy and the storm will appeal most to our senses, because the soul and imagination of the artist is to some extent infused into the picture and absorbed by the art lover.

Twain, while not a master of literary technique, is above all of his contemporaries the master of strong description and the art of presenting a picture that glows with a certain light that brings in bold relief every point that the writer wants the reader to see. To write plainly and understandingly and make everything vivid and plain to the reader seems to be the acme of good writing, and in this sort of work Twain stands preeminent.

Suppose for the sake of argument that Twain had put in his early days at some eastern college; no doubt that quality of composition which Mr. Thompson calls "style" might have been molded differently, but it would have been at the expense of those characteristics of originality which now stamp all his writing. With no artificial cultivation, his genius took its own bent, and proved strong enough to tower into a sturdy tree, in a soil where the more delicately nurtured plant, first propagated in the city hothouse, would have died.

With the writer of weak individuality and small self-confidence there is an inevitable tendency to imitate the style of some great writer of the past, and this inclination soon disposes of its victim. Twain, with his early poverty and uninviting environments, had but little opportunity to study the works of the standard writers, and was thus saved from the endeavor to imitate them, had he been so disposed. His inborn desire to write could not be suppressed and he gave the world a style of his own, a style which, in spite of its incapacity to satisfy the eastern critic, would make a great gap in American literature were all of his books to be suddenly effaced.

Much of the conciseness of his narration is due to his early association with Joseph Goodman and D. E. McCarthy, who first gave him employment on the *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City, Nevada. These men were the leading newspaper writers of the coast, and were the faithful disciples of the concise school of writing of which Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is the acknowledged founder. Under their tuition Twain acquired the art of brevity and clearness in literary composition, and for this the American public owes them something of a debt.

The West did something else for Twain: it made him a hater of sham; for in no place in the world is imposition and fraudulent pretense so soon measured up and weighed. There men acquire nothing by hereditary right, and those who came to the country in Twain's time were all supposed to start alike in the race for preferment. The pretender soon went to the wall and people who assumed to be what they were not were held in the most profound contempt. All through his writings he lays the flail upon all manner of shams, whether in society, politics, or the learned professions, and one has yet to find a line in all his works that defends any principle that is unjust or smacks of humbug. He might quote Omar in speaking of himself:

Let this one thing for my atonement plead:
That "one" for "two" I never did misread.

In introducing his characters Twain generally indulges in a touch of his characteristic description that in a single paragraph tells the reader just what may be expected of the party introduced. For instance, he introduces a group of loungers in an old Missouri town and speaks of a man who "pursed his mouth up like the stem end of a ripe tomato" and took a shot at a tumblebug about six feet away, overwhelming it with a stream of tobacco juice. At once the various members of the group, with an accuracy born of long practice, direct their respective streams of tobacco juice upon the hapless insect and drown it then and there. The narration of this incident, bordering as it does on the vulgar and commonplace, still serves better than anything else imaginable to convey to the reader the sort of people to be met in the succeeding pages of the book, and no amount of introductory writing could more clearly perform this service.

In "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," and other works it is claimed that the author gave to the world his own youthful escapades, which sounds probable, but I feel safe in saying that he also drew in the same pages many character sketches which are photographically true to life, for I was personally acquainted with some of their originals.

"Prince and Pauper," the most dramatic and the most feelingly written of his works, and probably the one that received the least public appreciation, is a splendid satire on the fuss and flummery of royalty, and contains some of the most dramatic strokes in literature. Tom Canty, of Offal Court, riding at the head of a richly caparisoned host to be crowned king of England, in the midst of the thundering welcome of cannon, is accosted by his mother, and with his head turned giddy with the intoxication of the occasion denies her recognition. For an instant the reader would like to hurl Tom Canty from his steed, but forgives him later on, when, bowed with contrition and a torturing conscience, he says in a dead voice to the duke at his side, "She was my mother." This pathetic incident soon yields its hold upon the reader when the great seal of England is discovered only on the bogus young prince's announcing that he has been using it to crack nuts with.

In "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" there is another dramatic scene, when the king goes into the pauper's hut and comes out bearing in his arms the poor girl stricken with smallpox. All the poets and romancers who have delighted to clothe chivalry with the glamour of romance and unreality never were able to place a king in a more sublime position than that.

The world has been wont to look at the knights of the Round Table, Sir Launcelot, Merlin, and the enchanted country about Camelot through the poetic spectacles of Tennyson; but Twain, with his hard-headed, practical way of looking at everything, regards chivalry as a humbug, just as Cervantes regarded it, and prods the sham much in the same way, except that his fun is more modern, and he hammers away at game which Cervantes has already killed.

People who read Twain by skipping everything that is not humorous, or by trying to extract a laugh from every paragraph, overlook much that is beautiful or philosophical. Twain can paint a beautiful piece of landscape when he feels disposed. Here is where he tells of his morning ride with Sandy, the irrepressible creature he picked up in Arthur's court:

> Straight off we were in the country. It was most lovely and pleasant in those sylvan solitudes, in the early cool morning in the first freshness of autumn. From hilltops we saw fair green valleys spread out below, with streams winding through them, and island groves of trees here and there, and huge lonely oaks scattered about and casting black blots of shade; and beyond the valleys we saw the range of hills, blue with haze, stretching away in billowy prospective to the horizon, with at wide intervals a dim fleck of white or gray on a wave summit, which we knew was a castle.
>
> We crossed broad natural lawns sparkling with dew, and we moved like spirits, the cushioned turf giving out no sound of footfall; we dreamed along through glades in a mist of green light that got its tints from the sun-drenched roof of leaves overhead, and by our feet the clearest and coldest of runlets went gossiping over the reefs and making a sort of whispering music comfortable to hear; and at times we left the world behind and entered into the solemn great deeps and rich gloom of the forest, where the furtive wild things whisked and scurried by and were gone before you could even get your eye on the place where the noise was, and where only the earliest birds were turning out and getting down to business, with a song here and there and a quarrel yonder, and a mysterious far-off hammering and drumming for worms on a tree-trunk away somewhere in the impenetrable remoteness of the woods. And by and by we would swing again into the glare.

This does not sound like Twain at all, but seems to have been written by him merely to show the reader what he could do in the way of fine descriptive writing when the mood seized him.

The touch that spoils it is the earliest birds "turning out and getting down to business." This, however, was probably thrown in by the author to indicate that while he could pen this sort of descriptions very easily, he really had a very light opinion of them.

There are numberless delightful bits of picturesque landscape in Twain's writing, and clever dashes of color upon which one stumbles in the most unexpected places. If they were all collected and published by themselves as some anonymous writer's work, few would associate them with Twain.

This is because the court jester can never shake off the rôle he has once filled. No matter how wise, eloquent, or serious his utterances may be, they will still be regarded as coming from the jester, and be treated accordingly. Twain has made the American people laugh so much and so long that they can only associate his name with a burst of levity, and thus it comes about that his deep, beautiful, and pathetic things are either overlooked or misconstrued.

A friend of Twain's, a gentleman very close to him, once stated to me that he had every reason to believe that Twain had in contemplation the publication of an anonymous book so unlike anything he had ever written that his own wife would not be able to recognize it. Twain could then enjoy the fun of reading the criticisms, and would doubtless take a hand himself in writing a few of them. Who knows but that he has already placed such a work before the public? That he could do such a thing well, no one will deny, for if there is a writer in America capable of performing a neater feat of literary legerdemain than Twain, he is certainly unknown to the public.

The charge that Twain is neither elegant nor graceful in his writing may be well founded, but he has the happy faculty of writing plainly and with a blunt force that can never be misunderstood, and this pleases the average reader better than an elegance of diction made to conceal poverty of thought. Much of his work was written only for the day and generation in which it was published, and so will pass away, but meanwhile let us hope that his method of utilizing plain Anglo-Saxon will not perish from literature.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY CHARLES MASON FAIRBANKS.

WHATEVER else may be said of the influence of the fine arts on public education and morals, it must be regretfully admitted by the judicious observer that it is not all that it should be. One can but be depressed by the all but universal lack in our public buildings, our schoolrooms, and even in our homes, of any evidence of an appreciation of the beautiful, albeit the untutored mind of the savage and the undeveloped instinct of the child find natural delight in loveliness of form and color.

But the habit of the people appears to have been disproportionately developed in the direction of utilitarian rather than of esthetic considerations. Our edifices are great in engineering achievement, but too often are they barren of any suggestion of the dignity of symmetrical mass or the beauty of fine proportion and appropriate embellishment. We hang pictures on our walls not for love of art, but because it is the custom and there is bare space to be filled.

The refining and uplifting influence of the beautiful upon the public taste, nevertheless, cannot be denied. We may only regret that that influence is not more generally apparent. And by art, in this consideration, it is proper for me to say that I mean something more and greater than the mere manual or visual dexterity upon the strength of the possession of which so many pretentious jugglers with paint and brush assume to instruct the gaping public. There is that within which passeth show, at least to the eyes of the superficial—an intelligence, a soul, a moral impulse whose expression by the painter or sculptor, each man according to the faith and the light that is in him, marks the artist. It is the work of such a hand and heart that leaves its impress upon the character of a people.

Art education must begin with the first development of the human intelligence. It is instinctive. The child's delight in what is beautiful needs to be directed to the formation of a correct taste, which in its due course will find expression artistically. Neglected, this same God-given faculty will shrivel and die like the unwatered flower that is overgrown with Philistine weeds.

We cannot fail to observe the difference between the children of the cultivated, art-loving home and those of the commonplace environment that concerns itself alone with the material considerations of shelter, food, and raiment. A life among good pictures and other attributes of a high cultivation is broadened and developed; the eye, that much neglected organ, learns to perceive and the mind to appreciate the beauties that are to be found all about us. The taste for the good and the beautiful finds joy where all is weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable to the dull eyes of those who have never discovered the resources of their own natures.

In all ages and among all peoples art has found expression; it has been a part of the daily life of all races. By its means the works of nature have been interpreted for us. The loveliness of line, the glory of color, the majesty of the firmament, and the land, and the sea have been revealed to the eyes of our souls. Acts of heroism have been nobly perpetuated in the minds of generations, teaching their lesson of right and might and of the reward of duty well done. The loftiest of human sentiments have thus found eternal voice in the enduring frescoes and monuments done by the hand of man.

Our museums and galleries of art preserve for us treasures beyond price for the education, entertainment, and uplifting of those who are willing to benefited. It is a strange thing that so few of us appreciate these advantages. We accept as true enough the assumption that a development of the taste for the beautiful is proper and good; but there is a not uncommon notion that art is a mere accomplishment to be studied by the few, and that pictures are a luxury and works of sculpture a sheer extravagance. But despite the apparent indifference of a great many persons to the fine arts, they are learning in spite of themselves. The unhappy day of the tidy and the decalcomania, the decorated hearth-brush, and the fantastic lambrequin is passing, if, indeed, it may not be said to be even now but a melancholy memory. We are getting beyond the meretricious appliqué and gingerbread style of household decoration, and we are learning to esteem the simple grace of form and honest construction.

Of course all that sets up to be art is not on that account to be accepted as such. A work of art to be of value must have more to commend it than the skilful execution of the artisan, whose whole thought is in his tools and the means of expression rather than in the thing to be expressed. For it is, of course, the expression of the mind, and a weak mind must produce weak art. Following first an interest, one comes to some apprehension of the significance and language of art. In it he sees the manner of man that has painted or carved or builded well. And as of men, so of nations in their art. As Ruskin expressively says: "If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honeycomb, by a bee; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird; and a house built by a man, worthily if he is worthy, and ignobly if he is ignoble."

The wonderful growth of the study of the fine arts in this country of recent years, beginning at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial and greatly encouraged by the revelations of the Chicago Exposition, shows most clearly and happily that we are not, as a people, lacking in a faculty for art development. Observe the splendid strides that recent years have witnessed in architectural achievement, the pictorial beauty and monumental character of the decorations of some of our new libraries, hotels, and other public buildings, the perfection of our book and magazine illustrations, and even the fine art that it is not at all uncommon to find in the very posters that cover the city's dead walls. The veriest dullard cannot escape the influences of these manifestations of what is beautiful and decorative, even if he would. His own taste must be awakened by them, even unconsciously, his sense quickened, and some glimmer of the light of beauty let into his sluggish soul.

A touching instance of the natural longing of even the most uncultivated is to be had in the loan exhibitions of fine paintings that a number of intelligently benevolent gentlemen of New York arranged last winter for those benighted people who live on the great city's East Side. Here, indeed, is a population that sees but little of the beauties of life or nature. It is true they have narrow glimpses of the blue sky of heaven up from the dismal tenement-bounded cañons in which they exist. But they had hardly known of the existence of what we call art, until an exhibition was arranged for them of paintings brought from some of the finest galleries of the city. If they were greatly impressed by the great, to them inconceivably large, value of these treasures, they were not so different in their view from the many others who esteem a painting on account of its cost; but the significant thing that I would mention is the eagerness with which thousands of the poor people of this squalid district flocked to the gallery and lingered before paintings that must have revealed to their stunted intelligences glimpses of a new world and visions of something very like fairyland.

It is the history of all nations that the perfect flower of art has developed in the same manner through a period of hardship in which the physical qualities have first been developed. A warlike period has followed, and then a devotion to the home life. Finally has come a love of art. The decadence of art has appeared with the days of luxury when it has been pursued for pleasure only. This testimony of time is consistent with the theory that art is founded on moral character. Great art, therefore, must be good art, and its influence upon education must be in the right direction. The greatest need seems to be that the educators themselves shall be taught to appreciate the opportunities of this field of instruction, which, to my mind, is too little understood and too little developed. Let the schoolrooms be made beautiful with good examples of art works, that the children of this generation, who are to be the men and women of the next, may be able to make amends to their children for the deprivations that ours have suffered under us.

The process of development in the study of works of the fine arts is interesting. The immature taste first fancies works of a certain sentimental or dramatic character —what we are wont to call story-telling pictures. Style of one kind or another attracts, or a scheme of color, or some facile habit of execution. It takes time for the student to apprehend the fact that these qualities do not of themselves constitute a real work of fine art. He learns presently to look for the decorative effect, for a certain harmony and balance; he seeks to find the painter's message and to see what he saw and as he saw it. He is no longer satisfied with the mere painted anecdote, however cleverly executed—such a simple array of obvious facts as might be as well set forth in a photograph. He feels for the first time consciously the charm of mystery and of atmosphere, and of the sentiment of nature as seen by a poet's eyes, and realizes how much more beautiful it is than the bald, matter-of-fact, exact, minute reality of commonplace imitation. The meretricious picture palls upon the taste. The works of a Makart or a Bougereau, however skilfully drawn and painted, fail to hold the interest even by their voluptuous beauty, beside such noble works as, say, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Millet's "Angelus," or a canvas by Corot.

In a consideration of the moral influence of art it may be said somewhat obviously that if it is not bad it must be good. But it is not its function to preach except as it may translate and interpret the "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." If the fancies of artists are beautiful and pure, then do they fulfil their mission and give us joy. We have much that is foolish and much that is false from the brushes of modern decadents; but I do not think we need concern ourselves very greatly about their power for evil. Like the poison-ivy, they may flourish noisomely, and some may suffer from contact with their noxious works, but then we can never hope to exterminate all evil from the field of art any more than from any other sphere of human activity. Every taste will indulge itself according to its nature, be it fine or vulgar, but that is not the fault of art. The didactic influence of good art will be always for the uplifting of those who are themselves pure, and such will spurn the false and the coarse.

Fashions in contemporary art are a powerful, and often misdirected influence, because they carry the injudicious along wrong paths, like sheep in a flock, unheeding their direction. Instead of thinking for themselves, too many persons are content to travel in any sort of company, no matter how bad, rather than to go independently alone. It needs but a self-appointed leader to say of some such vulgar painter as Hans Makart or Rochegrosse, for example, not to mention instances nearer home, that this perfection of the representation of the voluptuous or licentious is fine, because it is finished and deft, in order to at once establish a vogue. We come presently to tolerate that which to every decent instinct must appear to be essentially gross.

My own view of the matter is that there is as much danger of prudery on the one hand as of evil influence on the other, however, and I cannot regard prudery as an unmixed blessing. The good people of Boston have recently attracted some attention to the extreme purity of their mental attitude toward art by rejecting a gift to their beautiful public library of a bronze figure of a bacchante by the sculptor Macmonnies. It is an ideally beautiful figure of a young girl holding an infant on one arm and with the other hand dangling a bunch of grapes above the reach of the laughing child. There are no draperies, but what of that? The lovely nymph is dancing with the gladness of an eternal glee, and the composition expresses in every line and curve the joy of existence. I am sorry for the person who cannot see in this figure beauty and grace, but who finds in it no higher expression than one of sensuality only.

If art may be regarded as an expressive language, and so likened to literature, it would seem then that its influence on education and morals must depend on the sort of art. But whereas nearly every one reads, good books or bad, the habit of observing and studying works of art is not nearly universal. Opportunities to study are multiplying, however, in our larger cities, and in its application to every-day surroundings artistic decoration is, I am sure, developing a taste on the part of the public that must bear good fruit. We cannot have too much of the beautiful in our lives, and it is the gracious mission of the artist to teach us to see it and to understand its manifestations all about us in this work-a-day world of ours.

THE SONS OF RECENT PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY FOSTER COATES.

BLOOD will tell. It is not true that the sons of great men are of little account, although there is some such impression in the public mind. Great men are not always favored by Providence with sons their equal in intellectual ability, and skilled financiers who have amassed vast fortunes very often leave descendants who find it easier to get rid of accumulations of money than to add to what has been provided for them by their thrifty predecessors.

Somehow or other there has gotten among the maxims the statement that ministers' sons are as a rule worthless. I could prove to the contrary if I had time. I could prove to the contrary about the sons of rich men, too, and I could name for you in substantiation of my assertion the men who constitute the reigning houses of Astor and Vanderbilt. I could go into the various professions and prove that there are worthy sons of great men in medicine, in surgery, in law, in the arts, and in the sciences. As world-famous examples let me cite to you the sons of the greatest living Englishman, if not the greatest man on this planet to-day, William E. Gladstone. They have all done well in their chosen walks in life. They are loved and esteemed for their own superb qualities not less than because of their fortunate birth. The son of Prince Bismarck would have made his own way in the world even without the aid of the powerful Iron Chancellor. The Rothschilds of to-day are more potent in the world of finance than their fathers before them.

But I am not going to discuss these men. Instead I shall invite your attention to the living sons of former presidents of the United States. The American public does not lose interest in its popular idols in a day or two. It would be no easy task, to be sure, for the sons of former presidents to stand out as prominently as their fathers, because they are removed from the fierce white light that casts its rays on the national capitol. But it will be a pleasure to all Americans who believe in pluck and perseverance to know that the sons of our presidents since the close of the war up to to-day have acquitted themselves manfully and creditably.

It can be claimed for the Grant family, without fear of contradiction, that they have kept themselves more prominently before the public than the children of any of the other presidents. The three sons of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant are now in the prime of life. First in the family stands Col. Frederick D. Grant. He is a West Point graduate and served some little time with his father at the front just before the close of the war. He was prominent during his father's occupancy of the White House and he has been more or less in the public eye ever since, having held some sort of an office almost uninterruptedly since his father's retirement. Under the Harrison administration he was the American minister to Austria. The post is not a difficult one and he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the State Department.

When the reform wave swept over New York and the legislative investigation showed the utter degradation and corruption in the police department, Colonel Grant was selected by the mayor as a man to help purify the city government. He was installed as one of the police commissioners. He has not succeeded as well as he desired, because of his environment. Because of legislative folly and a lack of understanding of municipal problems, New York City has the misfortune to be dominated by a bi-partisan police board. Of course this is purely and simply for the purpose of corrupt and crooked dealings by the politicians. Bi-partisanship is only another name for municipal folly. Colonel Grant has been brought into a good deal of notoriety during his term of office because of his determination to pursue a policy different from that outlined by the reformers. He has shown his great father's greatest characteristic. He believed that he was right; he marked out a line of policy for himself and steadfastly pursued it, just as his father before him marked

COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT.

out his line of policy and carried on his warfare to the successful end.

Colonel Grant makes New York City his home. He is a prominent figure in business, in social, and in political life. Beside his occupation as police commissioner he is engaged in various private enterprises. He is much in demand at public dinners and at public meetings, although he is in no sense of the term a fluent speaker. Indeed, he is just the reverse. He can write a short, sharp, sententious letter, but when he stands up to express himself he seems to be totally lost for both words and ideas. In this, again, he resembles his father. General Grant could write very well. Some of his war despatches and letters will live so long as war remains and is written and talked about. There is a charm and ease about his personal memoirs that have given the volume a place in every library. But General Grant was no orator. Late in life he became tolerably familiar with speaking in public and acquitted himself with fair credit.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR.

The home life of the Grant family is thoroughly American. Colonel Grant married a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, a Miss Honore, and she has made a typical American home in the heart of the metropolis. They have two children, a boy and a girl. Julia Dent Grant, the eldest of the two, is now a little over twenty years of age. She has been in society for a few months and has become quite popular both in this city and in Washington. She began her social career at Newport last summer. She is a beautiful young woman, well educated and entirely able to earn her own living, if that shall become necessary. She speaks half a dozen languages and has developed very satisfactorily a talent for painting. She has studied art abroad, and at one time was anxious to make a career for herself by taking a regular course in one of the great art schools of New York, with the view of devoting her entire time to painting for a livelihood.

Ulysses S. Grant, third, the only son, is a tall, broad-shouldered young man, almost six feet in height, although he has only just turned sixteen years of age. During the past four years he has been studying at various schools in this city, preparing for admission to West Point at the beginning of the fall term. Shortly before General Grant's death he left a letter directed to the president of the United States who should be serving in the year 1896, asking him to appoint the lad to the military academy. This letter was not presented to President Cleveland because of the necessity for more preliminary study, but it has been turned over to President McKinley, and when the term at West Point begins Ulysses S. Grant, third, will be entered as the personal appointee of President McKinley. Young Grant is an enthusiast on military matters. He has inherited his grandfather's taste for a soldier's life, and is looking forward to a great career in the army.

Colonel Grant and his wife and children live in excellent style, go out into society a good deal, and are much sought after. The colonel is a great, broad-shouldered man, much larger than his father, but with the typical Grant head and an enormous black beard. He dresses quietly and in good taste. In personal intercourse his manners are charming and agreeable. He is a man who would have made his own way in the world, even without the help that came from his glorious heritage.

Ulysses S. Grant, the second son of General Grant, is entirely different from his brothers. He has devoted himself to farming at Salem Center, Westchester County, New York, for a number of years. His farm is large and produces a great many fine vegetables, milk, cream, and butter, and a beautiful variety of roses that find a ready sale in the New York market. He seldom comes to the city, except on business, and I do not recall a time when he has been heard of in public affairs. He is of a very retiring disposition and prefers rural to city life. He has the largest family of any of the Grant children, three girls and two boys. The youngest of these, a boy four years old, is named Ulysses S. Grant, fourth, so there are two grandchildren bearing down to history the same illustrious name. It will be interesting to watch the development of the two lads and their future careers when they shall arrive at man's estate. The eldest of the five children is Miss Miriam, now fifteen years of age. She was named after her maternal grandmother. She has been attending private schools and in the fall will enter a fashionable establishment where she will be prepared for a college career. The second son is Chaffee Grant. He is a lad of twelve and was named after his mother, who was Miss Chaffee. The third child is a girl, named Julia Dent, after her grandmother. The next is Dorothy, a little miss of seven.

Jesse Grant, the youngest son of the general, may be said to be the business man of the family. Since his coming of age he has identified himself with business enterprises, and when the awful storm burst about the family during the Grant & Ward failure he very tactfully and skilfully relieved his father of much responsibility and did a great deal to repair the misfortune. After his father's death he took to mining, and now he has secured control of several large mining interests and is also founding a colony in Lower California. He is aiming high. He hopes to build a city and induce capitalists to invest money in the development of the state.

During the last national campaign young Grant excited considerable talk by casting his fortunes with the free silver movement. This seemed strange, because his father and brothers were so thoroughly and intensely Republican. But young Grant was a victim of circumstances. The success of free silver meant a larger measure of success for himself. He is very well-to-do in this world's goods, but he would have become enormously wealthy if the free silver idea had prevailed. In San Diego he lives in fine style, with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. Nellie, the eldest, is now fifteen years of age and is named after her aunt, the beautiful Nellie Grant whose wedding in the White House to Algernon Sartoris was the chief

JAMES R. GARFIELD.

social event of General Grant's second term. She is described as a bright and attractive girl. The other child is a boy of ten, named Chapman, after his mother.

Although dealing only with the sons of former presidents, I cannot refrain from saying a word about Mrs. Sartoris, the only daughter of the general. She has made her home in Washington with her mother since her return from England after her husband's death. She is small in stature and resembles her great father more than any of the other children. Her married life was far from pleasant. She has three children, one boy and two girls. The eldest is Algernon, who is now studying law in a Washington law school. His two sisters are Vivian, now eighteen, and Rosamond, aged sixteen. They are handsome, talented young women, a happy blending of the best there is in English and American girlhood.

HARRY V. GARFIELD.

Rutherford Hayes, the second son of Rutherford B. Hayes, is a lawyer and lives in Toledo, Ohio. He is about thirty-six years of age and bears a striking resemblance to his father. He has devoted himself to the legal profession and is said to be very skilful at the bar. In manner he is easy, suave, and approachable. He makes a good argument and is held in high esteem by his associates and the residents of his city. In politics he is a Republican.

His elder brother, Webb C. Hayes, is about forty-three years of age. He lives in Cleveland. He is a bachelor and bears a strong resemblance to his mother. He wears a small mustache and has a good, honest American countenance. In stature he is of medium height and somewhat military in bearing. One of his chief pleasures in life is Troop A of Cleveland, of which he is a veteran member. This is one of the finest military organizations in the country. Mr. Hayes was one of the four distinguished members of the troop who constituted the special escort to McKinley during the recent inauguration ceremonies. He cares nothing for public life and is rarely seen in society. He is the manager of the National Carbon Company, which is said to be the greatest establishment of its kind in the world. He has energy, industry, and capacity. In politics he is a Republican and in business he is a keen money-maker.

The sons of James A. Garfield are both lawyers. They practice under the firm name of Garfield & Garfield. They stand high as clear-sighted men and have acquired a lucrative practice. James. R. Garfield lives at Mentor, on the old homestead. He is about thirty-two years of age and is a state senator from the district represented by his father in 1860. In appearance he strongly resembles his father. He is tall, somewhat austere in looks, and yet youthful in appearance. He has exhibited qualities which make a successful legislator and politician. He is most anxious to enter public life and has always taken a deep interest in political questions. Two years ago he was elected to the senate by a large majority. He is a good debator, a fluent speaker, and gives promise of a brilliant future. He is an effective stump speaker and delights in public controversies. He is married and is much sought after in society.

Harry V. Garfield resembles his mother and is totally unlike his brother in physical appearance. He is not much of a public speaker, but is more of an office lawyer and cares more for his profession than he does for political or social life. He is happily married and is winning his way to success even in a profession that is overcrowded.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, JR.

RUSSELL HARRISON.

Chester Alan Arthur, son of former President Arthur, is six feet tall, well built, and with slightly stooped shoulders. He in no way resembles his father. He wears a small mustache, and at first glance is more English than American in his ways and manners. He has lived abroad for five or six years and has devoted his life to recreation and pleasure. It is not known that he has any great business ability, and he has not yet marked out his career, although he was anxious to represent this country at one of the European courts during the present administration. When his father was president young Arthur was a very lively boy of about fourteen. He and his sister, the beautiful Nellie Arthur, were much sought after by the younger members of society in Washington.

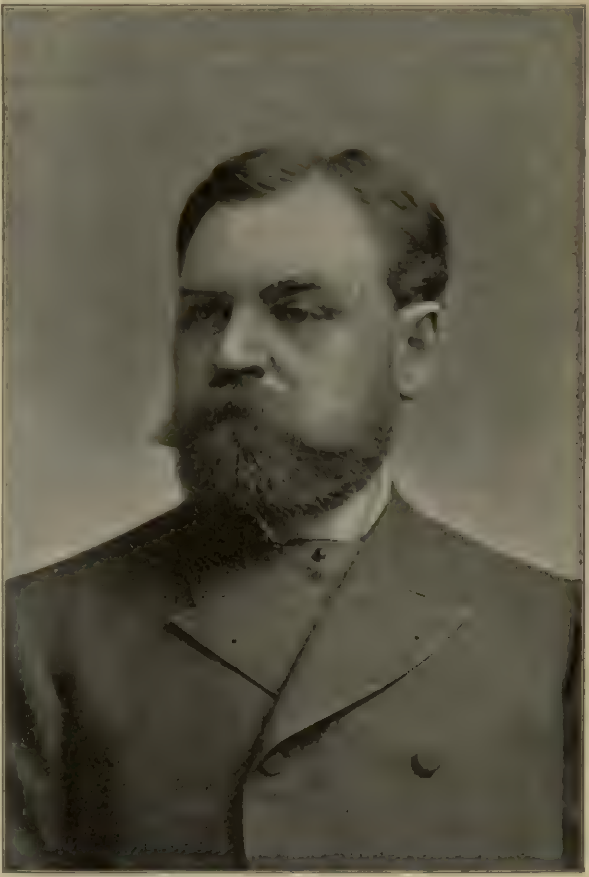
Miss Arthur now resides with her aunt, Mrs. McElroy, in Albany. Mrs. McElroy, it will be remembered, was the hostess at the White House during her brother's term of office. President Arthur left an estate valued at about $300,000. It was divided equally between his two children, so that they are well provided for if they have taken care of their money, and they need give little thought to the traditional wolf at the door. Miss Arthur is seldom seen in New York society. She lives a very quiet and retired life. Her brother is better known abroad than at home. He knows more about leading a cotillion than a political caucus.

Russell Harrison son of former President Harrison, is a short, stockily built man, with a round face and a small French shaped mustache. He is about forty years of age. He lives in Terre Haute, Indiana. He cares nothing for politics and devotes all his time and attention to business enterprises. At present he is an important factor in the street railway system of his city. He has engaged in divers occupations. At one time he edited a newspaper in Montana and was interested in another in New York. He has devoted some of his time to land enterprises and has made money very rapidly. While his father was president young Harrison made a visit abroad and was entertained by the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and he also had the honor of dining with the good queen of England. Personally, young Harrison is most agreeable. His ways are winsome and he impressed the late Elliot F. Shepard so favorably that he gave him the sobriquet of "Prince Russell," which still clings to him.

But of all the presidents' sons now living, the man who has received the most attention, and whom I have reserved for the last, is the only surviving son of the great Lincoln. Robert T. Lincoln resides in Chicago. He has won distinction as a lawyer and as an ambassador, and is regarded most highly at the bar. He conducted some very delicate negotiations for our government at the court of St. James. He is about fifty years of age, and in the very prime of his manhood and intellectual vigor. He does not resemble his father in any way. His father was a great story-teller, indeed a delightful humorist; the son is a hard, matter-of-fact man in the extreme. His face is most serious looking; his father's was at times lighted up seemingly by

> The light that never was on sea or land.

Mr. Lincoln is about five feet nine inches in height and wears a heavy brown beard and mustache. His eyes are dark and piercing. He looks like a typical Chicago board of trade man. In manner he is reticent and rarely gives expression to his views in public. He was well liked in England, and I remember with much gratitude his courtesies to me when I was his guest in London. He has been mentioned many times for the presidency, but to his friends he has repeatedly said that he cares nothing for the office. He is happily



ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

married, is one of the leaders in Chicago society, and has little fondness for politics.

This record of the sons of former presidents of the United States is creditable alike to their fathers and to themselves. Not any of them have added luster to the family name, but none of them have besmirched it. After all, as I said in the beginning, blood will tell, and I might have added with equal truth that breeding counts for a good deal too. It would not be fair to say that the men whom I have mentioned have not been helped into successful prominence by their fathers' names and the prestige of their families. But it is one thing to get on the top wave of success and another thing to stay there. Whether the future holds anything more in store for these sons of great men than it does for the sons of the most obscure workmen remains to be seen. For my own part I would hazard a guess that the obscure man is the more likely to be heard of in the future. The American public dearly loves surprises, and in nominating conventions the delegates have a fashion of selecting the winner for the presidential race from the stable of dark horses.

ELECTRICITY DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

BY FRANZ BENDT.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

IT is mostly through its practical results that a science appeals to the general public for anything more than a casual attention. This fact is nowhere more noticeable than in electricity, which has loaded humanity with gifts and in a comparatively short time has revolutionized customs and business so that the present era not unjustly has been called "the age of electricity." The term is doubly appropriate because, as all signs indicate, we are not at the end but only just at the beginning of the electrical epoch. Moreover, it should be noted, the wonderful and mysterious manner in which the electrical forces are manifested have thoroughly aroused astonishment, even in adepts, and a thirst for knowledge in the laity.

In glancing over the many practical acquisitions of the young science one gets the impression that for its years it has developed strongly and powerfully, if also disproportionately. Yet many branches of the electrical science have broadened out into mighty industries. Its practical side, electrotechnics, already has been divided into two parts, the weak current and the strong current technics, and the exponents of these two parts belong to different classes of vocations hotly rivaling each other.

A brief forecast of the history of the science will help us to appreciate its development during the last five years.

The oldest branch of the new technic does service in propagating news. It is now about seventy years that its electric spark has carried messages across oceans and over wide continents. The amount of lines and conducting wires connected with them is at the present time something imposing, and not less so is the growth that both have shown from year to year. Altogether the wires would reach about five times from the earth to the moon.

Yet more marvelous than the development of telegraphy is the development of long-distance speaking, or telephoning, already a dangerous rival to telegraphy. We are about to enjoy an extension in both lines of culture here on German soil. At the present time there are in the German Empire 93,768.46 miles of lines and 440,682.44 miles of conducting wires to convey written and spoken messages. The number of telegraph stations here is 28,281. Especially significant is the growth in the number of city telephone stations; during the last year their number has increased from 109,960 to 125,810.

The technical improvement in this region is evidenced by the development of new telephone lines to connect cities. The longest line in Germany is found between Berlin and Memel, extending over the remarkable distance of 621.37 miles. The great distance cannot influence the audibility, for the hearing qualities are excellent. During the preliminary experiments for the laying of these connections, the experts at the German imperial post arrived at the important judgment that this line might be lengthened about threefold without injury. If they succeed in establishing communication over such a long distance, the feat will place German telephone engineers at the head of their profession, for telephonic transmission over 1864 miles never before has been accomplished except by way of experiment.

The sea cable also is a modern development, and to its possibilities, too, there is no limit. At present experts are engaged in the task of laying its conducting wires through the great ocean. Then, with the perfection of this gigantic plan, one can send a despatch around the whole world in a moment. The circuit will be complete.

While the weak current technics has consumed almost two thirds of a century in her upbuilding, her younger sister, the strong current technics, in a comparatively short time has grown into a giant. What about five years ago was mere project now is actual fact. We need mention only the extension within this time of the electrical railway.

The special problem of strong current technics was, how practically to work out methods for transmitting power. They arrived at a definite solution of this problem in the year 1891, at the electrical exposition in Frankfort on the Main, when they succeeded in leading from Lauffen on the Neckar to the exposition city their current, by means of the electric motive conductor. Since then, the hopes which were built on this solution have for the most part been realized.

One of the greatest of these outcomes, that already is much talked of, we admire in the plant for transmitting power from Niagara Falls. Of the 5,000,000 horse-power which these greatest falls of the world exert every minute, 15,000 are diverted and put to use through a region fifteen and one half miles in radius. Buffalo, for instance, which lies within the circumference of this circle, owes its light and its business power to its electrical career at Niagara Falls.

On German soil, too, and especially in the Rhine regions, similar plants at this moment are in progress of building. By means of powerful turbines they aim to draw from the Rhine about 10,500 horse-power and to send them, by means of an electric motor, to cities and factories in all directions within a radius of twelve and one half miles.

It is obvious that power transmitted in such quantities can be sold cheap. Already its price has caused a depreciation of about thirty per cent in steam machinery. Carefully planned improvements and centralization in such an industrial district are the best methods to increase the wealth of a country and to add to the prosperity of its inhabitants. The industries of the upper Rhine, for example, previously enjoyed only a mere existence, because their life element, coal, had become exhausted. The electrical current which the new plant will send out will be able, without doubt, to convert the Rhine region establishments into places of business activity.

Already modern methods of power-transmission are beginning to make their way even into that conservative branch of industry, agriculture. Lately at Dietrichshagen, in the vicinity of Rostock, in experiments before the representatives of the Prussian ministry of agriculture, it was demonstrated clearly, time and again, that in this business one could work more cheaply by the use of mechanical than of animal power. The significance of this is plain to be seen when it is considered that in the cultivation of the soil in Germany there are employed about 2,500,000 horses and 500,000 draught oxen. According to the reckoning of most competent business people, German farmers could aggregate a yearly saving of 210,000,000 marks, or $49,980,000, by the general use of mechanical power. The experiments at Dietrichshagen led to the conclusion that by the use of electrical power-transmission and its application in electrical plows one could cut down expenses fifty per cent. The conclusion would take on a still more favorable appearance if this power, always ready for work, should find application to other purposes, such as running sugar factories, and the farmer should utilize for the production of electric currents the energy that nature places at his disposal in the form of falling or flowing streams.

In the large cities, too, they already use the electric current very effectively in the trades. The electric stations which were set up there for the generation of light also furnish currents for power, and a considerable number of working establishments have furnished their machines with it at a comparatively small cost.

Since this has been done the mighty electric current has stood at the service of the investigator as well as the tradesman everywhere, and great strides have been made in the application of the remarkable power. Thus within a few years new scientific results have developed which, such as electrochemics, for instance, have influenced the authorities to establish special chairs of learning in the high schools. Electrochemics has arisen from the union of electricity with chemistry. Until shortly ago the combination and separation of substances was effected by a comparatively weak current at a low temperature. A world of new phenomena opened to the investigators when they attacked the physical world with powerful currents and the previously unheard-of high temperatures. These multitudinous scientific conquests are made applicable through the methods of power-transmission to industrial uses, and prove valuable acquisitions to all manufactories.

One of the most fortunate discoverers in the realm of electrochemics, whose results are peculiarly adapted to rouse interest in wide circles, is Henry Moissan of Paris. With the force of the current he conquered fluorin, which most stubbornly of all the elements has resisted isolation, and presented it, free of all combinations, to the eye of the investigator—the first time it ever was seen in a free state. In his electric oven he crystalized coal to diamonds, and gold, copper, and resisting graphite were neglected and melted down into the form of little scales. These and similar experiments give an important idea of the almost creative power that the strong current lends humanity over material.

Besides such new knowledge, electrochemics has ripened the prominent practical results and has placed others nearer attainment. The extraction of the far-famed aluminum from clay takes place almost immediately under the influence of the powerful current. In like manner soda is formed from kitchen salt almost without expense if you take into account the value of the important second product. Electricity has been used successfully also to purify streams and rivers and to free them effectively from the death germs most inimical to humanity, such as cholera, typhus, malaria, etc.

Such wonderful properties explain why among the laity so often the question arises, What is electricity? Yet a few years ago a physicist would have had to stand abashed, for he knew no more of the mysterious sphinx than the questioner. Now the question can be answered, if not wholly, at least in part.

During the departing century natural philosophers have arrived at the knowledge that light and radiating heat are caused by swinging motions of a fine substance called ether. That electrical phenomena demanded a similar explanation was undoubted by every intelligent physicist; but the remarkable form of energy stubbornly refused to divulge its secret. The German physicist Heinrich Hertz first lifted the veil and showed that electricity spread out into space in waves 39.37 inches (a meter) long. This finally led to the proof that all force was expressed in the form of the billowy movements of ether. The only difference between light, radiating heat, and electricity in appearance is in the length of their respective waves.

On the theoretical judgment that electrical waves roll out into space, Nikola

Tesla built up his experiments, which afford interesting glimpses into the future development of electrotechnics. Only consider what an advantage would be gained, if, without intervening wires, verbal or written messages could be sent over the wide world, if, without cables, currents could be conducted, lamps fed, and especially if electrical energy could be made to go in whatever place one desired. To make that possible is no longer the wish of a fruitless fancy, but already has been partly realized. Thus Tesla has made tubes a meter long light up brightly without connecting them anywhere, and Preece in London has telegraphed several miles through sea water without any cable.

In order to excite the remarkable light tube Tesla makes use of a peculiar machine, which conducts the so-called alternating current at a high speed of alternations. With this he made observations on wonderful phenomena. It is pretty generally known that alternating currents are dangerous; in fact they already have cost many human lives. Through the use of an ordinary machine for alternating currents, all organic life may be annihilated. But the immeasurably stronger and faster alternating Tesla current does no harm whatever to animals and people by passing through them. For instance it was found that dogs subjected to a current that made 4,500 alternations in a second were not disturbed, while an equally strong current of 120 alternations killed them. By further experiments on animals Professor Houston arrived at the general knowledge that with the increase of alternations—from a certain limit up—the danger from the currents diminishes and the effect even becomes beneficial. When the number of alternations is increased until they equal those of the waves of ether, which brings down the sunlight, they are able to exert on the surface of the body the same beneficial effects as ether. In fact Tesla has set out to use his current for remedial purposes.

Only shortly ago Roentgen's marvelous discovery gave us a new outlook on the phenomena and results of nature's forces. So great an impression has it made upon us all that it is almost unnecessary to dwell on the peculiar X-rays, invisible in themselves, that expose to view the interior of opaque bodies, and on the practical results to which already they have given place and which are yet to grow out of them. These things have been set forth at length in the journals during the last year, and for months have occupied whole columns of the newspapers. Yet we here may mention the greatest theoretical importance of the Roentgen discovery. It has shown that the X-rays are manifested through the wave motions of ether and that these waves are the smallest that ever yet have been observed.

THE TSIMPSEANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND KLINGETS OF ALASKA.

BY E. ODLUM.

IN my travels I have met representatives of nearly all the North American Indian tribes between latitudes 40° and 60° north. I shall, however, confine myself to the Tsimpseans of northwestern British Columbia and the Klingets of Alaska. The red men of North America may be divided into three groups, those of the Center, the East, and the West. In the last are the Tsimpseans and Klingets.

The Tsimpseans are found at Port Simpson, Port Essington, Lachalsep, Kitex, Kitalobe, Old Metlakahtla, New Metlakahtla, on Annette Island, and at other adjacent places. They are about as tall as the white people, heavily built, square-shouldered, deep-chested, intelligent, and brave. At present the whole nation is largely under the teaching of Methodists and Anglicans. Formerly wars, murders, savageries, and idolatries occupied these people. Now the majority are members of Christian churches. The young generation can nearly all read and write.

The Tsimpseans are composed of the following tribes: the Crow, Bear, Whale, Frog, Wolf, Beaver, and Eagle. Each of these represents a family or tribe corresponding to the clan Campbells of Scotland or the Nakamuras of Japan. Each tribe has its own crest, as in Japan at this day. A member of the Wolf tribe has the wolf for his crest, and a Bear has the moon and stars, showing his celestial origin.

An Indian may not marry one of his own crest. But he may marry into any other clan excepting an allied tribe. A Crow may marry into any clans except the Frog; the Frog into any but the Crow, the Whale any but the Bear, the Bear any but the Whale, the Beaver any but the Eagle, the Eagle any but the Beaver, and the Wolf, being so different from all in ancestry, may marry into any tribe.

Suppose a Wolf marries a Crow woman; the children are all Crows. They are named after the mother, not after the father. In quarrels between two tribes, as the Wolf and Crow, the children, being Crows, would be forced to join their mother against their father, and he would fight against all Crows, including his own family.

Each crest scattered along the coast numbers many hundreds, and some tribes number thousands.

A Crow is a member of a Crow family, or crest, to such an extent that when in a distant village he would sojourn with a Crow household, and would there be treated as a veritable son or brother. If in the village there were no Crows, then, as the Frogs are closely allied, he would go to them and receive the same treatment as if he were a Frog. So among all other allied crests, the same loyalty is maintained.

The Tsimpseans, or Somalias, are splendid vocalists. They have the strongest and most rangeful voices I have heard. In time and tune they excel. The former has come to them from childhood. All use the paddle, and in harmony with measured time units. Their graceful cedar canoes are propelled through rough tidal or storm-tossed waters to the regular time-beat of their voices. I believe melody and harmony come through their richly creative imaginations, profound reverence for nature, intensely deep religious feelings, and their sympathy with rhythmic motion in the swaying of trees, the on-rolling of the waves, the eagle's majestic flight, and similar movements. Like the Greeks of old, they see the direct action of their gods or demons in all kinds of activity. The winds, clouds, rains, waters, falling trees, and changing seasons are manifestations of spirits, good or bad.

They are skilled hunters, either on land or water. Their canoes are hewn out of cedar trees. Before metal tools came to them their axes were made of stone. With these they would fell the tree, hollow it out, and shape it into a canoe, the best ever put on water. I have seen canoes all lengths, from twenty to sixty feet. Constant use of the paddle gives these Indians the finest chests, lungs, and shoulders found among earthborn men.

Formerly a chief, particularly of the Klingets, on building his lodge would bury one or more living slaves under each large supporting post. In this manner an acceptable sacrifice was made to the tutelary divinity. When the chief died, one or more of his slaves had to accompany him into the spirit land to continue their service. The dead were generally cremated and their bones and ashes put into boxes, which were placed in small charnel houses, as at this day among the heathen Klingets. Frequently the remains were put high up among the branches of trees. I have seen coffins in trees at heights ranging from twenty to sixty feet.

The totem-poles of these people are large and attractive. A whole tree is required for a single pole. I measured one five feet in diameter and one hundred feet high. They are generally well ornamented, the figures relating to ancestry and heroic deeds. The totem-pole is a "genealogical tree," and well worth careful study.

Some missionary experiences among the Tsimpseans are amusing. One relates that at Port Simpson a man and his wife quarreled. He persisted in sleeping in the morning, while she had to build the fire and get breakfast. She rebelled; he would not yield. Deciding upon a climax, she arose, cooked the breakfast, and then, while he still slept, she seized a large cat and drew it across his face; whereupon her lord and master awoke and kicked her out of the house. An uproar followed, the clans interfered, and matters looked serious. The missionary talked to the unhappy couple, revealed their folly, and arranged to marry them again. (They had been married by the old custom.) They consented, and promised to be good and live quietly together. Being asked, "Wilt thou have this man," etc., the woman answered, "Yes, if he make the fire," and as they departed after the ceremony the minister heard her reiterate: "You must get up and make the fire!"—the woman's proverbial last word!

The Tsimpseans, as most Indians, are fearless when hunting or fighting. A chief was one day hunting in the mountains. In the evening, unarmed and at some distance from the camp, he suddenly came face to face with a grizzly. He dared not retreat, but closed with the brute, and in a death-grip they mutually embraced. The Indian hugged the animal closely to prevent its using its jaws and feet. He seized the bear's throat with his teeth and held it in a viselike grip until he actually chewed the jugular vein asunder. Torn and bleeding, but hugging each other closely, they rolled over and under, till at last the grizzly lay dead in the chief's arms. The Indian carried his wound-marks to the grave. His son, then a child, beheld the awful struggle. He is now a Christian chief at Lachalsep.

Most Indians have traditions of a flood, and the Somalias have theirs. An intelligent woman at China Hat related the following, and pointed out the "Ararat" of safety. A great storm came; the rains fell, and high arose the ocean waters. Some ran to their canoes and others to the mountain for safety. Those who went into canoes drifted away, and at last, as the flood abated, settled down in distant centers, such as Bella Bella, Fort Rupert, Kitkatla, and Nawhitti. After the flood had subsided, those who went to the mountain returned and settled at China Hat, their old home. In another place I saw the highest Ararat, and on its slopes, near the top, numerous tall, straight dead trees, standing up like masts—the poles to which the ancient Indians anchored their canoes during the flood.

One could fill a large volume with such traditions.

The Indians' names are full of meaning. We have our Whites, Blacks, and Stringers, the French their Le Blancs, the Germans their Schwartzes, and the Japanese their Hatas (*hata*, a duck). Here are a few Tsimpsean names:

MALE.

Aiyā Yăh, night potlatching of the warriors so as to be ready for the morning fight.

Lōwouks-hyăsh, I hear the crow calling.

Quilăh-ho-hōpăl, darkness.

FEMALE.

Koib, light.

Laik, useless, literally crow's feathers.

Nămit-mōătk, the barking of the wolf.

In counting, some Indians have five as the basis, others have ten, and the Somalias have twenty, primarily. The Bushmen of Australia have two or three, and many African tribes have five as the basis. Thus the Australians count, "Yūwĕr, būlā, būlā-yūwĕr, būlā-būlā, būlā-būlā-yūwĕr" (One, two, three, four, five), and the Mannas of Africa, with five as a basis, count from one to ten as follows: "Kidding, fidding, sarra, nani, soolo, seni, soolo ma fidding, soolo ma sarra, soolo ma nini, nŭff."

The Tsimpsean language is wonderfully perfect. Inflection by prefix and suffix is extensive, and all phases of thought and feeling are readily expressed.

The verb *love*, in the active, indicative, is thus inflected:

Present Tense.

Singular.	Plural.
1. Shapen-oo.	1. Shapen-um.
2. Shapen-en.	2. Shapen-shum.
3. Shapen-ent.	3. Shapen-shtepnait.

Past Tense.

Singular.	Plural.
1. Shapen-du.	1. Shapen-dum.
2. Shapen-den.	2. Shapen-dshum.
3. Shapen-dent.	3. Shapen-dshtepnait.

The perfect tense is formed by prefixing *cla* to the present, the future by prefixing *dum* to the present; thus, *dum shapenoo*, I shall love.

The languages of the Klingets, Haidas, Quaguts, Tsimpseans, and other native tribes are quite different from each other. The Chinook is used generally by all the coast tribes, except the Klingets, and was manufactured by Hudson Bay Company officials. Many Indians can talk two languages, and some four or five, including Chinook. They are natural linguists. When missionaries first go among these tribes they learn the Chinook, and use it until the tribal language is mastered.

The Tsimpseans in their Christian services surpass one's most exalted expectations. I have been in Methodist field and camp-meetings when the singing and shouting vied with the thunderings of heaven. But I never saw anything to equal the ardor and power of the meetings held in the little churches, chiefs' lodges, and in the open air, by the Tsimpseans. They sing with all their might, and all pray at the same time. While giving their testimonies, from three to a dozen are on their feet at once. I found this common everywhere during my trip of two thousand miles along the coast, and I visited almost every center that could be reached by the small steamboat *Glad Tidings*.

Among the missionaries who have led the red men from degrading savagery to their present satisfactory states, stand preeminently Rev. Thomas Crosby of Port Simpson, a Methodist; the Rev. Bishop Ridley of Old Metlakahtla, an Anglican; Rev. Dr. Jackson and Rev. Mr. Austin of Sitka, Alaska, Presbyterians; the Russian Father Veniaminof, the late Archbishop Seghers, a Roman Catholic; Mr. Duncan of New Metlakahtla, or Port Chester; and Mr. Brady of Sitka, now governor of Alaska.

The Indians are fond of using marble and granite tombstones. After conversion from heathenism they drop their old names and take new ones. Frequently the new name is that of a prominent man in England, the United States, or Canada. From one tombstone I discovered that Abraham Lincoln was an Indian, and buried at Port Simpson, in Canada. One of the worst men on the coast, a conjurer, on conversion took the name of James Pollard, a very devoted Methodist missionary. On his tombstone are the words: "In memory of James Pollard. Died March, 1891, aged 78 years. He said, 'Oh, don't be troubled for me, for my Father calls me home.'"

Through the kindness of Mr. John Brady, Dr. Wilbur, Rev. Austin, and other gentlemen of Alaska, I was introduced to the most prominent and historic characters among the Klingets. These Alaskans are so like the Tsimpseans of British Columbia that it would be difficult to distinguish the differences. They are, however, not quite as tall or heavy-shouldered as their southern neighbors, and since few, comparatively, have accepted Christianity and civilization, they are living in a much lower state. Yet the missionaries have wrought wonders among them and are steadily advancing in their laudable work.

The wag has been among the Indians, as elsewhere. At the little fishing village of Killisnoo, where I received much kindness from the Fish Oil Company, an Indian named Jake was, through the influence of the company, appointed village constable, and wished to have a sign painted on the end of his house to announce his exalted position. The wag forthwith prepared the following:

By the governor's commission
And the company's permission
I am made the *grand tykee*
Of the entire *illakee*.

Prominent in song and story,
I've attained the top of glory;
As Saginaw I'm known to fame—
Jake is but my common name.

Tykee is chief, *illakee* is coast—both Chinook words.

The Klingets have the same crest divisions, customs, and laws, for the most part, as prevail among the Tsimpseans and the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands. Of course there are differences. In marriage there is a remarkable custom in force.

In the event of a man's dying, his wife must marry, and she has no choice of the person. She has to take her husband according to lineage, irrespective of his age. I saw one woman of about seventy with a husband of twenty-three years, and another woman of sixty-five with her thirteen-year-old husband. In a third case a young man and his wife were separated so that he might marry an old widow. The missionaries are wisely breaking up this awful custom, but great difficulty arises, especially from the old women. The young men and boys favor the change. They naturally prefer young wives.

History shows that the natives of Canada and the United States have been rapidly dying out. For years I have examined into this question. We may divide them into three classes: (1) the heathen removed from civilization; (2) those in the midst of the whites; (3) those who are in villages under missionary protection. The first two groups are dying out, the latter more rapidly. Group 3 is increasing as quickly as in similar white communities. Group 2 is ruined by unprincipled white men, whisky smugglers and libertines.

Let me illustrate groups 1 and 3. Lachalsep is a Christian village north of the Naase River, under the guidance of the Rev. Osterhout and his wife. Kitex is a similar village on the south side of the same river, and only about four miles distant. In Kitex there is not one Christian. In Lachalsep all are Christians. In Kitex there are no streets, no modern houses, no well-fed dogs, few young people, and almost no children. In Lachalsep there are good streets, modern houses, a good school well managed, a nice church with a respectable bell, happy homes, many healthy children, and a prosperous community.

The Canadian government has wisely given magistrate powers to the Rev. Mr. Osterhout and ministers of other churches. By this means the smuggler, white or red, cannot escape the law, and sobriety is as general as drunkenness is common among the poor Indians hanging about the outer edges of the white man's towns and villages.

Having visited Japan and the Kurile Islands, I am convinced that the Klingets, Tsimpseans, Haidas, and southern Indians of the coast came originally by way of the Kurile, Aleutian, and Alaskan Islands, and perhaps also from Kamchatka. Adventurous spirits, storm-driven mariners, and refugees seeking an asylum in the "great lone land" of America, in the course of ages met others from Mexico moving north, and others coming across the Rockies from the vast plains beyond; and then the white man came—all with their purposes, loves, hates, hungerings of body, and thirstings of soul, and all hoping for something better here and hereafter.

How earnestly they, we, and all sought and seek to adapt body and mind to environment, and to find the purpose of nature as well as the cause of existence. It is said the seeker always finds.

THE GOLD SEEKER IN THE WEST.

BY SAM DAVIS.

THE history of the West during the last half century has been an era of money getting. Those who sought the fickle goddess of fortune were men who wearied of the slow and tedious methods of accumulating wealth so long in vogue in the East, and so traversed the death-inviting deserts and blazed a trail through the untrodden wilderness lying beyond the Missouri.

Fifty years of exploration and speculation have marked the mighty conquest of the West, and still the vast army of money seekers, with the banner of greed hoisted high in the air, marches on to engage in the endless conflict with the forces of nature.

The hardy scout who plods on in advance of this murmuring multitude is the gold seeker. The moralist is wont to enveigh against the lust for money, but root this vice from the breast of man and you push back the advancing shadow upon the dial-plate of western development. Thus it is that the prospector's pick is ever tapping at the door of fortune, clamoring for admittance, and, as a rule, vainly, for where a hundred knock but one receives an invitation to cross the threshold.

The fact that there are so few big prizes in the lottery of speculation does not, however, deter thousands of adventurous spirits from grappling with the desperate chances offered. There are thousands of millions of dollars locked up in the inexhaustible treasure-houses of the West, and one man's chance of finding the key that will cause the doors to fly open is as good as another's. The privations, the hard fare, the weary weeks of travel, the toil that saps the vitality of the human frame, and the endless ebb and flow of false hopes and recurring disappointments that crushes the life out of the heart and mind are all weighed against the one chance of success in a thousand, and that one chance lowers the scale, with the heavy hand of greed pushing down the balance-beam.

Yet in spite of these privations and hardships there is no more fascinating pursuit than the occupation of the gold seeker; for the stimulating elixir of hope puts strength into his flagging limbs and courage into his sinking heart. It is this magnificent stimulus to fresh endeavor that causes the prospector to laugh at cold, hunger, and fatigue, and, rolled up in his tattered blankets at night, to fall into a slumber from which the storm above does not waken him and the dreamy deliciousness of which no pampered dweller of the city ever knows. The hazy summer days of the West, where the sunshine is so golden and the distant hills so blue, where the waters of the running streams leap clear and cold from the bosoms of the mountain snows, and the still night air is laden with the aromatic fragrance of the pine and sage-brush, make a month of prospecting better than a trip to Europe.

But let the man beware who would dally with this pleasure with the idea that it can be put aside at will. The chains that bind the opium-eater to the slavery of the drug are as ropes of sand compared to the life servitude that claims the gold seeker when once the hot fever of the chase for wealth has taken possession of him. The successful man, no matter how successful, always sees some one else whose wealth annoys him and whose success he would surpass, and when fortune lays the gold of Ormus at his feet he begins to covet the wealth of Ind. The luckless gold seeker never gives up the battle until his life pays the penalty.

The trail which the prospector usually follows is the bed of the mountain stream. It has been a surging torrent in February, but in October its smooth white boulders gleam like skulls in the sun, with a succession of shallow pools connected by trickling threads of moisture lacing the hot sands. From the depths of one of these pools the prospector lifts a pan of gravel and spends ten or fifteen minutes circling the contents about the pan, with a rotary motion such as described by the hands of a watch. The centrifugal force sends the sand to the edge of the pan and the tiny waves wash it over. The heavier gold collects in the bottom, and after the gravel has been discarded the thin deposit in the pan is usually a fine black sand. This is of no value in itself, but it is a pleasant sight to the miner's eye, as it is nearly always found in company with gold. The pan is given a quick shake sidewise, and in the dark background of the sand, like stars coming out of the depths of a black sky, a number of yellow specks appear, and the prospector knows that he has found gold.

Let us trace these grains of gold to their original birthplace, to the rocky matrix that held them almost from creation's dawn, until the elements wrenched them free and started them on their journey to the valley.

After the winter has stored its drifts of snow at the head of the stream, the spring comes with its days of advancing sunshine, and then a thousand trickling rivulets course down the sides of the ravines. Not long before an avalanche has crashed over the same course, bearing with it boulders many tons in weight, and these, like so many ponderous trip-hammers, have beaten the projecting edges of the quartz ledges piecemeal and liberated the free gold imprisoned there. These liberated particles of precious metal drop a little lower with every movement of the soil. The loosened rocks rolling down the mountain side, the gusty winds that whirl the sands, and the patter of the rain, all assist in sending the grains of gold down to the embrace of the mountain stream, whose further mission is to bring them to the observation of the gold seeker. Once caught in a tributary of the main stream, they are hustled along their course, while a thousand stony hammers are ever beating upon them. This beating process reduces the rocky matrix of the gold to sand and thus disposes of it, while the gold, falling into some convenient pot-hole in the stream's bed, awaits the prospector's pan.

The appearance of the gold tells to the treasure seeker the story of its wanderings. If the edges are sharp and well defined, it is an indication that its journey has been a short one, while grains that have been flattened out by the grinding and hammering of the boulders until they assume a shape designated by the term "pumpkin-seed" gold indicate the existence of a ledge higher up the stream.

Some of these gold creeks of the West have been so rich that men have lifted fortunes from their beds without ever having found, or even sought for, the mother ledge, while others, not content with the riches cast at their feet, have sacrificed the best years of a life in the vain quest of the ledge which furnished the stream with its gold supply. Many a dying miner bequeaths what meager knowledge he has of its whereabouts to the attendant on his last sickness, with all the solemnity and all the sincere good intent of a father willing a fortune to his children, and the supposed beneficiary of the legacy spends another lifetime in a vain endeavor to reach a solution of the same baffling mystery.

The lost Bryfogle mine somewhere on the borders of the Mohave Desert is a fair illustration of the power which a misty mining tradition has to lure the gold hunter to distruction. Years ago Bryfogle came out of the desert bearing a sack of nuggets that were simply chunks of pure gold. He represented that he had found a mountain of the same specimens, and since that time no less than a hundred attempts have been made to find the spot which Bryfogle had found and lost. Over a quarter of a century has passed, and the bones of scores of adventurous prospectors are bleaching in the hot sands of that desolate region, but still the desert refuses to yield its secret, and the whereabouts of the lost mountain of gold is to the prospector what the north pole is to the Arctic explorer.

Yet while the experienced and professional gold hunter is searching for a mine, with no results, some happy-go-lucky fellow will stumble on it by the merest accident. Some tramp of the hills, with but a crude knowledge of mining, and none whatever of geology, kicks up a piece of rock in his wanderings which fairly glistens with the yellow metal and assays in the thousands. Scrawling a wretchedly spelled location notice on a dirty sheet of paper, and stuffing it into an old oyster can, weighted down with rocks, he rolls himself up in his tattered blankets and sleeps so soundly that his dreams of future years of opulence are not in the slightest degree disturbed by the coyotes who steal his bacon from under his pillow and fight for its possession within a dozen feet of him.

By noon next day he has completed the erection of the rude stone monuments with which the law compels him to define his claim, and begun work upon his prospect hole. We next see him in the nearest settlement, exhibiting his rock, treating the boys, and hunting for a partner.

At this stage of the game the partner comes in on his own terms, and acquires an interest for a little flour, bacon, and whisky, simply because the discoverer of the claim is a man of overflowing generosity and is perfectly willing to give a half interest to the first one he takes a fancy to who is willing to share his loneliness.

These partnerships are frequently formed between men who have had no prior acquaintance before a casual meeting under the circumstances described, and some of these impromptu business alliances, made without the scratch of a pen, have lasted a lifetime, with not so much as a dispute, misunderstanding, or suspicion to mar the even tenor of the mutual relations.

One reason of this no doubt lies in the fact that each one fully realizes that anything like a betrayal of confidence would result in a duel with six-shooters, in which the wronged party almost invariably pulls first and the other dies, according to the time-honored schedule in such cases.

A few days after the partnership has been formed the two men are delving at their little shaft, and, like Romulus and Remus, have begun work on a city that is yet to be. A log hut goes up, the ledge widens as they go down, they sell a small interest, put on more men, erect more shanties, and so week by week the growth of the little camp goes on. The vein increases in richness and the hungry locators from other sections and decayed mining-camps swarm in like locusts. In rapid succession come the quartz mills, the drinking saloons, the gambling dens, the dance houses, and the cheap theaters. In its mushroom growth the little camp becomes a hive of industry and excitement, with its personal encounters over disputed claims, its homicides, and its lawsuits. It becomes connected with civilization by rail, establishes a city government, and with it all the scandals and municipal corruption incidental to a thriving city of the West.

The growth of these mining towns through their short years of seething prosperity to the time they become a refuge for the bats and owls makes one of the saddest of pictures. In Nevada the rise and fall of Treasure Hill is the most pathetic example that comes to memory. Thirty years ago the place was in the heyday of its prosperity; now it lies in the moldy winding-sheet that the seasons have woven about it since the breath of its inhabitance has departed. In its flush days no town in the West could boast of so much wealth *per capita*. A hundred tunnels ran into the hill, and gold poured out of every one. The claim owners were accumulating money a great deal faster than they could possibly spend it, even in those days of reckless extravagance, the memory of which seems imperishable.

On that historic mountain side, now the desolate abode of coyotes and ground hogs, there once swelled a tide of music and revelry; song crowned the wassail bowl, while youth and pleasure took no note of vanished time. The merchants of San Francisco always felt capable of being able to cater to the wants of the fashionable set at the big metropolis, but were always more or less anxious lest their velvets, silks, and diamonds might not please the fastidious tastes of Treasure Hill.

Nothing could ever convince these people that their mineral bonanza might fail, and so the revel of extravagance went on, with the throb of lascivious music and flow of forbidden wine, until like a flash from a clear sky came the first intimation of the end.

The miners in the lower tunnels first became aware that the ore was pinching out, and began quietly to unload their stocks. When any well-known operator is getting to cover, an uneasy feeling is created in the stock-market, but the fact that the miners who toil in the drifts are disposing of their shares sends a shiver down the line.

Within a week after the first miner had begun to sell there was a slump in Treasure Hill stocks, and then a panic. The truth passed from mouth to mouth, and the fact that the veins had pinched out was no longer a secret with even the school children of Treasure Hill.

The words "pinched out" were to the inhabitants of the fated city what the writing on the wall was to the feasters with Belshazzar. The workings were abandoned, the exodus began, and in a few months the Hill was a deserted village.

A few years ago, while on a political canvass with General Kittrell, an attorney whose eloquence had often roused the echoes in the old court-house of the Hill in the years gone by, we reached the desolate place just at sundown. As we approached the scene, which no doubt brought to his mind a flood of varied recollection, he expressed a desire to make a detour, but the mountainous contour of the country prevented this, and we drove straight ahead. I shall never forget the look, first of surprise, and then of seriousness, that came over his face as he drew up the horses a few hundred yards from the outskirts and contemplated the crumbling walls of the weatherbeaten buildings, which seemed huddled together in the north wind like animals seeking warmth.

To the left was the famous hill from which so much wealth had been extracted, and at its foot a graveyard. A few marble tombstones stood out white and cold in the paling rays of the setting sun, but most of the graves were marked merely with wooden headboards which had been gnawed with the sharp tooth of the sand storm, while many showed nothing but little knolls of earth which the elements had not quite leveled. A gray coyote gliding in and out among the mounds paused in his retreat to face us with his defiant bark. The arrangements of the tunnel and excavations which had poured so much wealth upon the world gave the mountain a pronounced facial aspect, and it was silhouetted against the opal sky like the desert Sphinx.

As we drove through the main street we saw through the windows of the principal hotel a bar and billiard-room. The balls and cues were lying upon the tables and indicated that upon one the last game played was pin-pool, and upon the other, French carom. Empty glasses and bottles stood upon the bar, as they had been left nearly a quarter of a century before by the last of the convivial inhabitants, or else some waggish barkeeper had arranged them there to keep green in the mind of the passing traveler the bibulous memories of other days.

Even the horses cast uneasy glances at the empty, creaking buildings, and seemed anxious to move on, while every spasm of the wind caused a shiver to pass through the shacks, as the town took on an undulating motion, something akin to the movement of a field of grain when touched by the breath of a summer's breeze.

Threading our way through a litter of prostrate signs, telegraph poles, and the debris of municipal decay, we pulled out of Treasure Hill just as the night was coming on. As we passed the graveyard, which was growing more ghastly in the twilight, my companion remarked that most of its occupants had died violent deaths, and he recalled two of them—who were among his best paying clients until hung for one homicide too many—as men who never knew what peace was until they were laid to rest alongside their victims.

Of those who had amassed wealth in the days of the Hill's teeming prosperity, not one in a hundred could he recall who had saved a dollar. Most of them had been ruined by the rapid pace set by prosperity, and contracted habits of living that had carried them to untimely graves. The lives of most of them seemed to have gone out, as it were, with the demise of the town, and the original discoverer, long since dead, was not even accorded a place in the cemetery.

Thus can be traced the history of a western mining-camp, from the finding of the first piece of "float" to the uncovering of a ledge, the building of a city, its short-lived glory, and its quick decay.

The lesson taught is that in the accumulation of wealth its retention is in a great measure dependent upon the time occupied in acquiring it. Of the thousands who have snatched sudden fortunes from the flood-tide of mining prosperity, few have been able to retain them. The venturesome spirit who pushes his way into the unexplored fields of danger and hardship is the one to find but not the one to hold.

But let no word of censure fall upon the rugged and daring pathfinder of wealth. While his bones lie in some unmarked and forgotten grave, the riches conjured into existence by his magic touch have been merged into the general circulation of the world's money, and are helping to relieve the poverty and distress of cities whose permanence in a great measure depends upon the rise of these short-lived mining-camps.

THE YANKEE OF THE SOUTH.

BY ELIJAH GREENE.

THE Yankee of the South, according to my fancy, bears a strong resemblance to the Yankee of the North. In the South, every one north of the Mason and Dixon line is a "Yankee." In the central and western North, a man is not considered a "Yankee" unless he was reared in Pennsylvania or some other state further eastward. Again, a "down-easter" considers the application of the term unwarranted unless the person is of New England origin. I have even been told by some that the true and only Yankeedom is Connecticut. It is enough for my purpose, however, in this connection to say that a Yankee is a New Englander.

This "Yankee of the North"—if you please, this New Englander—enters upon the struggle for existence under many discouraging circumstances. He stumbles over rocks to delve in the sand, from which he snatches a grudging harvest, or pushes his way through a throng of competitors, all as eager as himself, in the effort to obtain some place where he may earn his bread, and when he gets such a place he abides in it until he sees a favorable opportunity for bettering his condition elsewhere.

Withal, the Yankee of the North, as I have seen him, is a cheerful, wholesome fellow, ready to assist you by advice or labor, when he sees you need help. He is voluble, witty, active, ingenious, thrifty. He is more often religious from tradition than from impulse. He is rarely profane, but frequently skeptical. His generosity generally takes a judicial form, and he likes to know all about a benevolence he may be performing. His honor is at stake in fulfilling a contract; not so much in driving a trade.

The Yankee of the North migrated in considerable numbers to the central North between 1835 and 1860, and made the most valuable immigrant that the territory northwest of the Ohio received. He reached Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin just in the nick of time. He impressed himself indelibly upon the laws and institutions of those great commonwealths. The history of popular education, public highways and railroads, and many other departments of public activity show that the Yankee was in those states to their advantage during the formative period.

The central North had for its first white population a frontier class from Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and North Carolina. It was a bluff, hardy, hospitable race, admirably adapted to conquering the wilderness, but not exactly suited for building a modern civilized state. Profanity and gambling were almost universal. Religion, in those who professed it, was fervent and lurid. Honor in business required a man to promise unsparingly, but allowed him to fulfil grudgingly. Liberality and benevolence took extravagant forms. Indeed society was only half-way advanced from barbarism to civilization, and a show of semi-barbaric splendor in an action entitled a man to the applause and respect of the crowd. The consequence was, a quite frequent misdirection of effort.

Into this state of affairs the Yankee of the North moved when he left New England fifty years ago and went West. It was quite a transition from the precipitous slopes of his native granite to the billowy stretches of fertile prairie or woodland. He came from a region where he could stand on his own land and throw a stone across any of his neighbors' farms, into a remote country where he was out of the sight and hearing of all neighbors.

And the Yankee of the North compensated his new home for all the advantages it gave him. Out of his close thrift and the careless generosity of the westerner have come the broad, liberal, but judicial characteristics of their descendants, and a living price and strict performance of the contract as the principles of business. If religion has lost some of its fire, it has gained in earnestness and depth.

Now I am coming to the Yankee of the South. In the South, west of the Appalachians, where population is needed, the best immigrants come from the eastern South—notably Georgia. The Georgian, as he migrates west and keeps south of the thirty-fifth parallel, is in many ways similar to the New Englander of whom I have been writing; therefore I call him the "Yankee of the South." He, it must be conceded, is a valuable element in southern civilization.

While Georgia's population is largely rural, it has become quite dense, for the South. Conditions of existence are becoming more difficult, and for many years the Georgian has been migrating toward Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas. When he got as far west as Arkansas he found good land at low prices—in fact procured it from the government by original entry in many cases. But in Alabama the situation is quite different, because the best land was bought up before the war by slave owners, who put every possible cent of their profits into "darkies and land."

True, land in Alabama has always been cheap compared with that in the North-Central States, but good Alabama land being out of the reach of the average Georgia immigrant, he goes to the mountains, where there is yet much government land for settlement, and where private owners offer it for from one to three dollars per acre.

The soil there is much like the land he tilled in Georgia, and the Yankee of the South does not have to unlearn the traditions and maxims of his calling as he goes to work in his new home in the central South. The Buckeye and the Hoosier have to unlearn much that they knew about farming when they come South.

Although Alabama upland is generally no better than Georgia soil, the Georgian gets all he wants of it for a small sum, and the timber on it is a great consideration to him. The negroes are all tenants on the big plantations in the valleys, so our Yankee of the South has it nearly his own way out on the "mountains," as Alabama upland is called.

Society in these mountains, among the "mountain whites," is decidedly different from what we ordinarily read about it. I lived five years in one neighborhood where I did not hear a profane word; where the Sabbath was uniformly observed; where a skeptic was a curiosity, and a cotton string was a good enough door-lock. The children were proverbially tractable, and adults easily influenced for the right.

This sounds idylic, but a northern man rarely succeeds in these mountains. Your typical Alabama mountaineer dips snuff, and cares nothing for glazed windows, improved stock, good fences, or education. He tries to raise enough corn to feed his horse or mule through the cropping season and winter; enough cotton to pay the store-bill, and a patch of "taters" for his own use. Put a man from the central North in such a community, and he frets and fumes about the shiftlessness of the people; he detests the snuff habit, and goes to making a crop as though he were in Indiana or Illinois. The result in most cases is that he goes back North pretty soon, and carries a rather bad impression of the South along with him.

There are possibilities—great possibilities—in the Alabama mountaineer, and the Yankee of the South, innocently, and without any prearranged plan, develops those possibilities. More than likely he dips snuff out of the same box with his Alabama compatriot; but he saws off the projecting ends of the logs when he builds his cabin, and whitewashes that domicile; he puts window-sashes in his house, hangs a tight door shutter, builds a ten-rail fence, makes gates everywhere, builds tight stables and abundant shelter for his stock, plants an orchard, raises his own "meat" (bacon), feeds his cows liberally in the winter, looks up the local markets and diversifies his products to suit them, takes the papers and encourages the schools, raises just enough cotton to keep the children busy picking it in the fall, and by intensive farming in the use of manures and fertilizers makes "two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."

This kind of object-lesson is not lost on the neighbors. They are not fools, and they soon perceive that building good fences may be done when nothing else is going on, and that driving breachy stock out of the fields always comes in a busy time. They discover that a window near the fireplace is "handy for the old ooman" while she is knitting, and the girls insist that they must have one in the best room, because the "neighbors frum Georgy" have one. They begin to wonder why they should raise cotton with which to buy Indiana and Illinois bacon when they can raise their own meat; and so on, *ad infinitum.*

Note carefully that this Yankee of the South is keen and careful, while his new neighbor is free and open-hearted. You see that he finds much the same conditions in another latitude that the Yankee of the North found in the central North; and the results are much the same. The one broadens in his sympathies and affections, while the other concentrates his aims and energies. The outcome is a more perfectly rounded manhood in their descendants.

Of course it is not pretended here that the Georgia migration consists entirely of farmers. This Yankee of the South is found everywhere throughout the central South, as his northern similitude is found everywhere in the central North. Every business and profession feels the potency of his presence. I have in my mind the superintendent of missions for a denomination in one of the South-Central States, a magic city builder, a prominent lawyer, a learned physician, and several enterprising merchants from Georgia. But the real influence of Georgia life and thought will be diffused twenty-five and fifty years from now through the humble, unpretentious farmers who have quietly settled on the cheap lands of the central South.

Already the Georgians are pushing into the better lands of the valleys, as they become prosperous on the uplands, and need more acres. And as they are acclimated and understand the regnant crops of this latitude and can affiliate readily with the original population, their assimilation will be easy and natural. It is not too much to hope that they will crowd the tenant negro population into the alluvial districts, and solve the race problem by massing the negro where only he can prosper.

Great migratory lines seem to be latitudinal. The line

> Westward the star of empire takes its way

rings true. More people have moved westward than in all other directions. Migrations of mere conquest ought not to count, for in such cases the victors live upon the spoils until they become acclimated. Such events as the irruptions of the barbarians, though, will not alter the force of my statement. Where men deliberately change homes in time of peace, they go West in a majority of cases. I have been very powerfully impressed with this tendency, and have called it "latitudinal affinity." I seriously believe that it is a law which all immigration bureaus should take into account when looking for the largest and most permanent success.

Ten years ago the whole state of Alabama was afire with the purpose of attracting northern capital. A train labeled "Alabama on Wheels" advertised the marvelous resources of the state throughout the North; land and improvement companies sprang up everywhere; real estate having become the vogue among investors of moderate means, they were drawn to Alabama by all the arts of the boomer.

The consequence was a wonderful movement of men and money this way. A great many of the men have gone back, but their money was left down here. Out of one window I see the clean-painted smoke-stacks of an idle million-dollar plant; from another I see a half-million-dollar furnace that never afforded a cent of dividends to its projectors; within a stone's throw is a stand-pipe that furnishes water for a system that would be a credit to a city of fifty thousand, but not more than a tithe of that number drink from its hydrants; through my open window comes the tinkle of a street-car bell that wastes its music mostly on the tree leaves and grass blades along its three or four miles of track; I will mail this matter in a building which is only the wing of a vast projected hotel, the excavations for which are great unsightly holes, probably as near basements of a building as they ever will be.

If "latitudinal affinity" is a real law, the builders of this "magic city" would have done well to look to the East for immigrants. But while the boomers were inducing people from the North to come here, contrary to that law, the Yankee of the South came without the boomers' invitation, but in obedience to the law. And the contravention of law in the one case has been punished, as obedience to law in the other case has been rewarded.

Obviously the market for manufactured products, other things being equal, must exist in the vicinity of the manufactory. Populations constitute markets, and rural populations are the basis of all others. These magic city builders came into a thinly populated country and built fine little modern manufacturing cities all over it. The cheap land, cheap labor, cheap timber, iron, and coal infatuated men with money, and they forgot to ask, "Where will we sell what we make?" Later, however, they realized the value of foresight in business, for the large sales of products which they expected never came.

Relief for the boomers will eventually come from the Yankee of the South more than from any other source. He will improve markets by his own immigration and by enlarging and elevating the tastes and desires of the present inhabitants. The merchants of the magic cities will look more and more to the country people for trade. The manufacturing plants will shrink to the actual needs of the markets, and then gradually grow as the markets improve.

If what has been foreshadowed here should really occur, it may be the middle of the twentieth century before it reaches fruition; but whatever may be the destiny of these commonwealths, to be determined by the "divinity that shapes our ends," it now seems certain that one of the rough hewers of that destiny will be the Yankee of the South.

DEFENSE AGAINST DISEASE.

BY E. DUCLAUX.

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TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "LA REVUE DE PARIS."

SINCE science has shown us that microbes are the agents of a great number of diseases, there is scarcely any one who has not asked himself how an organism they have invaded rids itself of them. They are so numerous, so tenacious, so different in their modes of attack, so ingenious in their action. There is the bacillus of leprosy, which sometimes invades all the integuments, deforms them in a fashion that renders them unrecognizable, makes of its host a hideous monster, and lets him live. There is the diphtheritic bacillus, which asks only a tenth of a square inch or so in the throat of a child to make there a toxine capable of poisoning the whole organism. And there is the bacillus of tuberculosis, which takes years to destroy the lung or other such organ of a sick person, whom it kills by inches. To all these diseases, even the gravest, some persons succumb, but others make effectual resistance. How does nature go about it to face an assault from so many different sides?

Nor is this all. The different human races are more or less sensible or refractory to these different maladies; certain privileged individuals obstinately escape from contagions which surround them with a circle of victims. This immunity is sometimes qualified as natural, which is a short way of saying that its cause is not known; other times it is acquired, that is to say, it results from a previous disease. It is known that certain diseases do not repeat themselves, and protect those they have spared against a new attack; such are smallpox, cowpox, and anthrax (splenic fever) of men and animals. The organism seems able to accustom itself to endure without suffering from it the penetration of bacteria and their toxines. But this idea does not clear up, on the contrary it redoubles, the mystery.

The contagious agents of smallpox and cowpox are in truth unknown to us. They are seen only by the eyes of the mind. On the other hand the bacterides of anthrax are visible. One can cultivate them, isolate them, follow them into the tissues, and seek out what they become in the animal that they kill and in the one that they spare and leave vaccinated.

Let us take two like animals of the same litter, one vaccinated against anthrax, the other not, and inoculate both of them under the skin at the same point with the same dose of a virulent culture of bacilli of anthrax. Upon the animal not vaccinated we see a local inflammation appear, then fever, then the disease develops with all its symptoms, to end in death when the bacterides have invaded the blood and thence all the tissues. The vaccinated animal, on the contrary, presents almost no swelling at the point of inoculation, and nothing in its appearance, its gait, or its appetite reveals that anything is the matter with it.

So much for the exterior and the phenomena in the mass. Let us now seek more deeply, since we have the means. The most simple microscopic observation shows us that the inoculated bacteria, which invaded the animal not vaccinated, have not developed in his immune brother. They have remained in place and have even disappeared little by little.

What is the cause of the death of the bacteria injected into the vaccinated animal? On this subject the savants have given themselves the reins. Some have said: Nothing is more simple; the liquids of the immune animal kill the bacterides by simple contact, or if they do not kill them they despoil them of their injurious power. Others claim that the liquids prevent the multiplication of the invaders, which is the source of their dangerous power. All these explanations are purely humoral, since according to them it is only the humors of the organism that intervene to prevent, retard, or render inoffensive the development of the microbes.

It is certain that in many cases when a little of the blood or other humor of the system is borrowed from a vaccinated animal, this liquid, if mixed outside the organism with a drop of the culture of bacterides or any other microbes, will kill in great numbers, if not in totality, the microbes that it encounters. But this property exists also, though ordinarily a little less marked, in the humors of an animal not vaccinated. In reality the microbes perish in these humors not because they lack what they need for living, for they will deport themselves in the same manner in bouillon, which is a good nutritive medium, but because they do not like sudden transitions. Any change of habitat is disagreeable to them, even though they must gain by it. Some protest by dying, others, more tractable and conciliatory, acclimate themselves and after a few hours begin to multiply again.

Furthermore all these phenomena that are supposed to be due to the contact of humors, the death of the inoculated bacilli or their diminution in virulence, are observed in these humors only when they have been withdrawn from the organism; that is to say, when the natural conditions of their action have been changed. Thus the humoral theories tell us nothing exactly, although they contain a part of the truth.

We must then search elsewhere and scrutinize closely what goes on. Let us follow diligently at the microscope the fate of the bacterides inoculated into our two animals. We will see that during the first two hours they behave themselves almost the same. After the period of suspense resulting from the change of medium, they commence to multiply. Then appear differences. While this multiplication is accomplished without obstacle in the normal animal, we see appearing in the vicinity of the point of inoculation of the vaccinated animal a continually increasing number of those living cells that are called white corpuscles, or leucocytes. These cells are the only ones of our tissues that have movements of their own. Now when a bacillus is within their reach, they direct themselves toward it, seize it, and incorporate it into themselves. Then they commence upon a second, upon a third, so that we sometimes see leucocytes full, crammed with bacterides.

For the leucocytes the microbe is a food that they moisten and digest with their juices. They are then called phagocytes, devourers of microbes.

We see, then, that in place of an action of the liquids of the economy upon the bacteria, it is an action of certain cells of the economy, and our theory, instead of being humoral, must bear the name cellular.

The leucocytes are in permanent circulation in the organism. The blood floats considerable quantities of them and distributes them everywhere. All of them are not phagocytes; there are in the lymph little white cells which do not absorb microbes. In return the columns of movable phagocytes are reinforced by fixed phagocytes which in different parts of the body seize the bacilli that pass within reach.

We do not know how many leucocytes there are in the body of a man. We can only estimate approximately the number of those floating in the blood. Admitting, in agreement with Dr. Malassez, that there is a thousand times less of them than of red corpuscles, their total weight would be about three grains to a quart of blood. Now the most ordinary of the microbe cultures in a quart of bouillon weighs more, and there is more than three grains of bacterides per quart in the blood of an animal which dies of anthrax. Then, at the beginning of the struggle, at the point of inoculation, the forces face to face are of the same order, and, as in our battles, the victory is to him who will bring most quickly the largest battalions.

We see that in the vaccinated animal it is the phagocytal leucocytes that are charged with destroying the microbes, and that they are of sufficient number for this task. But there are also leucocytes in the animal not vaccinated; why do they not fulfil the same office? In the vaccinated animal there were only a few or not any leucocytes at the point of injection at the moment of inoculation. They come there little by little. How is it that in the vaccinated animal they come in a crowd and immediately put themselves to work, while they remain scarce and inactive in the new animal? Have the leucocytes of the vaccinated animal received a sort of education, due to the vaccinal malady? Improbable as this appears, it is in reality the case.

Doubtless nothing would be easier than to show the phenomena of acclimation or habituation upon the leucocytes, if it were possible to maintain them for some time, living, outside of the organism. At any rate the phenomena can be observed upon beings that resemble them very much. These are the myxomycetes, vegetables visible to the naked eye and resembling a spumous jelly. Place them upon the walls of a glass vase, a short distance from an infusion of dead leaves. You will see them direct their course toward the surface of the liquid and plunge into it their tentacular filaments. At this moment replace the infusion of leaves by another liquid, for example a sweet solution, coming to the same height in the vase. A movement of repulsion is manifest, the filaments plunged into the liquid withdraw and leave it. Then, if the solution is not too concentrated, after a few hours of hesitation they will again set out for the liquid and plunge into it anew. On the contrary, once accustomed to sweet solutions, the myxomycetes recoil when they are returned to the infusion of leaves, and will come back to it only after hours of reflection. In brief, one can educate them, acclimate them to different nutritive mediums, make them shun what they have loved and love what they have shunned.

The leucocytes have, when preserved in the tissues, the same as in their independence, a great power of adaptation by which we can profit. We shall see how.

Let us imagine that we inoculate with the same virulent bacterides a dog and a sheep. The sheep dies, the dog resists. Why? Because by nature the leucocytes of the dog come to the point of inoculation and engage soon enough in the struggle with the bacterides to triumph over them. The leucocytes of the sheep, on the other hand, make only a mild struggle with the parasite. While they are seizing a few microbes, as they do any strange body whatever, other bacilli multiply, so that they quickly succeed in killing their host.

But the same sheep that succumbs to a virulent inoculation is endowed with a certain immunity toward an enfeebled virus, a vaccine, with which its leucocytes contend on more equal terms. There is a commencement of disease, in the course of which the leucocytes, which have had time to grow accustomed to the invader and inured to war, end by being victorious. This experience acquired during the vaccinal malady they preserve a longer or shorter time, and if during that period the danger reappears they are armed and prepared.

Long developments would be needed in order to tell all that we owe to the theory of phagocytes, but a few examples can be given.

Nothing is more common than to hear the cold accused of having provoked the disease known by the same name, an inflammation of the lungs, an attack or even an epidemic of diphtheria or grippe. How has it been able to do this? Surely it has not caused to spring up, ready armed, the microbes of these different maladies. It has only been able to favor their intervention or their action. The cold does not give rise to the microbe, but it benumbs and paralyzes the leucocyte charged with contending against it.

Various other causes may hinder the action of the leucocytes. It is sufficient to bruise the member near the point where an inoculation has been made, to break a bone in the vicinity, in short to give other work to the leucocytes, who are at the same time the police force and the street-sweepers of the organism, charged with making disappear all the dead or deteriorated elements. But they cannot do everything at once, and while they are working to repair the material disorders caused by the contusion or the fracture, the microbes, that they easily englobe in a healthy member, get the upper hand, because they have free course.

I have thus far spoken only of that immunity which prevents or arrests the development of the inoculated microbe, of the immunity which previous vaccinations impart; that is to say, the training given to certain cells of the organism. This immunity guarantees against a future malady; it is above all preventive. Its type is the protection against smallpox conferred by vaccination.

There is also a curative immunity which therapeutic serums confer against tetanus, diphtheria, puerperal fever, the plague. One could doubtless for all these maladies put in play the actions we have just studied—suppress the effect by suppressing the cause, and that is a service which our leucocytes often render us without our being conscious of it. Many of us have often in the throat the microbe of diphtheria without suspecting it, our sanitary service is so active and silent. If a chill or any other cause paralyzes the agents in charge, the microbe develops and the disease breaks out. It is then that the saving serum intervenes. Upon what does it act, and how?

One can provoke in animals a choleraic peritonitis by injecting into the middle of their intestines virulent bacilli. This peritonitis is not cholera, a disease especially toxic; it is a microbial malady, and a vaccine preservative against it can be found. The leucocytes of a rabbit can be accustomed to throw themselves from the start upon the injected bacilli and make them disappear. The serum of a first animal thus vaccinated can in turn serve to vaccinate a second; that is, to educate the leucocytes of a new animal.

Now as regards the second serum. Cholera is a toxic malady produced by the development of bacilli not around the intestine, as in the disease just mentioned, but in the intestine. When it breaks out, when its poison circulates, the bacilli are masters of the place. It is then too late to act upon them, and the vaccinal serum of which we have just spoken remains without effect. To a new mode of attack, a new defense must be opposed. Fortunately one can, by accustoming an animal little by little to bear larger and larger doses of choleraic toxines, make his blood a preservative which will neutralize the effect of choleraic poison in an animal inoculated with it. One can, in a word, obtain a therapeutic serum whose introduction into the organism of a cholera patient stops in him the course of a malady declared, as the anti-diphtheritic serum arrests the poisoning of a diphtheria patient, or the antiplague serum cures a case of plague.

There are, then, two anticholeraic serums which must not be confused. The first is active against choleraic peritonitis. It serves to educate the leucocytes, it is preservative, vaccinal. It is powerless against intestinal cholera declared. There is no longer time to instruct the firemen when the house is burning. It is necessary then to employ the second serum, the antitoxic serum, which is no more vaccinal than the first was therapeutic, but which neutralizes as soon as it arrives in the organism the effect of the microbial poison and puts the sick person on his feet again.

Certain vegetable poisons behave in the same way, and have their curative serums, and Dr. Calmette makes at Lille an antivenomous serum which destroys the effect of the bites of the most dangerous serpents.

A guinea-pig will bear without suffering from it at all a dose of toxine a hundred times superior to that which could kill it, on condition of receiving simultaneously one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty times the corresponding dose of antitoxine: one and a half grains of poison mixed with fifteen thousandths of a grain of antitoxine.

But it is necessary for this that the animal which we inoculate with this new mixture should be new; for if we operate upon animals that we have previously given immunity against the choleraic vibrion, or which we have subjected to anterior inoculations from which they are perfectly restored, these animals will die in a tetanic state. They pay for the relative immunity which they enjoy in one direction by a little more feebleness in another. It is the system of compensation in a field where one would scarcely expect to see it, and we can sum up what precedes by saying that a man even perfectly cured of a disease is not, as regards the properties of his cells, what he was when it began.

The disease which leaves no apparent trace is stamped upon us by an increased or diminished sensibility of such and such of our cellular departments toward living virus and toxines. It has exposed us on one side in order to protect us on the other. As I said ten years ago, "The elementary cells of a sick person, even when recovered, are no longer the cells they were before the disease. Vaccinated, favored with more or less perfect immunity toward some affections, they have on the other hand a predisposition toward certain others, and these new dispositions are the result of the modification of structure and function caused by the development of the microbe."

ORIGIN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

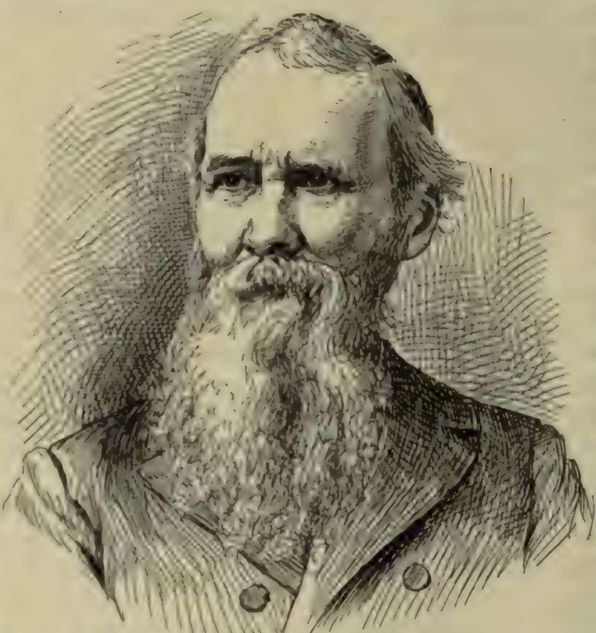
BY CHARLES M. HARVEY.

HENRY WILSON'S "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," published in 1874, while its author was vice-president of the United States, in its chapter on the "Origin of the Republican Party" contains these words:

> One of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the movements that contemplated definite action and the formation of a new party was made in Ripon, Fond du Lac County, Wis., in the early months of 1854, in consequence of a very thorough canvass, conference, and general comparison of views inaugurated by A. E. Bovay, a prominent member of the Whig party, among the Whigs, Free Soilers, and Democrats of that town. A call was issued for

a public meeting to consider the grave issues which were assuming an aspect of such alarming importance.

The meeting thus called was held in the Congregational church at Ripon, February 28, 1854. A resolution was adopted in the meeting that if the bill then pending in the Senate to throw open to slavery the territories of Kansas and Nebraska should pass, the old party organizations in Ripon should be cast off, and a new party, to be called the Republican, formed on the sole issue of opposition to slavery extension. The bill passed the Senate, in which body it originated, on March 3, 1854, and on March 20 the second meeting, participated in by men of all parties, was held, this time in a schoolhouse, at which Bovay was the leading spirit. By a vote of the assemblage the town committees of the Whig and Free Soil parties were dissolved, and a committee of five—three Whigs, one Democrat, and one Free Soiler—was chosen to begin the task of forming a new party. At these two meetings was started the earliest systematic work begun anywhere in the country to bring about the coalition of the enemies of slavery extension, who were eventually fused into a homogeneous and aggressive party, adopting the name Republican.


From a recent photograph.
MAJ. ALVAN E. BOVAY.

The writer of this article has known Maj. Alvan E. Bovay (his title was gained by service in the war of secession) for many years, and after careful investigation is convinced that the claims which Wilson and other writers make for Mr. Bovay's connection with the initial movement of the Republican party are correct. A brief statement of the conditions which led to the partisan upheaval of 1854–56, and of the methods which Bovay and his colaborers employed in prosecuting their work, ought to be of especial interest just now, when most of the members of one or two of the small parties and many of those of the large ones are saying that the time is ripe for the creation of a new political organization to voice the sentiment of conservative persons on the vital issues of the time.

There will be no partisanship in this *résumé*. The fires of passion lighted in the forties and fifties, which later brought on the conflagration of 1861–65, were extinguished long ago. Partisan names remain, but the issues which divided the people in that period have no connection with the questions dealt with by the parties of to-day.

Just before the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, John C. Calhoun, in a letter to a member of the Alabama legislature, said that the time for adjustments on the slavery question had passed, and that it was the duty of the South to "force the issue on the North." "We are now stronger than we shall be hereafter, politically and morally," he declared. "Unless we bring on the issue, delay to us will be dangerous indeed."

From the southern view-point Calhoun was right. Relatively to the North the South was stronger in 1789 than it was in 1820. It was stronger in 1820 than when Calhoun wrote, and stronger then than it was in 1861. In 1789 the free and slave sections were almost exactly equal in population. In 1860 the North's population was 19,128,418, while the South's, including slaves, was only 12,315,372. Their number of members in the House of Representatives was not greatly different in 1789, but in 1860 the North had 147 and the South only 90. In the House of Representatives, in which membership was based on population, the North left the South far behind; hence the South, in defense of slavery, tried to preserve the balance in the Senate, in which the representation of the states was equal. When in 1850 California was admitted as a free state, with no chance to gain a new state in the South to offset it, this balance was broken, never to be restored.

The spirit of the Calhoun letter found formal expression in the Senate in 1847, when Calhoun, in a series of resolutions, contended in substance that the Constitution of its own force carried slavery into the territories; that neither Congress nor the legislature had the right to exclude slavery from any region while it remained a territory; and that slavery could not be prohibited in it except when the territory became a state, and then only by the state's regularly constituted authority. This was the South's new view on slavery. It was voiced in the House of Representatives a few months earlier by Rhett, of South Carolina; it was adopted by Jefferson Davis and the other southern leaders eventually, and it received judicial sanction by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case in 1857, so far as a court's *obiter dictum* can give such sanction. This was the antithesis of the Wilmot Proviso. The Wilmot Proviso, proposed by David Wilmot (a Pennsylvania Democrat) in 1846, shortly after the beginning of the war with Mexico, would, by act of Congress, shut slavery out from the territory to be gained from Mexico, and, in effect, from all the territories.

Douglas' bill of 1854 creating the territories of Kansas and Nebraska was an attempt to steer a middle course between the South's position as set forth by Calhoun, and the North's as represented by the Wilmot Proviso. This bill left the question of the admission or exclusion of slavery to the people of the territories, through their legislatures. This was the

From Flower's "History of the Republican Party."

CHURCH IN WHICH THE FIRST REPUBLICAN MEETING WAS HELD.

principle of popular sovereignty which had been outlined by Cass as early as 1847, and which Calhoun dubbed "squatter sovereignty." The Kansas–Nebraska Bill passed the Senate on March 3, 1854, and the House on May 22, and was signed by President Pierce on May 30.

Alarmed and enraged at the project to give slavery an equal chance with freedom in territory from which it had been excluded by the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the North's pulpit, press, and legislatures thundered against the Nebraska Bill from the moment of its introduction in the Senate, and after its enactment Douglas said he could have traveled from Boston to Chicago by the light of his own burning effigies. Out of the convulsion which the passage of this act caused, emerged the Republican party.

Even before the passage of this act many persons saw the necessity for uniting all the opponents of slavery extension who were scattered among the different parties, large and small, into one compact and aggressive organization. The man who took the first practical steps to bring about this union was Alvan E. Bovay. Mr. Bovay was born in the town of Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., on July 12, 1818. He received a good education, passed several years in New York City, reading law and teaching school alternately, was admitted to the bar, and settled in Ripon, Wis., in 1850. He was elected to the assembly of that state in 1858 and 1859, refused a nomination to the state senate in the latter year (although this would have been equivalent to an election), subsequently declined nominations to other offices, held the rank of major in the Nineteenth Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War, and was provost marshal of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., for over a year. Later he returned to Wisconsin, where he resided until a few years ago, when he removed to his present home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

As early as 1852 Mr. Bovay felt that the end of the Whig party, of which he was a member, was near. While visiting New York in that year he told his forebodings to Horace Greeley, with whom he had long been acquainted. He said the Whig party's vitality was gone; that its issues no longer commanded popular attention; that the slavery question was absorbing the active minds of the country; that the party would be overwhelmingly defeated in that year's campaign; that it would soon afterward dissolve; and that on its ruins would rise a new and greater organization composed of the scattered bands of freedom's friends, whose rallying cry would be the exclusion of slavery from the territories. On being asked by Greeley—who thought the Whigs would win, and consequently that there would be no need or chance for another party—what the name of this new party would be, Bovay answered, "Republican."

Defeat came to the Whig party in 1852 under such disastrous conditions (the Whigs carried only four of the thirty-one states, and they made in their platform an abject surrender to slavery in their indorsement of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850) that Bovay felt the time for the new party was close at hand. Douglas' Nebraska Bill brought on the crisis which Bovay expected, and on February 26, 1854, before the bill passed either house, he wrote to Greeley thus:

> It seems to me you can no longer doubt or remain passive. . . . The Nebraska Bill is sure to become a law. Slavery has been growing stronger instead of weaker, and as long as its opponents gather in little bands here and there it will continue to grow in power and aggression. . . . Your paper is now a power in the land. Advocate calling together in every church and schoolhouse in the free states all the opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, no matter what their party affiliations. Urge them to forget previous political names and organizations, and to band together under the name I suggested to you at Lovejoy's Hotel in 1852. I mean the name "Republican." It is the only one that will serve all purposes, present and future—the only one that will live and last.

Greeley was not yet prepared for the new party, nor was the East, and in a letter to Bovay dated March 7, 1854, he said:

> I faintly hope the time has come which Daniel Webster predicted when he said, "I think there will be a North." But I am a beaten, broken-down, used-up politician, and have the soreness of many defeats in my bones. However, I am ready to follow any lead that promises to hasten the day of northern emancipation. Your plan is all right if

> the people are ripe for it. I fear they, too, generally wish (with John Mitchel) that they had a good plantation and negroes in Alabama—or even Kansas. However, we will try and do what we can. But remember that editors can only follow where the people's heart is already prepared to go with them. They can direct and animate a healthy public indignation, but not "create a soul beneath the ribs of death."

In the *Tribune*, though, Greeley took a more decided tone. Often in that paper, while the Nebraska Bill was before Congress, he urged the destruction of party lines and the union of the foes of slavery extension in a single organization. He did not as yet suggest the name Republican for the new party, but after the bill was passed he did this in an editorial in the *Tribune* of June 24, 1854, entitled "Party Names and Public Duty."

From Flower's "History of the Republican Party."
SCHOOLHOUSE IN WHICH THE SECOND REPUBLICAN MEETING WAS HELD.

Long before this date Bovay had, at his Wisconsin home, taken practical steps, as Wilson states, toward the formation of the party. More than once he has related to the writer of this article the manner in which he worked. In a recent letter he writes:

> I went from house to house and from shop to shop and halted men on the streets to get their names for the meeting of March 20, 1854. At that time there were not more than a hundred voters in Ripon, and by a vast deal of earnest talking I obtained fifty-three of them. . . . We went into the little meeting, Whigs, Free Soilers, and Democrats. We came out of it Republicans, and we were the first Republicans in the Union. . . . I had one great advantage in this work. I was an intimate friend of Horace Greeley's, and he would always listen to me on political matters. . . . He did not always assent to my propositions, but in the end he did to most of them, and he did to this one after a good deal of nagging. It was not one letter that I wrote to him, but many, before he displayed the Republican flag in the *Tribune's* columns. I was more solicitous about the name than about the organization. I knew the organization had to come, but the politicians might easily pick up another name, and a great advantage would have been lost. My friend Greeley valued names too lightly. A good name is a tower of strength. "Democracy" is a word which charms. The influence of the name has been and is marvelous. "Republican" is its only counterpart—significant, flexible, magical—and I was determined to secure it for the new party. . . . I wanted the name to appear early editorially in the *Tribune*, and it did.

It is not claimed here that Bovay is the creator of the Republican party. The spirit was active in 1854, in every village and city in the free states, which would have created that party even if Bovay and Greeley had never been born. Bovay, however, was the first person who set out in a resolute, persistent, and practical way to form the party; he was the first to suggest the name, and Greeley, through his paper, which had the largest circulation and influence of any journal in the country at that time, gave his valuable aid in making the party project and name known to the country.

Some histories say the Republican party originated in the Eastern States, and New York and Massachusetts are claimed by different writers as its birthplace. George Ticknor Curtis' "Constitutional History of the United States," Vol. II., published in 1896, says the anti-Nebraska convention held at Auburn, N. Y., on September 27, 1854, was the first assemblage which adopted the name Republican for the new party. This is a mistake. In Wisconsin, as already shown, the party had its birth, but Wisconsin was not the first to bestow the name in a state convention. An anti-Nebraska convention met at Jackson, Mich., on July 6, 1854, and nominated a state ticket, which was elected in that year. Jacob M. Howard, one of the prominent men at that gathering, received a letter from Horace Greeley saying that Wisconsin, in its state convention a week later, would select the name Republican for the new party, and Michigan was advised to get ahead of her in this work, which she did. Michigan's was the first state convention ever held which adopted the name Republican for the new party of freedom.

Several state conventions of anti-Nebraska men met on July 13, 1854, which was the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory, and of these Wisconsin's and Vermont's chose the name Republican. New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and the other claimants of the distinction of being the first in selecting this designation were preceded by these three states.

The national organization of the Republican party dates from the convention of February 22, 1856, at Pittsburg, which met in pursuance of a call issued by the chairmen of the Republican State Committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin. The Pittsburg convention formed a Republican National Committee. This body on March 29 called the national delegate convention which met in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856, and nominated Fremont and Dayton.

Why did the Republican party gain a foothold in the Western States earlier than in the East? For these reasons principally: first, the West was assailed more directly than the East by the Kansas-Nebraska act throwing the territories open to slavery; and secondly and chiefly, party organization and discipline being less extended and rigid in young communities than in old ones, new partisan coalitions and combinations are easier to establish in the former than in the latter.

THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF BEES.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

ON the first warm, but uncertain, spring day, a few solitary, poorly clad bees emerge from the hive or the trunk of some old forest tree, and race across the fields and meadows in a wild and oftentimes careless flight. The odor of expanding buds fascinates them, and they fly from bush to bush in a vain endeavor to find the elusive nectar, until the sudden chill of the short afternoon warns them that their home is far distant. The "bee line" in this instance does not always serve to bring them home quick enough. Some may drop by the wayside, to creep under stones and leaves for protection, and others, reaching their home, may find themselves too exhausted to crawl through the tiny hole into comfort and safety.

The apiarist, who serves as the modern guardian to the helpless bees, is on the watch for his belated friends, and as they tumble in little round balls at the entrance to the hive he lifts them tenderly in his ungloved hand—for they are too cold to resent it—and drops them gently into the box, where buzzing thousands lend warmth and cheer to each other.

Even in midwinter, when the sun shines brightly and the air is full of tonic, the apiarist gives his little swarms an airing, and they gain new strength and energy that help them the better to endure their long confinement. In their natural haunts in old forest trees and in hollow posts and stumps the mortality among the honey-bees was tremendous—how tremendous no one can accurately say. An excessively severe winter meant the death by freezing of all the weak colonies, and a serious decimation of the numbers of the larger ones. The natural protection of the trees could never be perfect, and the bees knew it. Instinct taught them to herd together in enormous colonies. The apiarist of to-day could not accommodate the extensive colonies that formerly flocked together in the forest in the winter, and so he separates them into smaller divisions and provides artificial conditions that keep them comfortable. When a colony in the woods gets too large in summer it divides and forms two distinct households; but this division never takes place in autumn. Two weak colonies of wild bees have been known to join forces in the late summer and separate again in spring. This could happen only when one colony was without a queen, or because for mutual protection they were willing to sacrifice one of the two queens.

The modern bee-keeper understands the art of joining two colonies to-day, but it has only been accomplished after long experience and many failures, for the natural antipathies of the members of the two flocks is such as to prevent association except under extraordinary conditions. And yet it is often absolutely necessary for the preservation of both colonies to join them. One becomes so weak in numbers that it must cease to exist unless it receives the new blood of another colony. When bee-keeping was in its infancy in this country the farmer who kept a solitary hive of bees could not join two swarms, and he practiced inbreeding to an extent that weakened the vitality of his insects. The hostility between the wild bees and the domesticated colony would not permit of union.

But it was not unusual then for a wild swarm to attack the weak colony and either run away with the accumulated nectar in the hive or calmly take full possession of the home, after killing its inmates and throwing out their dead carcasses. Even to-day these bee battles are not uncommon. They generally take place late in summer or early in autumn, when the advancing season has somewhat checked the flow of honey and the eager little insects are disturbed and worried by the sudden reduction in their stores of nectar.

At this time bees may be seen flying about the fields and gardens with a certain restless movement of the head, as if reconnoitering an enemy's stronghold. At the entrance of every well-filled hive several sentinels will be found lingering, and upon the appearance of a bee they challenge it. One of the sentinels extends its tongue, and if the newcomer belongs to the colony it will answer by proffering a sample of its honey, but if the bee should prove an intruder the sentinels pounce upon it immediately and sting it to death. Occasionally a stray bee will attempt to obtain entrance into a well-filled hive in this way, and it will offer a sample of the nectar from its honey sack; but the wary sentinels are not often deceived, and the intruding bee pays the penalty of its temerity.

But when an enemy presents itself at the hive in the fall of the year it is more than likely that it is a forerunner of an army that has arranged a general attack upon the stronghold, and the sentinels are peculiarly watchful and careful in their motions. Sometimes the attacking swarm will try to force an entrance at the front while the sentinels are engaged in killing their forerunner, or again they will endeavor to find an entrance near the top. In either case, however, the noise of battle soon alarms the other occupants of the hive and a battle royal is suddenly precipitated.

There is strategy displayed in the attack and defense worthy of a general's study, and throughout the whole conflict great intelligence is manifested by the swarms of struggling bees. Inside the hive, breastworks and fortifications are constructed, tier upon tier, and the attacking forces are compelled to pass through holes and narrow cuts where

> a thousand
> May well be stopped by three.

Consequently the battle is not always to the strong, and a few brave defenders may keep out the whole army of intruders. The movements of the combatants are so rapid in battle that it is difficult to follow them through all of their evolutions, but the plan of battle seems to be very simple. Two bees from the hive are sent to kill one intruder, and the latter always tries to force an entrance, even at the risk of its life. Once inside, it makes room for others of its companions to enter, and then, gathering up its abdomen in as small a space as possible, it assumes the defensive. Two of the hive bees pounce upon it, and collaring it fiercely they seek to find a vulnerable point between the rings of its body to sting it to death. The attacking bee just as determinedly struggles to cover every unprotected spot. If sufficient time can be gained and the attacking swarm is large enough to force an entrance, the badly mauled bees that have not been stung to death will suddenly assume the offensive and pursue the tactics of their enemies. The contortions and evolutions of the various fighters are interesting to the observer.

Should the battle go against the attacking body, the balance of the swarm flies away to seek safety and the dead carcasses of their companions are thrown contemptuously out of the hive.

But in the event of an opposite termination of the struggle, the poor inhabitants are slaughtered. When their fate has been practically decided, many of them turn traitors to their cause, and in order to save their own lives they join the forces of the attacking party and display great vigor in killing their former companions. But there is honest patriotism even among bees. In every hive there are some who fight to the last and prolong the struggle for hours.

Sometimes the successful attacking party will begin to carry away the plunder to some other hive, and frequently the bees from other colonies will scent the booty and join in the general robbery. The apiarist must be abroad in the land at the season when these attacking parties are flying about. The practical bee-keeper knows by instinct, and by observations of the weather and the nectaries of the plants, when his weak colonies are in danger. If perchance he should discover a war in progress he comes quickly to the rescue of the beleaguered bees. The insects are too excited to be alarmed at his presence, and as the army of invaders enters the hive he quietly dusts flour over them. In a short time he has placed a white badge upon every marauder, and it is an easy matter to trace the little fighters to their stronghold. A puff of smoke then administered into the hive will drive the inmates into their cells and keep them there in a state of alarm until the powdered bees can be removed. Then a small piece of cloth saturated with carbolic acid is hung near the entrance to the hive, and, as all bees associate danger with the odor of this acid, hostilities will not be renewed and the rescued colony will in time recover its former equanimity.

But the most desperate battle is always fought between the royal queens of the hives, and this often occurs when the apiarist artificially joins two weak hives together with a live queen in each. Two queens cannot be tolerated in the same hive. If jealousy did not force a fight between them the industrious workers would quickly settle matters in their own way. But there is true royal blood in the veins of the queen bees, and they come up to the contest that must settle the fate of one or the other in true pugilistic style. The hive workers surround the two contending queens, as if anxious to enjoy the battle royal, and incidentally to see that the "Queensbury rules" are observed. There is an unwritten law among the bees that both queens are not to be killed, and the two members of the royal household not only respect this but live up to it literally. If they should accidentally be forced into a position where both might be suddenly killed, they withdraw by mutual consent and renew the battle. While many of these battles between queens have been watched by apiarists, an instance has never yet been noted where any injury was known to befall the survivor. One queen is always killed and one remains perfectly sound to perform the functions of her chief office in the colony. The two fight out their battles entirely alone, and none of the workers or drones interfere unless long-established rules of warfare are violated.

The question of introducing queens among colonies suddenly bereft of such essential factors in their community life is not always easily solved. In the spring of the year the apiarist opens his hives with fear and trembling, for he knows not what devastation may greet his eyes. But his chief concern is with the queens. He visits hive after hive to ascertain if the queens are all right. If upon opening the hive he discovers a fine collection of brood and eggs, he knows that the queen is safe and sound, even though invisible at the time, and he goes on rejoicing to another home. But if the eggs and brood are missing, it becomes his imperative duty to obtain a queen immediately and introduce her into the colony. It is true that the bees are rearing queens of their own, and will resent the sudden appearance of a strange queen. The queen cells are small protuberances like peanuts on the edges and sides of the combs, and these must be cut away before a queen can be successfully introduced.

But now a queen bee from the South or an imported Italian queen is obtained and introduced in one of the modern queen cages. So closely imitated is the ordinary cell of a queen bee by this cage that the hive workers are readily deceived. The cork is removed from the small cage and the opening smeared over with sugar paste. When this is carefully inserted in the hive, on top of the frames, over the cluster, the bees will instantly pounce upon it and liberate the queen by eating through the sugar paste. Poor deluded souls! in their innocence they think they have hatched out a queen to take the place of their dead one, and there is undoubtedly great rejoicing in the colony.

The bees had a hard time of it in our temperate zone before modern science came to their aid. In the old-fashioned straw-covered hives placed in long rows under the orchard trees, the bees suffered nearly as keenly as the ragged, homeless wharf-rats do in our cities. A modern bee cellar, or even a bee shed, where the little insects are wintered in our Northern States, comes very near to providing the ideal conditions for the industrious honey-gatherers. If we rob them of their hard-earned stores of nectar, we return some compensation in the form of good winter covering and plenty to eat in times of adversity.

The ideal bee cellars are dug into the earth; and the floors covered several feet with gravel and finished off with a coating of cement. A small coal or oil stove provides heat in very cold weather, and perfect ventilating arrangements keep the atmosphere free from all impurities. In such a cellar the hives are stacked up in tiers, one upon another, with those containing the weakest colonies on the top, where the air is apt to be the warmest.

In order to winter the bees successfully the surrounding air must be kept at an equitable temperature, and above all superabundant moisture must be avoided. Moisture in the bee cellars kills off the inmates by the scores. Foul brood—that bane of all bee-keepers—invariably finds its origin in bee cellars improperly ventilated. Like members of the great human family, whom they resemble in many of their ways and habits, the little honey-bees find cleanliness very essential to their health. The bees stand the first two or three months of confinement without much sickness, but as the period lengthens out after that their health and vitality become more precarious. A slight misunderstanding of their nature may cause ruin and havoc among the colonies.

Happy indeed is the keeper if he brings his colonies through the cold winter months into sunny April without mishap. The critical time has not entirely passed, but with fair and intelligent treatment the little creatures will weather successfully the storms and cold waves of April and May. The weak colonies have to be united in the month of April, and this is the time when the battles between queens may have to be fought out. Only strong colonies can ever amount to much as honey-gatherers, and after a severe winter a dozen may be reduced to four or five. The queens have to be dealt with tenderly and fed liberally upon the syrup of honey to induce them to raise broods. Even the worker bees and drones must be given some stimulating food at this season. Frequently sealed honey has to be fed the colonies that have consumed most of their food, and if the time is long before the flowers of the field expand considerable honey will be needed for this purpose. But this liberal feeding and gentle attention will be paid for in the end, for the colonies that come up to the honey-gathering season in good condition are pretty sure to do the best work. Adulterated and prepared foods will be eaten by the bees when their stock of honey has been exhausted, but they never thrive as well on them, and why should we begrudge the industrious little insects the few pounds of honey they consume in winter? The practice of feeding them adulterated sugar and syrup is nearly as diabolical as the old method of robbing their hives in the fall of the year and killing all the bees.

Under proper treatment one strong colony of bees will produce seventy to one hundred pounds of comb honey a year for market, and enough besides to feed them through the winter. From two to three hundred pounds of liquid honey is obtained from each hive in warm states, by means of the extractor, in addition to the comb honey. The value of the crop runs up into the millions, but because of its wide-spread development in isolated communities no man can say exactly how many tons of liquid nectar are raised to gratify the taste of a honey-loving population. California leads all the other states in her honey products, and the northern belt of states has so far outrivaled the sunny South. In California an apiarist of good standing will own a thousand hives, but in the colder states two or three hundred are considered a fair number. The difference is that the Californian by virtue of his delightful climate has little trouble or expense in wintering his bees.

The inventor has been aiding and abetting the apiarist in his work of extracting all the honey possible from the bees without discouraging them. The movable frames in the modern hives enable the apiarist to peer into the working home of the bees without disturbing them, and one portion may be removed without displacing any of the other parts. After the movable frames and hives came the artificial honeycomb, invented to save the bees the trouble of manufacturing it. When honeycomb is raised for the market the little bees are forced to manufacture the cells as of yore, but if liquid honey is needed the artificial combs are inserted and emptied by means of the extractor many times during the season, the bees persistently and good-naturedly refilling them as fast as they are emptied.

Thus has invention done much for the apiarist and lessened the toil of the honey-bees. Honey has become a necessity instead of a luxury in this country, and the change has been made possible only through the adoption of modern methods of producing it. It should be remembered that bees deserve our respect and protection, and that to kill a bee is to waste a pound of honey.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

COMMON SENSE ON THE WHEEL.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

ONE of the delightful advantages in the use of the bicycle is connected with its easy transportation by rail, boat, or wagon from one part of the country to another. Compare the wheel with a horse in this regard and this point will be sharply projected. The chief trouble is with the railroads, some of which are managed with favorable thought for the wheelman's convenience, while the policy of others seems to be the greatest annoyance to the largest number of bicycling travelers. But no matter what worry may arise on the way, at the end of a journey by rail your wheelman finds immediate solace at sight of his faithful roadster, safe and sound, coming down from the baggage car. There is no delay; he can mount forthwith and be off at his own gait, plunging right into fresh air, new sights, and unfamiliar circumstances. This is the romance of bicycling. Every new road is a genuine discovery. And why should not a delight so pure and so wholesome be woman's as well as man's? It is hers to the fullest if she but take it.

Perhaps there has been a great deal too much worry about what women and girls ought to wear a-wheel. My impression is that the joy of riding should largely outweigh the sense of being stunningly appareled. Comfort, which excludes consciousness of being dressed for a special purpose or in unusual toggery, is of first importance. Riding for pleasure reaches its lowest claim to respect when it coincides with riding for display. Of course there can be no more excuse for dowdiness in dress on the wheel than off it; in avoiding one extreme it is foolish to rush against the other. A girl need not tan her fair face as yellow as saddle-leather by wearing, no matter how hot the sun, a wheeling cap stuck on the back of her head. A sailor hat of moderate brim and a colorless veil are far better, if securely fastened on. It is easy to contract troublesome diseases of the eyes by exposing them to the direct glare and heat of the sun. Permanent injury to the tissue under the skin may also result from sunburn, thus destroying forever the fine bloom of complexion. Good sense will suggest a safe course between reckless exposure and the other extreme of refusing to ride in the sunshine at all.

There is a great safeguard to the bicycling woman tourist in the simplest and plainest dress. Men as a rule, even low and vile men, instinctively respect a modest, quiet, unostentatious woman; and just as naturally they are apt to suspect a showy or oddly dressed one, or one whose costume has the look of being put on to attract attention in public. Ultra bloomers and mannish attire generally may be all right in theory; but it is well to remember that, especially in rural districts, remote from urban influences, people have strong prejudices in this regard, and if you would get on pleasantly with them you must respect these very prejudices. I have talked with hundreds of excellent and honorable countrymen who firmly believed in every woman's lack of virtue whom they had seen wearing bloomers. It certainly is better to avoid a conflict with stubborn popular feelings where nothing but trouble and danger can come of the opposite course.

A wheeling tour is a very inexpensive and exhilarating outing for a party of congenial women, and there are few regions of country where such a party, if entirely self-respecting, will not be as safe as at home. The main thing is not only to be honest, but to appear so, by both dress and behavior. Whether you appear so or not depends very largely upon the point of view occupied by those who see you. If you defy local ethics you must not be surprised at inconveniences and annoyances following. You insult ignorance and ignorance resents with vigor, much to your discomfiture. A woman who last summer wheeled more than six hundred miles in out-of-the-way corners of the country, all alone, says that never once was she subjected to unpleasant treatment. Her riding-habit was a brown skirt reaching within six inches of the ground, a brown shirt-waist, a felt hat, and high tan boots. At first she tried a bloomer costume, but found it the cause of almost unbearable annoyances at the very times and places she most needed sympathy and help.

Next to knowing how to dress so as to avoid attracting undesirable notice is knowing how to plan and execute an enjoyable wheeling tour. It is not every section of the country that offers pleasant riding. I know a young lady who, without making any inquiry, went on a long journey by rail to a southern village with a view to "doing" the region round about on her bicycle; but when she arrived she found white sand three or four inches deep over all the roads! Another, who went to a distant town amid the mountains, left her wheel at home, thinking it certain that bicycling would be impossible; yet in fact the mountain roads turned out to be the best she had ever seen. An accomplished tourist would not make such a blunder; but then we are not all accomplished tourists, and must not take too much for granted.

Riding upon paved and level streets, where the asphalt is almost as smooth as ice, has its good points; but genuine bicycling for pleasure demands country roads, between green fields and shady woods, up hill and down, now a long smooth stretch, then a bumpy space, here a rut to be avoided, yonder a stone to steer past, and anon a brook without a bridge. A sense of generalship in overcoming obstacles and avoiding disasters is very stimulating. One likes to assault a hill and take some risk at climbing and coasting. And here is where most of us need to follow wise counsel and avoid overexertion on one hand and reckless daring on the other. More than half of the grave visible accidents in wheeling come of coasting down dangerous hills; but there are invisible accidents to the vital organs, especially the heart, caused by straining up steep inclines, when it would be far easier to walk. Women are more apt than men to suffer organic lesion of one kind or another from too great physical exertion, and their hurts are more difficult to cure. They cannot be too careful. The best measure of the strain upon one's vital centers in riding is the action of the heart. Any considerable augmentation of heart action affects the breathing. It is time to check your pace when your breath begins to shorten.

It has been recently said by some physician, and the saying has gone the rounds of the newspapers, that athletes are short lived. It would be better to say that abnormally developed men and women are short lived. The true athlete, man or women, is not overdeveloped, or unevenly developed. Brain, heart, lungs, muscles are equally and correlatively sound and active. Your bullet-headed sprinter whose legs and back have absorbed his brain is not an athlete, no more is the prize-fighter whose chest and arms give him the appearance of deformity, so huge are they. Certainly the woman whose physical training has destroyed her soft symmetry cannot claim perfection of feminine physique. In a word, a monster is not an athlete, and an abnormally developed being is a monstrosity.

The value of bicycling as an outdoor exercise does not lie in its tendency to make Amazons of women and gladiator-like animals of men. The mind as well as the body must feel the recreation and gather in from air, sunlight, sights, and sounds the elements of perfect growth. This fine exhilaration of wholesome activity is not to be overindulged and turned into a debauchery. We must know when to quit and how to turn our new fund of health and delight to best account.

WOMEN AND GIRLS IN SWEAT-SHOPS.

BY FLORENCE KELLEY.

CHIEF INSPECTOR OF FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS FOR THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

IN the sweat-shops of Chicago there were found, in 1896, about seven thousand women, and rather more than one thousand girls under the age of sixteen years. This does not include the children who sew on buttons or fell seams in tenement rooms with the other members of their families; it includes merely such as the factory inspectors, while making their rounds, found in shops which the law places under inspection. While the average in all manufacturing industries in Illinois is forty-five children to one thousand male employees over sixteen years of age, in these shops the number rises to one hundred and eighty-six children to one thousand, or almost the ratio of a child to every five men. Moreover, a large part of the women in these shops are girls between sixteen and twenty years of age.

Technically, a sweat-shop is a tenement-house kitchen or bedroom in which the head of the family employs outsiders, persons not members of his immediate family, in the manufacture of garments or cigars for some wholesaler or some merchant tailor. In Illinois, since 1893, it has been a misdemeanor to maintain this form of shop. The factory inspectors, therefore, prosecute every tailor or cigar-maker whom they find working in this way. Hence the tailor now usually hires a room adjoining the flat in which his family lives, nails or screws the connecting door firmly shut, and defies the inspectors to interfere with him. If he draws the nails or unscrews and opens the door on Sundays and in the dull season there is no ground of prosecution, for the inspector calling at such a time does not find manufacture actually carried on during the visit. It is rare now to find a sweat-shop, in the proper sense of the word, in active operation; but shops of the kind just described have increased in the past four years and are still rapidly increasing. The name sweat-shop now attaches indiscriminately to any shop for the manufacture of garments or cigars in any tenement-house; and it would probably contribute to the intelligent discussion of the subject if we could substitute for this ugly word of ill-defined meaning the more general term tenement-house shop.

The women and girls found at work in these shops in Chicago are of eight nationalities: Bohemians, Poles, Russian Jews, Italians, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. Very few of them speak English, and fewer still read or write it. In prosecuting sweaters who have employed girls under fourteen years of age in their shops we have sometimes been obliged, when placing a child upon the witness stand, to employ an interpreter in order to obtain replies to such simple questions as, "What is your name?" "How old are you?" "Where do you live?" "Have you worked for this man?" In numerous instances the child who thus required the services of an interpreter for a conversation in words of one syllable had been living several years in Chicago, in the densely foreign colonies which form a large part of the city.

This isolation of the different groups, by reason of their having no common language, forms one of the most serious obstacles to united effort on the part of the sweaters' victims for any improvement of the conditions under which they work.

Nor does there seem to be any reasonable hope of change in this respect, since it is in the districts in which sweat-shops abound and foreign colonies are densest that the Chicago Board of Education leaves the largest numbers of children unsupplied with public school accommodations.

In the Polish sixteenth ward there are

some eight thousand children in excess of the seating capacity of the public schools; and in this ward we find a large proportion of our illiterate children in the sweat-shops. In the nineteenth ward, where the children between eight and fourteen years are some three thousand in excess of the public school sittings, one of the commonest street sights is a group of women and girls in the short skirts of the south Italian peasants, carrying on their heads enormous bundles of trousers, knee-breeches, or cloaks, as they walk from the sweat-shop to their tenement dwelling. When the bundle reaches home, all the children in the tenement-house who are able to hold a needle gather about the bundle and do their share of the sewing, quite irrespective of school hours, and chattering all the while in their native patois.

There is a wide-spread belief that the prevailing cheapness of ready-made clothing is due to the utilization of the ill-paid labor of women and children in these tenement homes and shops; that the wage-earner in the non-sweated trades profits by the sufferings of these sweaters' victims, and wears better garments by reason of their poverty and the degradation of this great trade. This is, however, the exact reverse of the truth. The cheapness of our garments is attained in spite of the sweating system, not because of it. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the fall in prices of garments is commensurate with the fall in the prices of the cloth of which they are made. Certain it is that cloth is vastly cheaper than it was thirty years ago. The methods of placing goods of all kinds upon the market (garments and cloth for making garments included) have been revolutionized in the direction of cheapness within the memory of all of us. That part of the work of making garments which lies outside of sweat-shops has also been cheapened by the general application of steam machinery to garment-cutting. These three great modern improvements have enabled the corporations which control the garment trade to prolong the life of the foot-power sewing-machine and the tenement-house sweat-shop.

The purchasing public, made gullible, perhaps, by its own greed for bargains, has willingly believed that in this one set of trades alone primitive machines and petty shops maintaining a multitude of middlemen were really cheaper in the end (because they employ the worst paid women and girls to be found in the field of manufacture) than well-equipped plants, with power furnished by steam or electricity and conducted by managers of higher intelligence.

It has become an axiom in political economy that high-priced labor stimulates the application of machinery. On the other hand, the presence in the sweat-shops of girls who sew on buttons and run errands for wages ranging from thirty cents to seventy cents a week, and of women who sew at foot-power machines for $3.00 to $5.00 a week from ten to twenty hours a day during the five to seven months which form the busy season, and receive relief from public and private charities during the remainder of the year, distinctly tends to prolong the present primitive and belated equipment of this part of the garment trades. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the seven thousand women and the thousand girls in the sweat-shops of Chicago present a serious obstacle to the process of lifting the garment trades from their present degradation to the level of the factory trades.

Under the sweating system, the wholesaler shifts the burden of rent from himself to the tailor who sews in a tenement-house kitchen or bedroom. The wholesaler farther avoids the risk attendant upon maintaining a plant equipped with steam or electricity throughout the dull season. He offsets, as far as he can, the added expense of a horde of middlemen, by subdividing the work of the women and girls in the shops and simplifying it to the utmost extreme, so that skill in the worker is reduced to the last degree, and wages follow skill in the direction of zero. Hence we find in the sweat-shops "hand girls" whose backs grow crooked over the simplest of hemming, felling, and sewing on buttons, and machine girls whose exertion of foot-power entails tuberculosis and pelvic disorders ruinous to themselves at present and to their children in the future. The foul, ill-ventilated, often damp shops, the excessive speed and intensity of the work, the ceaseless exertion of the limbs throughout interminable days, and the grinding poverty of these workers combine to render consumption the characteristic disease of these trades. The very youth of the workers increases their susceptibility to injury and disease. Young backs grow crooked over the machines, young eyes and membranes are irritated by the fluff and dust disengaged from cheaply dyed woolen goods by flying needles. The eagerness of young workers is stimulated to the highest pitch by ill-paid piece-work and the uncertainty of its continuance.

All this wretchedness, attending this belated survival of primitive organization in a great industry, surely cannot permanently survive in the face of the advantages which mechanical power possesses over foot-power. It is only a question of time when the garment trades shall be placed upon the factory level.

This change, however, cannot reasonably be expected of the corporations which control the garment trades, or of the growing intelligence of the sweaters' victims. It will be brought about, if at all, by an enlightened public's refusing to wear tenement-made garments, and embodying its will in prohibitory legislation carried much farther than the tentative measures of regulation now in force in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Ohio.

A necessary preliminary to this revolt against sweater-made goods is a clear perception of the truth that no one (except possibly the wholesaler) profits by the semi-pauperism and suffering of the women and girls who work in sweat-shops.

STREET LIFE IN JEREMIE, HAITI.

BY LILLIAN D. KELSEY.

JEREMIE, one of the most important seaports of our tropical sister republic, and noted as being the birthplace of the elder Dumas, lies on the northern coast of the western peninsula of the island of Haiti, facing a little bay the waters of which are often so turbulent as to prevent landing.

Seen from the sea, Jeremie presents a most picturesque appearance, lying as it does along the water's edge, its principal street running parallel with the bay and its houses rising along the steep mountain side in terraces, and having for its background the beautifully green range of Cartaches Mountains, the peaks of which attain a height of five thousand feet. But, like many another tropical city, Jeremie is much more attractive if viewed from a distance.

SHORE VIEW OF JEREMIE.

Our first glimpse of Haitian manners was not reassuring. Scarcely had we dropped anchor in the little harbor when we were surrounded by a fleet of lighters, manned by natives in the very scantiest undress—sometimes no dress at all—each fighting for the first place. So great was the struggle around us that one, seizing a bottle, broke

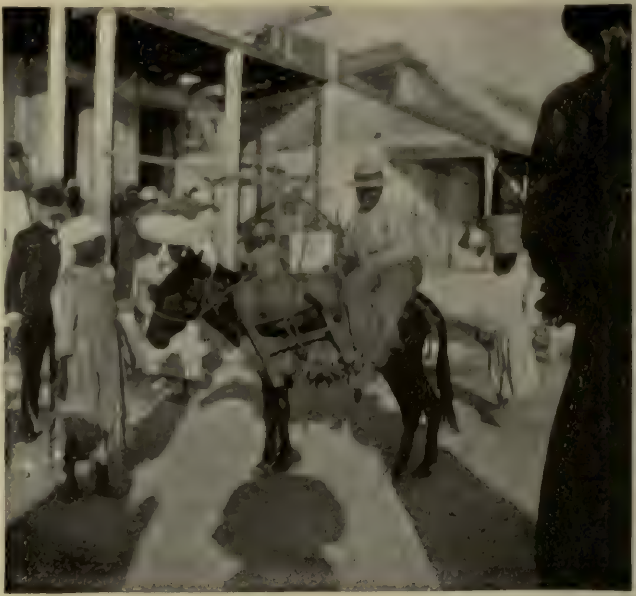
VIEW OF JEREMIE FROM THE OLD FORT.

off the neck against the gunwale of his boat and proceeded to stab his competitor in the throat with the jagged edge of the broken bottle.

Nor was our reception at the landing-wharf hospitable. A gorgeous Haitian soldier, resplendent in blue and gold, awaited our coming, drawn sword in hand, surrounded by a shrieking, gesticulating mob of half-naked negroes, and in the almost unintelligible Haitian French at once forbade our landing. No one noticed him, and our boat was steadily pulled around to the landing-steps. The soldier advanced, brandishing his sword and raising his voice in remonstrance. Headed by our escort, who knew the country, our party disembarked and mounted the steps, fairly pushing the jabbering official aside. We then walked up the wharf, unmolested, and followed by the derisive shouts of the crowd, who rejoiced in the discomfiture of the soldier and were equally pleased to bring up the rear of our little procession. So much for Haitian authority.

The entire population of Jeremie seems to live in its narrow, ill-paved streets. This does not seem remarkable when one has a glimpse into the wretched hovels which do duty as homes among the lower classes of natives. There is a tiny room affording shelter from sun and rain, and a few pots and pans in which to cook the necessary food over a few bits of wood or charcoal, and in many cases this is all.

The main street of the city, which extends for two miles or so along the water front, is amusing and very characteristic. Locomotion is difficult, and is impeded not alone by the traffic of the street but by innumerable long-nosed, long-legged, black pigs. These animals have the characteristics of greyhound puppies rather than those attributes ordinarily supposed to belong to



TRAFFIC IN THE MAIN STREET, JEREMIE.

A FAMILY GROUP IN JEREMIE.

the broad-backed pink and white porker with which civilization is familiar. Fatness is their least recommendation, but their ability to get out of the way of danger is most remarkable. Yellow dogs of all sizes and degrees of emaciation, both living and dead, lie about in the sun. Little donkeys, of reflective cast of features, and so heavily laden as to appear a moving bundle of sugar-cane, stand about sidewise and nearly fill the street, arousing one's astonishment at the wondrous collection of merchandise which can be secured to their backs and still leave room for a boy to ride. Black babies, clothed for the most part in their native tropical sunshine, but fat and shining, are constantly under foot, or held up for exhibition by proud mothers. Among these smiling infants two were especially noticeable for their costumes. The first was arrayed in red and white striped stockings and a pair of shoes, these articles constituting his only raiment; while the second, with equal simplicity of attire, had a man's vest thrown over his fat shoulders and a silk hat upon his woolly head. These, however, were aristocrats among the general assemblage of children.

The women were for the most part tall, and had the peculiar, graceful carriage given by practice in carrying articles upon the head. They were nearly all gowned in the "princess," or flowing, style of draperies, and just at present the correct Haitian mode demands a train. They looked strange enough, these tall, splendidly formed women, barefooted and barelegged, trailing from eight to twelve inches of their sole garment after them along the unevenly paved and dirty streets. Of course they all wear turbans of the most gaudy description—green, red, and yellow plaids—and their heads make vivid spots of color along the narrow, dark streets.

VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET, JEREMIE.

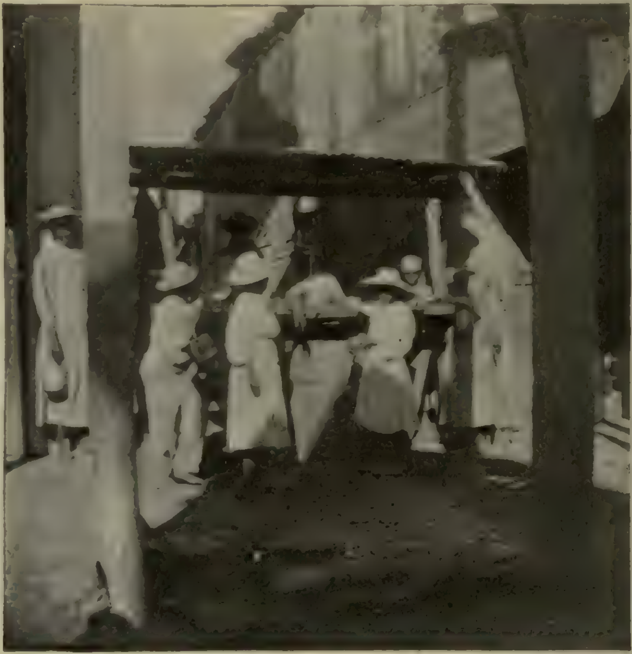
The rows of shops along the main street are most uninviting. They are small, dark,

TWO NATIVE HAITIANS.

and cluttered inside, with little stands out on the street displaying here a small heap of candles, there a portion of rock salt or some specimens of the coarsest grade of pottery. There is absolutely nothing to tempt the buyer; only the necessaries of life are exposed for sale. A meat market was one of the most characteristic shops. It consisted of two or three boards supported upon barrels and covered by a light board awning. Upon the boards which served as a counter were displayed two or three unwholesome looking bits of meat and a primitive pair of scales composed of two boxes hung by a balance—all this exposed to the glow of an intensely hot tropical sun, the mercury standing at about ninety. In spite of it all, the shop was well patronized.

There was not a white face seen, save among our own little company. White people are not wanted in Haiti, which is in every sense of the word a "Black Republic." Indeed no white man can acquire land in the island or be elected to any office. Hence it is that Haiti, with all her grand scenery, and a climate where almost everything can be grown, is practically going back to barbarism; and one hears on every hand stories of cannibalism in her unexplored mountain regions and miserable poverty and oppression in her cities. Poverty, however, has few terrors here, for there is no cold, the earth produces fruits and vegetables enough to sustain life, and the use of clothing, as has been intimated, is reduced to its lowest terms.

Back a little from the water and the main street are the more comfortable houses of the better class of residents. The one to which we were invited as guests looked cool and pleasant after the glare of the streets. The house, while destitute of a chimney and of window-glass, as are all the houses in Jeremie, was a neat, two-story cottage reached by a narrow court, and had



A JEREMIE MEAT MARKET.

a balcony along the upper story looking off into a garden splendid with tropical bloom. A cool, prettily furnished dining-room opened into an inner sitting-room or office with a polished floor, and that in turn opened into a beautiful garden filled with roses and many graceful palms. On the second floor were two or three large bedrooms, furnished with high-post beds and wardrobes, while along the front stretched the large and well-appointed drawing-room, filled with furniture of a modern type, its polished floor covered by a handsome rug, and its walls adorned with pictures. In the center of the room was a fine ebony table upon which stood a large artificial palm, in striking contrast with the good taste which prevailed elsewhere in the house, and also with the many fine specimens of natural palms waving their fronds almost into the open windows. In these Haitian houses, as in those of all tropical countries, the kitchen is detached, save in the instances where there is but one room to serve for all purposes, as is more often the case than not.

Amusements in Jeremie are few. It is so remote from all touches of civilization as to constitute a little world in itself. It is true there are the omnipresent Haitian soldiers quartered on the hills near the town, with their band of music, and there are the feast-days of the Romish Church, which, if not the established religion, is by far the most popular one; but of the amusements of the great world Jeremie is destitute.

Intercourse with the neighboring cities of even the island of Haiti is made possible only by steamers or sailing vessels, there being few roads in Haiti passable for anything but a mule. Traveling in the interior is, moreover, extremely difficult on account of the height and inaccessibility of the mountain passes, so that Jeremie, as well as the other cities of the republic, is denied the civilizing effect of mingling with the outside world. In fact it suffers with the whole island from the unstable government and the frequent revolutions.

A SUBURBAN COTTAGE, JEREMIE.

With laws so unfavorable to white settlers, capital to bring out the great natural resources of this wonderfully fertile island is not forthcoming. There is no impetus given to road-building, which would open up the country and give the planters on the uplands an opportunity to get their produce to ports, and even the Haitians themselves have no confidence either in each other or in their officials.

This lack of confidence among the people in their rulers, and over-confidence among the officials in their ability to intelligently govern this large and fertile island, has contributed in no small degree to make the government the unstable thing it is to-day, and until inducements can be held out to investors, and the natural resources of Haiti opened up, it not only can never rise above its present semi-barbarous condition, but must inevitably sink lower and lower in the scale of civilization.

HOW ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS ARE MADE.

BY ETHEL WALBERT.

THERE are women who make artificial flowers and crape paper decorations, and more recently feather flowers and ornaments, in their homes, and then sell them upon the streets or at the stores, working daily and laboriously, in season and out of season, to supply the demand, which seems never to slack in this country.

But if any one ever imagined that the artificial flowers made in private houses supplied the trade, enlightenment should be sought in some of the large establishments in or near New York City, where skilled operators turn out tons of these ornaments every week. There is one plant not twenty miles from the city hall where $30,000 worth of artificial flowers and feather ornaments are annually made for the trade.

All the varieties of flowers and ornaments used in the millinery trade are manufactured in this factory, and the owners of it are quick to feel the pulse of the fashionable world—in fact to anticipate Dame Fashion in her uncertain selections. Before the Paris fashions have been telegraphed across the ocean, or the ideal cuts of fancy head-gear have been drawn by artists' hands, the manufacturers of artificial flowers and feather ornaments have received their private tips and are turning them to good account. The stamps are made and ready for operation long before the season has arrived for wearing the hat trimmings.

The stamps are nothing but sharp steel cutters made of the size and shape of the flowers, and a boy can cut out with one of these stamps about two thousand flowers a day. The flowers are made chiefly of good muslin, velvet, satin, and silk. Unless the flowers are to have white petals, the sheets of muslin or silk are dyed before they are passed over to the cutters. The aniline dyeing solution is heated in great copper boilers by steam, and the sheets of muslin are dipped into the solution, then dried, run through a wringer, and finally stretched upon frames. Great yellow, red, blue, and brown sheets of material come out of the dyeing part of the establishment and are hung upon the stretchers in the drying-room.

The next step in the process is sizing. A stiffening coat of dextrin and starch is applied evenly over the backs of the sheets while they are stretched on the frames, and when it has dried it gives a stiffness to the material that is very essential to the future flowers made from it.

The yellow sheets, the blue, the carmine, and the white sheets are laid separately into piles, one upon another, to the number of ten or twelve. They are smoothed out carefully with the hand, stretched, and pressed until there are no wrinkles. Then they are laid over an oval-topped leaden block. The cutter comes along with his steel stamp, and by means of a wooden mallet drives the sharp tool through the several thicknesses of prepared material, and cuts out the petals for about a dozen buttercups, daisies, or lilies. Again and again this is repeated until every part of the overlapped sheets has been riddled with holes. The remnants are cast aside and new sheets are brought to take their place.

In another room a girl is steadily engaged in turning back and forth the handle of a machine that looks much like an ordinary copying-press. But she is not taking copies of letters; she is veining the flower leaves and petals that the cutter has prepared for her. The veining machine is curious but simple in its construction and operation. The veins of the different flowers are made in two dies, one fitting into the other. The girl takes a petal from the heap of these brought into the room on trays and places it inside the bottom die, and then fits the top one over it. The two dies are placed under the press, a sharp turn of the wheel presses the veins into the stiff muslin petals, and the work is done. In the course of an hour the girl will stamp the veins of several hundred flowers, keeping pace with the boy or man engaged in cutting.

Probably in another part of the room a second girl will be manipulating the gofer. Gofering is merely a simple process of giving a deep, cup-shape effect to flowers that need it. The gofer, like the cutter and veiner, must be made differently for different flowers. The instrument is merely a ball of steel attached to a handle half a foot long. This circular steel is heated, and then waxed and pressed upon the flower petals placed on a cushion or pad. The heat and pressure combined produce the peculiar curl noticed in certain flowers.

The flowers are now ready to be put together. The stamens, petals, leaves, and other parts of the flowers have been made by the processes described. Besides the muslin, velvet, linen, and silk which compose the petals, the artificial flowers require wire, tissue paper, wool, corn-meal, jute, and muslin tubing. The stems are made of wire, the yellow stamens are made of coarse thread to which corn-meal is attached by means of rubber gum. The center of daisies are mostly made of wool or cotton dyed yellow. Muslin tubing covers the stems of the flowers, and the wire is passed through the center after it has been fastened to the flowers. The different parts are stuck together with good gum. Individual hand work is required in all this, for no machinery can put the flowers together. The best ingenuity of man is baffled at this point.

The women become experts in their line of labor, however, and make the flowers rapidly. The ordinary varieties require much less skilled labor than orchids, tulips, roses, and some of the more elaborate blossoms. In making white and yellow flowers no further coloring is needed than the simple work of dyeing the sheets of muslin before the stampers cut the petals and leaves out. But some of the other blossoms have to be colored with a brush. This is done by an artist when the petals come fresh from the cutter's department. Two dozen or more are spread out on a tray, and with deft fingers the artist touches one after another with the dyes prepared for the purpose. Some of the velvet and silk flowers sell at such high figures that a fair attempt at artistic painting can be given to them, and after they have been put together the artist finishes them off with a few dabs of the brush. Where special orders are given, each flower is marked separately, and no two are made alike; but these are only for the very expensive hats.

In the same establishment thousands of feathers are manipulated for the trade. Lately feather flowers have come greatly into vogue for hat trimming, for lamp-shade decoration, and for general house ornament. Since the state laws prevent the killing of many plumage birds in this country, the dealers rely largely upon importations for supplies. It is conservatively estimated that about a million plumage birds are imported into this country annually for the trade. Great quantities of turkey, goose, and chicken feathers are also used.

The feathers used for flowers are cleaned, dyed, and then artificially curled to resemble flower leaves. An ordinary lily would be made of five feathers about six inches long. The stiff quill would be slit in two with a sharp knife and the feather pressed backward to resemble the lily petal. These five would then be joined together at the base and wound around with wire and muslin.

There are about five hundred different varieties of birds' feathers used for hat trimmings. The birds are rarely shot for the millinery trade, but are killed with blowpipes or snares. The entrails are taken out of the birds and the skins are sprinkled with the ashes of burned wasps' nests to keep out vermin and are then stuffed with cotton. In this condition they are shipped into this country. All prices are paid for them, from two cents apiece for the common kinds to several dollars for fine ostrich-plumes.

The feathers are sorted out at the factory and those to be dyed are fastened in a row to strings. Then they are dropped into the dyeing pot and a few minutes later they are put through a wringer. When they come forth from this instrument, with most of the water wrung out of them, an operator seizes a string full and beats them down upon a paper until they are thoroughly dry. It takes from ten to fifteen minutes to operate one string full in this way.

The feathers are next steamed. The steamer is made of copper and is prepared specially for this purpose. There are rows of conical shaped tubes on the top of the boiler through which dry steam passes. By holding them into the steam for a few minutes the operator is enabled to straighten them out with the fingers. When they have been made perfectly smooth the edges are trimmed off for the next process.

The feathers are either curled or covered with jet or frosting. The curling is a simple process, and one that is known to every woman. The barbs that curl naturally and easily are merely drawn over the face of a blunt knife. If this is repeated several times a delicate, drooping curve can be obtained. But those which refuse to curl so easily are subjected to the doubtful application of the heated iron, which if not very carefully used will ruin them. All dull-colored feathers are dyed black, usually with logwood and sulphate or acetate of iron. The feathers that are to be frosted or covered with jet receive different treatment, although many of them are curled before the frosting is put on. Most of the colored frostings are made of gelatin, but gold *metallik*, silver, and copper are also used. These materials are generally applied by means of melted rubber gum, which when it hardens holds them securely in place.

There is nothing mysterious in all these processes of preparing artificial flowers and feathers for the millinery trade—nothing, in fact, that any woman with ordinary intelligence and ingenious resources could not accomplish on a smaller scale. The cutters, veiners, and gofers can be made by any mechanic, and the latter two have even been made of hard wood for home use, thus greatly facilitating the amateur practice of the business.

THE YOUNG GIRL IN FRANCE.

BY EUGEN VON JAGOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE young woman in France of the so-called better classes—and it is only of such we shall speak in this article—is in intellectual development far behind her English, and even behind her German sisters. The latter, in fact, rank midway between the pretty liberally reared English girls and the too liberal Americans on the one side, and the dependent French girls on the other. You cannot imagine more tender mothers than the French. To them the French fathers leave almost entirely the training of the children, even of the boys, and of course much more so of the girls.

Quite contrary to the English principles of training children, the French child never is left .alone. The mother packs it, so to say, in wadding, pampers it, watches over it ceaselessly, and interrupts the course of her life and her household duties for its tyranny, which is the more unrestricted as the proverbial two-children system of the French has been reduced more and more to a one-child system. The venerable Guizot, who pointed French mothers to the English for an example, and admonished them, "Often leave your children alone," was the first to show some understanding of the situation.

It is plain to be seen that in a girl thus raised in intellectual swaddling clothes, if I may so express it, who is kept constantly under guard by tenderly spying eyes that do not allow her to take one step alone in the street, that anxiously superintend her reading and her conversation with men—in a girl thus hermetically sealed against realities there hardly can develop a spirit of the age, or a feeling of responsibility and duty, or a comprehension of women's special problems, or a head for practical life and strength of judgment.

She never has learned to act independently; what wonder that later she willingly permits herself to be married off by her parents and guardians, just for the sake of coming at last into the comparative freedom of the matron, and of escaping from her slavery? What wonder is it that, inexperienced and helpless, she is so easily a prey to the numerous Don Juans, and that in the convenience marriage a woman's love for her husband seldom is heard of? The results of the French training of girls hitherto have been such that Alexander Dumas and his followers never have lacked material for their dramas founded on the transgression of the marriage vows.

Within a few years a change in this respect has been effected which is of highest importance to the social life and to the future of France. The Chinese wall with which the race in its vanity sought to shut itself off from the intellectual influence of foreign lands sinks into ruins; Parisian methods of training and education are taken by storm by enterprising young English and American women, who accomplish this task through their example. And the so-called woman's movement becomes much in evidence even in France.

For the rest, it lies in the nature of the case that an individual country keeping in continual intercourse with the rest of the world cannot escape its influence. These facts crop out impressively in a great number of letters I have at hand from young girls who were asked by a certain Parisian review to write statements of their judgment and their wishes in the matter.

One fourteen-year-old girl likes to live "in a land of dreams" and read romances, "especially if they are not juvenile stories"; but a nineteen-year-old girl who writes, "The conditions made me serious at a very early age" may be taken as a representative of the great majority of those of her own age. The economical and social conditions of life have become different, the direction of life is unsteady, the burden of work in polite circles has rapidly increased, class contrasts have sharpened threateningly, and there are only a few families remaining whose pleasant existence is safe from sudden change and misfortune. One must plunge more actively than ever before into the fierce, common battle for the existence of his fortune. And from this fate even the young girl cannot escape. She therefore matures earlier and sooner feels the necessity of freeing herself from the yoke of supervision and of becoming at least a little independent.

I will cite some characteristics of this change, of course with frequent reference to the above-mentioned letters, for they are an exceedingly rich contribution to the history of French *fin de siècle* customs.

A twenty-year-old daughter of country nobility, who evidently is being molded under private instruction, writes, among other things:

> There are everywhere well-instructed young women, and those among them who are reared without leaving the parents' roof are just as efficient as those who run up and down the Rue [street] Saint-Jacques [in the Latin Quarter of Paris] with a map under the arm. Supposing even that the former are the less learned, they are and remain women, and that is their compensation.

Does not this aggressive letter sound like a declaration of war? But against whom? This question is answered in the following extract from the same letter:

> There are, alas, in our beloved France two currents in the question of women's training: the university current—with its women's college, its model authority, examinations, etc.—and the other current.

And she spitefully continues:

> The two approach each other the less because they more and more are drifting apart.

And there she hits the nail on the head. The rivalry between state or city instruction on the one side and private on the other, between the instruction by teachers representing the sisters and those representing the state, between the boarding-school and the day-school, in fact has become more and more sharp during the last ten years, and one has no difficulty in seeing that here political and religious interests of all kinds come into play against each other. For instance, fear of a return of the empire or kingdom has been detrimental to religious schools for a time, while fear of socialism lately has led to an increase in the militia. In the so-called good old times, but which were not so very long ago, people educated their daughters either under the paternal roof—an expense which to-day only very wealthy families incur—or else at a boarding-school conducted mostly by the sisters, or at a cloister training institution, where of course they grew up ignorant of the ways of the world. Of these kinds of institutions for girls there are any number in France. The most celebrated ones in Paris are the Convent des Oiseaux, the Dames du Sacré-Coeur boarding-school, and the Dames du Saint-Sacrement boarding-school.

Other kinds of institutions have kept up with modern methods, preparing for teachers' examinations and offering preparatory courses or lectures. Among these the half-boarding-school and even the day-school are included. But even yet the rule is the boarding-school, called the *internat*, with its strong religious teaching and cloisterlike education, which of course does not bar out instruction in music and other social accomplishments.

Lately, however, the *internat* has fallen into disrepute in France, and especially in tone-giving Paris. This may be charged up not only to the overcrowding of the better boarding-schools with foreigners, whose influence French mothers, with reason or lack of reason, fear, but chiefly to the sweeping changes in the conditions of modern life that announce themselves on every side. The instruction imparted at the *internat*, even under a competent faculty, appears too one-sided; people begin to comprehend that the social intercourse in the parental house, the constant touch with actual life, both condemned behind cloister walls, are the necessary complements of a theoretical education. The same awakening is evident in the following letter of a nineteen-year-old girl:

> I certainly am not an ardent champion of reform, for I lack the experience that would require; but still I feel that it is a crime to shut off the horizon from us and then to hurl us into a whole sea of perplexities.

An eighteen-year-old girl says:

> I wished a comparative study between the different habits of life of young girls in France and in other countries, especially England, America, and Germany, so that I might learn why the young girls of these nations lead a free and independent life compared with us, and that I might find the secret of their cultured intellects.

To-day most young girls remain in the bosom of their families, where, under the guidance of their guardians, usually the self-sacrificing, indulgent mothers, they attempt the professional or non-professional courses, which everywhere, and usually free to pupils, are conducted at the expense of the parish or the state.

Girls' colleges, too, are taking a strong flight into popularity. In Paris there are already five, in which, moreover, only women teachers are employed, greatly in contrast to corresponding German institutions. Day-school is usual, but favor is shown also to a compromise between the day-school and the boarding-school, called the half-boarding-school, where the pupils stay for their principal meals, going home at night.

In this collection of letters from young girls there are abundant other indications of a complete revolution in customs.

One girl demands "broadening of their ideas, annihilation of their prejudices." Others bewail the "multitude of their titles and toilets," which give no mental inspiration. A third mocks at the foolishness of "girls' stories" and longs to try the works of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Zola, etc. A fourth, and nearly all the rest agree with her, speaks contemptuously of the past and its patriarchal customs. A fifth wishes to exert a strong influence on her parents to educate her in things that would not be possible in a boarding-school; she goes on to speak against the boarding-school. And I have passed over the many young women who wish to know about current politics, because, they say, it is too tiresome always to hear one's father and brother talking of something one knows nothing about.

HOME-MADE SUMMER RESORTS.

BY FELIX OSWALD, M. D.

ABOUT forty-five years ago the French engineer Benoit made an invention that ought to interest housekeepers almost as much as the invention of sewing-machines and cooking-stoves taken together. By filling a large cellar vault with blocks of ice and pumping the cool air into several hundred different offices, workshops, and magazines he reduced the temperature of the Toulon arsenal thirty degrees, and thus proved that our dwelling-houses could be cooled in midsummer as effectively as we now warm them in winter.

Ice air, artificially produced and distributed, is destined to reduce the misery of our dog-day climate to a minimum. The cities of the future will have cold-air factories with force-pumps, pipes, and self-registering thermometers, and without a parlor refrigerator no civilized household will be considered complete; but it is not advisable to wait for municipal assistance in reforms of that sort. Popular prejudices—the dread of draughts and colds and what not—may hamper the introduction of refrigerating machines as superstition hampered the introduction of artificial light. The chief god of the Greeks was supposed to have exhausted his ingenuity for the torture of the Titan who taught men the art of turning winter into summer, and "Lucifer," the "Light-bringer," remained for centuries a synonym of the arch fiend.

Still, the practical proofs of that arsenal experiment have clearly established not only the possibility of cooling buildings on the warmest days of the year, but also the certainty that the invention of the process is a blessing from a sanitary point of view.

At first, of course, the bugbear howlers prevailed. The arsenal operatives threatened to strike if they and their children were to be exposed to the risk of working all day in a draught of ice air. There was talk of mob violence and damage suits. But the number of converts included a dozen of the leading managers, and the superintendent had the good sense not to force matters. He ordered the cooling of a few offices and storage rooms and allowed the hearsay croakers to swelter to their hearts' content. They were not even forced to enter the cool warehouse, and could deputy that peril to unprejudiced fellow workmen. But those who did venture to cross the threshold of the supposed abode of catarrhs got into the habit of lingering. On days when the mercury in the workshop trembled at the fever-heat mark the conservatives experienced a change of heart. They possibly thought it wicked to jeopardize the lives of their fellow men and decided to incur personal risks. The cool warehouse became a loafing place, and finally a refuge of those who felt the physical impossibility of bearing the swelter ordeal much longer. An extra cool assembly hall was crowded during the noonday siesta and hundreds found a pretext to visit it on the sly. They were sent back to work or fined for loitering, till a chance to visit the cool-air hall came to be considered a privilege.

And only then the director ventured upon a measure which a few weeks before would have been pretty sure to defeat its purpose. The proposition to cool the main workshops was put to the vote and carried, if not unanimously, at least by acclamations that scared the croakers into discreet silence. Every malcontent was allowed to apply for transfer to one of the few remaining swelter shops, and a few did apply, but with an unexpected result: their new comrades consulted and appointed a committee to call upon the director and protest against the idea of several hundred rationalists having to be broiled for the benefit of half a dozen imbeciles.

The propaganda of reform had gone far

enough, and the director hesitated no longer to order the cooling of every office, workshop, and storeroom in the building, and let dissenters accept a luxury free of cost or quit the service of the government. At the same time the medical supervisor published a memorandum proving by certified statistics that since the introduction of the refrigerating apparatus summer complaints had decreased sixty-five per cent, and that hundreds of outsiders had applied for permission to visit the assembly hall as a special favor, and had thus found relief from disorders which drugs had failed to cure.

The contrast between the air of the Toulon ice vault and the atmosphere on a warm summer afternoon amounts to a difference of nearly fifty degrees, and if strong currents of such ice air not only failed to cause, but almost never failed to cure, sanitary troubles we may be very sure that ordinary cool draughts can be risked without hesitation. Private enterprise can turn almost any isolated building into a summer resort far surpassing the thermal attractions of the conventional warm-weather rendezvous. Ice is cheap nowadays, but even without a close imitation of the Benoit process special rooms can be cooled on the two principles that air in motion produces effects analogous to a reduction of temperature, and that thermal contrasts tend to equalize their difference by more or less lively air-currents. In a grove, rising like an oasis from the midst of sun-blistered fields, there is always a perceptible breeze, no matter how suffocatingly stagnant the noonday heat may brood all around. For similar reasons adjoining rooms, one sunny, the other shaded, will create a draught as soon as doors and windows are opened in the line of the faintest outdoor air-current.

And such currents can be concentrated by means of a wind-sail. "A pair of stout shoes," says Henry Thoreau, "do their owner as much good as if the whole surface of this planet were covered with leather for his special benefit," and a dollar's worth of old canvas stitched together in the form of a funnel-shaped bag will serve to keep its constructor as comfortably cool as if the atmosphere of a whole coast region had been chilled by a drifting mountain range of icebergs. It will concentrate the beneficent effect of a light breeze as a lens of glass concentrates the warming rays of the sun. Measured by the test of a thermometer, the air may be nearly, if not quite, as warm as the broiling atmosphere all around, but it will feel cooler—much cooler, and often answer the purpose of the refrigeration-craving organism better than a glass of cold lemonade.

Dio Lewis' crusade against shade-trees can be justified only from one point of view: they afford shelter to that pest of our American cities, the English sparrows, which really often make one long for a chance of peace in the midst of a treeless table-land; but in the summer-tortured plains of our Atlantic slope the matter can be compromised by conniving at the occasional visits of a boy with a Flobert rifle.

Sparrowless shade-trees in the next neighborhood of a house, but especially on the south side, are worth their weight in patent medicines. A modest frame building at the edge of a maple grove has made summer a festival to a family of my acquaintance, who had to leave their luxurious city residence every July, at a yearly expense of two hundred dollars, or risk spending a larger amount for headache pills and insomnia remedies.

"But would you exclude sunlight, one of nature's best remedies for germ-diseases?" asked our friend Dio. Why not, at a time of year when there is a glaringly evident surplus of its influence? The almost perpetual shade of primeval forests was the original home of our species, and a limited and localized amount of that luxury can hardly be considered an enemy to human health. In a country like Egypt even sun-obstructing stone walls are preferable to the absolute lack of shade, and in our climate of torrid summers we need not object to natural sunshades that open their screen at the very time of the year when sunlight becomes an unqualified blessing.

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

THE DINGLEY TARIFF BILL A LAW.

CONGRESSMAN NELSON DINGLEY.
Father of the New Tariff Bill.

THE first undertaking of the present administration, that of increasing our revenue, culminated July 24 in the enactment into law of the Dingley Tariff Bill. The bill was introduced into the House on the first day of the special session of Congress, March 15. It passed this body without radical changes, excepting the addition of the "retroactive amendment," on March 31 by a vote of 205 to 121, and on April 1 went to the Finance Committee of the Senate. Here it was practically remodeled. The classification was changed, a new sugar schedule was substituted for that of the House, rates on wool were greatly reduced, and the "retroactive amendment" and reciprocity measure were stricken out; the amendments, 874 in all, tended to restore the House rates. In this form the bill passed the Senate on July 7 by a vote of 38 to 28, seven of the senators present not voting, and was referred to the joint committee of the House and Senate. The chief dispute in the Conference Committee was on the sugar schedule. In this the House conferees won, making a slight increase on both raw and refined sugar. Burlaps, jute, cotton bagging, cotton ties, Chinese matting, works of science, art, and literature, etc., were restored to the dutiable list and duties were increased on first and second-class wools; the stamp tax was omitted. The amended bill, on July 19, was sent to the Senate. It was passed by that body on July 24, there being 40 votes for and 30 against it. At 4:06 p. m. it received the president's signature. By virtue of its becoming active on the day it was made law it went into effect at 12:01 a. m. of July 24. The new bill differs from its predecessors chiefly in its higher rates and its frequent changes from *ad valorem* to specific duties.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The truth is that practical men of all parties had come to desire the restoration of the protective policy as the only sure and speedy mode of lifting the country out of the prostration to which it had been condemned for more than four years by Clevelandism and free trade.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

For the first time in the history of American tariff legislation there is now unanimity among the business men of the Union in rejoicing over the passage of a tariff bill.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

It is not improbable that the Dingley Bill, if it may be so called after its thorough revision, will go down in history as worse than the McKinley law. There can be no justification at this day for the excessively high rates of duty which it imposes. It is a continuation of war taxes in time of peace for the benefit, not of the government, but of private individuals.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

The large imports of the past few months, estimated by experts as equivalent to a year's supply, must be disposed of before a full renewal of commercial activity is observable. But the dawn of prosperity already is visible, and its brightness will continue to increase.

(Dem.) The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)

The bill will be a big obstruction to business revival out of the way.

(Ind.) The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

Now that the all-important matter is decided by so strong a vote, everybody will feel reassured, and the long looked for revival of business will doubtless begin.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

We believe that the change will be found to be most beneficial. The bill as passed is not an ideal measure of protection. It is the product of many compromises. But it is a measure of protection, with regard to the revenue needs of the government, and its effects will prove to be salutary.

(Dem.) The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

The Dingley Bill is now the law of the land; and it has been designed so that nearly every necessary of life will be dearer to the people. To meet the dreadful deficit the people will be taxed millions of dollars for the benefit of the trusts and the millionaires.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

The bill contains nearly every element of unpopularity, and can be defended on no considerations of revenue. It is intended to diminish imports and to increase the profits of great combinations of capitalists.

(Rep.) The Kansas Capital. (Topeka.)

The Dingley Bill has been satisfactory to the party east and west from the day it passed the House, by the testimony of representative papers in both sections, and the final agreement substantially on the terms of the Dingley schedules on all important differences is gratifying news.

(Dem.) The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

Only the general features of such a measure as this new tariff can be generally understood at the outset. Every day that it shall be in effect will reveal some new injustice that has been perpetrated in its passage. The agitation for tariff revision, so unfavorable to the business of the country, is increased instead of being ended by such a measure.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Figures compiled by the New York *World* show that in little more than three months, during which time the bill has been under consideration, the total share value of the "industrial" stocks on the New York Exchange has increased $209,567,884; that of standard railroad stocks, $267,257,019; that of active railroad bonds, $64,870,000, and the probable value of this year's corn and wheat crops, $107,893,000. Here is increased prosperity to the amount of nearly $650,000,000 in three months, and the only plausible explanation for it is the renewed confidence inspired by anticipation of the new tariff.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

The best result that can be hoped from it is the test it will afford of the efficacy of a protective tariff to restore prosperity. If it fails to do that, as we have no doubt it will, the country will turn to some other remedy, and the leading issue, unvexed by other considerations, will unquestionably be the free coinage movement.

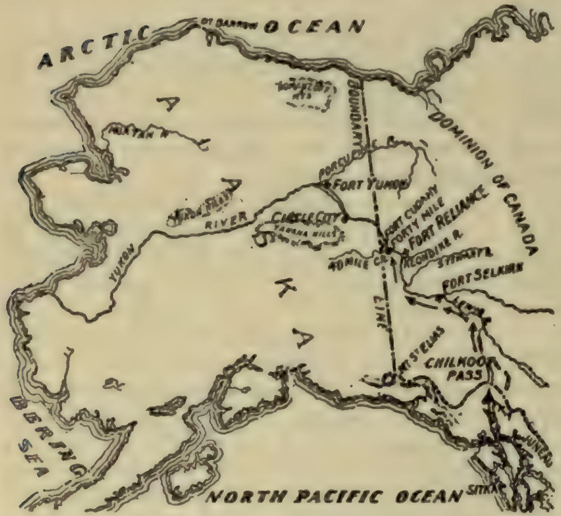
(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

A certain, definite basis for estimates and calculations is provided, and the fact that the measure is not ideal and absolutely self-consistent has long since been discounted. There is cause for rejoicing and congratulation.

(Rep.) Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

Even if it is as bad as the most unscrupulous howler among the whole free trade crowd declares, it cannot help being better than the "perfidy and dishonor" bill [Wilson Bill], nor can it help giving relief to industry. Certainty means business.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.



MAP OF THE KLONDIKE GOLD REGION.

The new gold-fields on the Klondike River in the Yukon region of the Northwest Territory, Canada, promise to eclipse South Africa in the production of gold. There the richest gold-finds ever known to the world were made last August and September. The gold is found in placers along the streams, and while the nuggets are large, one being worth $257, another $231, the value of the region lies in the general distribution of its wealth. Not one of the two hundred claims staked out on the Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks proved to be a blank, and numerous other streams in the vicinity promise to be equally productive. By December news of the gold strike had traveled as far as Circle City, about three hundred miles distant from the mines, and a general exodus from the city to the new El Dorado resulted. It was the middle of July before the excitement spread to the United States. Then miners returned home with large fortunes in gold-dust. For instance, on July 17 the steamship *Portland* arrived in Port Townsend, Wash., with sixty-eight miners on board, of whom two or three brought with them more than $100,000 each and the rest averaged $7,000 apiece. A mad rush for the mines was immediately begun at San Francisco, Seattle, and vicinity, regardless of the remoteness of the fields and the rigor of their climate.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

One of the chief complaints against the Chinese has been that they come to this country merely to get what they can out of it, and then go back home with the proceeds. That is exactly what American miners are doing in the Klondike region. They are entering British territory, getting all they can out of it, and then coming back to the United States with their wealth. That the Canadian government should freely permit this is a manifestation of a kindly spirit toward this country which should facilitate the adjustment of all relations between the two nations upon a friendly and mutually advantageous basis.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The gold is there in greater abundance than it has ever been found by man, and that fact will soon draw into the territory the comforts and facilities of civilization which are as yet impossible.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It would seem that the new gold discoveries should make that metal cheaper and thus raise the price of silver, but, instead of that, silver is declining, until now it is worth only about forty-six cents on the dollar. The explanation seems to be that, with gold becoming so plentiful, there is no demand for silver, and its price is going down in obedience to the inexorable law of supply and demand, a law which no amount of bimetallic agreements can overcome or avoid.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

We have personally talked with some of these miners and know how they regard the situation. It is a question of transportation and supplies. The work of placer mining is fatiguing; it is work in water, and none but the most robust will long endure it. In winter there is danger from pneumonia; in summer, from malaria and mosquitoes, and the latter are a nuisance almost intolerable.

Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

With such descriptions to lure them on and with the corroborative testimony of the *Portland's* cargo, there is no wonder that a rush of twenty or thirty thousand men toward the new territory in the next month or two is anticipated. In that event, starvation in the midst of gold will, it is believed, be the fate of thousands, as it will be absolutely impossible to feed half the number indicated with the supplies that are now on the way or which can be gotten through before the cold season begins.

The Republican Standard. (Bridgeport, Conn.)

We hear of all the successes, but it should be remembered that before this last "flurry" there were sad stories of trial, danger, famine, and failure from some portions of the Alaskan gold-fields.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

So large an addition to the supply of gold cannot fail to have an effect on the business of this country—and perhaps on its politics also.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

According to the opinion of experts, there is but one chance for silver to obtain any benefit from the promised gold discoveries. In the rush to Alaska silver may be neglected and its product diminished. Shorten the supply of silver and the value will increase. But this is unlikely. The great smelting companies, which virtually control the production of silver, are doing a profitable business, and they are not likely to drop it for any Alaska excitement.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The prospectors who migrated in covered wagons across the plains in 1849 had more obstacles to contend with than a traveler would have nowadays in getting to the Klondike or the upper Yukon, but the California gold seeker had a fairly equitable climate for his travels and for his work after he arrived. The man who goes to the mines along the Klondike must bear considerable expense for his journey, he must be ready to face the hardships of unremittent labor, of a rigorous climate, and of limited rations, and occasionally he must confront real perils. After he arrives he must live in a complete isolation from civilization for the greater part of the year.

Baltimore Journal of Commerce. (Md.)

The production of silver during the last two decades has constantly increased when compared with the production of gold, but the new discovery may help to even matters up and play an important part in the solution of the problems which have been disturbing elements for some time.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. (Wash.)

Whether or not the stories are exaggerated, there can be no doubt of the wonderful richness of the country.

The Ledger. (Tacoma, Wash.)

The prospect of profit in the business is seemingly tempting enough to provide facilities as rapidly as they will be needed. It is of quite as much interest to Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma as to the miners or mine seekers to have them provided.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

Such a favorable area for placer mining has not been uncovered, apparently, since 1852, when Australia was the goal of so many thousand men's hopes. New reports come every day of other favorable localities in the same latitude, many of these on American soil.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

A liberal policy toward British citizens who desire to traverse Alaskan soil in order to reach their own gold-fields ought to be authorized by Congress so long as Canada permits our people to take gold from the Klondike.

SECRETARY SHERMAN IN THE SEAL CONTROVERSY.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.
United States Secretary of State.

ELOQUENCE accompanied by action has finally been substituted by England for the studied indifference with which she has been wont to meet the efforts of the United States government in behalf of the fur-seals. This change followed England's receipt of Secretary Sherman's instructions sent to the United States' representative at St. James' court, Ambassador Hay, in answer to Lord Salisbury's recent note refusing to consider either of this government's proposals concerning the fur-seals, *i. e.*, for a temporary arrangement to suspend all seal killing during the present season and for a joint conference of the powers interested, with a view to adopting regulations necessary to preserve the fur-seal in the North Pacific waters. Secretary Sherman's letter of instructions was published on July 13. It reviews England's policy of delay, her repeated refusals to cooperate with this government to save the seals from extermination, and the arduous efforts of the United States to secure action for the protection of the seals in accordance with the award of the Paris tribunal. The letter says: "A course so persistently followed for the last three years has practically accomplished the commercial extermination of the fur-seals, and brought to naught the patient labors and well-meant conclusions of the Tribunal of Arbitration. Upon Great Britain must therefore rest, in the public conscience of mankind, the responsibility of the embarrassment in the relations of the two nations which must result from such conduct. We have felt assured that, as it has been demonstrated that the practice of pelagic sealing, if continued, will not only bring itself to an end, but will work the destruction of a great interest of a friendly nation, Her Majesty's government would desist from an act so suicidal and so unneighborly, and which certainly could not command the approval of its own people." On July 30 it was announced by the British Foreign Office at London that Great Britain accepts our government's proposition for a conference, at Washington, D. C., early in October, of the experts representing Great Britain and the United States in the sealing investigation.

(Rep.) Baltimore American. (Md.)

If a firm and truthful statement of facts is impolite, this letter was impolite, but not otherwise. Lord Salisbury appears to be learning that diplomacy on this side of the ocean does not consist in concealing matters, but in stating them with convincing force.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

On the whole, Mr. Sherman's diplomatic despatches, which so shocked, by their supposed rudeness, sundry British newspapers and their allies and echoes on this side of the water, seem to have vindicated themselves thoroughly. They left no doubt of their meaning or of American sentiment as to the facts they set forth.

(Dem.) Cincinnati Enquirer. (Ohio.)

The seal controversy is not a very momentous one, but it serves as an object-lesson to show that the British government is false and unscrupulous in its dealings with us when it chooses to be so.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

Mr. Sherman's alleged despatch conveys to the mind of the uninstructed reader the idea that Great Britain has violated her duty in this behalf—not what we consider to be her duty, but a duty expressed and defined in the award—which is false.

(Rep.) The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

The United States does not desire and has never demanded any regulations that were unnecessarily onerous. It has simply asked such as were just. It is hardly surprising, under the circumstances, that Secretary Sherman's last note on the subject was emphatic and perhaps rather brusque.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The language of the letter of instructions is to be regretted, although the contentions of the secretary are sound.

(Dem.) Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Though Mr. Sherman's letter will not lead to war, Americans may regret the secretary's violation of the international code of good manners. But they will feel that in the quarrel about seals Mr. Sherman is right and Lord Salisbury wrong.

(Rep.) Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

This change of front may have been caused by Mr. Foster's securing the cooperation of the Russian czar for the protection of the seal life in the Behring Sea, and the fear that perhaps it would make but little difference what England did in the matter. In any event the strong, courageous course of Secretary Sherman will be commended by the American people.

COMMENT OF THE LONDON PRESS.

Daily Graphic.

Our experience of the incurably bad manners of American diplomacy renders it unnecessary to regard Secretary Sherman's explosion seriously. It would be unwise to embitter the negotiations by answering Secretary Sherman according to his indiscretions.

Daily News.

The ugly despatch from Secretary Sherman which has got into print is sure to revive for the moment the unpleasant memory of 1895, when England and the United States found themselves almost on the brink of war, but it will be only momentarily.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Sherman's tone is not what it might be, but the nastiest feature of the affair is the publication of the despatch at all.

The Globe.

Englishmen will be glad to see that Lord Salisbury has, so far as a patrol of the seal fisheries is concerned, treated the message as though it had never been sent. If he were to go a step farther, and to direct Sir Julian Pauncefote to intimate to Mr. McKinley that Her Majesty's government declines to receive despatches couched in such language, and could only reply to the next by handing Colonel Hay his passports, the action would be indorsed by the complete approval of the nation.

St. James' Gazette.

The United States makes a quite unwarrantable demand. We ignore it. Then the American State Department sends a menacing and insulting despatch. We promptly yield. It is the Venezuelan business and the Cleveland message once again. And once again it will confirm the American political mind in the conviction that John Bull always knuckles down when bullied and threatened. Our statesmen are preparing future disasters for both countries by encouraging this dangerous delusion.

The Standard.

The appearance of Secretary Sherman's despatch has undoubtedly damaged the position of the State Department. It is preposterous that we should be accused of bad faith by men who have notoriously refused to comply with an impartial award simply because it was given against them.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

ABOUT 150,000 men are now out on the strike of bituminous coal-miners in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and West Virginia, and with their families they aggregate 1,000,000 souls. The strikers claim that their wages have been reduced below the living point. According to the report of Mr. M. D. Ratchford, president of the United Mine Workers, "in the great Hocking Valley district of Ohio the average wages in one of the largest mines during a period of eight months, from October 1, 1896, to June 1, 1897, was $60 per man, or $7.50 per man per month, gross earnings; from this amount the cost of mine supplies are deducted, leaving the remainder with which to pay house rent, coal, etc., and support his family." As the fall in wages has been nearly uniform in all the mining states, the above instance is said to illustrate the condition of most of the miners. The strike began on July 4, its center being in the Pittsburg, Pa., districts. Early in its course, upon an appeal for protection by the coal and railroad companies affected, the federal court instructed the United States marshal and his deputies to protect the property of these companies. Still comparatively little rioting has taken place, the method of the strikers being to besiege the operating mines and by peaceful persuasion win away the working miners. The strike is indorsed by the American Federation of Labor and other labor organizations. On July 28 representatives of eighty-nine coal companies in conference at Pittsburg adopted a uniformity agreement. The agreement requires the signatures of ninety-five per cent of the operators on or before January 1, 1898, before becoming active. On July 29, in an address at a huge mass-meeting near the Turtle Creek mines, Mr. E. V. Debs exhorted the strikers to continue sober and orderly if they hoped to succeed. On August 2, Patrick Dolan, a district-president of the miners, was arrested near Turtle Creek "for inciting to riot and unlawful assembly." He gave bail and rejoined the strikers.

(*Dem.*) *The Sentinel.* (*Indianapolis, Ind.*)

Of what account is the boasted freedom of a republic which produces in one century of its existence vast armies of semi-starving laborers? To the thousands of miners earning less than $3 a week the declaration of independence can be nothing if not a mockery.

(*Rep.*) *The Indianapolis Journal.* (*Ind.*)

The strike is greatly to be regretted, but the necessity for it is equally so, and all must unite in hoping that it may result in the establishment of better conditions and better wages for the miners.

(*Ind.*) *Public Ledger.* (*Philadelphia, Pa.*)

The competition is so great that the regions which produce inferior coal, or where the incidental cost of mining and shipment is heavy, cannot keep at work except on a low wage-scale. This is hard upon the miners and their families, and explains, if it does not justify, their disposition to strike, and yet the strike cannot benefit them because conditions beyond the control of operators fix the scale of wages to be paid.

(Rep.) The Times. (Pittsburg, Pa.)

If the miners' officials push the whole business to an arbitration conference they will do the best job that has been done for the miner in a long time.

(Dem.) The Philadelphia Record. (Pa.)

If both parties would agree in advance to submit to the award of arbitrators, and also agree upon the selection of arbitrators, solution would be easy.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

If the operators proved obstinate the duration of the strike and the inconvenience and possible distress suffered by the rest of the country would be limited only by the ability of the miners to hold out. But the operators should be loath to allow the strike to continue indefinitely merely to maintain a wage-scale which a majority of the public and of the operators themselves has already condemned as unjust. For one thing the public indignation which must come from a coal famine would fall with increasing vehemence upon those who refuse to concede to a reasonable arbitration.

(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)

We are very much afraid that the governors of the coal-producing states have participated in a conspiracy to encourage acts in restraint of trade. They have been proposing arbitration with a view to establishing agreements of an unlawful character between the miners and their employers.

(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

If prosperity is coming the men who furnish the brawn and muscle are entitled to a fair share of it. This explains the present strike, but it does not settle the labor question. Other issues are involved.

(Ind.) The Chicago Times-Herald. (Ill.)

The people look to the mine owners to end a situation that threatens the prosperity and peace of a great section of the country. They cannot stick to the feudal principle that a man may do as he will with his own. As men of wealth, great employers of labor, and, in a sense, representatives of good government, they are under a responsibility that public opinion will not permit them to shirk.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.

THE recent riots in India have assumed the proportions of a rebellion. About the first of July a riot took place in Bombay with a loss of fifteen hundred lives. According to the native press, the cause was indignation against England for celebrating her triumphs while the conquered nations were oppressed by famine and plague. The vigorous measures enforced to restrict the plague caused further discontent and aroused the religious prejudices of both Hindoos and Mohammedans. The disaffection spread throughout all India. The most serious outbreak occurred in northwestern India, where forty thousand natives were led by a fanatical priest, Mad Mollah, in an attack on Fort Malakand in the Chitral. Beginning July 27, the fighting lasted several days. The English fort was barely saved by reinforcements that hurried thither on a forced march from Nowshera. In advices of July 30 Mad Mollah was reported as wounded. Lesser disturbances took place in various parts of the empire.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

An uprising in India would be deplorable, not because of its effect upon Great Britain, but because it would bring upon the empire the horrors of civil war and could yield no compensating good result. India's independence (which is unattainable) would be the greatest misfortune that could come upon her, for the nation is overrun with petty princes out of a job, who would eat the life out of the people in the political readjustment made necessary by independence.

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The present danger to the English force lies in the remoteness of the scene of the uprising from the bases of supplies and reserves.

Denver Republican. (Col.)

The victory which Turkey gained over Greece undoubtedly helped to fire the Moslem heart, and Great Britain will be fortunate if she is not involved in serious complications in her Asiatic possessions. There is no hope for India in a revolt against British dominion as long as England is not involved in a conflict with any other power. There would be hope in such a revolt if Russia and England were involved in war, for it would then be an invitation to the Russians to march across Afghanistan to northern India and so overrun the whole peninsula, if possible. That would be England's fear in the event of a war with Russia. But it would not follow that the Indians would better their condition by substituting the rule of Russia for that of Great Britain.

Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

There will never be another Sepoy mutiny, although there may be wide-spread disorder. The trouble at Chitral with the fanatics who are up in arms is really graver than that in Bombay.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

The facts are, of course, that plague and famine are in spite of, not because of, British rule; that the present visitations are vastly less terrible than those of old, because of the beneficence of British rule, and that the British government has wrought little short of miracles in quelling the plague and in relieving and warding against recurrence of the famine.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Hitherto the British government has relied on the separation between the Hindoos and Mussulmans to maintain its supremacy in India. Of late years they have been coming closer together as education spread, and recent events appear to have helped toward cementing their relations. A united India is what the British government has always feared, and by its present action it would seem to be doing its best to make it.

THE PRESIDENT'S CURRENCY MESSAGE.

In the same hour that the Senate passed the tariff bill, July 24, President McKinley sent to Congress a special currency message. In it he states the need of immediate action to secure a better basis for our currency and banking system, and reaffirms the opinions on the currency question expressed in his inaugural address. "The soundness of our currency," he says, "is nowhere questioned. No loss can occur to its holders. It is the system which should be simplified and strengthened, keeping our money just as good as it is now with less expense to the government and the people." He refers to the convention of business men at Indianapolis, Ind., in January last and to their resolutions recommending to Congress the appointment of a monetary commission. "This subject," he adds, "should receive the attention of Congress at its special session. It ought not to be postponed until the regular session. I therefore urgently recommend that a special commission be created, non-partisan in its character, to be composed of well-informed citizens of different parties, who will command the confidence of Congress and the country because of their special fitness for the work, whose duty it shall be to make recommendations of whatever changes in our present banking and currency laws may be found necessary and expedient, and to report their conclusions on or before the first day of November next, in order that the same may be transmitted by me to Congress for its consideration at its first regular session."

In pursuance of the president's message the House passed the Stone Bill, on June 24, by a vote of 124 to 99, six members present not voting. This bill provides for the appointment by the president of a monetary commission of eleven members, who shall meet at Washington, D. C., at the call of the president and shall make out their report ready for the president to lay before Congress not later than November 15, 1897. The bill calls for an appropriation of $100,000 for the expenses of the commission. From the House the bill went to the Senate. There, together with the special currency message, it was referred to the Committee on Finance to await further action until the next session of Congress.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Whether it is possible for the nations to agree upon a coinage ratio or not, the serious discussion of the subject will be calculated to throw considerable light upon the question, and will clear away many of the sophistries that have taken root through the mouthings of cranks and agitators.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

There is no occasion for a currency commission. There is no excuse for its appointment, and Congress was wise in adjourning without having provided for it.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

It is the duty of the Republican party to bring its energies to the solution of this question, as it was mainly on the issue of sound money that it received its new lease of power from the hands of the people.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

Practically nothing was done by Congress on the subject; and it was never intended or expected that it would do anything in regard to it at this extraordinary session. This was clearly indicated by sending in the message only a few hours before final adjournment.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Our present demand is for prosperity and it will not come through tinkering with the currency. The business men want to be let alone for a time and we are sure that they will find our present currency sufficient.

(Ind. and Anti-Mor.) The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

The present movement has every sign of sincerity. It is undertaken in the first months of an administration that has at its head a man who comprehends fully the importance of the subject, and who thoroughly realizes that something must be done.

(Com'l and Mfg.) Boston Commercial Bulletin. (Mass.)

Let us hear no further carping about our currency. Improved the system may be, but it is all right now and will stay right.

(Rep.) Denver Republican. (Col.)

We do not believe that the genuine bimetalists of this country will be misled in the slightest degree by the promise of another international debating society to deal with this subject. They know that the only effective way to secure the restoration of silver to its old place and value as a money metal is through national legislation, and the proper course for them to pursue is to perfect their organization to fight the issue at the polls in the congressional election of 1898 and the presidential election of 1900.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Mr. McKinley's message asking that Congress appoint a commission to break ground for the work of the next session is urgent but colorless. He merely repeats the truth that there is a pressing necessity for monetary reform, expressing no preferences or convictions of his own.

(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N.Y.)

From whatever standpoint it is viewed, the failure of the Senate to act upon President McKinley's message proposing a currency commission can be regarded only with regret and disappointment.

CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, SPANISH PREMIER.

CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, SPANISH PREMIER.

An assassin's bullets ended the life of Spain's premier, Senor del Castillo, on August 8, at Santa Agueda, Spain. The murderer is an Italian calling himself Rinaldi, but thought to be the anarchist Michel Angino Golli; he was immediately arrested. The premier lived only two hours after the attack, although he received instant attention from his wife and several physicians. No political uprisings followed the crime, and the Liberals promptly offered their services to the government. Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo was born in Malaga, Spain, on February 8, 1828, of humble parentage. He won distinction in jurisprudence and philosophy in the University of Madrid and then entered the field of journalism. In 1852 he was elected deputy from his native town to the Cortes and immediately was placed in the ministry of the interior. He became *chargé d'affaires* at Rome in 1856, under secretary of the interior in 1861, a responsible minister of the department in the Mon cabinet in 1864, and minister of finance under O'Donnell in 1865; in the last office he secured Parliament's favorable action on his bill for the abolition of slavery. Being a monarchical Liberal he was exiled by the revolution of 1868. His statesmanship overthrew the feeble republic and restored Alphonso XII. to the throne in 1874. He served as premier in 1874–79 and 1879–81. He then became leader of the intermediate party called the Conservative Liberals. He again was premier during 1884–85, 1890–92, and from 1895 to his death. In 1887 Senor Canovas married Senorita Joaquin de Osma, who was hostile to the queen regent of Spain and who was said to have great influence over her husband in affairs of state. As an author he dealt mostly with moral and political science; some of his works are, "History of the House of Austria," "History of the Decline of Spain from the Accession of Philip III. to the Death of Charles II.," "El Solitairo," and a work on the contemporary Spanish theater. The premiership will be filled temporarily by General Azcarraga, Spanish minister of war.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The nationality of the assassin seems to discourage the theory which will naturally be the first to suggest itself to Spanish ministerial leaders—that he was in some way acting in sympathy with the Cuban insurgents. It is not even altogether certain that his death will be a benefit to the Cuban cause, although Spain is likely to look far for a man who combined his political views with his ability. So far as Cuba is concerned, indeed, the chief result accomplished, intentionally or not, by the assassin will be to weaken the Spanish government forces while at the same time evoking a strong wave of sympathy on behalf of the murdered man and all he represented.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

His death is to be deplored as that of an intelligent statesman who served his country faithfully and fell a victim to the blind hate of the enemies of society. What effect his death will have upon the future of Spain is problematical. The Carlists have been exhibiting signs of renewed activity and the Republicans are not without force, but the people of Spain are conservative—many of them because of their illiteracy—and though the time is ripe for revolution the man seems to be wanting.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Castillo was the leader of the Conservative party and during his long service he did much to strengthen the government. A master of diplomacy and a man of high intellectual and literary attainments, he honored the post which he held as much as the post honored him. His following throughout Spain was large and devoted, and it will be at least a mitigation of the calamity in the eyes of Spain that his murderer was a Neapolitan and not a Spaniard.

JAPAN OPPOSES THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

A SECOND protest from Japan against the annexation of Hawaii by the United States is in the hands of the State Department at Washington, D. C. It bears the date of July 10 and is a reply to Secretary Sherman's note of June 25 sent in answer to Japan's protest of June 19. It still insists on the two chief reasons of Japan's objection to the annexation. They are that the importance to all nations of the Hawaiian Islands as a station will be vastly increased by the construction of the Nicaragua or Panama Canal, and that annexation would abridge the privileges and rights which Japan now enjoys in Hawaii. The remaining reason for objection urged in the first protest, namely, that annexation might delay the settlement by Hawaii of certain "claims and liabilities already existing in favor of Japan under treaty stipulations," is not urged in the second protest. But on July 30 an official notice was published that Japan had accepted Hawaii's offer to submit these claims to arbitration. They are, it appears, demands made by Japan for indemnity because of Hawaii's action to restrict Japanese emigration. Both protests emphatically deny the rumors that Japan has designs on the islands. Japan's minister of foreign affairs, Count Okuna, says Japan will oppose annexation to the utmost.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

So far, indeed, as commercial interests are concerned, Hawaii is already and has long been a part of the United States. It is not to be conceived that this country will be compelled to ask the permission of any other nation before it can set the formal seal upon what is substantially an accomplished fact.

(Dem.) The Pittsburg Post. (Pa.)

As yet not a single good reason appealing to the common sense of the American people has been advanced why we should annex these volcanic islands and leper settlements.

(Ind.) The Washington Post. (D. C.)

There is now no reason why the Senate should not take up and dispose of the treaty of Hawaiian annexation. It should not be a matter of great deliberation. The subject has been before the country for more than four years, and public sentiment has declared itself in overwhelming fashion on hundreds of occasions.

(Rep.) Globe-Democrat. (St. Louis, Mo.)

Japan's talk has suddenly assumed a peaceful sound. Probably this will reflect Japan's permanent mood by the time Congress meets. Every nation ought to understand by this time that annexation is going to come, and the only effect which outside opposition would have would be to hasten it.

(Dem.) The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The quickest and best solution of the whole problem is to annex Hawaii at once.

(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The strongest argument in opposition to annexation is the fact that no sound reason is advanced why the United States should disturb the *status quo*, take upon itself new and strange responsibilities, saddle itself with an Asiatic population which would not assimilate with our American civilization, and add a territory which would probably become a state rife with vexatious problems.

(Rep.) San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

Japan has no more right to concern herself about the Hawaiian Islands than we had to bother ourselves about Formosa when that island was taken possession of by the Japanese.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

Until this nation gives an absolute assurance that the Japanese interests in Hawaii will be dealt with justly Japan has a right to protest.

(Rep.) The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

Certainly from a commercial standpoint the Hawaiian Islands are already so closely allied to the United States as to make the matter of annexation little more than a superficial formality so far as annexation could possibly affect other nations.

(Dem.) The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

There are so many serious objections to the annexation of Hawaii that it is questionable whether the treaty has been negotiated in good faith.

(Ind.) Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)

It is safe to venture the prediction that Hawaii will be annexed and that the annexation will be accomplished without in any degree disturbing the relations of Japan with her oldest and closest friend among the western governments.

(Rep.) The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

In spite of her fervid protest that she means nothing, there is no room to doubt that the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands has been a part of Japan's recent program.

(Rep.) The Kennebec Journal. (Augusta, Me.)

Japan will be dispossessed of no valuable rights she now enjoys, except that of sending her people to overrun those islands. That restriction the wellfare of the little territory peopled and developed by American citizens and the civilization we gave to it imperatively demand.

(Ind.) The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Her protest is in itself an insult to the United States. With her subjects scattered over half the states of this Union, she intimates that her coolies in Hawaii would have their rights endangered by annexing Hawaii to this country. The Senate ought to promptly ratify the treaty and shut off debate.

FRESH QUESTS FOR THE NORTH POLE.

JULY saw two widely differing expeditions started for the north pole. The first was a balloon enterprise undertaken by the aeronaut Andree, of Sweden, and two companions. The balloon was of the finest possible workmanship and was made to carry over two tons' weight of ballast, including provisions for two months. The ascension was made successfully on July 16 from the island of Tromsoe, Norway. As predicted by Mr. Andree, the balloon started off in a northeasterly direction. His expectation was to sail directly over the pole and photograph the region in passing. Three days later the second expedition embarked from Boston, Mass., headed by Lieut. Robert E. Peary. This explorer will not attempt to find the pole this season, but will content himself with establishing a settlement in the far north of Greenland that may serve as a base of supplies for his intended journey to the pole in 1898.

PROF. S. A. ANDREE.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

With a fair breeze, a few hours, a day at most, should have brought them [Andree and his party] to the pole, and a week should have carried them across the polar basin to the American or Greenland coast. But perhaps the wind was not fair. Perhaps it died out altogether. Perhaps it veered around to west or east. No one can tell whether Andree and his companions be living or dead, whether they have succeeded in their daring quest or have failed. But even if they are not heard from for weeks and months to come there will still be no reason to give them up as lost.

The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)

This resolute and persistent Arctic explorer [Lieutenant Peary], undaunted by his failures, is now going at the work of polar discovery in a systematic way. If he does not reach the pole next summer he will even try for it in '99. Such resolute courage and determination must succeed sooner or later.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The attempt of explorer Andree to reach the north pole by balloon will be regarded as a harebrained exploit by many, but whatever may be the outcome of the expedition Andree will have earned great distinction as an intrepid navigator of the air. It is idle to speculate upon the problematical quest. The *voyageur* has revived extraordinary interest in the art of aeronautics; whether he will unlock the baffling secret of the pole remains to be seen. The distance to the pole from his point of ascension is considerably less than has been accomplished by balloon under circumstances favorable for a long flight; but no precedent argues anything at all for the success of the Andree expedition.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

In all probability he [Professor Andree] will not reach the pole. There are many chances that he will lose his life in the undertaking, adding, as he does, the dangers of aerial navigation to the usual risks. Certainly he will suffer almost untold hardships in the balloon when he reaches the colder latitudes. There is not much chance to fight off cold with exercise in such a vessel. And even if he proves the existence of a northwest passage its practically inaccessible location will render it valueless save as a scientific fact.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The purpose of their voyage may be defeated by the air currents carrying them around the point of ninety degrees north, but not over it. Finally, complete success may not yield any results of importance. Observations must be at a distance, including only the record of a fleeting moment. But if photographs are successfully made they will be unique.

LIEUT. ROBERT E. PEARY.

THE GERMAN LIBERALS WIN.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S latest attempt to restrict political and religious liberty in Germany received a severe blow in the defeat of the "Law of Associations" Bill. This bill is one of the emperor's pet measures, and is claimed by him to be a remedy for the spreading agitation of the Social Democrats. At his demand it was introduced into the Prussian Diet last May. Though all of the bill was contested as being oppressive, the parts most criticized were those giving the police power to dissolve all meetings and associations, and stipulating that any one who shall "insult" any religious denomination shall be punishable by a maximum imprisonment of three years. The term "insult" was not defined in the bill. In the Upper House the measure vesting the police with control of all meetings was stricken out, and numerous other sections were weakened by amendments. The bill was then adopted, only to meet defeat in the Lower House on July 24 by a vote of 209 to 204. The Liberals count this victory peculiarly their own, as there is not one Socialist member in the Lower House.

The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The most significant fact in connection with the bill is the indication it gives of the growing reactionary tendencies of Emperor William, who signalized the beginning of his reign by attempts at placating or guiding the socialistic agitation. His failure in this attempt and his growing absolutism seem to have combined to make him now, in middle age, willing to listen to ultra-reactionaries.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The whole bill, in fact, could have been so construed as to work the worst species of oppression.

Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Emperor William's absolutism is steadily sinking Germany in the scale of nations. He may preserve for Germany her military strength while suppressing freedom of thought and action, but she must resign the primacy of mind.

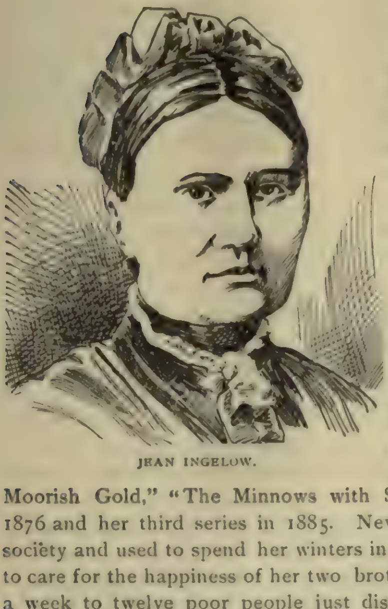
The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

If the kaiser continues to act as if he was a medieval ruler and the divine right of kings belonged to him, the disturbance will extend beyond the bounds of the cabinet and be shared in by the people of the whole empire.

Denver Republican. (Col.)

It was a distinct declaration that the Diet would not tolerate so great a restriction upon the freedom of speech, regardless of whether Socialists or any other political party might be affected. This government will not dissolve the Diet and order an election, for it is feared that that would result in giving the opposition more strength than it has now.

JEAN INGELOW.



JEAN INGELOW.

THE world-renowned poet and novelist Miss Jean Ingelow died at her home in Kensington, London, England, on July 20. She was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1830, and on her mother's side of the house is descended from a long line of Scottish lairds. Her father was a well-to-do banker of superior education and culture. Miss Ingelow's youth passed placidly in the company of her eleven brothers and sisters, in the house where she was born and has always made her home. She was almost entirely unknown until the publication of her first volume of poems in 1863. This book, including "Divided," "The Songs of Seven," "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and "The Songs of the Siren" at once established her fame as a poet of high rank. Her productions, both poems and novels, were as popular in America as in England. Some of the most noted of them are: "Studies for Stories from Girls' Lives," "Stories Told to a Child," "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," "The Suspicious Jackdaw," "The Grandmother's Shoe," "The Golden Opportunity," "A Story of Doom," "The Moorish Gold," "The Minnows with Silver Tails." Her second series of poems was published in 1876 and her third series in 1885. Never very strong physically, Miss Ingelow devoted little time to society and used to spend her winters in the south of France or Italy. Her first ambition evidently was to care for the happiness of her two brothers in the home. In later years she gave a dinner three times a week to twelve poor people just discharged from the hospital. These she called her "copyright dinners" because she paid for them with the proceeds from her books.

The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)

Her later works were principally prose fiction, a field in which she was successful. Her poems are of a higher order and finish than those of Mrs. Hemans, whom she resembles in many respects. She was a worthy representative of the earlier Victorian school, chaste, dignified, and soulful. Her works will live to cheer and chasten long after the perfervid stanzas of modern writers are forgotten.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

Of the minor poets of the Victorian era a high place must be awarded to Jean Ingelow. While she has written considerable prose, it is not by that she is likely to be remembered, but by the poems which she first published, and which have had a popularity that was perennial.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

The modest and somewhat homely character of her temperament gave her her special field in verse-writing, and in the same way marked out the prose domain in which she was to take her position. She will be remembered best by her verse, however, which has a quality of rhythm and metrical solidity, so to speak, that is lacking in the poetry of any other minor English writer of the Victorian era. Some of this will probably live long, for it has a truly lyrical feeling.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

Jean Ingelow is dead. Thus passes the last of a group of English women peculiarly distinguished in the literary world of a generation ago, and deemed worthy to occupy the same throne on which were elevated the sterner giants of the pen. In the day of Tennyson, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Carlyle, of John Stuart Mill, and all their noble fellows, Jean Ingelow modestly yet forcefully formed one of the feminine circle which included such women as Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

THOUGH concerned chiefly with the tariff, the extra session of Congress, held March 15–24, took action also on several other important questions. These include the Sundry Civil, the Agricultural, the Indian, and the General Deficiency Bills, which failed on March 4. As finally passed, the General Deficiency Bill appropriates $25,000 as preliminary expenses for the representation of the United States at the Paris exposition in 1890, and $150,000 for a new immigrant station at New York; it also limits to $300 a ton the cost of armor-plate for the three new battle ships. The Indian Bill decides the question of sectarian schools as follows: "The secretary of the interior may make contracts with contract schools, apportioning as near as may be the amount so contracted for among schools of various denominations for the education of Indian pupils during the fiscal year 1898, but shall only make such contracts at places where non-sectarian schools cannot be provided for such Indian children, and to an amount not exceeding forty per cent of the amount so used for the fiscal year 1895." The Sundry Civil Law annuls the order of President Cleveland allotting about 21,000,000 acres of land for forest reserves. It appropriates $50,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, $200,000 for the Mississippi flood suffers; empowers the secretary of the navy to transport supplies to the famine sufferers in India, and grants $50,000 for the expenses of the delegates to the Universal Postal Congress held in Washington, D. C. The more general laws passed by this Congress are those to prevent collisions at sea and upon certain harbors and inland waters of the United States and the measure authorizing the suspension by the president of discriminating duties on foreign vessels and commerce.

(*Dem.*) *The Commercial Appeal.* (*Memphis, Tenn.*)

Congress has adjourned and the debts which the Republican party owed to the trusts and combines for campaign contributions have been paid. Reed's dragooning of the members of Congress has also come to an end.

(*Ind.*) *The Evening Post.* (*New York, N. Y.*)

Never since the establishment of the government has the legislative body sat so long with so complete a suppression of action on the part of one branch. The House passed the tariff bill within about a fortnight of its first meeting, and then for three months did practically nothing.

(*Rep.*) *New York Tribune.* (*N. Y.*)

On the whole Congress has supplied a pretty fair illustration of the immortal truth that the way to do a thing is to do it.

(*Rep.*) *The Kansas City Journal.* (*Mo.*)

Even the most intolerable enemies of the McKinley administration must admit that it is making extraordinarily good progress in the work the people elected it to do. Rarely, if ever, has an administration accomplished so much in so short a time after its inauguration. It has been aided by exceptionally good leadership in both the House and Senate, and it has been fortunate to have such assistance.

(*Rep.*) *The Inter Ocean.* (*Chicago, Ill.*)

Never before were the promises of the platform of a national convention so quickly fulfilled.

(*Dem.*) *Times-Union.* (*Jacksonville, Fla.*)

The party in power did not dare to trust the House to do anything whatever, though having a larger majority in it and a speaker in the chair endowed with almost autocratic power.

SENATOR ISHAM GREEN HARRIS.

SENATOR ISHAM GREEN HARRIS.

THE venerable senator of Tennessee, Isham Green Harris, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on July 8. He was born on a farm near Tullahoma, Coffee County, Tenn., on February 10, 1818. When fourteen years old he went to work as a shop boy in Paris, Tenn., and before he was nineteen he had secured a little schooling and had settled in Tippah County, where in partnership with his brother he became a successful merchant. By devoting his spare moments and his evenings to the study of law he was enabled to gain admittance to the bar in 1841. In the same year the Democratic party sent him to the state legislature. He was elected to Congress in 1848 and after serving there two terms he settled down to the practice of law in Memphis. He was elected to the governorship of Tennessee in 1857, 1859, and 1861, being known as one of the southern war governors. Mr. Harris was a stanch supporter of the Southern Confederacy and at various times was on the staffs of Generals Albert S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. After the surrender of Lee, Mr. Harris escaped to Mexico and thence to England. In 1867 he resumed his law practice in Memphis. He was elected United States senator in 1883, 1889, and 1895, serving continuously as senator for a little more than twenty years. Nearly every post of honor in the Senate has at some time been held by him; he was president *pro tempore* in the Fifty-third Congress, a leading member in Committees on Finance and Rules and in the Democratic Advisory Committee, was recognized by both sides of the chamber as authority on parliamentary rules, especially in late years, and he was one of three Democratic senators entrusted with drawing up the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act in 1894. He championed the free silver cause. Of Senator Harris' family four sons survive him. The vacant senatorial chair will be occupied by Thomas B. Turley, of Memphis, whose appointment thereto by Governor Taylor was announced on July 19.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Harris was a powerful, rugged character.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The death of Isham G. Harris removes from the Senate one of its most picturesque figures and, so far as a knowledge of parliamentary law is concerned, one of its most useful members. Although he always commanded respect for the sincerity of his opinions, it must be said that upon almost every great public question that arose during his career he was on the wrong side.

Denver Republican. (Col.)

He was an honest, able, courageous legislator. He belonged to the old school of American statesmen, and even malice never suggested that he was financially interested in any measure which he supported during his long service in Congress. The money power never had any strings attached to him, and he was an uncompromising opponent of trusts and monopolies from first to last.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

That Governor Taylor of Tennessee should appoint an unknown man to the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of Mr. Harris is not such an extraordinary act. Senator Turley will be as well known hereafter as Senators Wellington, Heitfelt, Devoe, and a number of others are now. Who knows, also, whether he may not prove as useful as any of them?

THE CONSOLIDATION OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE confederation of all the states of Central America into one republic is closely approaching realization. The first compact to this end, known as the Treaty of Amalpa, was made in September, 1895. Its announced object was the mutual promotion of peace and prosperity in the Central American countries and the amicable adjustment of all disputes between any one of them and any foreign nation. On September 15, 1866, this treaty was ratified at San Salvador by representatives of Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, both Costa Rica and Guatemala refusing to join the union. On June 15, 1897, these two republics signed a treaty including the conditions of the Amalpa agreement and in addition providing considerable legislation for the new union. This will go into effect on September 15 if nothing arises to prevent its ratification by that time. The federation then will be known as "The Republic of Central America." Its legislative body will consist of a diet of deputies from the states, who will meet in turn at the different capitals of the states. In cases requiring arbitration, preference will be given to the United States. The aggregate area of the new republic is 185,825 square miles; its population is 3,000,000.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The doubtful and rather threatening attitude of Mexico, and the intervention of that republic in several of the wars of the Central American states, probably had much to do with the union of these little powers, which have an army of 175,000 men.

The Press. (Albany, N. Y.)

While the consolidation may be better described as a confederation than as a positive thing, it is not improbable that in the course of time the amalgamation will be made complete in the same sense as the indissoluble union of the United States of America. The United States welcomes the disposition of the Central American states to work together in harmony, as this tends toward the maintenance of the American policy as exhibited in the Monroe Doctrine.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

A novel experiment will be tried in the retention in office of the five presidents, each one taking his turn annually as head of the governing diet. Probably in time these functionaries will become governors of states, but to make transition easy the plan devised is doubtless as good as any.

CHARLES FREDERICK CROCKER.

CHARLES FREDERICK CROCKER.

THE death of Col. C. F. Crocker, first vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, occurred on July 17, at Uplands, San Mateo, Cal. Charles Frederick Crocker was born in Sacramento, Cal., on December 28, 1854. As a youth he was not robust and before beginning college he traveled in Europe for his health, entering the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1873. Failing eyesight obliged him to discontinue his studies and he again made a tour of Europe. At the age of twenty-one he returned to his native state and undertook to master railroading. His father was one of the four founders of the Central Pacific Railroad and, though then a millionaire, desiring to have his son learn the business on its practical side he placed the young man in a common clerkship under the division superintendent on the Oakland wharf. After learning the details of this position, Colonel Crocker, as he was called, served a year in the general freight office in San Francisco. All this time he worked as faithfully and received the same pay as his fellow clerks. Finally as a financial agent for the company and purchaser of all its fuel he showed such marked executive ability that he was made third vice-president of the company, a position created expressly for him. In 1888 he was advanced to the second vice-presidency and in the long absences of the superior officials was entrusted with the entire management of the road on the western coast. In the same year his father died, leaving to him and his brother William the administration of an estate valued at $24,000,000. His mother's death fourteen months later increased this burden. Upon Leland Stanford's resignation from the presidency of the railroad company Mr. Crocker was made vice-president, being then only thirty-six years old. Colonel Crocker was active in the National Guards. He gave to the Lick Observatory its best photographic instrument, and made many other donations in the cause of science. He also gave liberally to charities. In 1880 he married Miss Easton. She died in 1887. Three children survive him.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

The Southern Pacific and almost every one connected with it pass under daily criticism. Most bitter things are said, most fiery invective is exhausted, but from it all Col. Fred Crocker has personally escaped. No one has complained of him. In him men have recognized a kindly, honorable gentleman, with heart charged only with generous impulses, and as one utterly unspoiled by great wealth. He wore his honors with perfect gentleness and without the slightest ostentation.

San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)

The record of this life is that of a well-ordered, sober, methodical, and industrious man; one whose promotion to high station is attributed to inheritance where in any other case it would be accepted as an evidence of real merit. Yet this man had received no undeserved advancement and the position he won was honorably obtained and fairly maintained. Among all rich men he was the most unspoiled of millionaires. He had no ambitions politically, but he was highly esteemed among business men.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS.

THE growing activity of young people in religious work was emphasized in July by four great conventions. The least of these conventions in point of size was that of the Universalist Young People's Unions held in Detroit on July 7. It numbered 800 delegates. A growth of twenty-three new unions was reported, making in all 500 unions with a total membership of 15,000. During the year they have contributed more than $6,000 to missions and general work. The Christian Endeavor Convention, held in San Francisco July 8–13, was attended by 25,000 delegates. The total membership of the organization is more than 3,000,000. Its roll of honor shows that 10,468 of the societies have given nearly $200,000 to missions and as much more to other benevolences. One branch only three months old, called the Tenth Legion, and composed of those who pledge themselves to give at least one tenth of their income to the Lord, reported more than 1,600 members. The Epworth League Convention, on July 15–20 at Toronto, Can., called together 30,000 representatives. The League has about 2,000,000 souls in its ranks. Its influence is constantly widening, the number of its chapters having more than doubled within four years. The convention adopted resolutions affirming loyalty to temperance work and Sabbath observance, declaring it to be a Christian's duty to take part in politics and "to stand for civic reform and social righteousness," and favoring an Anglo-American arbitration treaty. The Baptist Young People's Convention took place July 15–18 in Chattanooga, Tenn., with about 20,000 delegates present. They report the formation of many new societies during the year. The Christian Culture Courses were found to have advanced in popularity, 13,407 examinations having been submitted in 1897 as compared with 11,445 in 1896.

The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)

One fact stands on a prominence: the churches as never before are recognizing their need of the young people, and with it the need of the young people themselves in relation to church work.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

It is incontrovertible that the most critical period in the life of any human organization is when it becomes great in point of numbers and is successful, and when the world begins to look upon it and to marvel at its growth. It needs then that quiet and unprejudiced judgment should actuate its leaders, that they should not mistake popularity for performance, and that while they claim a larger liberty in devising new ways for doing the old work of the church, and insist that the infidelity, the materialism, the apathy, and the doubt that prevail in the world have produced conditions which demand reform other than by the old-fashioned methods, they should not forget that platform talks, roll-calls to which thousands answer, complications of machinery, and vast and unwieldy organizations will not do all that is needed at the close of the nineteenth century.

(Bapt.) The Commonwealth. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

We have no word of criticism on these young people's gatherings. They have been of vast service to the church and have conduced to increased earnestness therein. We have been inclined, however, to put an interrogation mark in connection with the advisability of these long journeys for the very flower of our young people, save under auspices that do not always obtain, and frequently to wonder whether the vast expense incurred has found its most judicious investment. These queries, to use the phrase of a somewhat noted book, are "worth thinking of." From the very first of this movement the writer has felt that a triennial convention would serve every needed religious purpose, and during the other two years smaller gatherings might be held in conjunction with the older denominational bodies.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

If we are ever to have clean government in municipalities, it must come through a revolt of organized religion and morality against our present complacent and easy-going acquiescence in the rule of unworthy officials and in questionable and disreputable political methods. These young people are or will soon become voters, and some of them will help to make laws or otherwise assist in the responsible work of government. Their influence should be felt upon the right side of all public measures which make for the safety, honor, and welfare of the nation.

(Unit.) The Christian Register. (Boston, Mass.)

There has been some question as to how far it is expedient or proper that there should be so great an expenditure to gather together these conventions merely for a few days, when money is so much needed for various church missions and charities. But the stimulus and encouragement given to the individual participants in such great meetings are worth much; the quickening of a sense of unity and of the consciousness of a common purpose is still more valuable; and perhaps most valuable of all is the general broadening of interests necessarily incidental to the journey, the novel experiences enjoyed, the larger information and knowledge acquired of men.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

July 6. President McKinley and his party return from Canton, O., to Washington, D. C.

July 7. The National Education Association at Milwaukee, Wis., elects Charles De Garmo, Swarthmore, Pa., to its presidency.

July 10. Judge Simonton, in the United States circuit court at Charleston, S. C., grants a perpetual injunction against interference with the original package stores by the state dispensary constables.

July 12. A number of Massachusetts cotton mills resume work.——The Lexow anti-trust laws are declared unconstitutional by Justice Chester, of Albany, N. Y.

July 14. President McKinley revokes ex-president Cleveland's order reducing the number of pension agencies from eighteen to nine.——The National League of Republican Clubs at Detroit, Mich., elects L. J. Crawford, of Newport, Ky., to its presidency.

July 15. The Republican National League at Detroit reelects M. J. Dowling to its secretaryship.——The Trans-Mississippi Congress begins its session at Salt Lake City, Utah, and is addressed by Wm. J. Bryan.

July 17. T. V. Powderly, ex-master-workman of the Knights of Labor, is nominated by President McKinley for commissioner-general of immigration.

July 22. The president names for the Nicaragua Canal commission Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., Capt. O. M. Carter, corps of engineers, U. S. A., and L. M. Haupt, of Pennsylvania.——President E. B. Andrews of Brown University, Rhode Island, resigns by request of the authorities of the university, because of their objections to his championing free silver.——A monument to Gen. John A. Logan is unveiled in Chicago, Ill., with imposing ceremonies.

July 27. President McKinley appoints Robert J. Tracewell controller of the treasury and Moses P. Handy special commissioner to the Paris exposition of 1890.

July 28. The president revises the civil service regulations.——The president begins his vacation at Lake Champlain.——W. L. Merry, of San Francisco, Cal., the recently appointed United States minister, is declared *persona non grata* by the Diet of the Greater Republic of Central America.

August 3. The eighteenth national meeting of the League of American Wheelmen is held in Philadelphia, Pa.

FOREIGN.

July 6. The International Congress of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers opens in London.

July 7. The French government instructs its embassy in London to cooperate with the American monetary commissioners in negotiating with the British government.——The United States war-ships *San Francisco* and *Raleigh* are sent from Smyrna to Tangier to put a stop to the annoyance of American citizens in Morocco.

July 8. The Conference of Charities and Correction holds its twenty-fourth annual meeting in Toronto, Can.

July 9. In a collective note representatives of the powers warn Turkey to cease blocking the peace negotiations.

July 12. At the Foreign Office in London the American monetary commissioners confer with Lord Salisbury and other British officials.

July 15. Turkey renews military operations at Mount Othrys.

July 16. Mr. Balfour states in the British House of Commons that no prosecutions will result from the report of the select South Africa committee.——Upon the recommendation of Captain-General Weyler, of Cuba, eight insurgent chiefs sentenced to death are pardoned by the queen regent of Spain.

July 18. The conference of the representatives of the powers adjourns to await Turkey's acceptance of the strategic frontier proposed by them.

July 19. The czar of Russia telegraphs to the sultan demanding that the Turks immediately withdraw from Thessaly.

July 21. The sultan yields to the powers on the question of the frontier line.

July 25. Wrestling matches and prize-fighting are prohibited in Mexico by the governor.

July 29. Advices from Rome report that Italy has ceded Kassala, in Abyssinia, to Great Britain.

July 30. Great Britain rescinds the commercial treaty with Germany which has obtained since 1865. A new treaty is proposed by Sir Frank Lascalles.——The king of Siam arrives in England.

July 31. Captain-General Weyler proclaims pardon to 1,500 exiles from Cuba.

July 6. The British Parliament adjourns till October 23.

NECROLOGY.

July 6. Henri Meilhac, French dramatic author.

July 7. Joseph Édouard Dantan, French painter.

July 13. Geo. V. N. Lathrop, ex-United States minister to Russia.

July 21. Gen. D. W. Caldwell, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

July 27. Ex-United States Senator J. R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

July 28. Li Hung Tsao, grand councilor of China.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Insect Life. The season when nature is rife with animation is the time when entomologists and those interested in their science are making close observations of the beings that people the air, the earth, and the water. And if one really gives attention to the matter he will be greatly astonished at the number and the variety of insects that exist. Professor Comstock says in the opening sentence of the introduction to his "Insect Life"[*]: "There are about us on every side myriads of tiny creatures that are commonly passed unnoticed." He further observes that "frequently upon the action of some of these minute beings depends the material success or failure of a great commonwealth." If this be true—and we opine that, in a measure, it is—then for this reason as well as for intellectual development or for mere pleasure it is important that we learn what we can of the structure, habitat, and ways of these little members of the animal kingdom. As a guide for the observation and study of nature Professor Comstock has prepared his manual on the life of insects, the subject matter of which is divided into two parts. In Part I. there are short but comprehensive lessons on insect life, in which the anatomical structure, metamorphosis, and classification of insects are studied. For fields of observation the author conducts the student to the pond, the brook, the orchard, the forest, and the roadside, and guides him in systematic work by a few well-directed hints. The second division of the volume describes and tells how to make some of the apparatus necessary for collecting and preserving specimens, and gives detailed directions for using it. Where entomological supplies, optical instruments, and books on entomology may be purchased is told in the last chapter. Both parts of the book are well illustrated, making it a comparatively easy task to identify and classify species as well as to obtain a cabinet of rare specimens.

History. The third volume of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"[†] opens with a presentation of the condition of the church in 363 A.D. and closes with the death of Valentinian, in 455 A.D. The numerous foot-notes and the appendices furnish the reader with the necessary annotations.

A novel history which deals with America and her interests is a book composed of extracts from original writings, telling of the discovery of America, the early voyages to this continent, the conditions under which colonization proceeded, and many interesting facts connected with the founding of the different colonies. These extracts being from the works of those who lived very near the periods which they describe, there are in them many examples of quaint and unique literary productions in which the original spelling has been retained. The quotations from foreign languages are translated into English representative of the times in which they were written. An introduction on the sources of history and their utility contains also many suggestions as to the use to be made of them by pupils, teachers, libraries, and general readers. This is the first volume of a series called American History Told by Contemporaries,[*] and it presents the period of colonization from 1492 to 1689.

R. W. Frazer, LL.B., is the author of a history of British India,[†] which he opens with an interesting account of the development of commerce from the first beginnings of trade. From this he proceeds to explain how Great Britain obtained a foothold in India, after which he follows the course of the events that brought so much of India under British dominion. The services of Robert Clive, Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Amherst, Sir John Lawrence, and other prominent men are fully set forth without wearisome details in regard to battles and campaigns. There are several illustrations in this volume, which is one of the series known as The Story of the Nations.

The "History of Ancient Peoples,"[‡] the author remarks, is prepared largely from material in The Story of the Nations series, to supply the "demand for a single volume bringing together all the material in a form convenient for use in the classroom and the reading circle." Necessarily the author has taken for his opening subject theories concerning the origin of man. An account then follows of the yellow races, the Hamites, and the Semites. Concerning these peoples we are told in a forceful way of their probable origin, their progress in civilization, and culture in art, language, literature, and religion. Over one hundred illustrations are used to light up the text and half a dozen maps contribute to the clear understanding of the history.

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[*] Insect Life. An Introduction to Nature-Study and a Guide for Teachers, Students, and Others Interested in Out-of-Door Life. By John Henry Comstock. With many original illustrations by Anna Botsford Comstock. 349 pp. $2.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

[†] The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With introductions, notes, appendices, and index by J. B. Bury, M. A. Vol. III. 521 pp. $2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[*] American History Told by Contemporaries. Era of Colonization. 1492-1689. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Vol. I. 615 pp. $2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[†] British India. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B., I. C. S. (Retired). 417 pp. $1.50.——[‡] History of Ancient Peoples. By Willis Boughton, A. M. With 110 illustrations and 6 maps. 575 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Undercurrents of the Second Empire"[*] is a recital, made in an easy, pleasant style, of incidents in which Louis Napoleon was chief actor. There are many quotations interwoven with the narrative and the foot-notes are interesting as well as instructive.

A history of England[†] suited to the intellectual capacity of quite youthful readers has been written by Frances E. Cooke. There are no long, involved sentences or very difficult words to perplex a child, but in simple, direct statements the progress of the English nation is traced from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the passage of the third Reform Bill in 1884. Following the table of contents is a list of all the sovereigns of England, showing the date on which each reign began.

Another history[‡] designed for young readers is the story of Germany by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. The events in the history of Germany from 113 B. C. to 1871 are described in language which any thoughtful child can understand. The addition of a map of Germany and the adjacent country would help to make the first part of the account more comprehensible.

The history of the Madeira Islands[‖] as written by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle is very entertaining. The romance connected with the discovery of the island is well told and the vivid descriptions of the habits and customs of the people, of the climate, soil, and productions of the islands arouse in the reader a desire to visit that part of the world. The numerous illustrations are not necessary accompaniments of the text, but they add to the impressions of the descriptions. Several maps are included in the volume.

Religious. Two volumes[§] of "The Modern Reader's Bible" contain the books of Isaiah and Ezekiel. The text of the Revised Version is used and the arrangement of the contents is in harmony with that of the most modern literary productions. The introduction of each contains a literary analysis of the book, and many explanatory notes form the last few pages of the volumes, which in the present form are well adapted to a literary and interpretative study of these portions of the Bible.

The subject of faith is treated from a psychological standpoint by Dr. Julian Henry Myers in a small volume entitled "Philosophy of Faith."[*] His thesis as stated in the introduction is, "Faith is the self-surrender of the soul to apparent truth." In proof of this proposition he considers faith in its relation to intuition, reason, science, volition, religion, sin, revelation, and Scripture, and sets forth in a plain, concise manner opinions concerning a faith-faculty, and the results to be accomplished by faith. An additional chapter is entitled "Christ and His Enemies."

"Studies in the Acts of the Apostles"[†] is intended as a guide to the Bible student. It contains an analytical outline of the book of Acts, each division of which forms the topic for a lesson. With the Bible for a text-book and this little volume for a guide the student is well equipped for a careful and thorough study of Acts in twelve lessons.

In a series of sermon-like productions, to which the title "Better Things for Sons of God"[‡] has been given, the author shows the possibilities of Christian culture. The first of the series, "Visions," is an earnest appeal to seek for the revelation of God's will and to attain to a life of perfection. Then follow discourses on the purifying power of the heavenly fire, the temples of Christ, the work intended for the people of the earth, and "the equipment of the sons of God." Many practical truths are presented in this series of discourses and no one can read them without feeling an impulse to better Christian living.

"Is there a Beyond?"[‖] is a question propounded by Dr. Henry D. Kimball for the purpose of setting forth the arguments in proof of an affirmative reply. That there is a conscious existence after death he shows by what he terms "the natural argument" and by citing the teachings of the Bible. The much mooted question of an intermediate state he next considers. This is followed by discussions on the resurrection, the physical appearance of the people in heaven, the conditions which exist there, the recognition of friends, and the judgment. The arguments are presented in a clear and logical manner, and the thoughtful reader, even if he does not wholly agree with the author in his conclusions, will respect the very rational presentation of a subject which should interest every one.

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[*] Undercurrents of the Second Empire (Notes and Recollections). By Albert D. Vandam. 442 pp. $2.50. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[†] History for Young Readers. England. By Frances E. Cooke. 265 pp.——[‡] History for Young Readers. Germany. By Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. 261 pp. 60 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

[‖] The Madeira Islands. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. First Edition. Illustrated. 111 pp. Philadelphia: Drexel, Biddle & Bradley, Publishing Company.

[§] Isaiah. Edited with an introduction and notes by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. (Camb.), Ph.D. (Penn.). 279 pp. 50 cents. ——Ezekiel. Edited with an introduction and notes by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. (Camb.), Ph.D. (Penn.). 238 pp. 50 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[*] Philosophy of Faith. By Julian Henry Myers, Ph.D. 110 pp. 80 cts.——[†] Studies in the Acts of the Apostles. By B. B. Loomis, Ph.D., D.D. 71 pp. Paper, 25 cts. Cloth, 40 cts. ——[‡] Better Things for Sons of God. By George T. Lemmon. 184 pp. 75 cts.——[‖] Beyond the Horizon, or Bright Side Chapters on the Future Life. By Henry D. Kimball, D.D. 250 pp. $1.00. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati, Curts & Jennings.

A small volume entitled "An introduction to the Study of the Acts of the Apostles"[*] contains many helpful explanations of this portion of the Bible. The author has followed the Bible narrative from the very first chapter, and in simple, concise sentences has pointed out the logical relation of the various incidents recorded. It is not intended as a commentary, the preface tells us, nor is it one, but read in connection with the biblical text much light will be thrown on the obscure passages, and the history of the early church will be much more easily comprehended.

A study in the New Testament teachings is called "The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures."[†] The nature and office of the Holy Ghost are shown by a large number of Bible passages classified under three general heads: (1) What was said of the Holy Spirit before the appearance of Christ; (2) What Christ said of the Holy Spirit during his personal ministry; and (3) What was said of the Holy Spirit in the supplementary writings of the New Testament Scriptures. The added comments of the author, written in a clear, cogent style, show the power of the Holy Spirit on the life of a Christian who yields himself to its influence.

The life and times of St. Paul[‡] have furnished subjects for many literary productions, no one of which is more interesting than a volume by James Iverach, M.A. In this history of the career of St. Paul the author has shown the harmony of Luke's account in "The Acts of the Apostles" with Paul's own statements in regard to the events of his life; he has given a picture of the times in which St. Paul lived, and outlined the progress of the Christian Church. Simply and concisely the author has presented the facts, and wherever a quotation is made a foot-note indicates the source from which it was taken. The closing chapter of the work is a short but comprehensive presentation of the Pauline theology.

In "The House of Dreams"[‖] the author, who seems to prefer to remain unknown, has taken a novel way to impart to the world his opinions concerning the future life, the final judgment, and the care which God exercises over the people of the earth. It is a dream which the author has related and its very weirdness will impel the reader to turn page after page.

Miscellaneous. An extremely useful volume for any library is a dictionary of quotations. To the already long list of books of this class is added another[*] by Lieut.-Col. Philip Hugh Dalbiac, M. P. It contains many hundreds of quotations from English and American authors and to each is added the name of the author and the work from which it is taken. The necessary indexes of authors and subjects are quite complete.

The revised edition of J. K. Hoyt's collection of quotations[†] presents many excellent features. The first to take the attention of the reader is the large number of quotations, including many from the Latin and modern foreign languages, and after each is recorded the source from which it is derived. The arrangement of the selections by subjects is an admirable feature, to which the topical index with its numerous cross references is a valuable adjunct. Turning to the back of the book we find nearly three hundred pages given up to a concordance to the quotations and a list of the authors quoted, which contains at least four biographical facts concerning each author and references to the pages on which the quotations are found. The translations of Latin law terms and of Latin and French mottoes increase the utility of a work of this kind, to which every professional man must frequently refer. The volume is neatly and substantially bound and the contents have been printed in clear type on a good quality of paper.

In the interest of education in the forensic art two educators have prepared a book called "Briefs for Debate."[‡] The practical work of students in Harvard University, we are told, furnished the basis for the present work, which contains briefs on political, economic, and sociological subjects, with numerous bibliographical references. A long list of debatable subjects is appended and the introduction by Professor Hart contains many valuable suggestions.

Many true and helpful sentiments are expressed in a book entitled "A Man's Value to Society,"[‖] a series of essays relating to character building and the possibilities of self-culture. By the use of well-chosen similes, metaphors, and anecdotes the author brings to the mind of the reader the relation of health, memory, right thinking, imagination, conscience, enthusiasm, and books to character, and closes with an essay on the duty of attaining the highest possible self-culture.

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[*] An Introduction to the Study of the Acts of the Apostles. By J. M. Stifler, D.D. 293 pp. 75 cts.——[†] The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures. By William Campbell Scofield. 302 pp. $1.00.——[‡] St. Paul, His Life and Times. By James Iverach, M.A. 224 pp. 75 cts. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

[‖] The House of Dreams. 207 pp. $1.25 New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

[*] Dictionary of Quotations (English). By Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Hugh Dalbiac, M. P. 510 pp. $2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[†] The Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. By J. K. Hoyt. A new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. 1205 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

[‡] Briefs for Debate on Current Political, Economic, and Social Topics. Edited by W. Du Bois Brookings, A. B. and Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, A. B. With an introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. 260 pp. $1.25. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

[‖] A Man's Value to Society. By Newall Dwight Hillis. 32 pp. $1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Seed Thoughts for Mothers"[*] is a compilation of three hundred and sixty-six quotations on the relation of mother and child and on the training of children. Nearly one hundred authors are represented in the contents, which the publisher has done up in dainty covers of green and gold.

Those who feel the need of guidance in the selection of reading matter will do well to read "A Talk About Books."[†] In this monograph by J. N. Larned books are considered as "carriers in the commerce of mind with mind," and with the generalizations on the utility of books the author has suggested a number of historical and biographical works which ought to be read.

The publishers of the American edition of "Henriette Davidis' Practical Cook Book"[‡] announce that it conforms in typographical arrangement to the German edition. A few pages of the book—about fifty—give directions for preparing dishes according to the American style, but the remainder of the volume gives recipes distinctly German in their character, many of which the translator has failed to make perfectly free from ambiguity. The weights and measures are given in terms of the American system and English-German and German-English vocabularies are appended to the volume.

"How Successful Lawyers Were Educated"[‖] is the title of a small volume which contains many good things for the edification of prospective law students. In the first half of the book there is advice on the preparation for legal studies, the selection of a law school, and subsequent office affiliation, interwoven with which are the opinions of noted lawyers and public men on these subjects. The second half of the book is a series of short biographical sketches of lawyers who have risen high in the profession, each sketch being preceded by the portrait of the man mentioned. Prepared by a lawyer, the advice contained in the book should be regarded as especially valuable.

The year-book which bears the title, "About Children: What Men and Women Have Said"[§] is a collection of quotations from the world's greatest writers. The compiler is to be commended for the systematic arrangement of the selections, which represent French, German, American, British, and the classical authors.

Eliza Atkins Stone has drawn from one hundred different authors in her collection of quotations on friendship.[*] For each day in the year there is some sentiment which will lift the reader to a higher plane of living.

There is a particular province in which God and nature have destined the women of our land to work, and that field is the home. So thinks Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, and he has expressed his sentiments in "Talks to Young Women"[†] with considerable force and cogency. There are many of his statements which thoughtful women will consider seriously before endorsing, but there is nothing in these talks which if lived up to would not lead to nobler lives and promote the general progress of civilization.

A book which in binding and typographical work is a counterpart to the "Talks to Young Women" is Dr. Parkhurst's "Talks to Young Men."[‡] In the same fearless, frank manner he has set forth his opinions on topics about which every young man must sometime think. All that he says in regard to college training and its substitute, the religious life, citizenship, recreations, and marriage of a young man, the choice of a career, and his views of life, are not at all visionary, but full of practical common sense.

How to inspire children with reverence and love for the Sabbath day is a question which has puzzled many. Very practicable suggestions for accomplishing this happy result are offered by Fanny A. Welcher in a dainty booklet[‖] which also contains quotations appropriate to the subject.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Stoddard, William O. Chumley's Post. A Story of the Pawnee Trail. $1.50.

Ramé, Louisa de la. (Ouida.) Two Little Wooden Shoes: A Story. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., NEW YORK.

Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Edited with notes and an introduction by Herbert Bates, A.B.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Benson, Edward F. The Babe, B. A.

At Wellesley, Legenda for 1896. Published for the Senior Class of Wellesley College. $1.00.

Phyfe, William Henry P. Five Thousand Words Often Misspelled. 75 cts.

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[*] Seed Thoughts for Mothers. A Year-Book. Compiled by Mrs. Minnie E. Paull. 288 pp. 75 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

[†] A Talk About Books. By J. N. Larned. 36 pp. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co.

[‡] Henriette Davidis' Practical Cook Book. Compiled for the United States from the thirty-fifth German edition. 717 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Oil-cloth, $1.50. Milwaukee, Wis.: C. N. Caspar & H. H. Zahn & Co.

[‖] How Successful Lawyers Were Educated. By George A. Macdonald, B. S., LL. B. 161 pp. $1.00. New York: Banks & Brothers.

[§] About Children: What Men and Women Have Said. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. 221 pp. $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[*] Concerning Friendship. Compiled by Eliza Atkins Stone. 209 pp. $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[†] Talks to Young Women. By Charles H. Parkhurst. 136 pp.——[‡] Talks to Young Men. By Charles H. Parkhurst. 125 pp. New York: The Century Co.

[‖] How to Make Sabbath Afternoons Profitable and Pleasant for Children. By Fanny A. Welcher. 30 pp. 20 cts. Chautauqua, N. Y.: Fanny A. Welcher.